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THE TRINITY OF THE GENTILES. EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.*

AN ANALYTICAL ESSAY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

Και το φως ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτοῦ οὐ κατέλαβεν.—IOAN. A. 1.

CHAPTER I.—THE ORIGINAL DOCTRINE—ITS CERTAINTY—NECESSITY—MYTHOLOGICAL CORRUPTIONS.

CHAPTER II.—EGYPTIAN ILLUSTRATIONS AND PROOFS.

CHAPTER III.—THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS. EGYPTIAN DOCTRINES OF INCARNATION, RESURRECTION, IMMORTALITY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PYTHAGOREAN AND PLATONIC SPECULATIONS.

[THE contemporaneous appearance of Cory's *Mythological Inquiry*, and Mushet on *The Trinity of the Ancients*,* having brought before us the two sides of one of the least understood and most neglected, yet most important and interesting, questions, whether as regards its religious, its mythological, or its historical bearings, that has ever been agitated, we have profited by the opportunity thus afforded us of fully and fairly investigating it; and we lay the result before our readers in the following dissertation.]

CHAP. I.

The Original Doctrine—its Certainty—Necessity—Mythological Corruptions.

THE fundamental doctrine of our beautiful, noble, all-triumphant, and only consistent and philosophical religion was, for wise purposes, permitted to baffle the accumulating wisdom of the sages who flourished and speculated during the two thousand years which separated the call of Abraham out of the nation of his idolatrous

forefathers, from the Christian era,—the interval between the promise of that Seed in whom the whole race of man was to be blessed, and its fulfilment, "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."†

This sublime doctrine was then permitted to be developed, so far as consistent with the Divine purposes, with clearness and simplicity, addressed to the understandings of all, by those whom the preceding philosophers would have despised as babes and

* *Mythological Inquiry into the Recondite Theology of the Heathens.* By Isaac Preston Cory, Esq., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. 12mo. 1837. London, Pickering.

† The grammatical laws of tense are superseded with regard to the *ever-present* Light of the world, as in John, viii. 58,—“Before Abraham was I AM;” whereas they are in force as to the *past* darkness, and the patriarch Abraham. So the grammatical laws of number are superseded by the Divine Plurality in Unity, as in Genesis, i. 1, the plural nominative *Elohim* governing the singular verb *bara*, “created.”

sucklings; but who, nevertheless, extirpated the systems of their predecessors, and thereby afforded a glorious demonstration of the inefficiency of the unaided efforts of human wisdom, and of the paramount necessity that existed for the accomplishment of the expectation of all ages and nations, however obscurely understood from the beginning of history,—an expectation connected with doctrines, which, howsoever corrupted and misapprehended, prepared mankind for the reception of the truth when the “set time” had arrived.

The Trinity of the Gentiles has hitherto been known to scholars and critics, chiefly as a member of controversy on the question of the mystified Platonic trinity. The original doctrine of a trinity in unity, as known to the primitive Gentile world, has either been lost sight of, or so mixed up with learned speculation and theory, that the simple-minded and unlearned Christian has been absolutely shut out from any acquaintance with it; while the learned, for want of the evidences being concentrated, have viewed it too much in the light of a mere speculation, more connected with the mythological systems of heathenism, than with that divine and only philosophical religion which fulfils all the expectations of the former, clears up all its difficulties, and annihilates these and every other that ever puzzled the learned and the wise on the question of religion. Profitless speculations on the speculations of Pythagoras and Plato, and on those of their disciples, have superseded inquiry into the original basis on which all such speculations were founded.

The writer who has for the first time presented the evidences in question, in a perspicuous, brief, and concentrated form, to the learned as well as to the unlearned, hence deserves to be honoured by the religious and literary worlds. Such is the writer of the treatise which has suggested the present article; in doing justice to whom we shall also be performing a duty to the cause of learning and truth, and of our fellow-aspirants to immortal life.

In this short, but important and interesting essay, the author has made practical application of the stores of archaeological intelligence which became familiar to him in the collection of his most useful and valuable series of ancient historical fragments, by which he has long been favourably known to

every scholar and inquiring reader; and which is on all hands agreed to have materially promoted the monumental discoveries of our times, in consequence of the facility of reference afforded by it to the scattered historical remains connected with the original and contemporary Egyptian records, which are now almost daily unfolding themselves from the vortex of oblivion.

The present little volume ought to be in the hands of every student in antiquity, were it only in consequence of the clear and condensed view and comparison which it supplies of the widely scattered mythological systems. These will be found useful in helping the ideas of the profoundest scholar. It should more especially be in the hands of every student in sacred history,—because, by tracing the polluted streams up to their common source, it supplies clear and unanswerable proof of the derivation of all from the one pure fountain of original revelation, in that age when the race of man formed but a single family. It should, most of all, be in the hands of every orthodox Christian, because it affords an invaluable reasoning desideratum to the believer in the fundamental doctrine of the Gospel dispensation,—an unanswerable repulse to the Unitarian, on grounds independently of the asserted, the necessary, inspiration of those passages which he would expunge from the New Testament, on the assumption of their being unsupported by the evidence of the prophetic writings of the Old; and this by demonstrating from original evidence, which is independent of the subterfuges of the Platonising Christians, that the polytheistic systems of heathenism, which Christianity combated, destroyed, and replaced, were invariably grounded on the same original doctrine of a Trinity in Unity.

Every corruption implies an uncorrupted prototype, so that the argument is not the less complete, because it has descended to us through a mass of filth and impurity. It is the more complete for this very reason:—had there never been a corruption of the religion first revealed to mankind, a reformation would have been uncalled for. But the nature of man rendered the corruption unavoidable; so that the case could not be otherwise than as really it is. (See Luke, x. 24. Galat. iii. 21, 22.)

"How comes it," remarks our author, "that a doctrine so singular, and so utterly at variance with all the conceptions of uninstructed reason, as that of a Trinity in Unity, should have been from the beginning the fundamental religious tenet of every (Gentile?) nation upon earth?" This query we should only modify by the insertion of the word which we have placed in parentheses, for reasons that will appear as our essay proceeds. The answer to it is so obvious, and flows so clearly from our preceding observations, that we need hardly quote the author's reply. "The conclusion is irresistible,—that the Trinitarian doctrine was a primary revelation, and was one of the original and fundamental tenets of the patriarchal church."

The fact asserted by Mr. Cory, he has demonstrated from every national source of which a primitive record is extant, supported by every known case in which the systems of heathenism have descended to modern times; so that the assumption that it was universal in the heathen world, amounts to proof on the closest principles of reasoning. This is, we cannot too often repeat, independent of, and different *in toto* from, the doubtful Trinitarian doctrine which many have attempted to derive from the writings of Plato, in whose age the original had become so obscured by speculation, that the proofs of it would have been lost, had we not more ancient and unsophisticated sources of information. (See *Inquiry*, p. 115, *et seq.*)

Here let us allude to Mr. Mushet's volume on *The Trinity of the Ancients*, the appearance of which was nearly contemporary with Mr. Cory's treatise, and which affords additional and singularly concurring proof of the necessity and utility of the latter,—Mr. Mushet's purpose, so far as it is connected with our present subject of discussion, being to refute the idea of a connexion between the Gentile (we would say the patriarchal) and Christian trinites, as a basis for his following refutation of the claims which have been advanced on behalf of Plato, to a degree of knowledge on this question, which is only to be found in revelation. We shall have occasion further to allude to Mr. Mushet's work as our observations proceed.

But, How comes it—will be queried by many of our readers, when the question has been thus, perhaps, for the first time clearly brought before them—that the Gentiles were so much better informed in this respect than the Jews—the chosen conservators of God's revealed word; and that the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity, which the facts determine to have been so well known to the former, appears so obscurely set forth in the inspired books of the latter, that the difficulty of deriving it from them with precision, is insisted on by many of the best Christian theologians, who hence rest upon the certain assurance of the proved revelation in the Gospel; whereas, the opposers of the doctrine altogether disown its prophetic existence! The answer to all this is, we apprehend, very plain and simple, and will afford a new proof, were it wanting, of the all-sufficiency of the Gospel dispensation.

The doctrine of a Trinity in Unity was, to repeat the words of our author, "utterly at variance with all the conceptions of uninstructed reason." So, let us add, were those other fundamental articles of our creed, the Divine incarnation, the resurrection of the dead, and the soul's immortality. "Such things" were of "too high" a nature for human intelligence. It could not attain unto them.* All were, however, equally known to the Gentile world (the proof is in the unquestionable fact, on the authority of writers who lived long before the age of Christianity), and all were equally corrupted,—the Trinitarian doctrine into polytheism, that of the incarnation into a monstrous system of avatars, and those of resurrection and immortality into the metempsychosis. Should any critics or readers have hitherto hesitated on the first question, this has never been the case regarding the others, and all are equally at variance with the conceptions of uninstructed reason. The same thing may be said of the history of creation, the sabbatical type of the Divine rest, the sacrificial rites, and the universal expectation of a Messiah, which were common to both Jews and Gentiles from the remotest times, and equally misunderstood with the former.

If the Mosaic *Elohim* be, in a mea-

* Psalm cxxxix. 6.

sure, obscurely set forth in the law, the doctrines of the incarnation, the resurrection, and immortality, are not less so. All were alike preserved under the veil of the Mosaic types, until Christ lifted the veil (2 Cor. iii. 14); opening the holy of holies to Jew as well as to Gentile, and purifying the stream of Gentile corruption; and God's chosen people, the conservators of his word, were thus protected from that overwhelming flood of corruption and idolatry, which inundated the rest of the civilised world; while human reason was, in the latter case, permitted to demonstrate its own inefficiency; and hence, the Divine sufficiency of the course adopted for the preservation, and the ultimate developement of all the above-mentioned doctrines and institutions by a single event; after the speculative wisdom of Orpheus, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, and Plato, had wasted itself in vain. All is consistent and beautiful.

"Veteri Testamento Novum latet.
Novo Testamento Vetus patet."

See 2 Cor. iii. 13, 14; Rêv. v. 1, 5.
Here is the whole truth, the solution of every difficulty, the key to mytho-

logy, and the consuming answer to infidelity.

Man's perversity in the corruption of that knowledge which should be to God's glory, has, however, been the same in every age. Now, that the philosophical systems of heathenism are no more, the speculations of advancing physical science take their place; and, that knowledge of the works of Omnipotence, which had hitherto been veiled in the distance of space, or in the bowels of the earth, has been equally perverted by one class of inquirers; while another, adhering as closely to obsolete commentaries on the sacred text, as the Jews to their Targums and Talmuds, would set at naught the legitimate results of discovery in the book of nature, and the aid which these must necessarily afford towards the progressive interpretation of portions of the inspired text, which do not come within the scope of the spiritual developement of the Gospel. These classes of investigators may hence be viewed as the Gentiles and Jews of our age, with reference to the subjects of discussion to which we have alluded. Let us therefore endeavour to treat every such question as it ought to be

* There is no present obscurity. With the Trinity of the New Testament to guide our researches, the plurality of Divine persons implied by the *Elohim* becomes equally definite in the Old. A Trinity in Unity is equally the doctrine of both, and must have been equally clear to the prophets of old, as to the apostles and the Christian Church. The interpositions of the Father are in all cases through the agency of the Son, and the manifestation of the latter on earth is the leading subject of all prophecy: while, among the many examples of the operation of the Holy Spirit, commencing with the record of creation, that in Numbers, xi. 16, 17, 24-29, is so similar to the descent of "the Comforter," recorded in Acts, i. 8; ii. 1-4, when the vision was re-opened (see Dan. ix. 24), and that which was understood only by the former prophets (Numb. xi. 17, 23; xvi. 6, 7, 5; confer John, xi. 30, 31), made intelligible to all believers (Numb. xi. 29; Joel, ii. 28; Acts, iii. 17), as for ever to establish the fact, that the religion of the Law and the Gospel is the same, and that the revealed Theism of every age involves the three Divine Persons of the Trinity.

We need hardly insist that this sublime doctrine, which the lamp of the Gospel enables us to read in the law (Rom. xvi. 25, 26), is as independent of the Trinitarian speculations of the Cabalists (founded on repetitions of the Divine name in the Hebrew, and other verbal and literal coincidences), as of heathenism itself. That such speculations existed among the Jewish doctors of the apostolic age, is certain (as appears most fully in the contemporary book Zohar); and it is to be regretted that Mr. Cory appears to have confined himself so completely to the text of his title, as to have omitted so important a member of the argument, as this consent of a portion of the most determined enemies of Christianity, to its fundamental doctrine,—no matter whether they took the hint from the doctrinal Trinity of Christianity, or derived it, like the heathens, from ancient tradition.

As regards the national belief of the Jews at this period, it is self-evident from the many instances of conversion recorded in the New Testament, that (although, like Christianity itself, primarily, but more literally, grounded on the first article of the Decalogue), if Deism, it was Deism of a less obdurate nature than that of the Talmudists and modern Jews; because it prepared those who were "Israelites by birth," for the reception of the promised Messiah in his true character, rather than as a temporal prophet and prince, like Moses and David.

treated alike by the Christian and the philosopher, humbly profiting by the lights which are progressively vouchsafed to us in the word and works of the Omnipotent.

Having thus far endeavoured to prepare our readers for a question which, to many of them, will be a new one, as well as to shew the utility and even necessity of a work which demonstrates the existence, in our humble apprehension, the necessary existence, of the Gentile doctrine of a Trinity—the existence of a sufficiency of light among the nations of promise, to render their own darkness visible, when the true light came to be revealed—we shall now proceed with the analysis of our text, dwelling on the most prominent points so far as our prescribed space will allow, following out the author's results where the application appears to us too much restricted, and freely expressing our dissent when theory seems to take the place of evidence: a defect almost necessarily inherent in every original composition on which much thought has been expended, but which is nevertheless as little conspicuous in the present instance, as in any case that has come before us.

Our author commences his inquiry, by pointing out the three principal eras of the literature and theological speculations of that people, through the writings of whose sages we at first become acquainted with the history and opinions of Gentile antiquity.

The first of these was that of the arrival from Egypt of the Danaidæ, who succeeded to the power of the almost unknown, and probably barbarous, Inachidæ, and other preceding Pelasgic colonies; and introduced civilisation, literature, and portions of the religion of Egypt, as it then existed, in the state of corruption to which it had arrived between the days of the first Pharaoh mentioned in Scripture, at whose court Abraham passed a short time, and those of the Jewish legislator; the synchronous departure of the Jews and Greeks having been fully proved by us in our essay on that question. (See No. 82, October 1836.)

The second era of Grecian literature and religion, was that of the prophet Daniel; when the inspired writings were disseminated by the first captivity and dispersion of the Jews,—the age of

the contemporary sages, Thales and Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, the Indian Buddha, the Chinese Confucius, and a multitude of other philosophical reformers or innovators; and here originated the properly classic age of Greece, as to the arts, sciences, literature, and religion.

As this era was preceded by the removal of the ten tribes, and, consequently, of the sacred writings, into other countries, so was the third and last era—that of the propagation of Christianity, and of the mixed systems which prevailed during the three first centuries of its existence—anticipated by the Greek translation of the Scriptures, which became widely disseminated during the three centuries immediately preceding our era, and additionally prepared men's minds for the prodigious change about to occur in the ensuing three centuries.

The original relations between true and false religion were in those ages either lost or overlooked, from the simple want of a comparison and condensation of the data, almost as it has been up to our own times; and hence the disputes of philosophers, and the partial concessions of the fathers, in the first ages of Christianity, before the triumphant establishment of which, the sages and their systems became annihilated.

The systems of heathenism whence forward became matter of simple inquiry, instead of a question of faith. The speculation of the subsequent ages, replaced the prejudice of the former; and the mythological cloud, although its density has long ceased to exist, has continued to float in the horizon of criticism, and its unconnected fragments to puzzle us from our very days of childhood.

The conductor, which our author has so successfully applied to these scattered masses, has been in no small degree facilitated in its construction by two remarkable circumstances, which have placed paganism in its original nakedness before our eyes in this nineteenth century, and permitted the immediate collation of contemporaneous documents with the sacred records of religion. These are the recovered hieroglyphic literature of Egypt, on the one hand; and the extension of our empire over the regions of India, where paganism still flourishes in undiminished vigour, on the other. A collation of

the materials thus obtained, with the oldest historical fragments of Egypt, Greece, and other countries, has directed Mr. Cory to his present conclusions on the vital question of "How much of that truth, which was subsequently propagated by Christianity, had been revealed to the patriarchs of old?"

The multiplying principles of polytheism — the celestial or physical, the terrestrial, the infernal, and the moral or intellectual forms of its divinities, the subdivisions of all these, and the international changes of many of them — have created difficulties in such an inquiry, which call for the concentrated efforts of a comprehensive and well-directed mind to dispel. Difficulties so grounded, however, become in such a mind, but the links of a chain which binds all nations and systems into one: and so they are treated in the investigation before us.

In their primary celestial characters, the heathen divinities are the physical powers, and great objects of nature. In the terrestrial, they are the avatars of these in human form: and of such the progenitors and founders of every nation were supposed to consist. We hence find a double or treble series of gods having the same names, in agreement with the explanation supplied from the priests of Egypt by Diodorus Siculus (lib. i. c. 12, 13). A subordinate branch of the terrestrial class were the demigods, or deified kings, heroes, and benefactors of mankind; but these were not viewed in the light of avatars. The avatars themselves were not, however, immortal. They died, and in this third state became the infernal divinities; and in countries where the worship of the inferior animals was cultivated, the animal avatars were the especial representatives of the infernal class. Here we go a little further than our author, but shall have occasion to return to the question, and to develop to our readers the methodical repetitions of these several classes under the same names, in the calendars of eastern nations. If to the classes enumerated, we add the moral or intellectual forms of the gods, the representatives of the virtues and vices, the genji of the woods and waters, of the mountains and cities; and the goddesses of the several orders — the female characters

of the male divinities, imagined by a system of materialism, which substituted *generation or propagation*, for *creation* — the pantheon of all nations will be complete.

There are one or two fundamental points advanced by our author, which it is necessary here briefly to notice, as much depends on a right appreciation of them.

"In his immediate celestial character the (great) god is universally held to be the sun;" that is, as the secondary or concentrated monad of the elements, as the source of light, motion, and time, and the giver of life; for the elements had primary divine characters assigned to them, as well as a primary generating monad, apart from their solar representative, as will appear further on.

"In his human character, he was the great father of mankind; but he may not only be identified with Noah, but with Adam likewise. The one was looked upon as the re-appearance of the other, and both as incarnations of the deity." We should rather say that Adam and Noah were held to be avatars of the primary and secondary monads above-mentioned, than re-appearances of the same divine form. Besides, the histories of the creation and of the deluge — of the first and second origin of man — were confounded. It is certain that in the Egyptian, Phœnician, and Indian systems, they were not clearly separated. This is also the case with the Chinese; while Varro declares that all was "unknown" to the Greeks and Romans anterior to the great cataclysm.

Mr. Cory proceeds to state, in succession, the mythological systems of the Hindus, the Greeks, the Orphic philosophers, the Egyptians, the Syrians, the Sidonians, the Tyrians, the Edesenes, the Chaldeans, the Persians, the Chinese, and ultra-Gauletic nations; the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Laplanders, the Druids, and the Peruvians; and in these, respectively, he clearly discovers the original elementary monad, with a triad of divinities proceeding from this stem: this being obviously the only way in which the generative principles of materialism, founded on the cosmogonic type, and perhaps glancing at the mystical generation of the second person (for we find

nothing in heathenism without a prototype, however widely removed from the truth), permitted of the great fundamental doctrine of a Trinity in Unity being represented. In the majority of these cases, the results depend either on contemporary records, or on the authority of original and very ancient writers; whereas, in the others, the same system prevailed too widely separated for collusion, and in ages long after the rest had succumbed to Christianity. There cannot be more conclusive data on which to found an argument. Let us here remark, that we should rather the Egyptian and Phœnician systems had appeared as separate members, than as one and the same; although the junction is natural, were the question to be illustrated as isolated one. The Phœnician commentaries of Sanchoniatho on the Hermæic, or Egyptian system, clearly supply the link between the latter and the Orphic. The *Πρωτοί*, or ether, the *Ποθος*, and the *Μότ* of the Phœnician, are, as our author has proved, equivalent to the Kneph, Phtha, and Khem of the Egyptian; and equally represent the Ericapæus, Pothis, and Metis of the Orphic. The generations of Sanchoniatho, besides, possess an Asiatic character, which could not have been derived wholly from the same source with the Egyptian system; and his names are, in a great degree, to be found in the Greek mythology. The information contained in his history seems to have descended through Isiris (Cadmus?), the brother of Cna, or Phœnix (Cory's *Anc. Frag.*, 2d edit., p. 16); and the Orphic system, there can be little doubt, was derived, and further altered, from data brought into Greece by the same Isiris, or Cadmus.

With reference to the systems of Egypt and India, which have recently been so much elucidated, it has been suggested by a respectable writer, in observations on Mr. Cory's work * (which we notice in consequence of so little having hitherto appeared on the question treated of), that "these two links want obviously a third, or possibly more, for connexion with each other; if, indeed, they be connected." But, the *disunion* here complained of is precisely what we want. Do we seek for connexion in the rays of the sun, after their departure from that luminary? The

cases are altogether similar. An established connexion between the Egyptian and Indian systems, would determine the origin of one from the other (as in the case of Phœnicia and Greece, just adduced), and hence weaken the main argument, inevitable from systems, differing in every thing, their fundamental principle excepted, and thus establishing a common centre of radiation. Whatsoever alterations and corruptions are proper to either. We do not look for many such independent instances, because the affinities of languages, and every thing else, tend to prove that mankind at first radiated into three great families, whose subdivisions will present affinities not to be found in the original branches. It is evident that the more widely the systems of these shall be found to differ, the more complete and satisfactory will be the result. In Egypt and India, we expect to find distinct corruptions, peculiar to the races of Ham and Japhet.

The same writer replies to our author's general deduction, already quoted: "There is no evidence that it (the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity) was known universally. Arabia offers none, much as has been preserved of its former state. The proofs in Peru we have hinted at as questionable. In Mexico, none exist, so far as we can see. But setting aside all this, How comes it that the Jews, the sole records of the Deity's real system, retain no such evidence?" We answer, that every contemporary, or original Gentile record (heathen Arabia offers none under this head, unless we except undeciphered inscriptions), so far as extant and understood, preserves the fact, as already insisted on. This is of itself all that the argument demands. But, the same fact is known to have descended in several widely separated countries, to modern ages—in the overpowering case of Hindostan, to the present moment; and, even if lost by some, in which an indication of a universal original principle might be expected, ought it not rather to strike us with astonishment that so many have retained it, and that so much proof, that may be deemed almost superfluous, remains—that there should exist modern contemporary evidence speaking the language of the contem-

* See *Literary Gazette*, July 22, 1837.

porary records of 3000 years' standing ! The case of the Jews we have already spoken of at length, as forming the basis of the whole argument, and as furnishing the most conclusive evidence on the subject ; and the writer, although he sees " no necessary connexion " between the Christian and Heathen Trinities, by the tendency of his remarks, still supports our view of the question. " The Mosaic institutions, too, were necessary to separate the Hebrews from all other people. The Trinity of the Godhead would have been confounded with the triads of Egypt and Persia. As the poetry of Germany unites the cultivated minds of different states, so the religion of the Jews would thus have united them with the heathen, and on the highest point. As it was, they forsook their visible protector sufficiently often. But, if we come to the ' fulness of time ' for this revelation, when philosophy and religion had amply prepared men's minds for it, and when it was, in fact, but a part of the Messiah's coming, we shall see that the same argument satisfactorily applies to religious, as to astronomical and physical phenomena ; namely, that they were developed as required, and not unnecessarily left as a stumbling-block and source of folly to the Jew or the Greek."

We have inserted this passage, because it tends to shew how beautifully every explanation, grounded on the facts, coincides with the results, as we have already endeavoured to deduce them from scriptural principles ; and that apparent objections, so grounded, become real supports. Neither Jew nor Greek wanted a stumbling-block, to cause them to prefer the wrong to the right. The Gentiles would still have philosophised, and corrupted the religion of their ancestors,—the examples of the doctrines of the incarnation, the resurrection, and the soul's immortality, already adduced, are unanswerable ;—while, in the course pursued, we see but additional evidence of the necessity of a superhuman development. As regards the evidence of connexion between the Christian and Gentile doctrines, the fact itself be-

speaks a common source, unless, with Bryant and Faber, we enlist the three sons of Adam, and the three sons of Noah, in explanation of the original Gentile principle ; a proceeding which, by the way, is a mere subterfuge. The heathens could not have made their God after the image and likeness of the families of Adam and Noah, without a previous knowledge that these families furnished the requisite type.* Such a writer as the above would hardly sanction this. Yet how does he explain the admitted Gentile triads ? No attempt is made.† The ancients, however, tell us plainly enough that they were derived from the cosmogonic elements. They are primarily the material and elementary types of the spiritual Trinity of revelation (*Inquiry*, p. 86)—types established by revelation itself (col. Gen. i. with John, i.), and the only resource of materialism to preserve the original doctrine. The spirit, whether physical or spiritual, is equally the *πνεῦμα* ; and the light, whether physical or spiritual, equally the *φῶς* of the Greek text : so that the materialist of antiquity had little difficulty in preserving their analogies complete.

Our time, space, and inclination, alike enjoin us to refer to the work itself for the author's development of the national triads, as it could not but suffer by any abridgement of materials already so much and so ably condensed. If we have shewn the necessity of the perusal of it by the scholar and the Christian, our purpose is answered. We shall therefore direct our subsequent attention, as already intimated, to critical remarks, and to applications and illustrations of some of the points advanced by Mr. Cory, which may tend to strengthen the argument, as well as to facilitate the study, and augment its interest, in connexion with the archaeological researches of our times.

The tabular view of the triads, with which we conclude this chapter, will prepare the reader to accompany us, and will be found useful for reference. The purpose is to afford a general, rather than a critically exact idea, either of our author's results, or of the national systems on which they

* The same argument applies to the triplicities of the Jewish Cabalists. Their claim, as original data, is precisely as good as that of the sons of the patriarchs.

† In a subsequent notice on Mr. Cory's *Chronological Inquiry* (*Literary Gazette*, Aug. 19, 1837), we, however, find this writer a convert to the principles advanced by Mr. Mushet, a follower of the Shem, Ham, and Japhet system of explanation.

are founded; yet such a one as will help to clear up obscurities in both. As regards the former, we have found it necessary, in some measure, to invert the order of Mr. Cory's detail, by placing the Egyptian triads before the Orphic and the later Greek, which were derived from the Egyptian; and as this derivation was obviously *through* the Phœnician system, we have separated the latter from the Egyptian, with which our author has united it, and placed the Phœnician triad between the Egyptian and the Orphic. The Syrian, Sidonian, Tyrian, and Edessene triads, which are obviously of the same class, and which, while furnishing the radical character of triplicity, do not so fully identify themselves with the other systems, we give in their place, according to our author; the Chaldaic follows in its natural place, immediately preceding the Persian. The true Chaldaic system is, however, more exactly represented by the Persian, which was derived from it; as is evident from the description of Eudemus, cited by Damascius (*Inc. Frag.*, 2d edit., p. 318), and confirmed by the general consent of antiquity.

As regards the national systems of the Hindus, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Persians, which offer many common characteristics, there are difficulties which render any but a very general idea, impossible in the tabular form. These arise from the frequent amalgamations and transpositions of the rank or office of the divinities, and of their physical or material, and their metaphysical, or moral, or ideal characters; as well as of the colours in which they are represented, and of the sacred animals, which are their vahans, or bearers, or companions, and symbols.

There is, besides, a distinction between the physical and the metaphysical, or moral and ideal triads, which determines them to have been separate forms of the divinities; and which, had it been perceived by the author, would have relieved the subject of much of its difficulty, and have rendered a more methodical tabular statement admissible. It likewise augments the beauty and force of the whole argument. The distinction in question, which it would have been premature to explain here, will be found established and eluci-

dated in the subsequent pages of our analysis. Let it be noticed, that where a line is drawn across the Indian and Egyptian columns of our table, the intention is to separate the names which belong respectively to the physical and moral (or intellectual) triads, which, as above, were not confounded, but assumed to be coexistent.

It may be well here to remark that the Hindu, the Egyptian, and the Persian systems, appear to present us with three distinct streams of corrupted religion, flowing from a common source; and these we are disposed, as already intimated, to refer to the Japhetic, Chametic, and Semitic lines of the Gentile posterity of Noah. We have already seen that the Phœnician, the Orphic, and the later Greek systems, flow directly from the Egyptian; while the Syrian, the Sidonian, and the Tyrian triads, are probably of the same family, if not of the same immediate descent. The Pythagorean system descended from this family; and with the monad, dyad, and triad of that system, the Chinese and others eastwards of India appear to connect themselves, in agreement with the synchronous origin of all these, under Pythagoras, Confucius, Bhuddha, &c.; this being the age of partial reformation, occasioned by the dissemination of the sacred Jewish books, at the period of the captivity, as already noticed. The Chaldaean system—that of the idolatrous forefathers of Abraham (Gen. xi. 28–31; Josh. xxiv. 2)—must be viewed as an elder branch of the same stem with the Persian, which also belongs to the age of Pythagoras; while we may, perhaps, securely refer the Scandinavian, and the rest westwards of Greece and Italy, to the same stem with the Hindu system, in correspondence with philological classification of nations. We shall thus have a great perithnic tree of the corruptions of the religion of the patriarchs, resolving itself into three grand branches, which ultimately resolve themselves into one common stem, springing from the corrupted trinity of the Scythismus, or first apostasy from the patriarchal church, which ancient writers agree in referring to the period when mankind dwelt together on the plains of Shinar.

HERMOGENES.

Indian.	Egyptian.	Phoenician.	Orphic.	Greek (later).	Syrian.	Schunian.	Tyrian.	Etruscan.	Chaldean.	Chaldean-Persian.	Chinese.	German.	Scandinavian.	Lapland.	Druidic.	Peruvian.	Physical.	Metaphysical, or Moral.	Office.	Colour.	Yahweh, or Bearers, Companions, Symbols.
Brahm.	Ammon-Ra. Eikton. Chaos? Erebos. Ser, or Chthon. Sous, or Sugus.	Chaos. Darkness. Chaos? Erebos.	Phanes. Chaos?	Chronus.	Baalhi-lihi? Baalhi-lihi?	Baal? Baal?	MONADS. Zero-vane, or Time. Mithras.	Bor. Jumala.	Vinocha. Panchachama. Tangata.	First Principle.											Compound of Eagle, Lion, and Bull.
I. Vishnu. Indra.	Kneph. Eneph. Kamephis I. Ostru.	Ether.	Erepeus.	Zeus, or Jupiter.	Ether.	Chronus.	Water.	Helius.	Tuathe. Oymandes.	TRIADS. Tao in corpor.	Tusco.	Odin.	Thor.	Life.	Father Sun.	Ether. Spirit. Air.	Life, giving intellect.	Preserving power.	Blue.	Eagle, or Hawk. Ram. Serpent.	
II. Brahma. Surga.	Phutha. Kneph. Phutha. Horus. Arocia.	Pothos.	Pothos. Ereos. Phanes. Apollo. Pythia. Dionysus, or Pluto.	Poseidon, or Neptune.	Ulamus. Pothos.	Ilus.	Monimus.	Apason.	Ni-thras.	Dyd.	Manua.	Vill. Light.	Stor-junkare.	Knowledge.	Son Sun.	Light.	Love, Truth, Intellect, Good principle.	Creating power.	White.	Swan, or Goose. Lion. Hawk. Scorpion.	
III. Siva. Varuna.	Khem. Kamephis III. Mendes. Helius. Ostru. demon.	Mot, or Muth. Ilus.	Metis. Phanes. Nep-tune.	Pluton, or Poseidon.	Chuscorus.	Omicron.	Hezacles. Kronus.	Astus.	Mor-mia, or Phanes.	Arina-mus.	Triad-demiurgic.	3 Sons of Mann.	Ve. Idur.	Reyre. Sun.	Brother Sun.	Orb of Fire. Heat. Ocean.	Justice. Power. Evil principle.	Generating, Destroying, Reproducing power.	Red.	Bull. Goat. Crocodile. Hippopotamus. Serpent.	

THE RULING VICE OF MODERN POLITICS.

WE are about to return to a subject which is, we well know, to some of our readers, rather unpalatable. But it is in vain for them, as for us, to think of escaping from it. It is one of the necessities of the times; and it is a growing and advancing one.

How general, nay, how almost universal, is the wish expressed, to keep theological questions out of the debates of the House of Commons. Yet, in spite of all that men can do, theological questions will obtrude themselves; and we find each succeeding year's discussions becoming more religious, and more polemical in its bearing, than the former one! So it must be; and it is mere folly and childishness to hope to beat back the advancing tide, or to interpose between the collision of opposing opinions.

Nor can any good reason be given why men should wish to suppress such discussions; except, indeed, that which is really the secret motive of their dislike,—a sense of their own ignorance and incompetence. Religion has been looked upon, in their education, as a sort of superfluous accomplishment; and they now fear to touch upon a subject which must discover their own deficiencies. Thus, in addition to the universal distaste which dwells in the heart of man, by nature, to think of God, and his laws, and his future judgment, any more than can be helped, will furnish a sufficient elucidation of the perpetual effort which is visible, to shut out, or to put down, all theological discussions in parliament.

The attempt, however, is a vain one. The contest now going on is not a mere struggle of factions—it is a war of principles; and by principle alone can that contest be maintained. Those who range themselves under the Conservative banner will soon find—are, indeed, now finding—that it is impossible to make good their ground without a frequent recurrence to the highest and holiest sanctions. Expediencies and policies will no longer answer the purpose; nothing less than “THE TRUTH” will suffice to maintain this warfare.

But we have here touched the keynote of the whole matter,—THE TRUTH!

That is the word which must be our rallying cry for the future; for it is the word which most annoys and vexes our foes. This was very distinctly exhibited in the recent debate on national education. The question soon shewed itself to be, Whether the state was bound to teach *the Truth alone*, or was free to teach Truth and Falsehood indiscriminately. The highest and best-principled speaker on the Conservative side, Lord Ashley, at once took the strongest and only tenable ground, and asserted, that if the state undertook the work of public education at all, it was bound to teach *the Truth*, and that alone. He was replied to by an unworthy opponent, indeed: but that opponent frankly, and without hesitation, avowed the main and central principle of modern infidelity. This speaker (Mr. Hawes) remarked:

“But the noble lord said, rather than the state should not teach the truth, it ought to teach nothing at all. He should like to know by what high authority the noble lord had ascertained ‘the truth.’ (*Loud cheers.*) He should like to know how it became any member of the Christian church to say, ‘I am right, and all who differ from me are wrong.’”

This is the mode by which popular and fashionable Infidelity now works. It knows better than to dispute the truth and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures: this would bring on an examination of the facts and evidence, in which Infidelity well knows that it would be worsted. It prefers, therefore, the more insidious course, of leaving the authority of Holy Writ unassailed; but alleging, or, rather, taking for granted, that this revelation of God's will is so vague, and may be so variously interpreted, as to be tantamount to no revelation at all. “The Bible! oh, yes, the Bible, of course; but who will venture to say that he understands the Bible, or that his interpretation of it is the true one?” In this way a seeming acquiescence is yielded, and a man will profess himself a Christian, a Protestant, and even a Churchman, who yet denies with Mr. Hawes, that any man has a right to suppose that he knows what is truth, and what is falsehood; and will reso-

lutely maintain that the state is as much bound to teach Mohammedism and Popery, if the people prefer those delusions, as it can be to diffuse that Divine Truth which God, in His infinite mercy, has given us in His own word!

And the next step is, at once to deal with men as mere animals, as brute creatures; and to put all the motives and sanctions of religion wholly out of view. The *gentleman* (!) who managed to palm himself on the electors of Ipswich as a Conservative, and who now, with the coolest assurance, rightly misrepresents those who sent him to the House of Commons, without betraying even the least consciousness of the disgrace which attaches to such frauds;—this Mr. Gibson said, in the same debate:—

“Let the house remember, that their business there was to regard mere civil rights, without reference to different religious persuasions, and that they were bound to contemplate man as man, and not as members of particular sects in religion.”

The conceited ignorance of this “let the house remember,” is almost amusing; even while one’s choler is excited by the grossness of the folly thus dogmatically enunciated. “To contemplate man as man, and not as members of particular sects in religion!” Why, does not this babbler know that man has been properly described as “a religious animal?” Has he not yet acquired such a smattering of “useful knowledge” from his study of the *Penny Magazine*, as to know that in no part of the world can man be found without religion? that it is, in short, an essential of his very existence; and that, consequently, the “philosophers” who would legislate for man without a conscience and without a creed, are legislating for that which does not exist; and might as reasonably enact laws to establish schools for the sphinxes and the mermaids!

Really the folly of these people is quite prodigious. The point we have just touched upon is but a single feature in the case. The whole of this Education debate consisted, on their side, of a series of the most obvious *non sequiturs*. Think of men gravely arguing by the hour, that the population was sunk in heathenish vice, and thus fraught with every danger to the state, and then proposing to remedy

the evil by teaching the children of the poor, arithmetic, geography, and mechanics! And doing this, too, in the teeth of their own friend Bulwer’s clear and unanswerable proofs, that in France crime abounds the most in those districts where education—the education of “useful knowledge”—is the most widely diffused!

The word of inspiration has rightly described this sort of “philosophy.” “The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.” “He hath said in his heart, ‘God hath forgotten; he hideth his face; he will never see it.’” There is no other term than that of “folly,” or its concentration, “madness,” which can properly describe the monstrous absurdity of those who would seriously legislate for men as if they had no consciences, and looked to no hereafter. The astute atheist, conversing freely with his friend on these matters, checked his discourse when his servant came into the room. “We must be cautious,” said he, “how we speak of such things before these fellows, lest they should knock us all on the head.” There can be no doubt that atheism, followed to its true results, would lead every one to the simple course of grasping as much of this world’s possessions, and securing as much sensual enjoyment, as he could, without the least regard to any other consideration; and this principle, introduced into a commonwealth, leads to inevitable anarchy.

If we would have social existence, then, we must have a religion. The unanswerable argument of Dwight, on this subject, can hardly be too often repeated:

“Should an advocate for the doctrine which I oppose, demand proof that religion is indispensable to the welfare of a free country, this is my answer. Morality, as every sober man, who knows any thing of the subject, discerns with a glance, is merely a branch of religion; and where there is no religion, there is no morality. Moral obligation has its sole ground in the character and government of God. But where God is not worshipped, his character will soon be disregarded; and the obligation, founded on it, unfelt and forgotten. No duty, therefore, to individuals, or to the public, will be realised or performed. Justice, kindness, and truth, the great hinges on which free society hangs, will be unpractised, because there will be no motives to the practice, of sufficient force to re-

sist the passions of man. Oaths of office, and of testimony, alike, without the sanctions of religion, are merely solemn farces. Without the sense of accountableness to God, without the realising belief of a future retribution, they are employed only to insult the Creator, deprave the juror, and cheat his fellow-men. This sense nothing but religion can inspire or preserve. With the loss of religion, therefore, the ultimate foundation of confidence is blown up, and the security of life, liberty, and property, buried in the ruins.

"In aid of these observations, I allege that no free government has ever existed for any time without the support of religion. Athens, Sparta, and Rome, stood and fell with their religion, false and gross as it was, because it contained some of those great truths and solemn sanctions, without which man can possess no conscience, exercise no virtue, and find no safety. To their religion, Britain, Switzerland, and the United Netherlands, have owed most of their happiness and their permanency, and might say to this celestial denizen, in every period of their prosperity, as the devout and humble Christian to his God, 'Having obtained help of thee, we have continued to this time.'

"In the history of the globe, there is recorded but one attempt, seriously made, to establish a free government without religion. From this attempt has sprung new proof that such a government, stripped of this aid, cannot exist. The government, thus projected, was itself never established, but was a mere abortion; exhibiting doubtful signs of life at its birth, and possessing this dubious existence only as an ephemeron. During its diurnal life it was the greatest scourge, particularly to those for whom it was formed, and generally to the rest of mankind, which the world has ever seen. Instead of being a free, just, and beneficent system of administration, it was more despotic than a Persian caliphate; more wasteful of life, and all its blessings, than an inundation of Goths and Vandals. Those who lived under it, and either originated or executed its measures, were the authors of more crimes than any collection of men, since the termination of that gigantic wickedness, from which nothing but an universal deluge could cleanse this polluted world.

"These evils, my antagonist is further to be informed, were the result of the only experiment ever made, of erecting a government without religion. They are the only specimen of the genuine efficacy of infidelity and atheism on the mind and on the happiness of man, during the only

opportunity which they have enjoyed, of possessing an unlimited control over human affairs. Until the remembrance of this experiment shall have been lost, it can never be made again.

"Finally, he is to be informed, that it is wiser, more humane, and more effectual, to prevent crimes than to punish them. He is to be told what he cannot deny, that religion is the only great preventive of crime; and contributes more, in a far more desirable manner, to the peace and good order of society, than the judge and the sheriff, the gall and the gibbet united. He is to be reminded that mankind, with all the influence of religion added to that of civil government, are still imperfectly governed; are less orderly, peaceful, and friendly to each other, than humanity must wish; and that, therefore, he who would willingly lessen this influence is a fool, he who would destroy it a madman."

But we anticipate the rejoinder which is already on the opponent's tongue;—that Dr. Dwight's argument applies solely or chiefly to "general religion," and not to those peculiarities by which one sect is distinguished from another. "Do you not see," it will be said, "that the late government plan of education, against which you were so wrathful, made the fullest provision for the constant inculcation of this 'general religion,' and only kept out of sight, and confined to the 'separate apartment,' those 'special' doctrines about which Christian men are so apt to differ."

At this glance, this view of the case has a very specious appearance; but a few moments' reflection dissipates the delusion. To admit that men, holding very different views of Christian truth, may yet, amidst all their differences, be each of them sincerely religious, and each of them substantially safe, is one thing; and to say that all the matters about which they differ are wholly immaterial, and had better have been sunk in oblivion, is quite another. One man may complete and round off his scheme of Christianity in one way, and his neighbour in another, and both, in their different ways, may be safe, and both may be useful. But if you were to attempt to expunge from the creed of each, all the matters touching which any difference of union existed, you would render each of their creeds incomplete; and in any incomplete system no vitality can exist. In like manner, to admit into a school only those few general ideas on which

all who call themselves Christians are agreed, would be to stop short of any thing like a consistent or influencing faith. No one can worship a God of whose character and attributes he knows nothing; but the system of which we speak would refuse the child even this first elementary knowledge, and yet call itself a "religious education!"

Now there is nothing more clear, than that as a variety of colours, each having a beauty of its own apart, become, when mingled on one palette, merely a muddy mass, which possesses no beauty at all,—so would a variety of creeds, each, in its degree, operative apart, become, if commingled and neutralising each other in the same school, a mere heap of useless and perplexing propositions. If the distinguishing points of each were taught, without regard to the others, we should have a mass of controversy and contradiction. If these distinguishing tenets were not taught, from respect to the feelings of the differing sects, we should have nothing complete, nothing consistent, nothing operative on the hearts of the scholars.

Dr. Lushington declared, in this debate, without the least reserve, that "His principle was, that they should go the whole length, without any exception of any one species of belief." Now, by this explicit declaration, we discern the sort of "religion" which the propounders of this new system would permit to exist in their schools. It must be a system *wholly without doctrines*; for there is no one doctrine of Christianity which is not impugned by some party or other. Nay, Christianity itself is boldly declared, by some of the frankest of the advocates of the new theory, to be a sort of sectarianism, which must receive no peculiar favour! The *Sun* newspaper, when dealing with this subject, lately said:

"We cannot, however, deny that the ministers encourage the arrogant pretensions of the priests and the Tories. Their latest minute professes a desire 'to train the children duly in the Christian religion.' And as the state recognises and pays but one Christian religion, the priests of the established church, by that desire and that recognition, necessarily claim a control over the religion taught to the children. * * * But if the state have nothing to do with the religion of its subjects, but to protect each man

in the exercise of his own, we may doubt whether it has any right to train children in the principles of the Christian religion."

Here we have the "liberal" theory carried to its full results. And those results include the proscription of Christianity from any peculiar favour in the sight of the government; and its reduction to the rank of an "opinion," which is to be looked upon as of no more authority than the dogmas of the Socialists! And this, indeed, is the legitimate consequence of the principle enunciated by Messrs. Hawes and Gibson,—that it is presumption in any man to speak of "the truth" as a thing discoverable, or a thing which he had discovered.

Such, then, is the guise assumed by modern infidelity. It is, as now adopted, a novelty, dating merely from the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts, and of the Restrictions on the Papists. Up to that period, we believe, this language was not usually heard in parliament; nor, indeed, could it be used with any appearance of propriety: the legislature, previous to that date, being by explicit profession Protestant, and attached to the established church. It is to the repeal of those restrictions that we owe the rise of this new manifestation of infidelity. An opportunity was given to argue, whether justly or not, that from that time forth the state professed to have no preference, no religious creed, no conscience. In our view, this is wrongfully assumed. We do not believe that the error then committed, was really of this frightful character. A variety of legislative acts might be referred to, which have been done since that period, and in which the parliaments of Great Britain have expressly disavowed this principle of indifference, and have declared that they have a preference, and are prepared to avow a religious belief. We look upon the indifference, therefore, which is endeavoured to be set up as the true character of our legislature, as a mere assumption, partaking of the usual irregularity and rashness of infidel reasonings.

This is, however, the point at issue. The position now taken by the infidel party,—a party which reckons in its strength many who are personally not infidels, but who are deluded by the fascinations of liberalism to give their

support to this false principle;—the position now taken by this party is, that the state knows nothing, ought to know nothing, *can* know nothing, of what is *truth*. Morals, they will admit, the state may know something of, and may properly endeavour to cultivate and patronise; but religious truth, from which alone the principles of morals can be ascertained, and the sanctions of morals derived, must be considered to be wholly inaccessible.

Into all the absurdities of this view we shall not now enter; our present object is merely to point out the fact, that this is the chief controversy which will, for the next few years, agitate the parliamentary deliberations of this country. This is the central point of "liberalism;" this is the ruling vice of modern politics.

Now from this controversy let no man think to escape; except, indeed, he means to abjure politics altogether, and to trouble his head no more with the state of the nation than with the affairs of the moon. If he means not utterly to banish all such matters from his thoughts, then must he of necessity come to some conclusion, or at least give some vote, on the question, whether the truth is discoverable or not?

It is from a deep conviction of the pressure and weight of this question,—of its being actually clamorous for admission and establishment in the British legislature, and of the immense importance attaching to its admission or exclusion,—it is because we feel entirely assured, that upon its decision the whole fate of the country depends, that we express, without hesitation, our regret at the low tone adopted in the late debate, by *some* of the leaders of the Conservative party. There were, indeed, those, among whom

Lord Ashley and Mr. Gladstone stood honourably pre-eminent, who did no injustice to this great argument, by resting it upon inferior or temporary considerations.

But how unfortunate was it, whether the expression were so meant or not, that the great leader of the Conservative party should commence his address by a limitation which might be interpreted to mean, and which by the ministerialists was eagerly interpreted to mean, that he disclaimed the grand and noble principles avowed by the friends to whom we have just adverted, and preferred to rest his case on the miserable footing of mere momentary expediency.

We will not hastily conclude, from a casual expression of this sort, capable of various meanings, that Sir Robert Peel was really guilty of this shortcoming. But we know well that the circumstance was with the utmost delight fastened upon by the occupants of the treasury-bench, and that their exultation since has known no bounds, at their great opponent's supposed repudiation of those principles, by which, and by which alone, he can ever effectually and permanently establish a Conservative administration.

But this false impression cannot long remain. Other opportunities will occur of more explicitly declaring himself; and the leader of the great Conservative party must then leave no room for misapprehension. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?" He must give his opponents, as well as his supporters, thoroughly to understand, that he is contending, not for place, which, he does not want,—not for power, which he already possesses,—but for THE TRUTH.

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PUNCH SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Four noble elements,
Joined in the bowl,
The mirror of life are,
The light of the soul.

Crush first the golden lime,
Crush his bright rind,—
Aye sharpness and bitterness
Joy leaves behind.

With the sugar-cane's milk, from
The Isles of the West,
Tame his fierce bitterness,
Calm him to rest.

Dash in the water, now,
Foam-gleaming tide,—
Water embraceth
The universe wide.

Next the Spirit who builds on
The wine-press his throne,—
He that the life of life
Giveth alone.

Quick ! ere he vanisheth,
Fill for the brave ;
While yet glows the nectar,
Drink deep of his wave !

A CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

INTRODUCTION.

DURING a few weeks in the autumn of last year, I halted at a certain large town in Deutschland; and, taking the traveller's chance for temporary companions, became acquainted with some half-dozen of capital fellows, professors and students, who, however they might have wrangled at times on mathematical or metaphysical matters, were perfectly unanimous in the spirit of their translation of Horace's pithy line,—

“Dulce est desipere in loco.”

So all went on pleasantly enough till the arrival of one Doctor Zwingenbock, and a Baron Schwartzlippe, with their “tail” of proselytes, patients, and attendants, for the purpose of enlightening and astonishing the natives, by lectures on, and marvellous cures and feats to be performed by, animal magnetism, or, as the doctor called it, Mesmerism.

Now, all that I then knew of that wonderful science was, that Mesmer had got the principles from Mehl (a German philosopher) and Ingenhousz (a doctor); but that, “ingens animi,” he “went a-head” of his masters, who incontinently pronounced him to be a humbug,—a sentence which was subsequently confirmed by the University of Vienna, and the Academy of Sciences at Berlin. Of his and his followers making money afterwards, in London and Paris, by their queer exhibitions of iron rods, finger poking, and pianoforte playing, I thought little, inasmuch as I think so little of the idlers in both those cities, as to believe that no absurdity or tomfoolery can be too egregious to lack patronage among them.

Something of this sort I ventured to

observe in one of our meetings; and, forthwith, the harmony of our *sympotia* vanished. Being a lover of peace, I strove to back out, by confessing utter ignorance of the subject. It was in vain! Information was proffered. Facts were stated and contradicted. The ball of contention was launched; and if I would not keep it up, others would.

“Procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira,”

was quoted uselessly from their favourite bard. It seemed as though they had indeed been magnetised by the points of quarrelsome weapons.

Again and again we met, but ever with the same result; and thus was broken up the comfort of as snug a little party as a wayworn traveller might desire to nestle with for a brief sojourn.

At first, the affair appeared to me of about equal importance with Dean Swift's egg-breakers' big-and-little-Indian controversy; but the dropping of water wears holes in stone (the proverb is somewhat trite), and my ears were continually assailed. The whole place was magnetic or anti-magnetic. Even the ladies insisted upon a plain declaration of one's sentiments, and permitted no shuffling, however complimentary. Then I was compelled to wait the arrival of sundry letters, and more particularly of one with a supply of the “needful.” So, being thus tied to the spot, I said, “Homo sum,” &c. Man is a gregarious animal. I'll go with the throng, and hear what this Doctor Zwingenbock has got to say for himself. So I went to his lectures, and was experimented upon, and at last was resolved to believe if I could.

PREPARATION AND FLIGHT.

“Do I believe in clairvoyance?” exclaimed Dr. Zwingenbock. “How can a man not believe vot he knows? vot he has experienced and witnessed? Ven I vos in Courland, dere vos a youngish girl very susceptible of de magnetic influences. She could neider read, nor write, nor draw, nor paint, nor play upon any instrument, nor dance, nor noting. She had never been taught; and as for politics, bah!

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she knew not de meaning of de word, nor de name of any reigning prince. Vell, I practised upon her, and she vent to sleep; and ve vatched her, as she lay on a sofa in de middle of de room, and had some motions by vich I knew as she got some revelations. Vell, presently she get up, fast asleep, and dance along de back of de sofa, vich vas not vider dan vere a cat can valk; and never—no, never—did Tag-

lioni, nor nobody else, dance so beautiful; and ven she come to de end, she stood on de very tip of von toe, and turned round dree times, vid her arms stretched out, and her body bended vid a grace, and t'oder leg raised up behind like de flying Mercury; and so she turned round dree times, and den jumped so light upon de ground as a feader, and sang a song like a nightingale. Vell, den she called for some drawing materials, vitch vos brought vidout saying noting, and she sate down, and drew a beautiful eagle, vid a crown upon his head, flying in de air, and likewise a crescent,—one vos for Russia, and t'oder for Turkey, by hieroglyphics, vot she never heard before; and den she writed underneath some admirable poetry, vot told all as did happen seven, ten, fifteen year after, ven dose nations vent at var. Hei! Do I believe in clairvoyance, indeed? Here is my goot friend, de Baron Schwartzlipp, as my witness."

"Yaw, yaw!" exclaimed the baron; "O, yes! I see it all. Svaa!—take mine oad! wid great pleasure. Emery ding ish drue!" And then, turning sharply round, he walked to the further end of the room, and back again, briskly; then suddenly halted, drew himself up to his full height, and looked round with much self-satisfaction, as though he would say, "I suppose my word's enough; but, if not, bring the Testament: I'm ready."

"There's no withstanding such evidence," I observed.

"Magna est veritas, et preva—law—bit!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yaw, yaw! emery ding ish drue!" cried the baron, striking the table with his fist.

"Vee make de grand experiment to night," said the doctor. "You sup vid us and some oder friends, vot is great magnifiers—magnetizers I mean. Vee vill get you en rapport vid somebody or something."

"It's of no use," I replied; "you have tried your utmost before, and never been able even to send me to sleep."

"Dat vos because you vos in de darkness of uncredulity," observed the doctor; "now it is much bester, as you believe."

"Yaw, yaw! emery ding ish drue!" again exclaimed the baron, flourishing his right hand over his head.

I informed them that I had no particular wish to become a somnambu-

list, nor to be sent spinning upon one toe, like a teetotum, along the backs of sofas; but that a peep into futurity would certainly be very agreeable to me, and that I would do my utmost to assist the endeavours of any gentlemen who would give me a lift in that direction. And thereupon the doctor spake, in mystical, enthusiastic terms, of the wondrous magnetic powers of several of his friends, concerning which and whom he related sundry marvellous matters; and, at every pause, the baron gave vent to his usual ejaculation,

"Yaw, yaw! emery ding ish drue."

The scene of our supper was a private room at a tavern; the provisions were substantiated beyond all bounds, and the appetites of the guests prodigious. There were seven besides the baron and the doctor, making the mystical number of three times three magnetic illuminati, prepared to unite their incomprehensible influences to operate upon one neophyte. Little was said during the consumption of the solids; and when that important task was at an end, each of the sages took out his meerscham, and began smoking and talking in a most fuligineous style: but what seemed most singular was, that every one occasionally fixed his eyes upon me; and then, turning to his neighbour, with a smile of approbation, said, "Yaw, yaw!"

When this process had been repeated several times, and solemn dulness appeared to be the order of the night, I, doubtless, manifested symptoms of impatience, as Zwungenbock shook his head, and said, "Never mind; keep your temper in de equilibriums. Vee are all doing your business. You vill go sleep by and by."

"And no great marvel either," I observed, "if you find me no better entertained."

"Hush!" said he, "dat is not respectful to de grand science. Keep de eye of your inside looking into de future, and he vill come. Never mind de present no more as noting. But ve vill not be always so silent. De foundation of de vork is laid, and now ve vill have some toast. Mine goot friend, de baron, vill speak to de master of de house, and see as de keller bring us de bestest vine."

The baron took the hint, and went out, muttering his queer scrap of Eng-

lish, as usual; and, presently after, returned with the keller, or waiter, who deliberately placed a bottle of wine before each guest, as they were handed to him from a basket by the baron. Then we had toasts and songs alternately (the former out of compliment, they said, to me), till the room became so intolerable from the fumes of tobacco, that I was induced, contrary to my habits, to accept of a cigar presented to me by the baron, "to smoke in my own defence."

My recollection of what subsequently occurred, till I found myself in a state of "clairvoyance," is somewhat cloudy. I remember observing that there was a peculiar flavour in the cigar; and being assured that it was the very best Havannah, and when I made a similar remark concerning the wine, the doctor requested to taste from my bottle, and, having sipped at a glass, expressed himself highly delighted.

"It has got by sympathy," he said, "a little of de magnetic flavour, and proves as you are coming a littel en rapport vid dese philosophes. I telled you ve vos doing your business. Drink so fast as you can, and I hope you get more of de taste presently."

That it did taste worse and worse, as I frequently had recourse to the glass, to remove a parched feeling produced by the cigar, I have a dreamy remembrance, as also of endeavouring to comprehend and follow the thread of a long, dreary story, concerning magnetic influences and somnambulism. All was in vain. The wondrous power hovered over me; then came down, and, as a cloud, separated me from my fellow men. The precise moment I knew not; but, anon, I felt myself borne away as though by wings,—and away, away, smoothly and pleasantly enough, but with immense rapidity, I sailed through the air, without interruption; though, at the first start, I had been stopped by an old fellow with a scythe and an hourglass, and a single lock of hair on his forehead, who angrily declared that he never suffered any one to go "a-head" of him into his dominions. I was in a placid mood, and rather amused by his irritation; so I merely said, "Don't be in a passion, old daddy! It's of no use; I've been regularly magnetised, and am a clairvoyant."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that alters the case entirely. I beg you a thousand pardons!" and, throwing down

his scythe, he laid hold of his forelock (for want of a hat), bowed with obsequious awkwardness, lifted his left leg behind, as though to take a step backward, and added, with an odd sort of smile, "You are perfectly welcome to go just wherever you please."

"Am I?" thought I, as I glided onward; "well, then, since I feel perfectly clear of the times in which I have hitherto lived, here's for a good long stretch into futurity! If an unlettered child could discern events, of which she knew not the meaning, ten years before they occurred, surely I——" (Here I fell into an overwhelming fit of self-conceit,—a delusion pretty general among the initiated,)—"surely I—I, who have studied, travelled, written, philosophised, &c. &c. &c., when in an unmagnetised state, may now dash forward a few centuries at least! It shall be so!"

"When and where would you like to be wafted?" inquired the voice of my invisible guide, which I then heard for the first time. "Let us skip a brace of thousands at once!" I exclaimed: "so, hey for London, and anno Domini 3838!"

"Here we are, then," said my ciccone, and immediately, gently, as a snowflake meets the ground, I felt myself placed upon my legs in the centre of a large city, in the midst of a moving multitude, dressed after strange fashions, which I am neither tailor nor milliner enough to describe.

"I don't know this part of the town," said I. "Which is the way to Regent Street?"

"Regent Street," replied my magnetic guide, "was in old London, a city long since deserted, and now utterly gone to decay, that its remaining ruins serve only as matters of speculation for the antiquary."

"What!" I almost breathlessly exclaimed, "London! the emporium! the queen of cities! Is it possible?"

"Nothing more regular," replied my guide, dryly; "followed the example of Babylon, Nineveh, Paris, and others. All regular."

"But how, and why was she deserted?" I inquired.

"By degrees," said my attendant. "But you may judge somewhat for yourself, by going about a dozen miles westward, and looking at the narrow, choked-up river, where the remains of some two or three long bridges yet

stand. For my own part, as you have chosen to pass by the years of transition, I am not permitted to reveal particulars, and dare merely to give you hints, such as, —unexampled extent of commerce,—a determination to manufacture all sorts of things for all the world,—consequently the whole island covered with factories,—consequent redundant population, liable to be affected in their comforts, and even means of existence, by the proverbial uncertain fluctuation of demand for foreign markets,—consequent frequent dissatisfaction, and outbreak of unruly passions among the multitude,—consequent advantage taken thereof by pseudo-patriots for their own aggrandisement,—consequent union of turbulent spirits,—consequent alarm of weak governors, willing to grant or do any thing for the sake of momentary peace, and blind to the future,—consequent more decidedly menacing air of the multitude, demanding and obtaining supplies of cheap corn from countries where labour and land were of less value,—consequent dependance for the staff of life on foreign states,—consequent neglect of agriculture at home—all consumers, few producers. War. Consequent advantage taken by powers ever envious of the once happy little island,—supplies denied or furnished grudgingly at exorbitant rates,—consequent discontent, riots,—hunger owns no laws,—consequent overthrow of the ——— But I must not proceed, as I am called to order by the voice of a superior magnifico-electico-demonion which you cannot hear.”

“I wish *you* could not,” said I, pettishly; “for you were hinting about the corn question, which has perplexed me much latterly.”

FUTURE METROPOLITAN ANTIQUITIES.

The open vehicle in which I was conveyed was light and convenient enough, and the driver was a smart, active fellow, evidently on excellent terms with himself. Finding that I was a stranger, he congratulated me on having selected him, as he had already, that morning early, driven two gentlemen down to look at the old places, about which they seemed to know every thing, and had got a map of what the old city was two thousand years ago.

“I did that job for my brother Tom,”

“Very likely,” observed my daimon; “the Holy Bible was not quite so much in use among you as it is now in the thirty-ninth century. When you get back, consult it, and you will find that bread or corn is the staff of life, which always gave the possessor power over others. Read particularly the 47th chapter of Genesis, and you will find how Joseph therewith first gathered all the money of the people; then all their flocks, herds, and horses; then their lands, and at last their bodies. And hard bargains he made with them, no doubt, as men always will when they can. But your governors seem to have fancied that other nations would always be willing to supply you with all the corn you consumed, at the lowest price, even though they knew your wants, and that your warehouses and manufactories were glutted with excess of product, and unable to employ ——— But I’m called to order again! So no more of the past. You are now in New London, and had better make the most of your stay. You will be able to understand the language spoken here, though, in reality, totally different from that of your own time. What would you like to see first?”

“Any thing—every thing,” I replied.

“That’s impossible,” observed my invisible guide. “You see that the human race has not changed in outward appearance; but their customs, opinions, and progress in science and arts are matters requiring a pretty considerable deal longer time than will be allowed to you this trip, I guess. Therefore, make your choice.”

“Let us see where old London stood then,” said I.

added he, “who isn’t quite well. This is my own horse, and quite fresh; so, never fear!”

“I suppose the gentlemen were antiquaries?” said I.

“That’s the name, sure enough!” he exclaimed. “They were to meet three or four more of the same kidney at breakfast, down yonder, by the ruins of what they say was once a bridge called Waterlow, because the tide used to end there; but I can’t believe as the tide ever went so high; because as how, it stands to reason, if it had, it

must have overflowed all the low land right afore us, which is some of the best in the country."

We were then going down the hill from what we call Blackheath, and he pointed with his whip towards Lambeth, where I beheld only open fields. On the other side of the river, instead of the "sulphureous canopy" of London, all was so clear, that I could discern here and there, rising above farm-houses, villas, and cottages, the ruins of stately edifices, some of which I but too well recognised. The river, too, was but a rivulet, creeping along in the centre of its former bed. I covered my face with my hands, and felt a wisp, but not the power, to weep.

"All regular," observed my invisible guide. "The yellow Tiber is now a pretty rill, thick as pease-soup. Wherever you mortals swarm together by millions near any moderate-sized river, for a thousand or two of years, you always make a mess of it. And then Nature does her work, too. The city of Venice no longer stands in the sea. All regular."

"You seem to be thinking about the old place, and the ancient people, sir," observed my driver, to whom plainly the voice of my invisible companion was maudible; "most gentlemen do when they first comes; but it soon wears off; and, arter all, why should we care any thing about the ancients? They never did nothing for us, as ever I heard on, nor for our forefathers either, unless 'twas building a town so high up the river, that they couldn't find water enough to drink, and keep their houses tidy, and so was obliged afterwards to dig great reservoirs over yonder" (and he pointed towards the East and West India, London, and St. Katherine's Docks); "though one of them antiquary gentlemen says as how they was public washing-places, and the washerwomen used to live in the caves as stands all round. However, for my part, I sha'n't trouble myself about such matters, as long as I've a good horse to drive six days in the week, and rest, and a good sermon and a good dinner of a Sunday."

"I'm glad to hear that you spend that day so properly," I observed.

"Why, who doesn't?" exclaimed the astonished driver, shrinking into his corner as far from me as possible. "Do you take me for an infidel? or like them old heathens as built that

temple to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom?" and he pointed to the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Shocked as I was at this abominable misrepresentation of my own and former times, I had sufficient presence of mind to apologise and make my peace with the offended driver, by lauding the institutions of the Sabbath.

"Ay," said he, "it's a pleasant day for me, always; and, besides that, it's just *the* thing for the cattle. One day's rest in seven, keeps them on their legs—keeps them in spirits—just *the* very thing. Why, there's this here nag afore us, looks forward to, and knows Sunday just as well as any Christian in the land. The old people, they say, worked every day, pretty near all the year round, and so worked themselves stupid, and no wonder; and so they built a temple to the goddess of wisdom, hoping, I suppose, to recover their senses. Well, I'll just tell you one thing about 'em as an antiquery gentleman told me was a positive fact, and could be proved by old manuscripts. Just away at the end of that long lane on the left as we're now passing, there's a place called the Elephant and Castle, because the old East Indians used to have their houses there, and always rode upon elephants instead of carriages, like other people, because they were such a desperate deal richer than all the rest. And how do you suppose they got their money?—But you'll never guess."

"Then it's useless to try," I observed, somewhat peevishly; but, as the words passed my lips, my magnetic monitor whispered,

"Take things easy, and do not attempt to contradict him, or any one else, in what you may hear about your own times: they'll not believe you."

"Very well," I replied; "I'll try."

"That's right!" said he; "when a clairvoyant tries at any thing, we magnetic influencers are ever ready to assist him; so take that!" and he seemed to breathe into my ear an agreeable warmth, which instantly pervaded my whole frame, and created a delightful free and easy sensation, disposing me to hear and witness all that might pass, as though the whole were got up by the "spiriting" of some delicate, good-natured Ariel, for my amusement.

"It's no story of my making, sir," resumed the driver, in reply to my

testy observation: "and, between ourselves, I can't quite swallow it, though the gentleman has told me is one of the big-wigs. I can believe as the East Indians used to meet in a large leaden hall; because, the richer folks are, the more out-o'-the-way things they do, particularly in the building line; and so why shouldn't they have used lead to make bricks of if they liked?"

"None in the world," said I, good-humouredly; "but how was it they got so much money?"

"Ay, that's it!" he replied; "that's the queerest discovery them antiquerones have made. They say as the East Indians, who were all black, of course, — and a queer sight they must have made, sitting all round in their black-lead hall! — they say as how they used to send great ships all the way to t'other side of the world to fetch — what d'ye think? Ha! ha! Why — weeds! regular bitter weeds, which the stupid old people used to buy and soak in water; and then drink the water, and throw the weeds away, and buy more weeds. Rich and poor, men, women, and children — all were bamboozled into drinking it, morning, noon, and night, and some of 'em nothing else!"

"Well, that was strange!" said I.

"Strange!" he exclaimed, "you may say that! But that's nothing to what them antiquer old fellows will tell you, if you listen to them."

"Do you think you could drive me to where they are?" I inquired. "I should like much to make one of their party, if they would permit me."

"Oh, ay!" replied my driver; "I'll ferret them out, for they've got a great carriage with four horses, what they calls a quadragon,* down at the Waterloo public-house, to take 'em all back; and they'll be glad enough, no doubt, to get hold of any body as will listen to their rigmoroles."

We accordingly proceeded to the river-side, and soon ascertained that the party I sought had been recently seen bending their steps toward St. Paul's, whither, after crossing the narrow stream, I followed them; and, as I strolled along, the magnetic influence breathed into me by my invisible guide, enabled me to look upon the traces of former times without pain: all seemed, as he had observed, "quite regular."

I found the antiquaries in the centre of the ruins of the cathedral, engaged in disputing whether the circle, indicated by the fragments of pillars, had ever been covered in; and if so, in what manner? The prevailing opinion was, that there had been a cupola, left open in the centre, after the fashion of the Pantheon at Rome.

On being informed that I was a stranger, visiting the ancient city from curiosity and anxious to acquire information, they welcomed me with condescending politeness, while their manifest self-glorification was sufficiently ludicrous under existing circumstances. They were six in number, all elderly men, dressed alike in black, and all wore spectacles, the glasses of which had a dusky tint, as though they had been a little smoked. The results of their researches were somewhat startling; but the manner in which they were dribbled out for my enlightenment, was much too prosy and prolix to be given here verbatim.

One long line, indicating the principal street of the ancient place, was drawn on their map, as having extended from the spot on which we stood, to the Highgate Archway; and, as the name of Highgate was still preserved, my instructors declared that there could be no doubt as to its being the spot where the principal northern entrance, the high gate, or porta alta, of the city formerly stood. The Royal Exchange, or Byrsa Regalis, was marked as having occupied the centre of an open space near the well-known Angel at Islington; and my attention was particularly called to that point by one of the savans, who appeared to feel that he had won unto himself something like immortality by, as he said, "exploding a vulgar error." After bidding me notice a number of lines, diverging in various directions from the said spot, and indicating streets there joining the main thoroughfare, or, as he styled it, the via alta, he exclaimed triumphantly, "In what more central or fitting place could the forum or exchange have stood? And then, as for the name, the common people call it the Angel, which is a manifest corruption of angle, which, in the plural, was, without doubt, the name of the spot, as you may see here," and he jotted his finger upon the numer-

* Perhaps a quadriga.

ous corners, — “here! angles, angles, angles, of all sorts! obtuse, acute, and right angles! So it is clear, as the sun at noon, that ‘the angles,’ or anguli, must have been the name of the place, and no other. As for angel — pshaw!”

The next subject of inquiry was the Post Office in St. Martin’s le Grand, the ruins of which were still known by the name of “The Post,” a word very puzzling to the philosophers, who were divided in opinion as to whether it had been a military post or station, a temple to futurity, or a depository for wills and other documents for the benefit of posterity. When I ventured a hint of its real destination, it was received with supercilious compassion for my ignorance; and my angular friend immediately drew me aside, and confidentially whispered,

“I perceive, sir, that you do not know the gentleman whom you just addressed. That, sir, is the great Doctor Tuffotopos. He’ll all look up to him! his knowledge of the ancients, their manners, customs, and history, is perfectly wonderful. He has discovered some error in the latter, upon which he means to address the society at our meeting to-might; but he keeps the subject to himself till then. Whatever it may be, there is no doubt that, coming from *him*, it will produce a great sensation.”

After this warning I conducted myself with more circumspection, and was permitted to look over the highly-prized map, in which I was surprised to find so many fields bearing names similar to those of the buildings, streets, and squares, by which they had been formerly covered. Of these the antiquaries had made ample use. Smithfield was marked off in red lines as the quarter appropriated for workers in iron; Finsbury was the fish-market; the site of Buckingham Palace was the residence of the buck-rangers of the adjacent parks; the name of the Isle of Dogs was accounted for by placing thereon the dogana, or custom-house; Bloomsbury was the flower-market; Golden Square was the location of bankers, and the rich meadows of Lambeth were declared to have been appropriated to the rearing of early lambs for the luxurious old citizens.

From poring over these and similar mistakes, I was aroused by an ex-

clamation from one of the party, whose name I learned was Dr. Fussey.

“Yes,” said he, exultingly, “I have it! On that next field, just below us, called Doctors’ Commons, stood a court of justice.”

“Bravo!” thought I, “something like truth at last.”

“On what grounds has our learned brother arrived so suddenly at so important a conclusion?” inquired Dr. Tuffotopos, with much dignity.

“Not suddenly, my most erudite brethren,” replied Dr. Fussey, throwing back his broad unmeaning face, and elevating his short rotund body as much as possible; “not suddenly; oh, no! I have thought much on the subject; and yet somehow, the truth did at last flash suddenly upon me. That is not unusual, I believe: a sort of inspiration—ahem! But you shall hear. The fact is, that last week when I was breakfasting with my friend, the lord-chancellor, his lordship was pleased to shew me certain papers relative to a case which, as his lordship very properly observed, ought to have been decided by one of his predecessors, inasmuch as it was first brought into the chancery court in the second year of Victoria the First. That I discovered, his lordship (between us be it said, with all due deference to his station and legal talents) being no antiquary. What the nature of the case is, I do not pretend to know, and I rather think that his lordship is equally in the dark; but that’s no great matter. Our labours are to elucidate antiquity; and, in one of the papers that I allude to, I found it stated that the case was an appeal from the decision of a court in Doctors’ Commons—ahem! Well, finding *that* name *here*, and considering the convenient distance from hence to Billingsgate, where there can be no doubt the principal pleaders of the time studied elocution (inasmuch as Billingsgate oratory was proverbial), I very confidently pronounce that to be the spot anciently occupied by the said court.”

“Not the least doubt of it,” said Dr. Tuffotopos; “I congratulate you most fervently. We must contrive to get a facsimile of a few lines of the old writings for our next volume of Transactions. We are all particularly indebted to you, doctor, for this display of critical acumen; but, no one perhaps so much as myself, as your dis-

covery has made clear to me the meaning of three letters frequently placed at the end of names, and concerning which there has been much disputing; I mean D.C.L., which we may hereafter fearlessly translate Doctors' Commons' Lawyer!"

A murmur of admiration and approbation rewarded this egregious folly, and my angular friend whispered something about the extraordinary readiness of the last speaker in availing himself instantaneously of one discovery by making another. I, of course, said something civil in reply; and having heard enough of their topographic guess-work, expressed a

wish to be present at their evening meeting, when the learned doctor was to deliver his announced lecture on certain points of ancient history. My new acquaintance politely offered to introduce me, and, having agreed upon the time and place of meeting, I left the party discussing the nature of an ancient omnibus, which some believed to have been a sort of Lyceum, while others pronounced it the name of public gardens open to all persons; but, whatever the institution, as they called it, really was, all agreed that its name clearly denoted it to have been public property.

GLANCE AT A MUSEUM.

As we arrived at the society's rooms about half an hour before "business" commenced, my friend of the angles politely attended me in a hurried inspection of their collection of antique relics, which were principally in glass cases, arranged, as he said, in strict chronological order; and, as every case was labelled with a description of its contents, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I had little occasion to ask questions; so, stopping at the division for the relics of the nineteenth century, I noticed, *inter alia*, a lot of broken tea-cups, marked as the vessels from which we drank our wine. A silver fish-slice was doubtfully stated to be either a sacrificial knife, or an instrument used by apothecaries in spreading salve for plasters. Among the collection of lamps were some tea-pots, a silver soup-ladle, and sundry broken tobacco-pipes; and, in the centre of a multitude of coins, the greater proportion of which were quite unknown to me, were placed, as in the post of honour, a driver's and a conductor's badge, which, having some of the letters worn away, had furnished matter for much sharp controversy. My friend shook his head, as he observed me looking at them, and expressed his opinion that they were misplaced, and doubtless of much more ancient date, if not Roman. Indeed, he said that he had almost made up his mind to the latter, and that they were not coins, but medals struck for the purpose of being let into the first stone of some public building, as the letters C O N D, still plainly visible on one, was the common abbreviation of *condita*.

The next object of curiosity that he pointed out, was one which he appeared almost to idolise. It was part of a huge decayed iron tube, from which issued two smaller tubes of different metal; being, in fact, a broken gas-pipe and its branches.

"There!" cried he, exultingly;

"that, methinks, is a tolerably plain proof that the ancients were acquainted with the fact of water finding its level! Yet, strange to say, we have, even in our society, several members who will not allow them that knowledge, in consequence of the remains of so many aqueducts throughout the country. But look here, sir! observe the various directions in which they run," and he traced, upon a map that hung against the wall, certain lines which I too well knew to have been those of our vaunted railways. "Observe!" he continued, and at each word became warmer,— "there! here! east, west, north, south! an aqueduct from the mouth of the Mersey to the Thames—bah! I would wish to treat my brother antiquaries with respect; I hope I shall ever look with proper reverence upon even the errors of our predecessors and our ancestors, who have hitherto always considered these as vestiges of aqueducts; but we must not shut our eyes against modern discoveries. This is the age of intellect—of the march of mind, and ——" (here he looked round suspiciously to see that we were alone, and then whispered) "what if they never have been aqueducts after all! You look surprised; I don't wonder at that. Tradition merits respect; I respect your incredulity; but, sir, I

have, at great expense, visited many of these ruined mounds, and mean, ere long, to publish the results. The world will be surprised, of course, but I am prepared to defend what I shall boldly assert; namely, that the said embankments were never aqueducts at all, but boundary-lines, divisions, landmarks, separating counties and districts. Boundaries, I say, sir, and nothing else! What do you think of that? But, mum! here are some of my learned brethren; I know that some of them suspect that I have something in embryo. Let them think as they will, I shall disclose nothing publicly till all my indicia are complete, and then—I'll astonish them!"

As we passed out of the museum to the council-chamber, I observed some,

buff leather jackets against the wall, and below them a variety of tattered trowsers or pantaloons; the former, I was told, were the usual military dress of the nineteenth century, and the latter articles were invariably worn by all married females having any claim to gentility. These appropriations of apparel were made by the learned doctor, whose lecture we were about to hear, and were justified by certain lines from Hudibras under the buff coats; and, under the inexpressibles, by the following, mutilated from Prior:—

"They lived
 . . . a happy life enough;
 And the reason was plain,
 They abounded in riches;
 They nor care had nor pain,
 And the wife wore the breeches."

FUTURE HISTORICAL ERRORS EXPLODED, &c.

The hall or chamber of the Society of Antiquaries in the thirty-ninth century, presented nothing very different from public meeting-rooms of the nineteenth; and the same may be said of the routine forms of reading the minutes of the preceding sitting, &c. &c. I shall therefore pass over all preliminary matters, and come at once to the moment when the lion of the evening, the celebrated Dr. Tufftropos, got upon his legs, and, after hemming and coughing considerably for himself, and being proportionately cheered by others, spake nearly as follows:—

"It has, for some centuries, been a cause of great regret among the learned that our more remote ancestors printed so little (indeed almost nothing) of their history in the Latin language, with which, as also the Greek, we have clear evidence they were not unacquainted. I need scarcely remind my erudite hearers, that the clear evidence to which I allude, is the existence of many copies of the best classic authors of Greece and Rome, still preserved in the libraries of the curious, and bearing the names of printers resident in ancient London, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, &c., to which I may add the various fragments of inscriptions on stone which have, from time to time, been dug up in and about the spots where those cities are supposed to have formerly stood. Why their best writers did not endeavour to perpetuate the memory of historical events, and to hand down to posterity the records of

their progress in arts and science in a dead, and therefore unchangeable language, will, probably, long remain a disputed question; but to me, their conduct appears to have been the result of most arrogant self-conceit. They persuaded themselves, generation after generation, that they had arrived at the acme of perfection; and that, after their day, no alteration would take place in a language which they well knew had ever previously been shifting as a quicksand, both in the meaning and orthography, of words. And so they went on printing, each after the fashionable idioms of his own little day; and thus the piles of their books, which have miraculously escaped destruction, are utterly useless to all save the very few who have been led, by some peculiar infatuation or singularity of taste, to study deeply; or, rather, perhaps I should say, to grope darkly, in their search for truth amid multitudinous and monstrous fictions, ridiculously vain boastings and innumerable irreconcilable contradictions, all rendered more obscure by the uncertainty of a vernacular tongue, which appears to have alternately adopted and repudiated words, and even whole sentences, from every other then spoken language upon the face of the globe.

"Without further preface, I shall now proceed to communicate to this learned body a very few of the results of much study and patient investigation; and the time of which I shall first speak is the first part of the nineteenth century,

a period in which a certain hero or giant, called Napoleon, is said to have conquered or overrun all the nations of Europe, till at length he was vanquished, or put down, by a no less extraordinary personage, named Arthur Wellesley, or Wellington. This tale has hitherto been implicitly believed: but I am prepared to shew that, if not entirely a fiction, its sole basis rests upon transactions very different from those of war and bloodshed.

"You appear surprised. I marvel not thereat. I was equally so when I first caught a glimmering of the truth in my researches about the site of ancient London, for the purpose of completing my map thereof, which I had the honour of presenting to this society, and of which I am happy to see a copy against our wall, as I shall have occasion to refer thereto, for the purpose of elucidating this and other matters.

"Well, gentlemen, I was surprised: but I kept my suspicions to myself. One does not like to part with the favourite legends of one's childhood. For the first time in my life the dawning light of truth was disagreeable: but I remembered my duty as an antiquary, and persevered, step by step, in my inquiries, till at last I found it impossible longer to doubt that the giant, or hero, Napoleon, was no other than the evil spirit, or the spirit of evil, called 'Apollyon' (*Ἀπολλύων*), or the 'Destroyer,' and that his adversary, or vanquisher, Arthur Wellesley, was a celebrated preacher.

"In my forthcoming work upon modern errors concerning the ancients, I purpose to give, at full length, the processes of my various inductions upon this and other subjects; and, therefore, shall now confine myself to a few observations and quotations, which I venture humbly to believe must carry conviction home to the minds of this enlightened and judicious meeting.

"In the first place, it will be asked how the letter N became attached to Apollyon, or *Ἀπολλύων*? The reply is simply this: The old English article A always required the letter N to be prefixed to any word commencing with a vowel. Thus they would say and write a Wellington, an Apollyon, or Napoleon. The change in the rest of the letters is accounted for at once by remarking that the name *Ἀπολλύων*, translated Apollyon in the highly figurative language of the Revelations,

is of *ἄπολλω*, which in plain English letters gives at once the word *apoleo*; to which add at the end the letter n, to make it a substantive, according to the genius of their language, and we have the very word Apoleon, or a Napoleon; i. e. a Destroyer.—Ahem!

"And now, my learned brethren, let us look to the state of the times, and the traditional history of the said giant, or destroyer. In the first place, pray observe and keep in mind that, about the termination of the eighteenth century, there occurred, in the kingdom of Gaul, or France, a revolution, during which not only was the then king dethroned and, as the chronicles say, beheaded, but also an open warfare was declared against religion, and priests of all descriptions were driven from the land. Of what took place in that country, immediately after, we have monstrosously incredible accounts. For instance, that the rulers proclaimed liberty and equality, and yet that all the prisons of the country were overflowing with criminals, combined on suspicion of some difference of opinion; and so on: thousands were brought to the scaffold; that, for lack of executioners, they were compelled to erect machines for the purpose of decapitation! Again, it was gravely asserted that the people, as they had shaken off what they termed the 'trammels' of religion, would, ever and anon, seize upon any indifferent woman in the street, and carry her into the temples, where they would place her upon a throne, and worship her as the Goddess of Reason!

"Now, if we could believe such statements as these to be facts, we must imagine that the whole nation was stricken with insanity, a thing not to be conceived; therefore we are compelled to suppose them allegorical, denoting a state of anarchy, cruelty, and infidelity—a time of the march of destructive principles—a period in which established laws and institutions, both divine and human, were trod under foot or thrown down. In brief, the evil spirit, the spirit of destruction, was at work; and, shortly after, we find it (typified as the giant Napoleon) stated to be the ruler and leader of the French people.

"Here, then, from amid the fuliginous, chaotic mass of records, fable, and distorted narrative, something like a ray of light breaks in upon us."

[The speaker had, once or twice before, been favoured by approving nods and smiles; but here a simultaneous cheer from all parts of the room elevated him into a delightful feeling of self-complacency; and, after bowing and smiling, he confidently proceeded.]

"And now, my learned brethren, having once caught a ray of truth, behold how, in an instant, it will disperse the mists of error! What now becomes of the fabled conquests of the giant, or hero, Napoleon? What shall we say of his reported triumphant marches into or through Spain, Italy, Helvetia, Germany, Poland, Russia, and Holland, and his intended invasion of England? Simply this, that the destructive spirit (*ὁ ἀπολλωνεύς*) spread far and wide, and succeeded in subjugating divers nations upon the continent, and might eventually have overrun Britain, but for the strenuous exertions of Arthur Wellesley, the great preacher, who was a mighty conservative, or upholder and defender of his church and king, and his country's institutions. The legends of our childhood tell of the said Arthur overthrowing the said Napoleon, in a severe conflict at a place called Waterloo: but where Waterloo was has long been an unsettled question among antiquaries. The ruins of the old bridge bearing that name would long since have set that matter at rest, had it not been for the idle fancy that Napoleon was a man, and had never been in England. I have, however, in my hand some fragments of a work, printed in London in 1812 (three years before the fabled fight of Waterloo), which clearly proves that Napoleon had, before that period, been in and about the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and in other, now unknown, parts of the British dominions, playing such mischievous, superhuman pranks, as would serve alone to prove, if any further proof were needed, that he was any thing but a man.

"These fragments, from which I shall now, and may presently again, have occasion to read a few passages, are part of a collection of prize poems, by the first authors of the time, written to be spoken upon the stage at the opening of a newly erected theatre. It is important to keep this destination of the poems in our view, since no writer, however glib to the fabulous, would

dare to affirm, before a crowded audience, any matter as a fact, unless it were generally accredited. I will now read, or rather translate, a line or two from the first, and therefore, no doubt, the most approved address:

"'Base Bonaparte——'

"Napoleon was also called Bonaparte—no doubt, for the same reason that the Greeks named the Furies *Εμπίδις*; i. e. because he had no good part about him. But to the quotation:

"'Base Bonaparte, filled with deadly ire,
Sets one by one our playhouses on fire.
Some years ago, he pounced with deadly
glee on

The Opera-house, then burnt down the
Pantheon.

Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
Next, at Millbank, he crossed the river
Thames;

Thy hatch, O Halfpenny! passed in
trice—

Boiled some black pitch, and burnt down
Astley's twice.

Then, *buzzing on through ether with a vile
hum——*

"There, my learned brethren!—surely I need read no more! Here we have him represented as crossing the river in a coat of flames, and buzzing or flying through ether with a humming noise,—metaphorical in some degree, of course, but perfectly consistent with the character and conduct of the destructive spirit; whilst nothing can be more ridiculous than attributing such flights to a giant or a hero. So we may consider the identity and presence of Napoleon, or the destroyer, in England, as settled. And now for his antagonist.

"That the names of Wesley and Wellesley were indiscriminately used by members of the same family,* I shall furnish abundant proof in my forthcoming work upon modern errors concerning the ancients. Let it suffice now to say that it was used by the followers of Arthur Wellesley, as may be seen by divers antique stone tablets in our museum, whereon are engraven words signifying 'Wesleyan chapel,' 'Wesleyan school,' &c. These, I confess, did not attract my attention closely until, having discovered that the adversary of Wesley, or Wellesley, was an unembodied spirit of evil, I felt assured that he must have fought with

* See Southey's *Life of Wesley*.

other weapons than those borne by warriors in the field. I pondered then over the name of Waterloo, still existing, and felt confident that there alone, near the ruins of the old bridge, and not far from the spot where the poet describes the hero's flaming, humming flight across the Thames, must have been the scene of the conflict, of whatever nature it may have been. Ahem! I am almost ashamed to refer to the nursery tales of our infancy, but you must all recollect that another giant, or hero, called Hill, is said to have fought under Wellesley, or Wesley, and to have assisted materially in the discomfiture of Napoleon. At first I considered this an emblematical name, signifying a mount or elevation, on which Wellesley might have stood to preach, but that idea was unsatisfactory, when I discovered, in an old copy of the legend, that the said secondary giant was sometimes called Rowland Hill,—a strange name, rendering the darkness still more obscure. Judge, then, my learned brethren, of my delight when, by means of that very name, by its extreme singularity alone, I discovered a clue, by following which I have unravelled the whole of the mystery.

"It happened in this wise. I was carefully reading the poem which I now hold in my hand, forming part of the collection before alluded to. It bears the initials W. S., and from internal evidence, and comparison with certain of his other works yet extant, I scruple not to attribute it to Walter Scott, the great magician or wizard of the North. In beguery and correctness of description he was unequalled. Now, observe, he is portraying in vivid colours the principal buildings of London, as rendered visible in the dead of night by a mighty conflagration of one of their theatres, and the very second important edifice he mentions is——but I will read the passage

'Meux's new brewhouse shews the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell.'

"Rowland Hill's chapel! Can any thing be more conclusive! Remember, my learned friends, this volume was printed in 1812, and the encounter, ridiculously called 'the battle' of Waterloo, occurred in 1815. We thus identify Rowland Hill as a preacher.

"I was perfectly satisfied, then, with

the truth of my theory. It is a great thing to be satisfied. One then proceeds rapidly, gathering proof upon proof from trifles, otherwise apparently light as air, yet, when combined, forming a structure, against which the breath of vulgar prejudice is as the idle wind. I persevered, gentlemen. The particulars of my various journeys will appear in my forthcoming work, therefore I shall not trespass longer on your time than is necessary to state that, among the mouldy records of Oxford, I discovered the name of Wellington as the head of the university there established, and both him and Hill upon the list of doctors. Here error is impossible, as we have the unchangeable Latin, *dكتور*, a teacher or preacher. Ahem! (*Great applause*.)

"I am almost ashamed of detuning you longer, but I must mention one further evidence. In patient calculation, I found that the 1th of June, 1812, was Sunday, or preaching day, the Christian Sabbath, ever kept most strictly by the better portion of the ancient British. Now, supposing Wellesley and Napoleon to have been giants, is it probable that the former, being a staunch Conservative, would, in defiance of religion and morality, consent to fight a pitched battle with the latter, on such a day in the centre of the British metropolis? The idea is preposterous. No, on that day he preached a most convincing sermon, by which the destroyer was utterly put to shame. Somewhere near the ruins of Waterloo Bridge it was, no doubt, but the precise spot I have not yet decided upon, though I am much inclined to think that he stood upon the hill described by the poet as

—— 'The height
Where patent shot they sell'——

the precise locality of which I trust shortly to ascertain. In the meanwhile, I shall be most happy to receive hints from, and answer any questions or objections that may occur to, or be put by, any of my learned brethren. The only one I have yet heard was the inapplicability of the title of *dur*, or duke, to a preacher. Nothing can be more easy than the reply. He, Wesley, or Wellesley, changed his name, for some unknown cause, to Wellington, and was certainly styled 'Dux Wellingtoniensis.' But the word, *dur*,

does not necessarily imply more than that he was a leader, or head of a party, which party chose to call themselves after his patronymic; and therefore the aforesaid title means no more than that he was the *dux gregis*, the head of the flock of Wellingtonians, or Wesleyans."

During the burst of applause that greeted the conclusion of this rigmarole, I exclaimed, "This is too much! Let them miscall streets and places, and gas-pipes and railroads, as they please; but to dare thus to make a field-preacher of our field-marshal the duke! I can bear it no longer, and will tell them to their faces——"

"Hush!" whispered my magnetic daimon. "As we've passed over two thousand years, you may as well see their next meeting." And immediately a mist passed before my eyes, as if for a moment: but, when it disappeared, I found myself re-entering the room, and the members taking their seats.

"I brought him the book," whispered a voice at my elbow; and, turning, I recognised the gentleman with the hourglass and scythe, and his single forelock of hair, whom I had encountered soon after commencing my trip.

"What, old Chronos!" I exclaimed, "can you be one of this assembly? If so, methinks you ought to teach them better."

"I one! Oh, no! He, he, ha!" chuckled the old fellow. "You've seen something of what I can do down at the old place. They call me the eater, or destroyer, of every thing; but there are certain names and matters upon which I cannot make any impression, mumble them as I may. All I can do is to hide them under some rubbish for a very short period, and then they are sure to come to light again. That book is one. I never could get rid of it, but have been compelled to bring it all this way."

Here the president called the meeting to business. The minutes of the preceding sitting were read, &c.; and then a fine military-looking veteran rose, and, after casting an arch semi-contemptuous glance toward the redoubted Doctor Tufftropos, said:

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen,—When I was informed of what passed at your last meeting, I felt that it was my duty to attend here to-day, not for the purpose of controverting the wonderful discoveries of a certain learned

doctor, step by step, but to demolish the whole of his theory at once. He says that we are under a mistake concerning the character of an ancient illustrious warrior; but I say that there has been no mistake, there is no mistake, and there shall be no mistake! And, in order that there shall be no mistake, I now place upon your table a Latin copy of the despatches of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, &c. &c., translated from the old English authenticated version of Gurwood."

The speaker then sat down, and an awkward, gaping, staring silence, as though all had been paralysed, reigned among the members, till Dr. Tufftropos ventured, in a tremulous voice, to observe, "Re—al—ly, I—I never before heard of su—ch a—a work."

"Perhaps not," said the veteran, calmly; "yet every first-rate military library in the world has a copy."

"Hurra!" I shouted; "that's as it ought to be! Huzza! Wellington for ever!"

"Good by," said my magnetic guide; "I'm off."

"Huzza! Wellington for ever!" I shouted again.

"Now, do, pray, sir!—do, pray, not make such a noise," said a well-known voice at my ear: "the doctor said that you was to be kept quiet."

It was my faithful servant Peter who had spoken. "I was in a strange bed," and no longer a clairvoyant; but, doubtless, a portion of the magnetic influence yet remained in my system, for I felt dreamily that my ideas were wandering; therefore I must take Peter's word for what occurred.

It seemed that, after sinking into a state of clairvoyance, I had been carried off and put into bed, under the care of Dr. Zwingenbock and the Baron Schwartzlippe, who gave strict orders that I should be kept quiet, and not disturbed on any account, let me sleep as long as I would. They had then returned to their comrades, and "kept it up" till a late hour. So my body had remained about eighteen hours dormant, while my spirit went on the clairvoyant expedition. Peter had come to look after me; and having learned the doctor's injunction, determined to see it fulfilled to the letter, in spite of the landlord's repeated attempts to the contrary. The latter, however, had now heard my shouting,

and, entering the room, insisted upon presenting me with his bill, amounting to fifty-eight thalers and some odd kreutzers.

"If your master will only give me his word that he'll be answerable for it, I will be content," said he, after some altercation; "but that Doctor What-d'yecall'm, and the baron and all the rest of them, left the town this morning at daybreak."

To this request Peter agreed; and mine host, first informing me that the other gentlemen had referred him to me for payment, said that he did not want the money then, but merely wished to know when it would be convenient to me to part with the amount.

To his great surprise, I replied, solemnly, "Two thousand years hence;" a date at which even my promissory note would have been scarcely "negotiable."

"What? when?" he exclaimed; and my answer was again the same. So he forthwith fell into a passion, and gave vent to sundry oaths and threats, and coarse expressions about being swindled; the result of which was that Peter took him by the shoulders, and thrust him forth into the corridor; from whence he went into the town, to tell his own tale in his own way, and

thereby caused "a great sensation;" particularly as Dr. Zwingenbock and his tail had omitted to take formal leave of certain individuals whom they had previously condescended to patronise.

While my fame was thus spread abroad, in conjunction with that of the great philosophers, I was utterly unconscious of the distinction, having sunk into an uneasy, dreary dose, any thing but clairvoyant. Peter, however, was not idle. Taking the key of my room with him, he called upon a worthy professor, who lost no time ere he visited me; and then a doctor was summoned, who pronounced me to be under the influence of some powerful narcotic, and prescribed accordingly. But, as he was one of the ultra anti-magnetic party, his opinion was ridiculed by those of the opposite faction, who declared my case purely magnetic, and me to be an extraordinary clairvoyant.

Be that as it may, it was three days ere I felt myself well awake; and then I scrutinised and deducted twenty thalers from the egregious supper and wine bill, and paid the remainder, rather than await the result of legal proceedings in a place where I had excited such marked attention.

• A CHAPTER ON SORCERERS, LOUPS-GAROUX, AND OTHER MAUVAIS-SUJETS.

"Sorcier est celui qui par moyens diaboliques sciemment s'efforce de parvenir à quelque chose."—BOBIN'S *Démonomanie*.

THE opinion expressed by the clown in the *Winter's Tale*, concerning pedlars may safely be applied to the sorcerers of the middle ages. "You have more in these fellows than you'd think, sister." We hope, however, that our readers will not reply with Perdita,— "Ay, good brother, or go about to think—" for we purpose, notwithstanding all that has been written from time to time on demonology, and its adjuncts, to devote a chapter to the (to us) attractive Subject.

The sorcerers, as a body, were not only the most ill-used class of the community, but the greatest fools into the bargain. The children of a friend of ours asked their mamma the other day, with reference to the mountebanks at Astley's, "What is a fool, mamma?" "A fool, my dear?—oh, a fool is a man who makes an ass of himself." And

literally and metaphysically did the sorcerers earn this well-defined distinction, since they not only allowed themselves to be suspected of sorcery, but took the greatest pains to write themselves down sorcerers, incurring thereby all the pains and penalties annexed to their preternatural character. It was very rarely, moreover, that the ends for the attainment of which they underwent (according to their own accounts) the severe discipline necessary to qualify them to act, were at all commensurate with the severity of the discipline, or the gratifications consequent upon their new state of being. To undergo all sorts of humiliating and painful experiences, solely for the purpose of riding upon supposititious broomsticks, or eating their mutton raw (as in the case of the lycanthropists), would scarcely be deemed en-

joyments sufficient to counterbalance the invariable result of such presumed vagaries,—that of being burnt alive, which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, was the fate of all the *so-disant* sorcerers. Yet the poor wretches made it a point of honour to affect a belief in their own attributed powers, and by a strange species of self-delusion more than countenanced the accusations which were made against them. To this must be added the consciousness of the moral power which the reputation of sorcery conferred, and the numerous opportunities it offered for gratifying every feeling of resentment or revenge, and not infrequently for the commission of abstract crime,—and our surprise will be diminished at witnessing the frequent confessions of suspected witches and sorcerers.

The genealogy of sorcery is a very ancient one, as from the nature of the case it accords best with the remotest and least enlightened periods. The Egyptians of old, as we find it recorded in Scripture, were skilful in the art of magic; and it was from that people the Jews acquired their knowledge of sorcery, with the practice of its most mysterious rites. Amongst the charms which were used in Egypt, we are told of one to free any particular spot from crocodiles, by burying a leaden crocodile under the earth,—a custom which reminds us of the expedient of the brazen serpent in the wilderness. Bodin informs us that this crocodile was burnt by Mehemet Ben Thaulon, and that the reptiles have since regained their mastery in the country. But the practice of sorcery was not confined to the Egyptians; the Persians, the Greeks, and, indeed, all the nations of antiquity, have been convicted of dealing in the black art. The founder of the sect of the Manichæans, the Persian Maues, who instituted the worship of the principle of evil, is esteemed by the learned in demonology as a sorcerer of the first water; and the tuneful Orpheus,

“Whom universal nature did lament,”

devoted his lyre to other purposes than the praise of the gods, or the charms of his beloved Eurydice: he is represented not only as the founder of a school of magic, whose students were termed, “Orpheotellists,” but as having been the instructor of the enchantress Medea, and is said to have wor-

shipped the devil (or Pluto), as the type or demon of vengeance. This title, by the way, was also given to the spirit Asmodeus by the Hebrews, from *אשמוז* which signifies “to ruin.” Indeed, the general appellations of “the gentleman in black” were not in old times of the most flattering kind. The universal name which he has acquired in Europe has its origin in the Greek word *diabolos*, “calumniator,” because he watches the actions of virtuous men, and misrepresents them before the throne of God. Hence, also, in Hebrew, the name of “Sathan,” or “enemy.” Behemoth and Leviathan are also synonymous with the author of ill, from having been created in the beginning. One of the strangest titles by which he has been saluted is the Hebrew designation *אֵלֶּיָּהוּ קָצֵף* “short nose,” or “impatient,” from the restlessness with which he roams up and down, seeking whom he may devour.”

To return, however, from the idol to his adorers, there is scarcely a great name in antiquity, and even since the Christian era, whom the writers on sorcery have not accused of being magicians. To such an extent has this been carried, that even the Emperor Charles V. did not escape. He is not, indeed, accused by name; but there is very little doubt who is meant by “one of the greatest kings in Christendom, not long deceased,” as the author of the *Livre des Merveilles* states, in his work written about the year 1580. According to this writer, his imperial majesty superadded the amusement of lycanthropy to the avocations of a watchmaker, in his monastic retirement. With all the great examples which were then bruited in men’s ears, it is not surprising, in an age when every accomplishment or acquirement beyond those the most ordinary of attainment was considered the result of magical skill, that the influence of sorcery should prevail among the less educated classes, and that the received rites of the art should be practised by some, and be believed by all.

Throughout the middle ages, while pagan observances and superstitions blended themselves with the popular belief, the power of the sorcerer held undisputed sway; and even while those great changes were preparing which were to throw a new light upon the minds of men, the faith of the great mass of the people remained little, if at

all, shaken. This state of things was rather encouraged than repressed by the clergy, who held the public mind in thrall. The innovations of heresy were held to be devices of the devil, and his agency was assumed to be palpably evident. Hence the persecutions instituted against Jews, sorcerers, and heretics, who were all involved in one common lot, arising from the fear of injury, and the dread of intellectual advancement. It rarely happened that those on whom the sons of St. Dominic set the fatal stigma of heresy were not also accused of *sortilège* and magic, as an easy mode of excluding popular sympathy, and of obtaining a ready conviction. What, indeed, could be urged in self-defence, when not only hundreds of witnesses averred to the commission of some particular act, but when the accused himself lent a colour of probability to the transaction? Llorente's *History of the Inquisition* is full of instances of the deluded victims who were brought to the stake by the furious zeal of Torquemada, and other Dominicans, confessing themselves to be sorcerers and witches, and guilty of all the impossible crimes attributed to them.

A prominent feature of accusation in all cases was the alleged desecration of the host, and the profanation of all sacred objects, together with the unlawful application of religious ceremonies to impious purposes. It is related, in the fifth book of Pontanus, that the French, being besieged by the Spaniards in the city of Suessa, in the kingdom of Naples, the former were reduced, for want of water, to the greatest distress; and that on the occasion certain *priestly sorcerers** took a crucifix, and dragged it in the night through the streets, uttering a thousand curses and blasphemies, and threw it into the sea; they then brought a *consecrated host* to an altar, which (after he had eaten it) they buried alive under the portal of a church; and after divers incantations and blasphemies (which, our author says, *it is as well not to repeat*), there fell so violent a rain, that it seemed like a second deluge, and obliged the Spaniards to raise the siege." It was a frequent practice of the sorcerers to conceal the host, and profane it, by administering it to the vilest animals.

Froissart mentions, that a certain curate of Soissons, in order to be revenged on an enemy, applied to a sorceress, who directed him *to baptise a toad*,—to name it, and make it eat the consecrated wafer: he followed the plan prescribed, as he afterwards confessed, *for which he was burnt alive!* A similar story is told in Monstrelet's *Chronicle*, in the account of a sorceress of Compiègne, who caused two toads to be baptised. These unhappy toads, who always shared their master's fate, were, it seems, the most familiar animals belonging to the sorcerers, who were accustomed to feed, and even *dress them in a livery*. In the Pays de Valois, they had a distinct name, called *marmelots*. Amongst other religious ceremonies, the sorcerers observed the custom of singing their midnight masses in honour of Satan; and it is recorded of a celebrated practitioner, one Jean Zenteme, a priest of Halberstadt, that, in the year 1271, he performed his masses the same night at Halberstadt, Cologne, and Mayence,—a celerity of movement to be rivalled only by railroad travelling. The rapidity of transition was a great feature in sorcery; witness the journeys of Apollonius Thyaneus, and others mentioned by Dom Calmet; and the devil himself, according to St. Augustine, always travels with the utmost rapidity. Ariel is made frequently to advert to this peculiarity:—

"I'll put a girdle round the earth
In forty minutes."

And again, in his allusion to his visit by night to the "still-rex'd Barmothies."

Besides the profanation of the rites of the church, there were other inaugural ceremonies, which, however necessary to complete the initiation of the aspirant for diabolic fame, must have been somewhat repulsive in the performance; indeed some of them were of so revolting a nature, that they carried their own punishment with them. One of the most singular, while it was one of the most necessary acts, was the ceremony of osculation,—a mode of adoration, however *reverential*, certainly not the most gratifying to the worshipper. It was often performed by the assistance of a lighted candle,

* Bodin says, that "the greatest sorcerers have always been priests, monks, and Jews."

† "Demones, avium volatus incredibili celeritate vincent."

and the part saluted is, perhaps, best described in the Spanish phrase, "*La parte mas uzia que tenia.*" After this demonstration, it was customary for the wizard crew to rejoice in the presence of the devil, by dancing round him in a ring, with their backs toward the centre. On these occasions, his Satanic majesty was wont to appear under divers forms; sometimes he assumed the shape of a black goat; at others, that of an enormous raven, or crow; and sometimes that of a toad, as large as a goose, or larger.* When he had to deal with a novice, he appeared in the likeness of a very pale, thin man, with very black eyes, who himself gave the kiss of initiation, which was so cold, that it made the neophyte quite forget the Catholic faith.

There were two modes in which the compact with the evil one was formed, — the one public, and the other private. The first was made in a general assembly of sorcerers, on the Monday night, which was called the witches' sabbath; the second in a private place, where the devil was either invoked, or made his appearance without invocation, under various forms, — sometimes as a black man, at others as a very pale one, and often as a black dog. In this latter shape he appeared to Abel de la Rue, a young Cordelier of Meaux, as appears in his confession, made before his execution on the 30th July, 1582. As he was sitting in his chamber (or, rather, *sur les latrines*), between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, the devil voluntarily appeared like a black dog, and desiring him to have no dread, promised him the aid of his valuable services, and disappeared immediately. Six weeks afterwards he made a second apparition, in the guise of a very pale man, with a very obnoxious breath, and other disagreeable odours, dressed in black, and with feet like a cow. He carried the Cordelier to a gibbet, where their compact was established, — a preliminary somewhat ominous of the usual fate of sorcerers.

The ceremonies of the Sabbath are familiar to most readers; but the following account, while it details the ordinary mode of proceeding on these occasions, may not be inappropriate to illustrate the extent of credulity which was shewn, both by the accusers and

the accused. The particulars are given by Sandoval, a Benedictine monk, in his history of Charles V.

It appears, then, according to his statement, that "in the year 1527 a great number of persons were discovered in Navarre, who addicted themselves to the practices of sorcery. The first intimation of their existence was conveyed in a declaration made by two girls, one of eleven and the other of nine years of age, who accused themselves as witches before the royal council of Navarre, and stated that they belonged to a large sisterhood, the several members of which they undertook to point out, on their receiving pardon for themselves. The judges having made the required promise, the children alleged that they could at once discover a witch by examining her left eye; and named a place where the witches were in the habit of assembling in large numbers. Accordingly, a commission of inquiry was named, and proceeded to the place indicated by the children, accompanied by them, and attended by a troop of fifty horsemen. On their arrival at the village, or town, where witches were supposed to be, the children were shut up in different houses, and the suspected persons were brought to them for examination." There was little likelihood of mistakes being made, when the means of discovery were the *infallible* judgment of two children of eleven and nine years of age; and, accordingly, we find that all the accused admitted the truth of the accusation, and made an ample confession. After detailing many particulars unfit for repetition, and admitting that the denial of the Catholic faith formed a principal feature in their proceedings, they declared that they consisted of "a goodly company," amounting to one hundred and fifty in number, who were in the habit of meeting on certain nights, where the devil appeared to them in the likeness of a black goat, pacing round and round a charmed circle. As soon as his hoarse voice was heard, all the witches thronged to the spot, and began to dance to the sound, and afterwards saluted him in the usual manner. They then indulged in a repast, consisting of bread, wine, and cheese; and when this was over,

* See the account of a certain heretical sect in the thirteenth century, called "*Stadingers.*"

and other orgies had taken place, they anointed their bodies with the excrements of a toad, a crow, and various reptiles, and flew away through the air to execute their malevolent intentions. They admitted having caused the deaths of several persons by poison, and owned to the commission of various crimes. It was their custom, they said, to hold their general assemblies the night before Easter, and the other great Christian festivals of the year, where numberless acts were performed contrary to decency and religion. When they celebrated a mass, the host assumed a black colour. To this notable description, Father Sandoval adds a peculiar illustration:—"The commissioner being desirous of ascertaining the truth of these statements by his own evidence, promised pardon to one of the witches, on condition of her performing some act of witchcraft in his presence, and allowing her to avail herself of the means of escaping, if they offered in the course of her performances. The old woman, having accepted the proposal, asked for a certain box of ointment which had been found on her person, and mounted a high tower, accompanied by the commissioner, whom she stationed by her side at a window. In the presence of a great number of persons, she then anointed the palm of her left hand, her wrist, the point of her elbow, her armpits, and her left side, and afterwards cried out, with a loud voice, 'Art thou there?' and all the spectators heard a loud voice in the air reply, 'Yes, I am here!' The old woman then crept out of the window, and began to descend the wall of the tower, head foremost, using her feet and hands in the same manner as a lizard. When she had descended about half way, she suddenly flew up into the air, and continued to be seen by the people until she had sailed beyond the horizon. In the midst of the astonishment into which every body was thrown by this prodigy, the commissioner declared that he would give a considerable sum of money to any one who could bring back the sorceress. At the end of two days she was found by some shepherds; and the commissioner inquired why she had not flown beyond their reach, when she replied that her master would not carry her more than three leagues, and

had left her in the field where the shepherds found her." The end of this affair was, that the judge delivered over the hundred and fifty witches to the inquisition of Estella; and, as Llorente adds, "neither the ointment nor the devil could give them wings to fly away from the flogging and imprisonment which was inflicted on them." This treatment was merciful, compared with what befel thirty poor wretches, who were convicted of similar crimes at Calahorra, and burnt in 1507.*

But little satisfaction appears to have resulted from the enjoyments of witchcraft, if such they can be termed. The banquets in a certain degree resembled that of the Barmecide, appealing only to the eye, as his to the ear, and having no real existence. On the Sabbath night, the meat which was given to the guests was served without salt, and was without flavour; and every one rose from table unsatisfied. In many instances, those who ate of enchanted viands at the banquet of sorcerers suffered very severely afterwards,—a consequence which happens even at the tables of aldermen! It is recorded of a famous sorcerer, named Eon, in Lower Brittany, that those who came to see him were served with the choicest delicacies and most costly wines, and when they quitted his house they died of hunger. Bodin says that one of the Counts of Aspremont ("now living," 1587) received guests in a similar manner, and the consequences were equally fatal to man and beast. The Comte de Mascon was another instance. Hugo Floriacen asserts that he was one of the greatest sorcerers of his time; and being one day seated at table, surrounded by his guests, a man came to speak to him, who led him to the door, where a black horse was waiting, on which they both mounted, and were never seen again. This visitant was probably one of those cooks who are proverbially sent as accompaniments to bad dinners. The story seems to have furnished Dr. Southey with the incident for his version of the "Old Woman of Berkeley." The sorcerers themselves were said to be great lovers of human flesh (vide Apuleius, 4, lib. i. in Asin.); and in the 67th chapter of the Salic laws, it is declared that "if a sorceress shall be convicted of eating human flesh, she shall suffer a fine of 200 soldes."

There were many indications by which sorcerers were known to the "witch-finders," as they were called in England, in the time of James I. The bad shepherd was said to have affixed certain marks, the existence of which was conclusive of the quality of the bearer. But all were not marked alike, the stigmata being conferred only on those whom he doubted; the others were left *sans tache*. These marks it was difficult to discover, being generally placed in such parts of the body as would evade an ordinary examination. Aubert de Poitiers, an advocate of parliament, stated that he was present at the examination of a sorcerer at Château Thierry, who was marked on the right shoulder, and the following day the devil had effaced the sign. The sort of mark which was affixed was like the impression of a hare's-foot: and the spot on which it was made became insensible to pain, as was always tried, by piercing to the bone! "Du Pibrac, the chancellor of the king of Navarre, doubting the experiment, caused it to be tried before him by means of a red-hot needle, without any sign of pain being exhibited. When the needle was applied to any other part, the patient gave evident tokens of suffering." This was pleasant amusement for a chancellor! The patient in this case had certainly some connexion with the black art, for he was a *blacksmith*.

The powers which were granted to sorcerers and witches seem principally to have had relation to those accidents of the weather which, in the infancy of meteorological science, passed current for supernatural demonstrations. The connexion between witches and the wind has existed in all countries, but more particularly in wild and mountainous regions, where storms are more frequent, and superstition more prevalent. The celebrated personages who figure in *Macbeth* were not the creations of the poet's brain, but a transcript of some real sorcerers, who flourished in Germany in the fifteenth century, and whose power over storms and tempests was illimitable. They were the disciples of one Stasus, a famous sorcerer of Berne, and their names were Hoppe and Stadlin,—a coincidence which, connected with their peculiar calling, can scarcely be accidental, and leaves little room for doubting that Shakspeare had heard or read of these

identical worthies. The supposed control over the "skyeey influences," possessed by the sorcerers, was in many instances a dangerous power. In the year 1488, a violent storm arose in the diocese of Constance, with hail, thunder, and lightning, destroying all the produce of the fields and gardens for four leagues round. The country people attributed it to the sorcerers; and two women were taken up, named Anne de Mindelen and Agnes. They at first denied the charge, but being put to the question, at length confessed that they had each, unknown to the other, gone out into the fields with a small quantity of water, and had dug a hole and poured water into it at noon; "stirring it about," adds the report, "with certain words not desirable to be made known," and invoking the devil. When this ceremony had been performed, they returned home, and the storm began. On this confession they were burnt alive. Another sorceress at Constance, irritated at not being invited to a village fête, invoked the devil to the same effect; but, for want of common water, was compelled to resort to Gulliver's expedient for obtaining it. The storm came on; and the peasants seized upon this old lady, accused her of interrupting their sports, and declared that they had seen her flying through the air in the midst of the storm. She also was burnt alive! It sometimes happened that a less equivocal agency was employed; in which, however, the self-delusion of the accused had as much to do with the case as the cruel credulity of the judge. One Robert Olive—a prototype, apparently, of our modern Swing—being accused of sorcery, confessed, at Falaise, in Normandy (where he was burnt in 1456), that the devil instigated him to set fire to several houses at different periods, and also to kill two little children, besides cattle and other animals. Olive was himself a native of Lyons; but he asserted that the fiend, whom he called Chrysopolos, was in the habit of transporting him through the air to the place where the mischief was to be wrought! It is a pity his services were not made available to carry him back again: but these spirits of air were very uncertain in their obedience. At times the demon was held in perfect control; but the custody in which he was kept was dangerous. Like the *ginn*s of Oriental

fable, the familiars of sorcerers were often confined in rings and other talismans. A gentleman living at Villars ~~Sorcerers~~ had a familiar spirit inclosed in a ring he wore, which he had purchased from a Spaniard, very dear. Much dependence, however, could not be placed on the fidelity of the captive; for the gentleman, irritated at the lies which the evil one so often told him, was accustomed to punish him by throwing the ring into the fire. It is related of this gentleman that he "subsequently went mad." Another sorcerer, named Jacques Jodré de la Rose, a native of Courtray, who was tried in 1548, confessed to having had a demon similarly inclosed, and that every five days he was in the habit of interrogating it. This spiritual commerce was often full of peril, for the familiars were apt to become unmanageable, and then torment those who detained them. These familiars, whether confined or not, were always craving some diabolical employment. Bodin relates that he knew a man, who told him that he suffered a great deal from a spirit who constantly followed him, and presented himself to him in various forms; in the night he pulled his nose, awoke him, and often beat him, though repeatedly begged to desist: which, however, he would not agree to, but continually demanded work.* He called this devil his "little master" (as well he might), a term which, according to Paul Grilland (an Italian inquisitor, and a great executioner of sorcerers), is very commonly used, as well as "familiar," "white demon," &c., avoiding the names "Sathan," or "devil," which are held to be offensive. The familiars often assumed the shapes of animals: a sorceress of Sainte Beuve, was condemned by the lieutenant of the provost of Laon to be burnt alive; and, at the time of her execution, two toads were found in her pockets, which were held to be her attendant spirits, and proof positive of her sorcery. The black dog of Cornelius Agrippa is a well-known familiar, who, on his master's death, reached from his house and threw him-

self into the Rhone, where he disappeared.

But, perhaps, the most singular feature of sorcery—and it was one of the best attested—was the belief in lycanthropy, or the power of self-transformation, by assuming the shape of a wolf. It was a superstition of great antiquity, traces of which we find in the writings of Virgil, Ovid, Pliny, Herodotus, Strabo, Varro, and a crowd of ancient authors; and, like most of the pagan superstitions, it was elevated in their mythology to the rank of a divine worship, sacrifice being offered at the shrine of Jupiter Lyncæus. According to these authors, those who ate of this sacrifice were immediately metamorphosed into wolves; and M. Varro considers it indubitable that Demetrius Parrhasienus was so changed after having eaten of the liver of a child thus sacrificed. Ovid has adduced Lycaon as an example of lycanthropy; and Virgil, speaking of the transformation of Mæris, observes:—

"Has herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta
venena,
Ipse dedit Mæris, nascuntur plurima
Ponto.
His ego sæpe lupum fieri, et se condere
sylvæ
Mærim."

Pliny, moreover, is of opinion that this species of transformation "ought to be believed," though (contrary to his general practice where the marvellous is touched upon) he hesitates to affirm the fact. At the same time he relates the tradition of the lineage of Anthæus, who was turned into a wolf after crossing a certain river. The Arcadians (who seem to have inherited wolfish propensities) were accustomed, according to Varro, to draw lots for the honour of transformation; and, after swimming across a particular lake, were transformed into wolves, and infested the forests like animals of that species. At the end of nine years, they recrossed the same lake and resumed their original forms, provided always they had not eaten human flesh

* We ourselves remember to have heard of a certain colonel of artillery, a few years ago, at that time quartered in Gibraltar, who was possessed with a similar mania. He imagined that the devil, though invisible, was always present with him, and constantly annoying him by his conversation; to which he would frequently reply, sometimes in a tone of quiet remonstrance, and at others with signs of great irritation.

during the interval. It does not appear whether this transformation was looked upon as a punishment or a species of gratification, but the change seems often to have been involuntary. A similar tradition to the above is narrated by Herodotus, whose account forms the basis of many of the stories which have been told of the lycanthropists. Gaspar Peucerus, the son-in-law of Melancthon, appears to have profited by his classical studies, for he expresses himself perfectly convinced of the fact of these transformations from the many credible accounts which had been given him (as well as those which he had read) of occurrences in Livonia. "It is the custom there, towards the end of December, for a weasel to go the round to the dwellings of all the sorcerers of the country, and to summon them to appear by a particular day in a certain place; if they fail to attend, they are flogged by the devil with iron rods, the marks of which punishment remain for ever. They are commanded by a captain, who marches at their head, and they muster in great numbers, amounting to some thousands; in the course of their journey they cross a broad river, after having forded which they are all metamorphosed into wolves, and commence their ravages on men and flocks, doing incalculable mischief. In twelve days' time they return by the same river, and once more assume their human shape."*

When the great writers of antiquity, and many of the shining lights amongst the moderns, adopted these wild stories, and affirmed them to be convincing and worthy of belief, it is only natural that they should become a popular branch of witchcraft. We accordingly find that lycanthropists were "as plenty as blackberries." It was in the north of Europe chiefly that this superstition took deepest root, amidst the wide plains and extensive forests, where countless flocks of *real* wolves abounded; and, for the same cause, the belief was adopted in the woody and mountainous parts of Germany and France. The wolf was the scourge of the country, and at a period when every thing was deemed possible to the sorcerers, whose delight it was said

to be to inflict injury on their fellow-men, no form could have been devised so terrific, and at the same time so popular as that which was already substantially an object of apprehension.

The celebrated case of Gilles Garnier, a notorious loup-garou, who was executed at Dôle in the year 1574, has been so frequently mentioned, that we shall confine ourselves to other illustrations. Wierius,† for instance, details, at great length, a famous process which took place at Besançon in the month of December 1571, before Jean Borin, an inquisitor. The lycanthropists were Pierre Burgot and Michel Verdun, who confessed that they had renounced the worship of God and sworn to serve the devil. Michel conducted Pierre to a place called Chastel Chailon, where each, armed with a green wax-candle, which cast a dim, blue light, performed dances and sacrifices in honour of the devil. They then, having anointed themselves, were turned into wolves, and were endowed with incredible swiftness, and could at liberty resume their usual shape. They confessed, also, that in their quality of wolf, they had killed and eaten many young children. Another loup-garou is said to have been wounded at a wolf-hunt by an arrow in the thigh, and *was afterwards found with the arrow still sticking there!* These absurdities would be incredible, were it not for the confession and execution which invariably followed, as if the sufferers were weary of life and anxious to get up a case against themselves in the most obnoxious manner possible. In Job Fincel's *Book of Merveilles*, it is related that a lycanthropist existed at Padua, famous in all times for its magic, whose swiftness of foot was incredible; but that, being pursued by men on horseback, he was finally caught; and his wolf's paws being cut off, he found on resuming his human shape (which was witnessed, of course), that he was minus both hands and feet—an awkward situation even for a magician.

Instances might be multiplied, but it is sufficient only to advert to a few more. Peter Marmor, who has written a treatise on sorcery, declares that he has

* To the curious in lycanthropy, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Algernon Herbert's Letter in the preface to Sir Frederick Madden's edition of *William and the Were Wolf*; also the "Lay of Bisclavere," by Marie de France, in Miss Costello's *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*.

† Lib. vi. c. 13.

frequently witnessed these changes of men into wolves in Savoy; and Henry of Cologne, in his work, *De Lamiis*, considers the fact indisputable. Ulrick le Maussnier asserts, also, his similar conviction, and states that he saw a lycanthropist at Constance, who was accused and convicted on his own confession. In fact, the loup-garoux became at length such a nuisance, that regular crusades were made (if not preached) against them; and it is on record that, in the year 1572, Sultan Solymán turned out a number of troops to chase them from Constantinople, and got rid of about one hundred and fifty in the *battue*.

But transformations were not limited to the shape of wolves; there were other animals who were also in request. Cornelius Agrippa tells us that when St. Augustine was in Italy, he learned that certain women existed there who by means of a peculiar kind of *cheese* (a Welsh receipt, we imagine), changed men into beasts, and made them work and carry burthens for them, and when their labour was over, they were restored to their former shape. But William, archbishop of Tyre, has a story of a more amusing description: the most reverend father affirms that a sorceress of Cyprus changed a young English soldier *into an ass*; and when he sought to enter the vessel where his comrades were, he was driven away by blows, and returned to the dwelling of the sorceress, who reaped the benefit of his labour for three years: till one day, preceding the old lady, the ass knelt down in a church and made signs, which seemed to indicate powers beyond the assine capacity. This excited suspicion, and she was taken up, confessed her crime, restored the soldier to his proper shape, and was executed. There is one part of this story which we have no difficulty in believing, for many an English soldier has, to our own knowledge, been made an ass of by a native of Cyprus.

The same mode of transformation is said to have been common in Egypt; and Belon, who published a work of travels in that country, states that he had seen an ass which was driven by a boatman of Cairo, and that he spoke to the animal in the most scientific manner of which he was capable, and the ass seemed to understand him perfectly. A fellow-feeling was, no doubt, the secret bond of sympathy. In Vincent's *Speculationes* (lib. iii. c.

109), we are told that, "in a certain part of Germany, were two sorceresses who kept an inn, and were accustomed to change their guests into various shapes; that they performed the feat on one occasion upon a young boatman, whom they transformed into an ass, whose pranks were a marvel to all who saw them. They sold him to a neighbour, who was directed not to take him down to the river; but his old vocation inducing him to seek the water, he recovered his old shape." The veracity of this narration was discussed by Petrus Damianus before Pope Leo VII.; and the conclusion arrived at was, that it was very possible, since Lucian and Apuleius had both furnished authority for such transformation by instancing the sorceresses of Larissa.

One instance more, and we have done. The famous witches of Vernon, whose trial occurred in 1561, were accused of frequenting an old castle in the neighbourhood in the semblance of cats. A party of men, who intended to pass the night there, were assailed by the feline multitude; one of the men was killed, and the others a good deal hurt, but not without having inflicted divers wounds on the cats, who were afterwards recognised by the marks. These old ladies, however, fortunately escaped, a circumstance at which Bodin, who seems quite convinced of the metamorphosis, wonders extremely:—"Et d'autant que cela sembloit incroyable, la poursuite fut délaissée!"

Our chapter now draws to a conclusion, though we have ample means for discussing the subject at greater length, through divers other superstitious observations. We reserve them for a future occasion, expressing ourselves to those who may doubt the credibility of the narrations which we have brought forward, in the words of the learned and trusting Bodin, whose reasoning in favour of the possibility of transformation is thus conveyed:—

"Or, si nous confessons que les hommes ont bien la puissance de faire porter des roses à un cerisier, des pommes à un chou, et changer le fer en acier, et la forme d'argent en or, et faire mille sortes de pierres artificielles qui combattent les pierres naturelles, doit on trouver estrange si Sathan change la figure d'un corps en un autre, veu la puissance que Dieu lui donne en ce monde élémentaire?"

THE CHURCH.

"Have respect unto the covenant; for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 20.

"Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them."—*Romans*, xvi. 17.

"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."—*Song of Solomon*, v. 1.

WHEN on the banks of Jordan's flood,
Young Israel came with pious grace,
And love shone in each neophyte's face,
And by the stream the Baptist stood,
With Heaven-revealing glance,
He saw the Saviour of the world advance,
With humble steps and mild,
And meek as unwearied child;
And whilst beneath the lambent wave He bent,
Dovelike the Church descended through the firmament.

From martyrdom to martyrdom,
Through the grand magazine of the line,
Whose flesh, though human, was divine,
To the last Christian sufferer's doom,
Whose spirit fired the flame,
Rising to God in light from whom it came;
From rolling age to age,
As Heaven's eternal page,
Pure, undefiled, unsoiled by plague or blood,
That Church, the citadel of our faith, hath stood.

Havoc and wrath, the curse, the spell,
The world-abused, the imaged god,
Dagon, with his uplifted rod,
Before her on his grunsel fell,
Limbs lopt and carcass maimed,*
And the unhallowed triple crown infamed;
She like a cresset blazed,
True daughter of her God, she raised
Her radiant temple, shadowless of guilt,
Clothed with His love, and on His Rock of Ages built.

The thunder scars upon her brow,
Are thunder wounds of hellish hate,
Yet proudly looks she in her state,
The type of many a martyr's vow.
Serenely great she stands,
Like an archangel with uplifted hands,
Bidding the tumults cease,
War tremble into peace,
And the true word and love of God be given—
The love of God which lifteth all mankind to heaven.

* "Next came one

Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers;
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man,
And downward fish,"—MILTON, *P. L.*, book i.

From massacre of blood untold,
 That filled the stream of gory Rome,
 Till crimson surges fed the foam
 Of Tiber, blushing as it rolled,
 To that still gloomier day,
 When persecuting Error's savage sway
 Turned God himself to stone,
 And in the valleys lone
 Of Alpe nobbled Piedmont murder led,
 The Church hath raised her calm, undaunted head.*

A spirit standeth at her side
 With awe and venerable look,
 And in his hand the mighty book
 Wide opened, Truth's triumphant guide.
 Upon the page there are
 The vast splendours of the wondrous star
 That in the firmament shone,
 And led the wise men on,
 With offerings bowed to Him the earth revere—
 The soul-clad spirit of eighteen hundred years.

The grandeur and the force of love—
 The love of God from heaven to earth,
 Not given in thunder at its birth,
 With healing wing flowed from above,
 On the high altar came,
 In many a marvellous tongued-shape flame,
 Resplendent as the moon,
 Lit by the radiant sun;
 And choirs of angels round the great divan
 Proclaimed the Church of Christ to fallen man.

And in despite of manacled Truth,
 And fierce Idolatry's foul scent
 Of blood, with obscene Chemos blent,
 Shrunk Fear, and juggling lore to soothe
 Th' upbraiding spirit, that would
 Emerge from out the brackish Papist flood;
 Despite of wanton guile,
 The three-crowned Harlot's smile,
 The modern Ammonite's ferocious band,
 Firm on its ocean rock the Church shall stand.

Hail, Isle! embosomed on the deep,
 Zoned by the main, on whose dim flood
 The Word creative erst did brood,
 Till Darkness bowed itself to sleep,
 And Light diffusive rose,
 The shadow of Omniscience in repose;
 Hail, Glory of the Main!
 The Christian's purest fane,
 Majestic altar of the freeman's prayer,
 The Church is on thy hills, maintain her there.

* To prevent obscurity, these allusions are to heathen as well as to papal persecutions.

† "Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons."—MILTON, b. i.

‡ "First, Moloch, horrid king," &c.

— "him the Ammonite
 Worshipped in Rabba."—MILTON, b. i.

Awake, arise ! upon thy fold
 The wolf is loosed ; the bloodhound dark,
 With famish'd fang and fiendish bark,
 That, fastened, will not leave its hold,
 Prowls the lulled flock among ;
 The parded paramount of Rome hath rung
 The knell of onslaught. Lo !
 Sorcery, baleful foe,
 Spreading its paralysing plumes, to shade
 The hallowed shrine Truth and the Love have made.

Ye basking vales, where merry rill,
 Or mazy brook, runs warbling through ;
 Ye flower-decked plains, whose breezes fill
 With balm the landscape on our view ;
 Ye dells, and pleasing glades,
 Enticing uplands, wood-entrancing shades,
 Ye 've heard, ah ! many a time,
 The Sabbath belfry's chime,
 Sounding 'tween heaven and earth the solemn " Hail !"
 God's Church is on the land, His voice is on the gale.

Offspring of martyr'd sires, Allied
 By furnace-flame to saintly Eve,
 By the great spirits who once died,
 That the true faith of Truth might live ;
 The dragon foul, abhorred,
 That daring tempted man's anointed Lord,—
 The subtle, obscene breath
 Of Sin, and her son Death,
 Creeps like a black fog round thy temple's porch.
 Sons of the sea, awake ! protect your Island Church.

Hark ! from the green grass graves arise
 Murmurs indignant of the dead,
 Who died that to his native skies
 The freeman might by Truth be led.
 Domestic ties invoke,
 And peace, to spurn the god-creating yoke ;
 Tell to the heavens bowed,
 To the lightning and the cloud,
 Tell it in thunder, with triumphant faith,—
 Sons of the Church, ye stand by her till death !

Yea, England's temple proudly stands,
 Her children's lowly grave-yards bound her ;
 Her guardian spirits are angel bands,
 Who in a fiery globe surround her.
 Vainly shall Moloch toil
 To seize again the consecrated spoil ;
 The calf in Horeb raised
 May be by Rome's dark worshippers bepraised ;
 We with our nurtured strength,
 With our soul's breadth and length,
 With our faith-fervoured lips, to life's last spark,
 Will live and die for our great fathers' hallowed ark !

VOYAGING IN HINDOSTAN.

PART III.^c

RUINS ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES BY MOONLIGHT.

Soon after shooting a-head of the muhajun's fleet, owing to the many jerks and severe straining the beauliah's* timbers had sustained when ashore and in the chase, the manjhee† reported that a leak had been sprung, and it behoved us to heave-to, in order to repair damages, and refit thoroughly for the cruise of the ensuing day. Accordingly, having baled out the water, which was fast gaining upon us, and communicated by signal with my horse and baggage boats (the beauliah's tenders), dodging along shore considerably astern, we edged away, about an hour before sunset, for the nearest bank; and on passing several deep wooded ravines, and a dry nullah,‡ shortened sail near numerous sand-banks, and, tossing ashore the mooring-tackle, lay-to for the night.

After being engaged so long, in a cramped, narrow box of a cabin, oppressed almost beyond endurance with the stifling sultriness of the day, and half suffocated with the subtle odours of cockroaches and bilge-water, with joyous alacrity, shouldering a light rifle, I leaped on the bank, and sauntered along the shore. Carlo likewise, freed from restraint, and emancipated from the galling thralldom of his chain and collar, bounded over the beauliah's side, and leisurely followed my receding steps, after rolling over and over on the sand, with wild gleeful gambols. Clambering up the steep ridges of a ravine running parallel with the river, with elastic step and restrung buoyancy of spirit, I rambled exultingly through the tangled wilds that skirted the banks of the Ganges; often halting to gaze, through each opening glade, on the fair sunny aspect of the glowing and gorgeous landscape. The muhajun's fleet, after beating up tardily against the pendency of the current, hauled closer along shore, and ran for

their anchorage ground, on the lee of a steep ridge that jutted out from the mainland far into the channel; and the slanting rays of the declining sun gleamed on the white topsails of the craft lagging furthest to leeward.

Countless flocks of water-fowl on the wing, returning to their favourite roosting haunts, swept along the windings of the river, with rustling pinions; while, at intervals, a solitary heron, or gaunt gigantic crane, sailing slowly onward with long-arching neck, trumpeted forth a shrill note, startling as the blast of a clarion. From afar the jangling tinkle of bells, mellowed by distance, and wild clamour of guowallahs,§ urging on their swarming herds across the shallows, fell on the listening ear.

While threading my way through dense bamboo thickets, some peafowl, startled by Carlo, ranging in the van, took wing; and scarce had they flashed across a narrow gully, when I heard a sudden crash, and simultaneously a spotted fawn, starting out of the rustling covert, eyed me timidly for an instant, and then vaulting past, along the edge of some dwarf jungle, bounded away with arrowy swiftness. Though somewhat taken aback at the abruptness of this movement, I levelled my rifle, and fired almost at random. The fawn, reeling, staggered forward a pace or two, then instantly rallying again, limped away rapidly through a patch of reeds; whereupon, having reloaded, Carlo and I following eagerly, tracked the stricken deer inland on its bloody trail, and plunged into the jungle. After toiling laboriously over height and hollow, crashing through sundry prickly brakes, and struggling across a narrow swamp, sometimes fast closing with the wounded quarry, and anon bewildered and at fault, I luffed up from the fruitless chase, edged away on a different tack, and whistled off my

* Beauliah; small decked passage-boat. Pulwar budjerows, or beauliahs of this description, manned with some eight or ten boatmen, owing to their light build, are much more preferable than heavy budjerows, carrying double the above specified complement of rowers, at certain seasons of the year, when the river has little depth of water, and the shallows are frequent.

† Manjhee; the steersman.

§ Guowallahs; herdsmen.

‡ Nullah; water-course.

four-footed comrade. But I whistled in vain; Carlo was missing.

Just at this moment a solitary vulture, descending from the clouds with a sudden swoop, flapped its great dusky wings, and alighted on a tree a little distance ahead, whereupon a brake of reeds began to rustle. Whew! the wounded fawn, again starting up from its covert, burst through some dwarf bramble bushes; while the waving rank grass betrayed its line of retreat, and at the same time precluded my taking steady aim, or expending another random shot. Once more I dashed forward in close pursuit of the crippled game, which still continued to ~~ump~~ ^{leap} onward marvellously fast, notwithstanding the loss of blood, and by an unaccountable mysterious witchery still eluded capture. Nevertheless, I lagged not, nor lingered far behind, but staunchly followed the chase, shouting loud and long, to arrest the further ranging of the missing dog, fearing lest unawares he might fall into the clutches of some ravenous beast.

Having heard of the Flying Dutchman, and of satyrs, who could assume at will divers alluring forms, I began to entertain shrewd suspicions that I had encountered some wood demon; but ere long the gasping quarry, after brushing through a long winding alley of the forest, with tottering step and flagging pace scrambled up a bare sandy steep. At this moment the fawn, in the dubious chequered light, seemed to expand in height and volume. Deliberately I brought the rifle to my shoulder, levelled, and pulled the trigger. Ha, Diavolo! the piece missed fire. My blood was up; and, without tarrying to reprime or hammer the flint anew, I clambered up the bank. The fawn, meanwhile, limping through a narrow lagoon, partially dried up by the summer's drought, gained the further side, and finally disappeared.

Having crossed the lagoon, I reprimed my piece, and vociferously hailed my lagging companion, until the hoarse emphatic call rang hollowly through the awakened solitude; but a wandering mocking echo only replied in due response to my reiterated summons. Gazing around with eager scrutiny, I sought for some trace of the vanished fawn, and paused bewildered in my career, for the day was far spent. Suddenly, frequent gasps, with a faint, whimpering, pattering sound, caught

my attention; and, on wheeling round, right gladly I descried the stray dog, "scant of breath," with muzzle poked close to the ground, scenting his master's track throughout its devious windings. At my well-known whistle, Carlo, dabbled with green slime, panting and haggard, darted forward, and cowered timidly by my side, as if haunted by the apparition of some gaunt hyena, and continued closely to stick by me, as I resumed traversing the ground, with hurried strides, in quest of some guiding landmark. While speeding through the sombre arches of a colossal banian tree, under whose umbrageous expanse an herd of a hundred elephants might have found shelter, a sudden brightness glimmered athwart the dim perspective. A murmuring sound, "as of many waters," first faint, then louder and sullener, every moment became more distinctly audible. I advanced apace; and, on clearing the jungle, stood on the sheer brink of the Ganges, that rolled past, glowing lustroously in the setting sun.

Close below, the bastions and buttresses of some ancient stronghold, or palace, overwhelmed by the encroaching flood, formed a reef of ruins, that was seen jutting out towards mid channel. Some of the bastions were lying so entirely on a level with the current, that their site could only be distinguished, amid the rush of waters, by the transient upheaving of the swell, or by the frequent eddy that played around them with a sullen, gurgling sound. Others, like black rocks, stood forth bold and isolated, and might be descried by the river mariner afar off.

Around me the wrecked monuments of antiquity were thickly strewn. Forest trees, whose gnarled trunks were hoar with age, waved gloomily over the populous haunts of other days, where of yore had been heard unceasingly "the hum and shock of men;" and the time-rent structures, in their gaunt desolation, loomed grimmer and sterner beneath the twilight's deepening shadows. I felt ~~and~~ ~~a~~ mysterious dread, insensibly stealing upon me, utterly quenched my lust for blood. The fawn and the chase were alike forgotten. Stepping softly over the hollow ground, where once the high born and the mighty men of remotest ancestry had trod, I gained a broken terrace, and there, sitting down, watched the close of day.

In the East, what wanderer, far from his fatherland, has not acknowledged the soft hallowing influences of the hour of eventide, as it steals with its tranquilising serenity and lingering shadows over the landscape? Often a mysterious stillness ushers in the tropic twilight, hushing to peace the disquieted breast, after sleepless nights and scorching days, and lulling the soul to voluptuous abandonment and repose. If ever there be a season when the exile, far removed from the turmoil of a busy world, reviews the past with deepening emotions, with re-kindling warmth of heart, and contemplates with feelings of mingled joy and regret the scenes of happier years, emphatically that season is the hour of sunset.

As the gloaming faded away, the tropic skies, "not as in northern climes obscurely bright," tinged with a transient rosy flush, glowed gorgeously. Along the crest of the forest-bound horizon, bright masses of vapour, vividly defined against the heaven's deep crimson, wreathed, volume upon volume, into the similitude of domes, turrets, and minarets, in faultless accuracy of outline and detail. Erewhile the summer lightnings began to flit, with red flickering glances, aslant the cloud-built pinnacles, until they gleamed fitfully with evanescent refulgence, like the gilded domes of a Moslem city illumined by the last quivering rays of the setting sun.

Numerous squirrels were vaulting sportively from bough to bough. Flocks of parakeets, "green as emerald," darted overhead, screaming harshly. The lemon-scented grass and odoriferous shrubs exhaled a more balmy fragrance. The sombre masses of jungle, "immeasurably spread," almost imperceptibly assumed a blacker and dusker aspect. Swarms of fluttering insects, that had basked unseen in the languor and sultriness of noonday, started into active life, and brake upon the evening's stilly hush with a continuous ~~buzzing hum~~ buzz. Through the broken arches the bat skimmed by with a drowsy flutter; while the crisp withered leaves that strewed the ground rustled faintly, as a solitary green lizard glided past to its dwelling-place, in some old hollow stump. Myriads of fire-flies twinkled with brilliant vivid-

ness beneath the banian tree's low-browed arches and shadowy passages. Every long aisle, like the sparry roof of an illumined cavern, glittered with the insects that sparkled as they fluttered. Along each pillared arcade, showers of these living sapphires, an insect *aurora borealis*, flashed unceasingly, with bright flickerings, until the bespangled leafy dome, fretted with fire, glowed a lesser firmament, with all the radiance of the vault of heaven. Overhead a dwarf peepul-tree,* clinging with firm-riveted roots to a broken gallery, veiled partially with a shadowy screen the breaches and havoc wrought by corroding time. One long-blighted bough, black and leafless, emblematic of the desolation around, stretching slantingly athwart a chasm, seemed with a skeletonlike hand pointing to the tottering battlements. Clusters of fire-flies, as the dewdrops at dawn, encinctured the green foliage of that lonely peepul-tree, and crowned its summit with a bespangled diadem—

"A lingering halo, hovering round decay."

Anon the moon, rising with unclouded refulgence, overcapped the crest of æternal forests, and lighted up the ruins. Immediately thereafter the stars and fire-flies, acknowledging the splendour of "heaven's bright queen," waned and became less lustrous—

"So does the brighter glory dim the less."

The hoary woods, throughout their tangled depths, glistened faintly in the moonshine; and the slow rolling Ganges, serene as a summer's lake, along its winding expanse, grew chequered with the tremulous silvery light, and glimmered with the phosphorescence of a tropic sea.

Lingering on this half-forgotten site of ancient palaces, I gazed wistfully on the moonlit ruin. Erewhile the night breeze, whispering softly through tufts of jungle-grass that waved from crevices in the mouldering walls, in a still small voice seemed to tell of other years, and bemoan with a plaintive dirge the ravages of time and glories now departed. Withdrawing within myself, as it were, in solemn communings with my own heart, I pondered on things that once were, and mused pensively on the chivalrous daring and heroism of the warriors of remotest antiquity—warriors

* Peepul-tree. This species of tree is held sacred by the Hindoos.

once far renowned, and deified by their fellow mortals, but who now are forgotten or unheeded, even on the arena of their brightest achievements—ay, even amid the palaces and mausoleums which they themselves had reared. Where are those heroes now? “Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?” Glory, like the mirage of the desert, is but a vivid and short-lived illusion. How vain, how ineffably futile, are all the longing aspirations of humanity after immortal fame—

“Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?”

Wrapt up in dreamy reverie, as I recalled from the fathomless abyss of time ages that had long rolled away, and invoked from their ashes the mighty dead, lo! the spectral past glided by in review before me. A vision of olden times, with all the pomp and circumstance of India's ancient chivalry, lingered before my mind's eye in long array. Reared by the talismanic wand of fancy, each time-rent pile, clothed in its pristine Oriental gorgeoussness, and palmy barbaric magnificence, once more glittered in renovated beauty,—palace, temple, and serai,* starting up in glorious resurrection from this field of tombs, again stood reimbodied.

Under yonder mangoe-tope,† shading the way-side well, see the muleteers and camel-drivers of the toil-worn kafila‡ reposing; and abreast the palace gateways, bands of military retainers, lounging listlessly, or grouped together, hearkening to the monotonous recitative of the story-teller, or listening to the minstrel's song, that tells in inspiring strains of the glory, heroism, and renown of their chivalrous chief. Hark! heard ye not that wild startling clangour, a neighing, and hollow tramp of horse, and the prolonged pealing boom of the imperial nobut? Lo! emerging from yon low-browed archway in the bastioned wall, a cloud of steel-clad warriors, in glorious martial panoply, sally across the lowered draw-bridge, on long-tailed, long-maned coursers, and sweep past, with heron plumes fluttering and crimson pennons flaunting in the wind. See how glitteringly their bright lances, morions,

and burnished chain armour, are gleaming through the whirlwinds of eddying dust, like flashes from a thunder-cloud. Ha, 'twas but a dream!—the phantom, air-built city, and spectral bannered crowd, have vanished—

“No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore.”

Where is now the joyous city? Yonder glorious orb of night, whose rising crescent the fanatic sons of the Prophet had often hailed with enthusiastic fervour and riotous rejoicings, now illumined an unpeopled solitude. The same moon, which had so often shone on scenes of revelry, on crowded array's of military retainers, and on many a glittering pageant, which had so often of yore lighted up with its radiance arrowy minarets, marble-paved courts, gushing fountains, and rose and jasmine-covered garbages, decked in all the bloom of beauty, now shone on a drear and voiceless desert—

And here the muezzin's call to prayer is heard no more.”

The evening breeze had lulled. The air, as in some noisome vault, felt dank and clammy; and the night dews were falling fast. “Come along, Carlo, we must march,” said I, springing up from the broken terrace, and shouldering my rifle. Involuntarily I started back, startled at the sound I myself had made, so solemn was the hush that pervaded the mouldering ruins. On a sudden a stork, perched on a fragment of a distant turret, motionless as a bird chiselled out in stone, flapping its great wings, took flight, and slowly floated overhead. Immediately thereafter, methought I heard a hollow tread, as of some one passing by. I halted to hearken; but again silence reigned unbroken through the slumbering solitude. Psha! it must have been mere fancy, I muttered; and once more strode forward, humming a bar or two of a lively air. Ha! again, distinctly, there was a repetition of the trampling sound. I listened anxiously, and, slinking to a side, cowered down behind a low shattered buttress, split into divers fissures, and motioned Carlo, by significant signs, to keep quiet, and remain closely by my side. At this juncture a jackal, seemingly scared by

* Serai; caravansera.

† Kafila; caravan.

† Mangoe-tope; grove of fruit-trees.

something following in its wake, timidly slunk by. The trampling noise momentarily became louder and nearer. Thereupon two dark shadows flitted along a terrace running parallel with the buttress. Shuddering, I recoiled back in amaze and dread. Was it a delusion of the senses — a mere freak of an excited imagination? Verily, some witchery, some spell of power, seemed to enchain my riveted gaze, as tremblingly I continued to eye the disembodied phantoms of the ruin, as though they possessed the basilisk's attribute. At length a hoarse gruff voice, in a half-suppressed tone, broke the magic spell, and startled me out of my dreaming trance. Seizing upon Carlo by the ears, and hauling him along with me, I crept to a chasm in the buttress, some paces nearer to the place from whence the voice was heard to proceed, and peered through the fissure. The interpretation of the spectral illusion was now plain and palpable — the mystery was unravelled. Two Indians, whom heretofore the buttress had concealed, and whose proportions and forms even now in the dubious light loomed gigantic, slowly glided from a broken colonnade; and when nearly confronting the fragment of ruin behind which I lay ensconced, stopped abruptly, and communed together earnestly, with impassioned gestures. There was nothing whatever worthy of remark about the appearance of the nearest of the two unexpected strangers, whose back was now turned towards me; but, on the other hand, I could legibly detect a devilish, sinister expression of feature in the half-naked Indian, who, leaning upon a long bamboo spear, stood almost confronting me. Whether he might be a snake-charmer, juggler, or fakier, I vainly essayed to divine; for the savage ferocity, so forcibly marked in the one, with the subtle, cunning look of the other, together with the hideous scowl so characteristic of the third of the aforementioned trio, were so intimately blended in his physiognomy, that it was utterly impossible to decide to what specific tribe of those selfsame worthies he really belonged. Be that as it may, physically, in length of limb, colour, hairy exuberance, and

ogrelike capacity of mouth, he bore much more affinity to a gigantic ourang-outang of Borneo, "with forehead villainously low," than to any one caste of Indian humanity whatsoever.

Occasionally, as they lowered their voices to a mere whisper, and from time to time glared around like guilty things, with an affrighted stare, my suspicions were more and more roused. "Would honest men consort together in such a desolate place, and at such a time, with so much secrecy and mystery? — was this a haunt of banditti?" were the questions I almost involuntarily asked myself. I was sorely perplexed. Now and then, a stray word casually reached my eager ear; and I endeavoured to piece out a whole sentence, and ascertain what was the drift and purport of the two strangers' conference, with the greedy earnestness of a miser, who after tacking together the precious shreds of some forgotten bond, fruitlessly tries to decipher the tattered and illegible document.

There was a short pause. Again the two colloquists advanced some paces nearer. In this emergency I cocked my eye, as a precautionary measure; and, at the same moment, untowardly Carlo growled.

"Hush! heard you that, sirdarjee?" said the nearest of the two Indians, at the same time whispering sharply round.

"What, fool?" replied the gigantic spear-bearer; " 'tis but a jockall."

"That was no jockall, sirdarjee," responded the other, distrustfully; "there is some danger lurking nigh. Hark!"

The long-limbed desperado vouchsafed no reply; but kneeling down, after a long and keen scrutiny right and left, he applied his ear close to the ground, and listened eagerly. Despite every restraining effort, Carlo growled again.

"Ha, there again — hark!" cried the Indian, whose quick ear had first detected Carlo's snarl. "Wah, wah!† we are betrayed."

His comrade, startled likewise by Carlo's growl, sprung up in haste: "Off off — let us begone!" the bullumburda† shouted, posing his long spear, and darting away with hurried strides.

* Sirdarjee; headman, or chief. The addition of "jee" is often given out of courtesy, as a mark of respect, by the lower ranks of society.

† Wah, wah; an exclamation of surprise.

‡ Bullumburda; spear-bearer.

PART IV.

NIGHT-SCENE AT THE BEAULIAH'S MOORINGS.

The hollow tramp of the receding Indians had scarcely died away along the ruins, when there was heard most distinctly an abrupt plash in a continuous narrow cove (the outlet of a tributary nullah), together with the creaking jar of a boat's timbers, and the hurried dash of paddles. Immediately thereafter, crouching low, I crawled along by the back of the buttress, reconnoitered carefully right and left, and, ascertaining that the "coast was clear," sprung up from behind my sheltering concealment. Cautiously skimming the river's side, I commenced a most precipitate retreat, by edging away round the rear of the colossal baman tree formerly spoken of, and regained at length the narrow lagoon through which I had followed the wounded fawn. In desperate haste, recrossing the lagoon, and sliding down the aforementioned ridge of sand, I plunged, with Carlo by my side, into the jungle, now dripping with the dank night dews. In my headlong career and bewilderment, my distempered fancy often bodied forth a withered bush or tuft of jungle grass into some growling Indian desperado. Once, while stumbling, as frequently as the old Friar Laurence among the tombs of the Verona churchyard, methought I heard faint shouts in the distance, and tarried to listen. Just then, a snake, gliding out of a clump of bamboos, whizzed by among the withered leaves within a single pace or so of my legs. Faugh! I could have screamed aloud like a woman. Panic struck, I bounded recklessly over prickly shrubs, and broke through crashing thickets of bamboo, until (*horresco referens*!) I contrived to plunge into a clayey bog, most adhesively tenacious. I seemed to possess "a kind of alacrity in sinking." In vain I endeavoured to wriggle myself out of this trap of a quagmire. Every floundering effort at extrication seemed only to rivet me the firmer in my earthen stocks, and to sink me deeper within the clayey vortex. To be sucked in thus into a yawning grave,—to be buried alive, inch by inch, like a Hindoo devotee,—there was something truly horrible in the

very surmise of such a fate. So, in a very desperation, making another gigantic effort, with the butt of my rifle as a purchase, I succeeded in slowly disentangling myself, and got fairly, or rather foully, disembogued, minus a boot, which I generously left me in the lurch.

Despite my mishap, and, albeit, having but little relish for such mud-larking, I could not forbear laughing at the comical figure I cut, on emerging from this Slough of Despond. It appeared as though I was encased in a fisherman's or ditcher's jack-boots. I looked for all the world like a clay model fresh out of the mould; for my habiliments, encrusted with slime, and reddish coloured wet clay, and bristling with the spines of prickly shrubs, thick as pins in a pincushion, were as stiff and as brown as a suit of rusty mail. *But en avant, en avant*, was the word; so, wrapping a kerchief round my bootless foot, I hopped forward once more, ^{the} one time "whistling to bear my courage up,"—now singing at the highest pitch of voice, most miserably out of tune,—and, anon, yelling forth a whoo-whoop which would have startled the most veteran shikaree* that ever stalked. At length, after wading most cautiously across a couple of nullahs, I regained, with much self-complacency, the banks of the steep ravine running parallel with the Ganges, so familiar to me on my first advance, during the chase of the fawn. Following this guiding landmark, ere long I descried the camp fires at the beauliah's anchorage ground gleaming waveringly through the foliage; and, on fairly clearing an intervening belt of brushwood, fell in with a patrol of my own people, who, bamboo in hand, had for a long time been ranging far and near, in quest of the missing and benighted sahib, hallooing until they were hoarse, and could shout no longer. At least, so they averred, and furthermore reported that the manjhee had been successful in plugging up the leak.

Disencumbering myself of divers sporting appurtenances, I handed my piece to Kureem, the peon,† who headed this volunteer escort; for now that

* Shikaree; Indian hunter.

† Peon; messenger, or guide.

every urgent incitement to exertion was wanting, the over-straining and unwonted efforts when disentangling myself from the quagmire, began very manifestly to tell upon me. In a most woful plight, by the aid of Kureen's bamboo, I contrived to hobble forward, and drag my slow length alongside the beauliah, firmly resolving to eschew and forswear all such literally bootless chases in future.

Immediately on regaining my ark of refuge, I called into requisition the aid of Hurreedas, the sirdar-bearer, or custodian of my wardrobe, cast off with much difficulty my old slough, and washed down sundry crumbs of comfort with a fair modicum of brandy-shrob-pauny,* your only orthodox tipple, and proper restorative. After liquoring, as the Yankees elegantly have it, and puffing away a brace or two of genuine Marillas—what your cigar-loving Spaniard would term “puros,” Richard was himself again.

The beauliah was moored in a narrow bight of the innermost channel, sluggish as the water in a canal or lagoon, on the lee of a steep overhanging bank, feathered over with dense high brushwood. Verily, 'twas tantalising to hear the rustle of the cool night breeze aloft, and see the river ruffled briskly in the offing, as we lay perfectly becalmed; while clouds of insects of the beetle tribe, enamoured with the local lull, buzzed past with a ceaseless drone through the open Venetian windows.

Some quarter of a koss† or so up the channel, o'ertopping a bluff headland, the masts of the muhajun's fleet could just be descried. Lower down, a chain of narrow shoals, trending partially across from the further shore, almost parallel with the beauliah's anchorage, subdivided the broad river into separate channels; and the innumerable sandy islets, almost flush, or on a level with the diverging currents, were feathered over with countless flocks of water-fowl, of milk-white plumage, glistening in their unsullied brightness like wreaths of drifted snow.

Within pistol shot's distance of the beauliah, on the lee of a bamboo thicket, my boats' crews and domestics, crouching over the red embers of some

half-dozen charcoal and cow-dung fires, were engaged assiduously in cooking their evening meal. Now and then, adding a fragment of fresh fuel, and converting “their lungs of leather” into primitive bellows, they puffed away at the smouldering ashes, which, fanned into a transient glow, cast a lurid glare over their half-naked bodies and bronzed features. Portable fire-hearthis, of rude construction, moulded from well-tempered clay, served to support their burnished pans, and their simmering contents of melted ghee‡ sent forth occasionally crackling hisses, sounds most gratifying to the ears of Asiatics,—for, like the oil-guzzling Russian, the Indians are passionate, fond of greasy viands, neutralised somewhat by the peppery piquancy of their curries. The chupatees, or coarse cakes of kneaded dough, after being toasted on the glowing embers, were piled up in heaps systematically; and the steamy masses of vegetable curry scattered far and wide, subtle spicy odours, likewise very grateful to the olfactories of the hungry expectants.

Upon the announcement of dinner, or rather supper, the mariners, stooping over the river's brink, rinsed their mouths, and performed their wonted ablutions. Having despatched their hasty toilet, little knots squatted down on the sand, or beneath some overshadowing clump, forming groups quite Asiatic.

Prohibited by their religious tenets from cooking their meals on board ship, the evening's repast, after the cessation of the long day's toil, is hailed with rapture by the dandees, and gloated over with the longing eye of the good Catholic, sitting down to a sumptuous feast after a rigidly kept Lent. No Mussulman, after the prolonged fast of the Ramadan,§ could begin his regale upon a rich kubab|| with more greedy earnestness.

Disdaining the European refinement of cutlery, each famished voyageur, having duly kneaded his rice and curry into globular masses, à la mode Abyssinia, began to fork up with the fingers, and bolt incontinently, much after the fashion of a snake swallowing a frog,—for, on keen scrutiny, there might be detected a sort of peristaltic muscular

* Brandy-shrob-pauny; brandy and water.

† Koss, or coas; an Indian mile.

§ Ramadan; the Lent of the Mussulmans.

‡ Ghee; clarified butter.

|| Kubab; roast meat.

motion of the throat and gullet, as the nutritious ball was gorged. But there was no unseemly or voracious haste in the mode of eating. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the huge piles of greasy cakes disappeared. Occasionally there might be a short suspension of mastication, or partial lull in the bolting process; but not until (to borrow a nautical phrase or so) the hold was stowed with a full cargo,—not until every cranny under hatches was freighted thoroughly, and crammed choke full, did one of these self-same revellers cease entirely to gorge.

In solitary state and dignity, my old gray mustached sardar, ensconced behind a chattah* skilfully stuck in the sand slantwise, so as to shield him from any stray breath of wind, displayed a votive steadiness in forking up and bolting down truly commendable.

'Twas passing strange to view the striking contrast in each self-same being before and after "the feed." When the stage of starg, each slender waist and narrow breast, encompassed by a sash, before the tumbling. The reduction of the stomach was shrunken and contracted, like the shrivelled skin of an old topcoat; the natural tunicment overlapping like the voluminous folds and creases of an ill-fitting garment. But after satiety, lo! what a marvellous change ensued. Then every over-gorged glutton, with paunch distended like an inflated parachute, rising, vivined, zaped, and shook himself, after the manner of an over-fed turkey-cock with protruded crop, pluming his ruffled plumage after a rare gobble.

Hureedas, the sardar, after stowing away until he could cram no further, doled out the meagre residue with a oggred hand among some prowling pariah dogs, attracted by the grateful smell; and then, holding aloft his bright-scoured lota,† replenished with water from the Ganges, poised the same steadily with the air and adroit address of a juggler about to practise some legerdemain. A tiny cascade, as from the spout of a cistern, gushed continuously with a gurgling sound into the gaping mouth and gullet, and fell through this natural funnel into the

reservoir of the stomach, without a single drop being spill.

The scrubbing and burnishing of platters and brazen dishes, with the bubbling of goorgories,‡ heard above the low conversational hum around the camp fires, wound up the Indian "night's entertainments."

The moon was now many furlongs high, as the Africans have it. From the muhajun's§ anchorage-ground, now lighted up with the ruddy glow of numerous camp fires, there was heard the incessant beat of tomtoms,§ and frequent bursts of revelry. As the evening wore on apace, the owl's too-what, too-wiffo, with the prolonged wild howl of the jackall, fell on "the hushed ear of night" in louder and more startling reiterations. The isolated loneliness of the wilderness became most irksome, while at the same time the stifling sultriness close under the lee of the jungle grew, or seemed to grow, more insupportable.

"Ho, manjhee!" I shouted, stepping on deck; "stow away every thing on board, unmoor, run the beauliah along-side the innermost shoal of sand, and there lie-to for the night."

"Unmoor, sahib, eh?" inquired the old testy manjhee, with a puzzled, lackadaisical look, gamblingly muttering something unintelligible.

"Ay, unmoor, that's the word; and quickly, too," I replied.

"Khødawund,"¶ said the manjhee, imploringly; "what if the toofan¶ comes in the night-time? Will not the beauliah break adrift from the sand-bank, sahib, and be shattered to pieces, sahib? Sand-bank had place for anchorage, sahib, and the —"

"Hold—enough!" I cried; "that's my look out; no more whining. Have I not given the order? Come along,—up with the mooring pegs. What! more demur! Away, or else I'll cut your cables!" The threat had a magical effect,—for speedily all hands were hurrying to and fro, preparing to unmoor.

"Hark ye, manjhee!" I cried; "not a whisper, now; manœuvre in silence; remember that's the hækm.**"

Hureedas, the sardar, by his consequential, knowing look, and close

* Chattah: umbrella.

† Goorgories; small kind of hookahs.

‡ Khødawund; title of respect.

¶ Hækm; an order.

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§ Lota; brazen vessel.

§ Tomtoms; Indian drums.

¶ Toofan; hurricane.

pursed-up lips, as he hustled back and forwards with unfettered alacrity, seemed to have fathomed the import of this mysterious movement, and brushed past every inquisitive inquirer, without deigning to reply.

Forthwith, the beaulah and the other craft were unmoored, launched forth

into the narrow channel, and, with the aid of the sweeps, laid alongside the innermost shoal; whereupon the toil-worn mariners, constructing a rude awning of old sailcloth on the deck, to ward off the night dews, huddled together under the ragged shelter.

PART V.

ATTACK OF THE RIVER PIRATES.

Having seen the watch set, and ordered the peon and saees,* with one of the dandees† of the horse-boat, to keep strict guard, and report instantly the slightest object of suspicion, I retired to the cabin, after taking at a glance a comprehensive sweep of the channel. An indescribable restlessness prevented me from withdrawing to my dormitory, so I threw myself down listlessly on a couple of chairs, and endeavoured to combat and dispel the thick-coming fancies that began to give me desquitude: but, despite every effort, a vague dread, and sense of impending evil, pervaded unaccountably every thought.

"Well, now, 'twas strange that same adventure among the ruins," said I, musingly, as I mentally communed with myself. "Who could that cursed spear-bearer and the other fellow be? Pshaw! mayhap hermits; those gentry delight to dwell in solitary places. Ay, good; but, then, why armed! why so easily startled? True,—that indeed looked bad. 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

Carlo likewise seemed imbued with the same restless watchfulness and desquitude as his master; for every now and then the dog sprung up, traversed the narrow cabin, or listened eagerly at the doorway; and at length, placing his fore paws on the low window sill, kept prying shoreward steadfastly, with an eager, wistful eye.

"Come down, Carlo. What do you make out there, old boy?" I cried, starting up, and making towards the doorway.

"Any thing astir, Kureem!" said I, accosting the peon, as I crouched from under the low cabin door, and gained the deck. "Any thing on the move, eh?"

The peon, who was gazing earnestly towards the shore, and had not given

heed to my approach, started back at the abrupt interrogation, and hesitated.

"Khodawund," Kureem stammered out at length, again turning round towards the spot which he had been so eagerly scrutinising, and shading his eyes from the bright moon-light; "khu lawund, I could have sworn I saw the shadow of a man gliding by; but —"

"Where?" said I, interrupting him abruptly.

"By the side of the jungle near the opening of the nullah, sahib," replied the peon; and he forthwith indicated the whereabouts with his hand.

"When observed you this?" I demanded.

"Khodawund, almost eleven now," replied the peon, "but it has shunk away."

"Saw you this for any length of time? didst mark it long? Explain, how come you not down to the cabin?" I inquired.

"Khodawund, 'twas gone in a twinkling," replied the peon.

"Ha! look, sahib, look! there there it is again!" cried Kureem, hurriedly, after a short pause.

I looked long, and keenly. My thought at length I could discern, vaguely and dubiously, some dusky object; but, after all, it might be mere fancy,—for the tall jungle just on the extreme verge of the nullah, waving fitfully in the breeze, often threw afar uncertain and ambiguous shadows.

"Dive down to the cabin, Kureem," said I, "and bring the rifle; 'tis on the table. Quickly; quick, now!"

The peon had not reached the doorway of the cabin, when I missed the shadowy object, which seemed to shrink back almost imperceptibly, and flit away along the narrow nullah, whose deep outlet, unilluminated by the moon-shine, looked like the mouth of a cavern.

* Saees; groom.

† Dandees; boatmen.

"Ho, then! never mind; come back," I cried, recalling the peon.

"Look, now!"

"Wah, wah!" exclaimed the peon, in amazement; "what! vanished again?"

"Pshaw! fool!" said I, sneeringly, well aware how strongly superstitious Asiatics are, and how firm-rooted is their belief in apparitions and supernatural agency; "the thing you saw must have been a pariah dog."

"Nay, sahib," replied the peon, looking distrustfully, "pariah dog not seen so far."

"Tush!" I continued; "has not a lungoor* been often mistaken for a man before this time?"

"Sahib," said the peon, in response, "all lungoors rest on trees at night; not one lungoor walks on the ground at midnight, sahib: jackals would snap him up for supper."

"Well," I demanded, "even though you saw the shadow of a man passing by, what then?"

The peon shrugged his shoulders significantly, but replied not.

"What then, Kureem?" I repeated; "'tis but one thief prowling about, after all. Is there not a legion of boatmen at hand?"

"Khadawand," now chimed in the peon, assuming at the same time a graver and demurer look; "the place is jungly: 'tis an ugly spot, and perilous likewise;" and again he shrugged his shoulders. "No village, nor even a guowallah's† hut, norghaut,‡ nor guard-house. Oh, sahib! is not the manjhee a great fool to lay-to in the jungle for the night?"

"Bah, fool! that's not your look-out," said I, breaking short the colloquy abruptly. Stepping forward, I leaped on the sand-bank and went alongside the horse-boat.

Buddoo, the steers, was smoking his goorgoorce at the doorway, under the chuppur§ of the floating stable; but his comrade, who had been deputed to act as supernumerary sentinel, was lyfist asleep, and snoring loudly. The saees, after endeavouring ineffectually to waken the boatman, sprang up and came forth on my approach.

"Salaam, sahib, the dandee will not be roused up," said the saees.

"Never mind at present: all quiet here?" I demanded.

"Nothing stirring," quoth Buddoo.

"Is the mare less restless?" I inquired.

"Ay, sahib," was the reply.

"Has she eaten all her grain|| to-night?" I questioned.

"Nay, sahib, the flies teased the mare so much," replied the saees.

"What distance off is the next bazar? what is the number of cos—Ha! whence cometh this uproar and noise, eh?" I demanded.

Before Buddoo had time to reply from on board the beauliah, Kureem, the peon, was heard shouting loudly, "The pirates, the pirates!"

That portentous yell, like the warning blast of a trumpet, startled in a trice the sleeping sentinel, who, all aghast, sprung up in haste. Without loitering an instant, I hurried to the beauliah, and scrambled on board.

In the immediate vicinity every thing was as quiet and serene as formerly, but momentarily the shouting waxed louder in the direction of the muhajun's camp. Anon the uproar deepened; and, with the continuous din, was blended the trampling noise as of men striving in deadly combat, the crash of falling timbers, and the clash and ringing clink of weapons. Thereupon there was heard wild yells of triumph, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded as they struggled in mortal agony. Ha! a bright fiery gleam shot like a lightning-flash along the jutting promontory. A red glare, as of many torches, bronzed the adjacent jungle. There was a crackling sound, thick wreaths of black smoke rolled in successive eddies across the channel. Amidst showers of sparks and glowing embers, red tongues of fire and spiral trails of flame wreathed round the tall masts in snaky coils; while the ignited coir tackling, vibrating tremulously, glittered bright and red, like golden threads tensely stretched.

"Come along, manjhee!" I shouted; "unrig the awning: prepare to unmoor; get ready the sweeps. Speedily, speedily! if attacked, we shall drop down the current."

The manjhee obeyed not, for he was panic-struck, and began to tear his

* Lungoor; a baboon.

† Ghaut; landing-place, or flight of steps.

§ Chuppur; roof.

† Guowallahs; herdsman.

|| Grām; species of pulse.

hair and beat his breast. The dandees, likewise, with the exception of the guluya,* were perfectly unmanned; and crawled out, one by one, from beneath their canvass burrow, shivering and trembling, like half-frozen gipsies emerging from their snowy bivouac under a hedge.

"What art staring at, thou fool?" said Kureem to the manjhee. "Why tearest thou thy hair like a byragee!† hearest thou not the master's call? Unmoor quickly! What made thee lie-to in this jungly place?"

"Bestir thyself, thou soour!‡ said I, exceedingly enraged at the cowardly old rascal. "Who shall suffer most when the pirates fire thy beauliah? What profit wilt thou then have in this or any following venture?"

The manjhee shook his head despairingly; but the guluya, and others of the crew who had recovered from their panic, headed by Kureem and the saees, leaped on the ledge of sand and loosened the wooden piles to which the craft were moored.

The beauliah and the other barks launched off the shoal into deep water, swung round with the current, and we remained thenceforward at our anchorage, moored by a single coir rope.

"Ho, Kureem!" said I, "be ready at my signal to cut the mooring-tackle; and, harkye, pass the word to the saees and the manjhees of the other craft to be prepared to cut the cables and drop down at a moment's warning."

"Wah, wah, sahib!—look, look!" cried the guluya, hurriedly, pointing up the channel. "A budjerow, a budjerow!"§

'Twas even so. Close under the lee of the nearest headland, a budjerow, apparently broken adrift, hove in sight, and drifted down the stream broadside on. The craft seemed evidently quite unmanageable, if navigated at all; yet, nevertheless, it seemed exceedingly strange that not one sweep was manned, for several people were seen hurrying to and fro along the deck, and gliding constantly athwart the open windows, but no voices were heard.

"How now, Kureem," said I, hastily; "what dost make out the craft to be?"

"Khædawund," replied the peon, hesitatingly, "some of the muhajun's men may have cut the budjerow adrift; but yet —" and he paused.

"But yet!" said I; "what then?" "Sahib," quoth Kureem, "after all, there may be treachery, nigh!"

Just at this moment the budjerow, caught in the eddies of the rapids, spun round like a teetotum; and, reeling to a side, drove upon the shoals, and partially heeled over broadside on.

Meanwhile the previous fierce din and uproar at the muhajun's anchorage had been succeeded by a voiceless stillness, only broken at intervals by the crash of burning spars; but presently faint shouts were heard afar off, and a desultory firing of musquetry began to boom across the channel, whereupon groups of straggling Indians were seen clambering along the steep ridges in the vicinity of the uppermost headland. Simultaneous with the firing, a dingy,|| crowded with men, hove in sight, and neared fast the grounded budjerow, starting in its rapid course innumerable flocks of white-plumaged water-fowl, which, rising with shrill screams, whirled round a winged scathery hurricane, and scattering right and left, swept past overhead like fleecy clouds wildly driven athwart a tempestuous sky. The dash of paddles, abrupt and irregular, seemed strongly to betoken some urgent emergency. On running close along-side the budjerow, a great tumult and evident confusion could be descried from the beauliah's deck. Several men on board the budjerow, darting aft, leaped upon the sank-bank, and, snatching up divers bulky packages, waded through the shallows, and hurried off shoreward; while others, springing through the open venetian windows, gained a footing in the dingy, which then was abruptly shot off into mid channel without an instant's further pause.

Scarcely had the dingy, pushing down the stream with might and main, doubled the outermost shoal, when lo!

* Guluya, or goleeah; the mate, or bowman of a boat.

† Byragee; devotee, or votary of Vishnoo.

‡ Soour; pig: a term of great reproach among the Asiatics.

§ Budjerow; large-decked passage-boat.

|| Dingy; boat, or canoe. Some of those same small craft are so lengthy, that, upon an emergency, some fifty men might stow themselves away in a single dingy.

a second heavy craft skimmed past the uppermost headland, and, edging away to a side shoreward, was seen closely to hug the land, and steal furtively under the shadows of the steep banks, skirting the innermost channel in which the beaulah lay moored, and neared us apace.

"I'll remain no longer in suspense; 'tis time to bestir ourselves, any how," said I, exceedingly perplexed whether to make a bold stand, or at once seek safety in flight, for I could detect the dandeers already flinching from their posts, and preparing to leap overboard and save themselves by swimming. "Quickly, Kureem! hail that pulwar, and demand their business here; roundly and boldly, now. Dost hear? hail, I tell you!"

After some little hesitation, Kureem hailed, but no answer was returned.

"Hallo there!" I shout-d, mounting, rifle in hand, the short ladder leaning against the beaulah's raised deck; "at your peril advance one stroke nearer! Sheer off, or I'll send a shot through you!"

In a twinkling the men lay on their sweeps, a cluster of smouldering matches glimmered like fireflies, and some dozen matchlocks were levelled towards the deck of the beaulah, while the quick-drawn breathings of the panting rowers were too distinctly audible.

"Hold, fools!" cried one of the pulwar's crew authoritatively, at the same time knocking up the levelled pieces with his sword; "see ye not the Sahib log?"

"The police-guard pulwar!—the police-guard pulwar!" cried Kureem, most joyfully, after reconnoitring eagerly.

Verily 'twas even so; for as the pulwar, slowly drifting down, swung round, the brazen badge-plates of the police patrol were seen flashing in the clear moonlight.

"Salaam, sahib!" shouted the jumadar in command of this armed band, saluting me obsequiously from a distance, and pausing from his vituperative abuse of his men for essaying to fire.

"Ye haremzadehs!"† cried Kureem, quite renerved and audacious, "are ye blind? has fear taken away your eyesight? saw ye not the sahib's beaulah a coss off? Ho, jumadar! dost thou

fight against honest men, and suffer the robbers to get fairly off?"

"Holla there! come alongside, and bring-to the pulwar," I cried; "and, Kureem, hark ye! watch what course the dingy takes." ••

"Khædawund, your slave is in fault," said the jumadar, crossing his hands, and again salaaming fawningly as the pulwar sheered close alongside the sand-bank under the beaulah's counter. "Khædawund, your slave would represent that treachery—that an ambuscade, was dreaded much."

"Whence do ye come?" I inquired.

"Khædawund, from the station-post at the ghaut of the Faqueers, two coss beyond," replied the jumadar.

"What a bad look-out! slept on guard: eh—was it not so?" I demanded, justly enraged at the culpable remissness of the officials on duty. "Well, what answer art coining? Speak! explain how this has happened!"

"Khædawund," said the jumadar, with a bland, insinuating address, "your slave would represent that Hooladhar, the fisherman, on passing the ghaut, made casual report at the guard-house of the anchorage of a muhajun's fleet of budjerows near the jungle creek, some coss lower down the channel."

"Well, what has this Hooladhar to do with the transaction!—why lug him into the affair?" said I, sharply. "Yet stay; what time of the night was it when this occurred?"

"Khædawund, it was the first watch of the night," replied the jumadar, after a little hesitation.

"Nay, jumadarjee," exclaimed a great bushy-bearded fellow, quite familiarly and bluntly,—"nay, 'twas the second watch of the —"

"Fool!" replied the jumadar, interrupting the speech of his follower with much warmth, "has not the arrack of the bazar muddled thy weak brain!—" 'Twas the first watch!"

"Cease from this wrangling now," I cried. "Go on with your explanation."

"Khædawund, the fisherman was given to lying, and the report not credited," said the jumadar. "There was no sign of danger—no, none whatever; neither was there the least sus-

Pulwar; row-boat.

Haremzadehs; a term of reproach.

† Sahib log; English gentleman.

picion that bad men, in force, were even then lurking high. Furthermore, a trusty scout, stationed at an outpost in the jungle down the river, gave no signal—no alarm of any stragglers crossing the lower shallows—not a ——

"Ah, I see how it is!" said I; "your trusty scout at the outpost had been bribed, and played you false, eh?"

"Khædawund, your slave is ignorant of this matter; not a dinky was seen astir," continued the jumadar, in a tone of bitter irony at being so easily duped by external appearances. "Well, good, very good; all at once, by the beard of the Prophet! unexpected, in a twinkling, in rushes Panchoo, crying, 'Oh, jumadarjee! wah, wah!—prepare, prepare—there is a fearful uproar!'"

"Who may this same Panchoo be?" I inquired.

"Sahib, Panchoo is the ferry chuo-keedar," was the reply.

"Proceed," said I.

"Khædawund, or ever your slave reached the ghaut steps, or had time to unmoor the pulwar—wah, wah! was there not beheld the shining of the flames afar off? and lo! the pillars of fire kindled by those children of burnt fathers—may their households be accused!—ascended up to heaven!"

"But why tarried ye so long by the way?" I demanded.

"Khædawund, there was no loitering: was not the old pulwar made to skim along the water as fast as a long-winged hawk?" replied the jumadar.

"Good," said I; "but yet, for all this said boasted despatch, ye arrived too late. Is it not so?"

"Khædawund, as the pulwar neared the decoits—may their mothers eat dirt!—did not the dogs of burnt fathers scatter every where like a flock of wild fowl in a jeel, scared by the shikaree?"*

"Doubtless," I resumed, jeeringly, "the achievements of Ruftum,† and the far-famed Secunder,‡ are trifles when compared with thy exploits. Hast taken any prisoners?"

"Nay, khædawund," replied the jumadar, while a sardonic grin transiently lighted up the Mussulman's swarthy visage; "nay, but, by the soul of the Prophet! were not the groans

of wounded men heard throughout the jungle, as loud, as frequent, as the croak of bull-frogs at the approach of the rainy monsoon?"

"A truce to such ribaldry in future," said I, peremptorily, feeling quite at a loss to account for the incoherency and strange recklessness of the jumadar's narration of events; "didst fall in with any of the muhajun's people?"

"Nay, khædawund," replied the jumadar, in a somewhat more staid manner; "yet, peradventure, they might be hidden within the jungle: but, of a surety, they answered not the shouts of your servants bringing succour."

"Then there are none saved? Is naught of the spoil retaken?" I demanded.

"Naught, khædawund!" was the reply of the leader of the burqundazes.§ "Your slave would make affirmation." continued the jumadar, "that divers corpses, charred by the flames, or gashed by tulwars, were witnessed floating about, and likewise much blood in pools on the sand, beside the shore of the creek, where lay the smoking carcasses of the fleet. Furthermore, Abdoolah, the chuo-keedar,|| having waded ashore, entered into the only budjeraw uncathed by fire, and, full of amazement, found the same, saving a shattered matchlock and certain fragments of broken shields, sacked thoroughly; by the Prophet, as empty as an ant-eaten cocoa-nut!"

"Then there is naught known concerning the muhajun's fate?" I inquired.

"Mara, what is past is gone," replied the jumadar; "that which is decreed is known to God. If the hour of the muhajun's destiny had come, what arm is there that could avert his doom? Peradventure, by this time may he not have become food for alligators. What can thy slave say more?"

"That budjerow, stranded on yonder shoal, was boarded by a dinky which sheered off as soon as your pulwar hove in sight round the headland. Dost know," I inquired, "whether the men on board are decoits,¶ or some of the muhajun's people?"

* Shikaree; Indian hunter, or fowler.

† Ruftum: a hero famous in the ancient legends of Persia.

‡ Secunder; Asiatic name for Alexander the Great.

§ Burqundazes; musketeers, or armed attendants.

|| Chuo-keedar; watchman.

¶ Decoits; river pirates.

"Nay, sahib," replied the jumadar, shaking his head significantly; "your slave is quite ignorant of this matter."

"Holla, Kureem! hast watched the dingy?" I demanded, turning aside and accosting the peon.

"Ay, sahib, but it lies now on the lee of yon sand-bank, far down the channel," replied Kureem, indicating at the same time to the left.

"Come, goleeah, climb up to the mast-head," I cried, "and tell what thou seest."

"There is no dingy in sight," cried the goleeah, after bounding up aloft like a flying squirrel.

"No! Is there, indeed, naught to be seen now?" I demanded.

"Nothing, sahib," replied the goleeah. "Yet, stop: ha, yes! there again, two men are creeping along the sand of the furthest-off shoal: now they crouch down. Ha, they have disappeared!"

"Enough, come down," said I. "Well, jumadar, why linger here any longer? That same dingy must be overhauled, if possible; the craft looks suspicious. Most assuredly the men on board her are either the muhajun's people, or else decoys. Did not some of them leap out of the stranded budge-row? What say ye all?" I resumed, appealing to the burkundazes, and whetting their appetite for plunder. "Mayhap some rich booty is aboard."

"'Tis well," answered the jumadar, after a brief deliberation with his men; "the hookin' is very good."

"Prepare to start," said I, "and leave three of the burkundazes here as a guard with the beauliah in my absence: I shall join you as a volunteer."

"Good, good! wherever there is a tumashu,† or tilting match in hand, there will the sahib log be always found," answered the jumadar, laughingly; and forthwith he proceeded to tell off his men for the duty, who clam-

bered up into the beauliah successively, each with his sword and shield.

"A gold moehur‡ to each man of you that will follow me!" I cried, wheeling round, and addressing my beauliah's daudees; for the jumadar had reported that his followers were desperately fatigued with pushing down so fast.

The goleeah, nobly answering the summons, stepped forward as a volunteer.

"What! no one else?" I exclaimed, affecting some surprise: "has gold lost its charm?"

"Sahib, I go," cried the goleeah's brother; a squat, but sinewy fellow withal, who slowly began to shuffle along the deck with an air of dogged resolution.

"Bravo!" said I; "thou art a lad of metal."

"Salaam, sahib," said the peon, bluntly, at the same time picking up his brass-studded shield, "shall Kureem be left behind? You, father and mother, sahib (an oriental hyperbole), of a surety thy servant will not willingly tarry behind in this hour of danger!"

"Nobly spoken! thou art a brave fellow, and shalt go likewise. Away!" said I, motioning with my hand to my volunteers to leap into the pulwar.

"Get ready the sweeps—quickly, ho!" cried the jumadar.

"Hurreedas, be vigilant!" said I, buckling on my sword, and sticking a brace of pistols in my belt; "keep a bright look out, old boy. Hallo, manjhee! stir not from this spot at your peril, and moor fast with the sand-bank again. Dost attend?—speedily now!" and having given my orders, I stepped after my three recruits into the pulwar.

At the jumadar's signal, the pulwar glanced past the beauliah and the other craft like a rocket, and rapidly shot down the innermost channel.

PARI VI.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PIRATES, AND THE JUMADAR'S REVENGE.

The sky was clear and cloudless; the moon still continued to shine with uncommon lustre; but, owing to a thin, gauze-like haze, distant objects were somewhat shrouded in a sort of dreamy indistinctness, and heavy banks of white fog were beginning to creep

sluggishly in snaky coils along the windings of the further shore. The headland which so recently had been the scene of strife and rapine was soon left far astern; yet, nevertheless, the site of this prominent landmark could still vaguely be descried through the

Hekm; an order. † Tumashu; a spectacle. ‡ Moehur; a gold coin.

haze by the dull red glare from the half-smothered embers of the mulajun's fleet. From time to time, as the smouldering masses were fanned into life by gusts of wind, a bright wavering pillar of flame, startling as the gleam of a signal-fire, overtopped the brushwood.

The breeze blew fair; momentarily the favouring current waxed stronger, and the sweeps were handled with right good will. As the pulwar skimmed onward steadily, close alongside the sandy shoals which seemed stretching out into infinitude, the clangour of the scared clouds of waterfowl, more deafening than the cawings of innumerable rookeries, prevented further conference; and I dreaded much lest this untimely uproar might give the alarm to the decoit's sentinels (if our suspicions that the men on board the dingy were in reality the pirates should prove correct), and notify our advance.

The jumadar waved his hand impatiently, and seemed by the rapid moving of his lips to be adjuring the screaming legions aloft to cease their ear-splitting clamour, with about as much success as attended the efforts of the haughty Persian, who wished at a word to enchain the boundless thiam by throwing shackles into its waves. Several times I essayed to speak; but one might have as well expected to be heard above the cory-vrekan's stunning boom, or amid the thunders of the surf on the Coromandel coast,—so, crouching down, I overhauled the pulwar fore and aft, inspected the arms and equipments of the burqundazes, and took an exact scrutiny of the combined forces in chase of the dingy.

The whole of the police patrol on board were Mahommetans to a man. Certain of the swordsmen, with their black bushy hair, flash turbans jauntily stuck on, and broad, gaudy cummerbunds,* were particularly wild, rakish-looking fellows; and the numerous notches in their battered, small, round shields, seemed to betoken smart service. Ten of the burqundazes carried matchlocks, about the length and size of long duck-guns; and ever and anon kept puffing at their lighted matches with as much gusto, apparently, as if they had been whiffing away some prime cheroots instead.

The jumadar was as swarthy as an Ethiopian, with full round features, and a Moorish cast of physiognomy. His eyebrows were finely arched; and no perfumed and braided Russian attaché of legation could have had his hair and moustaches arranged with more scrupulous nicety. His age might be about five-and-fifty, and his goatish beard had undergone some staining process,—

“The upper part of which was whey,
The nether orange, mixed with grey.”

A crimson-embroidered vest peeped through the slit on the left breast from beneath the white muslin frock. A serviceable-looking dagger was stuck in a voluminous Cashmere shawl encircling his waist. He carried carelessly in his hand his red Morocco-sheathed scimitar, and from time to time abruptly withdrew the crooked blade, and again returned it within the scabbard with a violent jerk. In his mode of expressing himself there was a quaintness, along with an abrupt and facetious raillery, occasionally comical; but the restlessness and excitement in his manner and speech woefully betrayed that every precept inculcated in the Koran or the Prophet had not been rigidly adhered to: in fact, the truth must not be longer withheld,—the jumadar had not yet become a member of the Asiatic Temperance Society, while in the glistening of his dark eye, the bang†-smoker and opium-eater stood confessed. A squab, dwarfish lad, posted close at hand, carried the jumadar's rusty bundook;‡ an antique-looking piece, furnished, however, with a puttár-kuffa, or flint-lock.

“Softly! rest on your sweeps,” I cried, as soon as I succeeded in effecting a hearing, just as we emerged from the innermost channel, and were rustling through a broad patch of reeds that partially choked up the muddy bar at its mouth.

“Come, Kureem, point out the shoal, now, where the dingy was last seen lying.”

The peon rose up, and peered cautiously over a low sandy reef, but made no answer.

“What! at fault, Kureem? hast lost the true bearings of the shoal?” I demanded.

* Cummerbunds; waist-cloths.

† Bang; preparation of hemp.

‡ Bundook, or bundoo; firelock.

"Fool!" said the jumadar, starting up, and accosting the peon jeeringly; "art blind? has fear taken away thy eyesight? Well, shall not two pair of eyes see further than one pair?"

The peon looked piqued and nettled at being repaid in his own coin, although he made no retort; but, raising himself on tiptoe, and stretching out his long scraggy neck, like a heron about to take wing, kept prying down the channel.

"Holla! goleeah; art sure thou sawest from the beaulah's mast-head two men creeping along the shoal?" I inquired.

"Ay, sahib," replied the goleeah.

"What! couldst swear to the fact by the water of the holy Gunga.* What sayest thou?" I demanded. "Was't not a brace of cranes, after all? Speak honestly, now. Harkye, my fine fellow! no dissembling here."

The goleeah stammered, and hesitated.

"Hush!" said the jumadar, standing in a listening attitude; "heard ye not the plash of paddles?"

"Look, sahib! yonder, yonder!" cried Kureem, stretching forth his hand to the left; "the dingy! the dingy!"

"The peon speaketh the words of truth!" exclaimed the jumadar, at the same instant: "there goes the craft."

On starting to our feet, the dingy, crowded with men, was witnessed by every soul in the pulwar, stealing along by the back of a chain of sandy islets; and we could, furthermore, plainly descry the people on board cowering and crouching down very low, as they wielded their paddles apparently for the purpose of courting concealment.

"Decoits,† by the soul of the Prophet!—yes, of a surety, decoits! May their households be accursed!" cried the jumadar triumphantly, after brief deliberation. "Alia! do the fond fools think themselves invisible?—do they take us for blind beetles?"

"Then they shall soon hear we can drone loudly," said I, snatching from the lad the jumadar's old bundook, and cocking the same. "Pull away, men; shove on, shove on fast,—away!"

Harsuen, the jumadar's ancient, or right-hand man, a fellow of Herculean mould, flinging aside his sword and

shield, and stripping to his paejamus,‡ in a vehement flurry, forthwith wielded one of the sweeps with the sinewy energy of a Titan. The lumbering hulk darted away with long, springy bounds, and "nobly walked the water."

"They will not be caught napping," said I, to the jumadar. "Look, how that infernal dingy crawls away through the shallows, like a black spider."

"By the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed the jumadar, compressing his lip, curling his mustaches, and looking exceedingly fierce; "may the face of your slave be blackened for ever, if that same black spider shall have leave to spurt out its venom any more! Are not those the same water-rats that sacked the muhajun's granary?"

"Are the matchlocks all charged properly?" said I.

"All ready, sahib," replied the jumadar. "Ullahee, how the pulwar springs forward, like a leopard new shipped from its hood!"

A low, narrow reef of sand, now only intervened, as a barrier betwixt the pursued and the pursuers; and as the pulwar edged nearer, bang went a solitary matchlock, and whiz there whistled a matchlock-ball close overhead.

"Steady!" I cried; "not a whisper, now. Hush! hush!" But one might as well have adjured the whirlwind to lull. The burqundazes, mad with fire, and instantly relinquishing their sweeps, raised a wild shrill yell, terrific as the North American Indian's war-whoop, and fired off their matchlocks almost at random.

The pulwar's whole broadside was feebly answered by a desultory shot or two from the dingy; and, ere the smoke eddied away, the startled bucaniers were paddling along at a most furious rate, without further pause.

"Bestir, bestir! pull away!" I shouted, having reserved my fire for closer range; and the peon's shrill voice reiterated the summons.

"To the sweeps, to the sweeps, ho!" cried the jumadar, snatching at the same moment a matchlock from one of his men, and ramming home in haste.

The Mussulman's hot blood was up, and all answered nobly to the call; but the timid Hindoos, although com-

* Gunga; the Ganges. The Hindoos are sworn on the water of this sacred river, and the Mussulmans on the Koran.

† Decoits; river pirates.

‡ Paejamus; trousers.

paratively fresh and vigorous, recoiling from danger, shrunk back, and wavered.

"Come, goleeah," I cried; "no hesitating or shrinking, mind ye; no gold mohurs if ye leave us in the lurch now. Come, cheerily handle your sweeps briskly."

The goleeah and his brother hung back for a moment; but the mention of gold, like a restorative cordial, or talisman, seemed to possess a revivifying power; and, apparently renewed with courage screwed up to the sticking-place, they manned the sweeps anew.

In consequence of this untoward delay, by the time that we reached the open channel the dingy had gained considerably a-head; and, hauling away somewhat towards the right bank, slyly ran for harbour—like Reynard hard-blown—to a solitary island, which, densely overran with jungle to the very brink of the current, seemed to float on the surface of the lake like expanse of waters.

What was the motive that prompted this new move,—whether the decoits intended there to run the dingy ashore, or merely glance close by, and escape by running under its lee, thereby throwing their pursuers off the scent, it was impossible to divine. Be that as it may, the burkundazes, anticipating some manœuvre, followed as stanchly in the pirate's wake, and yelled as fiercely as Cuba bloodhounds in full cry; but just as the dingy, closely hugging the island, was skimming past the very outermost ledge, it was seen to ground suddenly, and remain snugly stranded.

The Mussulmans shouted exultingly, and in a frenzy of joy fired off their matchlocks right and left, at random, to the imminent jeopardy of the heads and turbans of the men working the sweeps.

"Can water-rats be drowned?" cried the jumadar, triumphantly, spying the pirates leaping overboard, and essaying to shove off their stranded bark. "To juhunnum* with them; may the alligators snap them up!"

"Push on—push on!" Kureem shouted; but, despite every inspiring cry of the peon and jumadar, the pulwar unaccountably lagged behind, and tardily made up our lee-way. There was manifestly a hitch somewhere; the

sweeps, to be sure, creaked loudly as before; but the pulwar did not quiver throughout its every timber as formerly, at every stroke; and it seemed as though the current alone drifted us nearer. I turned round. Lo! the Hindoos were handling their sweeps gingerly, as if they had been bars of heated iron.

"Art asleep there, goleeah?" I shouted; "call ye this pulling with vigour? Henceforward cease this trifling; ply your arms to more purpose. What art fumbling at?"

"Coward, soor, what dost ~~do~~ dead!" cried the jumadar. "Ho! Huesnen, change berths with the daudees."

Accordingly, the Hindoos were hauled forwards, and stationed midships, where they would be comparatively shielded from danger, and the battle's brunt. While yet far distant, our matchlock-men began to blaze away fiercely, after a most irregular and disorderly fashion, apparently with no other aim in view than that of diffusing terror, and certainly with no other effect than startling the decoits, and stimulating them to redouble their efforts at release. In fact, this unwarrantable expenditure of ammunition, instead of damaging the enemy in the least, on the contrary, recoiled back on our own heads, by retarding our coming to close quarters; for, upon each volley, the men at the sweeps, cowering to a side, slunk from their posts,—thus causing the pulwar repeatedly to yaw-to, and become unmanageable.

"Ye fools!" cried the jumadar, in a voice of thunder, "ye do more harm than good! Reserve your fire. Hark ye, let no man level his piece until the signal is given—beware!"

So soon as we ran within matchlock shot's range of the stranded dingy, the sweeps were altogether relinquished, and the whole band of burkundazes simultaneously muttering a prayer and tightening their cummerbunds, sprung to their feet in haste. The swordsmen unsheathing their swords, threw down the scabbards; and the matchlock-men stood ready, match in hand, the pulwar all the while being permitted to drop down with the current; but scarce had the craft drifted onward untrammelled some three or four bamboo lengths, when whew! it grated on a sunken shoal, and swung tremulously to and

* Juhunnum; Pluto's domain.

from shoal water close under the lee of the island. It was now but too manifest that the pulwar, in consequence of being a bark of so much heavier burden, could not by any manœuvring be sheered close alongside the dingy at once, as was formerly determined upon.

"Wah, wah!" cried the jumadar at this juncture, "is not the dingy afloat again?"

Such was the tantalising fact. The accused gang had succeeded at last in heaving off from the quicksand, and, immersed up to their middles in water, were strenuously hauling the dingy across the flats, with loud shouts of triumph and defiance.

"Now, now; stand firm!" shouted the jumadar, "take steady aim—fire!"

Upon the first discharge, several wretches, desperately wounded, were seen to flounder about, and splash, right and left, convulsively in the water, with their outstretched hands, until the current finally drifted them away; and, at the second volley from the entire platoon of matchlock-men, the rest of the gang, with one exception, stripped quite naked and glistening with oil, made simultaneous springs out of the water, and glided away like a shoal of dying-fish pursued by an albicore. A gigantic fellow with a red turban, waving his tulwar, endeavoured, both by precept and example, to rally the panic-struck fugitives, and seemed loath to abandon the dingy to its fate without a tough struggle.

"To juhunnun with you, devil! Whose dog is he? Down with the savage!—shiver the cursed target to fragments!" cried the jumadar, leveling his piece deliberately at the red-turbaned desperado.

"Ha, jumadar, you've hit him; he is certainly winged!" said I, as I desisted, as soon as the smoke cleared away, the robber-chief's shattered arm dangling lifeless by his side, and the sword drop, with a sudden jerk, from his nerveless grasp. Anon the gigantic pirate, cowering down, slunk away across the shallows like a broken-winged crane.

Whiz there whistled an arrow within a hair's breadth of my head, and deeply transfixed Hæsuen's shoulder. Poor Hæsuen, writhing in anguish, hastily raised his hand to his breast with a convulsive start, reeled back, and would have dropped to the bottom of the

pulwar if Kureem had not caught him in his arms.

The jumadar, perfectly frantic with rage, tore off his turban in desperation, and struck his forehead vehemently with his clenched fist, while the trembling Hindoos, cowering down, sought shelter beneath our feet.

Under cover of the jungle, the pirates, rendered desperate by being cooped up in a corner, and ferocious as tigresses bereaved of their whelps, on being forced to throw overboard their ill-gotten spoil to facilitate their flight, began in right earnest to shew their teeth. A brisk, though desultory fire of matchlocks, began to open upon us, with repeated flights of arrows; but fortunately, volley after volley whistled past harmlessly, or merely riddled the pulwar, both fore and aft, without effecting any other damage than splintering some of the upper timbers, and boring sundry small fissures not bigger than auger-holes in the side below the water-mark; through which, however, jets of water began to gurggle.

"Shall the faithful be discomfited by those accursed dogs of burnt fathers? May their households be doomed to perdition!" shouted the jumadar, tearing off long shreds from his turban to plug up the shot-holes.

Meanwhile a dropping, irregular fire, was kept up from the pulwar, with little or no effect apparently; for it seemed impossible to effect a dislodgment, or entlade thoroughly the position of our invisible foes, who continued to pepper away marvellously fast from behind their barricade of living bamboos.

After endeavouring, for some time, at the urgent solicitation of the jumadar, to withdraw the shaft of the arrow which was sheathed in Hæsuen's shoulder-blade far beyond the socket, I desisted abruptly, for the writhings and startling shrieks of the wounded man under the process of extrication began to depress and stagger the minds of his surrounding comrades, who, by huddling too closely together, were evidently fast falling into confusion.

"This random sort of firing will never tell upon the decoits," said I, in a whisper, as the jumadar and I held together a short council of war.

"Khædawund," replied the jumadar, "give but the hækm, thy slave shall see it obeyed."

"Tis well," said I; "away with

this flurry and confusion; let all the matchlock-men lie down at once to load, and all spring up together; give them the benefit of a general volley or two from the whole platoon."

"Good!" said the jumadar. Ho, there, khuburdar! No firing, remember, until all of ye are charged and ready; and hark ye! when the word is given, level low; the mark is yonder!" and forthwith he signalled with his hand toward the bamboo brake, from whence the flashes of the pirates' matchlocks were last seen to issue.

"The devils on shore would fain sting," said I, during the brief pause that here ensued; "but their ammunition must be well nigh expended, their fire is fast slackening."

"Or their powder has got wetted," quoth the jumadar. "See how their spent-balls are dropping in the water before reaching the pulwar, whereas formerly they were wont to come whistling overhead."

"That one is near enough, however," cried Kureem, coolly, as a long random shot smashed an empty gurrâh, or earthen pitcher, which was lying among some rubbish at the bottom of the pulwar.

"Now, are ye all charged and ready?" cried the jumadar.

"Yes, yes, jumardarjee!" answered the whole band of matchlock-men in one breath.

"Steady!" cried the jumadar; "no flinching; level low—fire!"

A loud crashing of twigs, succeeded by half-stifled gasps and moans, together with the total silencing of the enemy's musquetry, told full well of the accurate precision of our platoon firing. A second, and then a third general volley, which must have raked pretty thoroughly the bamboo brake, was likewise not answered by a single piece. Having ascertained promptly that the pulwar could be shoved off the sand-bar at a moment's warning, by poling with bamboos, hasty preparations were made for an immediate sally.

"By the beard of the Prophet, the decoits are indifferently well riddled! Are not the water-rats fairly caught in a trap!" cried the jumadar. "Ho, come along; follow!" and thereupon leaping overboard, sword in hand, he pushed on towards the dingy, immersed up to the arm-pits in water.

In a trice not a soul remained in the pulwar, with the exception of the wounded Hossuen and the Hindoos, with a guard of some four or five matchlock-men. On plunging close alongside the abandoned dingy, the reason of the pirates surrendering it so easily was now made manifest, for several bullets had pierced the timbers through and through, almost scuttling it thoroughly, and the water was gushing through in numerous places. Almost every thing transferable had been thrown overboard in the chase, or carried off by the pirates. A gold embroidered scarf, dabbled with blood, floated uppermost, and several naked corpses lay athwart some fragments of broken lackered boxes and shattered paddles.

"There was now a short, solemn pause, which, after the reiterated uproars and long continued din, was absolutely felt to be more startling than the wildest howl or whoop of the burkundazes. The jumadar, followed by one of his men, who gave a knowing leer to the rest of his comrades, clambering over the dingy's side, tossed aside the gore-crimsoned scarf, and began fishing with their hands, up to the elbows in water, for any chance bags of coin or stray prize, seemingly utterly reckless of the defilement in touching the bodies of the dead.

"God is merciful!" cried the jumadar, in an ecstasy of delight, as he hooked up a gold bangle and held it up in triumph, chuckling all the while at his good fortune. The acquisition of such glorious spoil was the signal for one and all of the encompassing burkundazes to clamber likewise on board this rich river carack. Never was Spanish galleon, freighted with the riches of the New World, boarded with more fiery haste by an exulting crew, whose glimmering visions of solid bars of bullion and prize-money lured and beckoned on. Thenceforward, in their hot lust after Mammon, there ensued such struggling, and diving, and wrangling, among all hands on board the dingy, as could only be equalled by a squad of urchins scrambling for precedence within a fresh-emptied sugar-hogshead.

No Cingalese pearl-diver at his avocation in quest of "the treasures of the deep," could fish more eagerly or dive

longer under water, than did the avaricious old jumadar in search of the duplicate bangle. Ever and anon, after a lengthy dive, all dragged and dripping with wet, he rose to the surface above the outstretched necks and turbaned heads of his followers, puffing and blowing like a very gram-pus.

Had the decoits effectually rallied at this juncture, doubtless every one of those self-same fortune-hunters would have been knocked on the head and put *hors de combat* in detail. In fact, no band of reeling drunkards could have been more helpless and thoroughly disorganised.

Anticipating a surprise, I pulled a pistol from my belt; and shaking out the damp priming, reprimed afresh and kept anxious guard, while fitfully the tall rustling reeds of the jungle moaned, and the loud wailings of Hæsuën, in tremulous iterations, came wafted on the breeze.

"Ho! toss here that scarf," I cried, pointing to one of the burkundazes, who had just fished up a broken dagger.

"Salaam, sahib," said the man, handing to me the blood-stained trophy.

There was, at this moment, a prolonged and deeper moan of anguish from the pulwar in the offing, that startled me not a little.

"Holla, there!" I cried; "hist, heard ye that?"

The whole band, alarmed at my abrupt call, springing up, stood bolt upright.

"What, sahib? where, sahib?" all inquired, with flurried, anxious looks.

"Verily, ye all take it coolly," said I; "how can ye loiter here in calmness and apathy, and remain so deaf to the groans of your wounded comrade? What! call ye yourselves true believers, and yet notwithstanding shall Hæsuën die unavenged! Behold that scarf in mine hand; ay, look well thereon; where is its owner now? Perdition seize the demons who shed that blood. I conjure ye to rise and take vengeance!"

"'Tis well spoken; thy servants are in fault, and have erred!" said the jumadar, submissively pushing his men

overboard. "Blood for blood! blood for blood! the dogs of burnt fathers shall swallow fire!"

Having mustered in force on a narrow ridge of dry sand, some half arrow's flight or so from the edge of the jungle, there was held a general council of war, to determine our ulterior operations.

"The fox must first be unearthed," said I; "shall we beat up the jungle thoroughly? What say you all? Come, Kureem, speak freely."

"Hearken unto thy servant," quoth the peon. "Will not bruised snakes bite the heels of him who tramples upon them. Oh, sahib, refrain from entering the jungle."

"By the beard of the Prophet," cried the jumadar, "the peon hath spoken wisdom; the words are those of truth. May my face be blackened, if a man might not as easily pass through the poisonous terrai, at the close of the rainy monsoon, as traverse that cursed jungle, wherein lurk those venomous snakes. Ullahee, shall not the whole nest of vipers be scorched to dust and ashes, and that right quickly?"

"Why, in what manner?" said I: "what wild words are these? Art thou a magician?"

"Hearken," said the jumadar; "your slave, accompanied by Abdoola, the chuo-kee-dar, will steal close up to the jungle, and first reconnoitre, and then for the tumashu."

"Good," I replied, nodding assent. "Away, then," while my curiosity was strongly roused, for there was a sinister laughing devil in the jumadar's glittering eye, and a wild reckless abandonment in his whole demeanour and deportment, inspired, no doubt, by bang, opium, and ire, that boded no good to any one that might chafe or contradict him.

"Ho, Abdoola!" said the jumadar, "be of good cheer. Is thy matchlock charged?"

"Ay, jumadarjee," replied the chuo-kee-dar, doggedly.

"Hand me thy piece, then, and the match; and here, take my sword. Off with thy shoes—quick, quick!" said the jumadar, in a great flurry.

The burkundazes now began earnestly to whisper among themselves

* Terni; a dense jungle, or wilderness, stretching along the base of Himalaya Mountains. So pestiferous is this forest barrier, that at certain seasons the terrain is instinctively shunned by the very brute creation; and it may be literally termed "the valley of the shadow of death."

concerning this mysterious reconnoissance, undertaken with so much secrecy and stealthiness.

"When my hand signals thus," cried the jumadar, wheeling sharply round, "then fire, and that quickly—there will be danger nigh. Come, Abdoola, come along; cower down—down, I say."

Abdoola and his chief, crawling cautiously forward through the shallows, slowly edged away towards an opening in the jungle, somewhat lower down the channel.

"See, see!" said one of the burqundazes, eagerly. On looking toward the quarter indicated, a low dark object, partially concealed by a brake of bamboos, and which had all along been mistaken for a charred stump of a tree, suddenly glided away. In a twinkling the pirate's scout had vanished.

"Stand fast—no skirmishing now!" I shouted, stepping between, and restraining some of the swordsmen, who made an attempt to dash forward at tangent in pursuit.

Pacing to and fro, I waited impatiently for the jumadar's reappearance, and listened with breathless expectation; while some of the men, lying down on the shelf of sand, brackened very earnestly. At length I obtained a hasty glance of the jumadar's tattered turban.

"Look, look, look! the jumadar is yonder!" cried all the burqundazes one after the other, in a sort of running gruff accompaniment: whereupon our two scouts abruptly started out of the thicket, as if pursued by a whole swarm of angry bees; but the jumadar made no signal of danger.

"Ho, stand on your guard!—hold—reserve your fire!" I cried, prepared to advance, pistol in hand.

"Wah, wah! what flash was that? From whence cometh this crackling noise," quoth Kureem.

Anon spiral wreaths of white and yellow smoke curled over the top of the brushwood. The jumadar had fired the jungle.

"Aha, aha, aha!" said I; "not well that the decoits should swallow fire!"

"God is great!" shouted the jumadar, exultingly, as he came plunging through the shallows, "the hour of the muhajun's revenge is already come. By the head of the Prophet, Hæsuen shall be avenged, and that right speedily! Tarry not: to the pulwar—away!"

This retrograde movement was effected without the slightest molestation; and re-embarking, we instantly weighed, and, taking cautious soundings, stood in over the flooded flats, in order to open a raking fire upon the pirates, should they make a rally. When within pistol-shot range of the stranded dingy, the pulwar bumped suddenly against a sunken shoal, jolting cruelly poor Hæsuen, who had been lying, in a kind of swoon, athwart some timbers. Tortured by the sudden jolt, he essayed to rise, and shrieked aloud. Clammy drops, big as beads, bedewed his blanched forehead; his livid lips quivered, and cold tremors shook his herculean frame. Occasionally tossing his left arm vehemently to and fro, he gasped for breath, while his broad labouring chest heaved convulsively. His comrades, humming his wish, slowly raised him up, and propped him so as to prevent his reeling backward. A faint smile, and then a transient frenzied expression of feature, like the scowl of defiance of the vanquished gladiator, flared across the ghastly visage of the dying man, as his lustreless eye caught the bright ruddy glare of the burning ash, which now began to glow with the fiery redness of a volcano.

The withered reeds and rotten underwood had ignited like tinder; and the flames, fanned by the breeze, rolled along the ground in lengthy trails, like wildfire, with a booming, crackling noise. The giant jungle grass, dense as patches of ripened grain, waited on the conflagration in the very eye of the wind; and the blazing bamboos, as the water and sap contained therein was converted into steam, ever and anon split asunder with the clanging detonations. The bickering flames, spinning every opposing banner, leaped quivering down the steep banks of the intersecting nullas, in fiery cataracts, and the heat and glow, fervid as the breath from a fiery crater, grew more and more stifling; while the moon, lately so bright and purely radiant, now eclipsed, loomed redly through the smoke's dusky haze.

"Wah, wah! a snake of fire, a snake of fire!" cried Kureem, eyeing in wrapt amazement a bright speckled serpent, whose bronze-hued scales, like burnished mail, gleamed luridly in the ruddy light, glide out of the crackling underwood, and dart forth in a wavy

zigzag motion along a ridge of sand, like forked lightning.

"Ullahce, ullahl is not the soul of yon red-turbaned giant transmigrated into that cursed snake!" cried the jumadar, greatly excited. And then turning round, and edging towards me, he resumed: "Muraj, is it not written that scorpions encompassed by fire will sting themselves to death?"

"It is so written," I replied: "well, what of that?"

"Then," quoth the jumadar, "tis time those same scorpion decoits used their daggers, or else they will be turned into fire-whippers, like the Guebres of old—Ha, ha, ha!"

"What!" said I, "is there not a chance of their saving themselves by swimming across to the further shore?"

"No, no, Khodawund," replied the jumadar; "they must be devils then, and not men, to swim over those far-flushing waters."

"Plenty of roast meat for the vultures," quoth Kureem, with a congratulatory chuckle, that at such a time grated on the ear with a strange harshness.

"May their households be accursed!" cried the jumadar, scowling fiercely, and yet all the while affecting to laugh. "By the Prophet, the dogs of burnt fathers shall be toasted brown, like kubabs* on a skewer. Didst ever see such a glorious suttee†?"

"Is there not a right good supply of fuel for the suttee," said one of the matchlockmen, in response to the jumadar's fiendish ribaldry, gloating in ecstasy on the billows of fire rolling booming past.

"And not a pice to pay to the wood-merchant?" cried a second.

"Where is there a snivelling old Brahmin to mutter a prayer?" shouted a third.

"Here," cried the fourth, with a loud laugh, seizing hold of the goleeah's brother, and giving him a smart smack on the back. The trembling Hindoo looked aghast, as if he had heard blasphemy.

"Ho, where are the tomtoms‡ and cymbals, to celebrate the suttee with due solemnity!" cried another, with a serio-comic puzh.

"Here is music," shouted the jumadar, firing off his piece at random. "Is it not the foreign fashion to fire volleys over the dead? Ho, goleeah, when was your mother burnt?"

The goleeah shrunk back, and looked imploringly upwards.

"Hark ye, a word in thy ear, jumadar," said I: "launch your jibes elsewhere; the goleeah is one of my followers."

The jumadar seemed taken quite aback and disconcerted, as he attempted to stammer out some unintelligible apology.

"Look, look!" cried Kureem, abruptly; "I see a man's hand stretched forth! Ha, it is gone—the smoke hath hidden it! Hist! Heard ye not that shriek?"

"Where? when?" inquired the burqundazes, in a whisper, listening eagerly.

The peon had spoken truth. Again there was heard but too distinctly, issuing from the depths of the blazing jungle, another half-stifled scream, startling and thrilling as a death-knell. Then there succeeded a low-prolonged wail of anguish, wrung from some struggling wretch. Even the fierce and savage Mussulmans, who but a moment ago had been jeering and laughing with ferocious glee and demoniac remorselessness, now seemed thoroughly startled by that wail of agony, and awed by some mysterious dread, stood as if spell-bound, with eyes riveted on the glowing isle. Ay, even the jumadar was silenced; and thenceforward, leaning on the muzzle of his firelock, he gazed on the awful scene without uttering a word.

In mid channel, the illumined Ganges glimmered like a lake of ignited bitumen; and the diverging currents, as they slowly rolled past, rippling and hissing on the glowing shores of this volcanic isle, were crimsoned with the lurid glare, and gleamed with the dazzling vividness of streams of molten lava. In the distance, each sandy islet and jutting bank, vividly lighted up, stood forth in bold and bright relief from the funeral sables of the far-stretching forests; while the clear burnished equipments of the burqundazes,

* Kubabs; pieces of roast-meat.

† Sutte; the immolation fire by which the Hindoo widow was wont to be consumed to ashes, along with the body of her deceased husband.

‡ Tomtoms; Indian drums.

glittering on board the pulwar, flashed back the ruddy refulgence. Innumerable gigantic cranes and vultures, scared from their ancient roosting haunt, flapping their dusky wings, soared on high, and drifted away majestically, or hovered overhead among the murky clouds of smoke, like demons of darkness, ready to pounce down on the devoted wretches writhing amid this fiery deluge.

Day had dawned, and the rising sun found us still lingering in the offing,

beside the isle of the pirates, which was now glowing red and luridly, like the smouldering embers of a vast funereal pyre.

"By the Prophet!" said the jumadar, after a long pause, handing his honey-combed firelock to the young Moor, and slackening his cummerbund, "the wasps that stung the muhajun to death have been smoked out, and of a surety shall sting no more. Man the sweeps! Ho, away! What need is there of any further tarrying?"

WHIGS AND TORIES.

No. IV.*

ALTHOUGH we fear that, as reviews of Mr. Cooke's book, our articles under this head can excite but small interest, because his book has few readers, we redeem our pledge by continuing the *History of Party* to the present time.

We left off where Mr. Cooke, with remarkable disingenuousness, summed up the deeds of the two parties, at that precise period which enabled him to charge against the Tories (not justly, but plausibly) all the evils of a long war; and to omit the magnificent triumphs, political and military, with which it was concluded. After this display of partiality, or, as we suspect, of blindness, he gives us a fresh definition of Whig and Tory:—

"That very ambiguous phrase, the British constitution, has two distinct meanings, and its interpretation must depend upon the party of the person by whom it is pronounced. In the mouth of a Whig, it is a democracy, tempered, but not controlled by the prerogatives of a sovereign, and the intervention of an aristocracy; in the mouth of a Tory, since the accession of the house of Hanover, it is an aristocracy fortified with all the prerogatives of the crown, and tempered, but not controlled, by the admixture of popular influence."†

We would challenge Mr. Cooke to produce the Tory writer who makes the *aristocracy* the cardinal point; what he has put into the mouth of a Tory would have been more accurately ascribed to a Whig. It is for "the great Whig aristocracy" that the powers of government have been claimed by

Whiggish writers. To style the constitution a *democracy*, is very modern Whiggery indeed.

According to Mr. Cooke, the Whigs had determined, in 1710, "to strip the aristocracy of their nomination boroughs," and "to deprive the Church of its monopoly of political power." It is a great error to treat the nomination boroughs as having been exclusively in the hands of the aristocracy, unless, under that term, we include the *aristocracy of wealth*. In Glatton, in Malmesbury—even in Old Sarum, and elsewhere, it was money, and not rank or family, that had acquired the influence.

But it is not true that the Whigs had taken up parliamentary reform as a principle of their party; and as for the influence of the Church, it is impossible even to understand what Mr. Cooke means by it. Neither in 1710, nor for twenty years previous or subsequent, was there any indication of the intentions which he confidently ascribes to the Whigs.

Mr. Cooke's misrepresentations of the objects of the Whigs are the more unpardonable, because about this time there were written discussions among all the parties in the state (excepting only the scarcely formed ultra-popular party), and the sentiments of all are recorded. In these, there is not *one word* upon any *constitutional* point whatever, or upon any point which divided Whigs and Tories, and not the remotest allusion either to parliamentary reform, or to prerogative, influence,

* See vol. xviii. p. 298.

† Cooke, vol. iii. p. 482.

corruption, to the education of the people, to legal reform, to the relief of the Protestant Dissenters, or to Church reform.

When Mr. Perceval, on the dissolution of the Portland ministry,* and again on the termination of the restricted regency,† made overtures to Lords Grenville and Grey, the answers referred to the Catholic question only; indeed the union of these two statesmen is in itself enough to destroy Mr. Cooke's theories. During the French war, they had been opposed to each other upon every question of constitutional, as well as of foreign policy. They now jointly led a great party; Lord Grenville had been the oldest champion of what Mr. Cooke calls Toryism; and now he neither repudiated the designation of Whig, which the party assumed, nor was reproached with any desertion of principle.

On the death of Mr. Perceval himself, the discussions were more extensive. But, two points only were brought forward, the extension of the scale of the war in the Peninsula,—a point upon which the leaders of the Whigs differed among themselves, and which, as involving no principle, may be dismissed,—and Catholic Emancipation. That was the point of difference between the party of Lord Liverpool, and the parties of Lords Grey, Grenville, Wellesley, and Mr. Canning. When we recollect that of these four men, three had been strenuous Pittites, and that several of the friends of Lord Liverpool were not opposed to the Emancipation in principle, it is idle to talk of this as a point of difference between *Whigs* and *Tories*. Certainly during Mr. Perceval's administration, it was a leading point of difference between *ins* and *outs*; but even this state of things ceased when Lord Liverpool formed his administration in 1812, and made Emancipation "an open question."

The party history of this period is misunderstood by Mr. Cooke; we admit that it is not very easy to make a narrative out of the published correspondence of the several negotiations carried on in the spring of 1812; but what follows is essentially wrong:

"Upon the death of Perceval, Lord Liverpool was, in the first instance, authorised by the Prince Regent to form an administration. The earl's first application was to Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning; but these influential men, finding that Lord Castlereagh was to retain the secretarship for foreign affairs, and to have the lead in the House of Commons, and that the Catholic question was still to remain unsettled, refused to treat. When this failure became known, an address was carried by a small majority against the ministers, praying the Prince Regent to appoint an efficient administration."‡

Now, there is not in the correspondence which preceded Mr. Stuart Wortley's motion for that address, one word of objection to Lord Castlereagh. That nobleman had absented himself from the cabinet when the arrangements were discussed, and had declared that he wished to be no obstacle in the way of an arrangement. When Lord Wellesley was told that it was the wish of Lord Liverpool and his colleagues, that Castlereagh should lead the House of Commons, his only answer was, that he, Lord Wellesley, had no wish to lead the House of Lords. This eminent opponent of French principles, and chosen disciple of Pitt, had also objected to the exclusion of "the old opposition;" another symptom of the confusion of parties.

But our author confounds this negotiation with one that occurred, when Lord Liverpool having, for the second time, received the royal command to form a government, requested Mr. Canning (not Lord Wellesley) to join it. Castlereagh and Canning mutually declared their readiness to act together; and Castlereagh, with singular liberality, offered to yield to Canning the office for foreign affairs, taking for himself that of chancellor of the exchequer. But he would not yield, nor would his colleagues permit him to yield, the lead of the House of Commons; and upon that point the negotiation broke off. We now speak of facts familiar to every body who lived in those days. Some friends of Mr. Canning (for there was a difference of opinion among them) persuaded him to insist upon this surrender as well as the other.

* See the correspondence in *Monthly Magazine*, Nov. 1809.

† Ann. Reg. 1812, p. 329.

‡ Ibid. p. 346.

§ P. 493.

|| See the *Life of Wilberforce*, vol. iv. p. 38.

With this exception, we believe Mr. Cooke's narrative of the complicated negotiations of 1812 to be correct, and it entirely destroys his theory of party. It is remarkable that almost in the same page in which he speaks of the Catholic question as a Whig and Tory question, he tells us that of Lord Liverpool's colleagues in the House of Lords, four voted for it, and two against it! It had never been a Whig and Tory question; it had now ceased to be a party question. It ceased at least to be a question which divided the government and its opponents.

The difference of numbers upon Canning's motion in 1812, for the consideration of the subject in another session, and on Grattan's in 1813 for bringing in a bill, is gratuitously accounted for by Mr. Cooke, by the exertions of the clergy at the intervening election.* As usual, he fails to give any proof of this, by mentioning any election at which it occurred. The truth is, that Mr. Canning's was what is called a *catching* motion; and it did catch many of the staunchest opponents of Catholic Emancipation (Mr. Vansittart, for instance, and Mr. Banks) who continued to vote against the measure itself. But it is so far from being true, that "the advocates of the Catholics became (after the general election of 1812) a small minority in the legislature," that they lost the question in that parliament by two voices only.†

It is unnecessary to advert again; to the common-place errors of Mr. Cooke on the origin of the war which was about this time concluded; but there are some serious, and some almost laughable misstatements in his account of the domestic pressure which followed its termination.‡ We believe it to be true that the cessation of the expenditure and excitement of the war, brought distress upon several classes of industrious persons, and rendered others less tolerant of their sufferings. And it may, perhaps, be admitted that the ministers did not, in the first instance, perceive that, in this state of

things, many of their Tory friends would call for economy and reduction of taxes as a remedy, and that the strength of their Whig opponents, who could not fail to seize so effective a topic of opposition, would thus be augmented and made more respectable. Whether reduction of expense and taxes did really constitute a remedy, is a question of political economy not to be discussed here. Nor is it at all clear—we might say more confidently, it is not at all probable—that any measures which the government could have adopted, with a due regard to public faith and just claims, would have precluded the necessity of those acts of coercion and extraordinary power, to which parliament had recourse between 1815 and 1820.

These measures, says Mr. Cooke, were opposed by "*the Whigs*;" he has omitted the memorable exceptions of Mr. William Lamb, now Lord Melbourne; Lord Stanley, now Earl of Derby; and Mr. Plunkett, now Lord Plunkett. §

To the hard words which are bestowed upon "*the Six Acts*" which followed the Manchester affair in 1817, we would oppose a fact within our own knowledge, that within a few years after their passing it was a matter of discussion in private companies, and with respect to one of them in the House of Commons itself, whether they continued in existence: so entirely imaginary was their pressure upon the people.

Mr. Cooke pauses at this time to represent the Whigs as the moderate party in the nation, holding a balance between Tories and Radicals, and he instances the *moderation* of the parliamentary reform which Lord John Russell at this time proposed.¶ He forgets that, at this time, some of the most considerable members of the Whig party were opposed to reform. Some of the best speeches against it had been made by Lord Milton** and Mr. John William Ward †† Mr. Lamb, too, was a decided opponent of every measure of Parliamentary Reform that was proposed.‡‡ And in the House of Lords there were several Whigs who, if they

* P. 497.

† Butler, vol iv. pp. 13, 14.

‡ See our vol. viii. p. 313.

§ P. 500.

¶ See Parl. Deb., xli. 874, and 1012, lists of divisions. There were several Whig supporters of less note.

** Dec. 11, 1819, Parl. Deb., xli. 1091.

†† 21st May, 1810, xvii. 137.

‡‡ 8th May, 1812, xxiii. 113.

‡‡ See xli. 555, where Mr. Lamb refers to his opposition to reform; and see the *Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1839, note at the end.

had not declared against reform, had certainly not publicly adopted it as a part of their political creed. Had Lord John Russell now proposed a violent alteration, he must have deserted "the great Whig aristocracy," of which he was a member, and put himself at the head of the third party, which had now little weight. A line in politics can only be truly worthy of praise, if persevered in, when a deviation would serve the interests of him who adopts it. Is Mr. Cooke ready to submit the moderation of his Whigs to this test?

Of the Cato Street conspiracy, Mr. Cooke says that it arose out of, "the strong and bitter hatred engendered by oppression." It really is not easy to deal with a sentence like this, and to preserve the language of propriety towards the gentleman who penned it! We will not be tempted to say, that the writer of this sentence has placed himself on a level with Thistlewood and Ings, but we would ask, Who were oppressed, how, and by whom?

Of the misrepresentations to which, in the slenderous volume before us, the Tories have been subjected, few are more notable than that which follows. The author speaks of Mr. Brougham's exertions in the cause of education. "Many Whigs," he says, "thought his views chimerical,—*all Tories thought he was demoralising the people.*"* They attempted to avoid the course they could not stop. The National Society sprang into being, schools multiplied, and education proceeded."†

In what year the National Society was formed by an extensive association of churchmen and of laymen, in great part, perhaps principally, Tories, we cannot at this moment recollect; but we undertake to say with perfect confidence, that it *preceded*, by some years, the introduction of Mr. Brougham's plan of education. For many years previous, places of education had been multiplied through the country, certainly without any reference to politics. Almost all the ministers of the Church of England (whom Mr. Cooke always designates as Tories) had been concerned in schemes for edu-

cating the poor; and Sunday-schools, we believe, arose about fifty years ago. About 1809, or sooner, arose the Lancasterian system, by which education was greatly facilitated. The National Society soon followed; and, in the year 1816, Mr. Brougham took up the subject in parliament, with a view to making education a concern of the state.

"The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*," says Mr. Cooke, "the organs of their several parties, exchanged the epithets, bigot and infidel."‡ If this were so (of which there is no proof), there was probably exaggeration on both sides. As we do not recognise these able periodicals as the organs of party, we shall not hunt through their pages for the proofs of Mr. Cooke's assertion; but we observe that the only article§ to which he refers us, so little bears out his averment, that he is obliged to reject it as "genuine Toryism, for it was written by Canning." We say pretty confidently, that only a part of it was written by that eminent person, who, however, furnished to it many pages of conclusive reasoning and pungent satire. His coadjutors, we believe, were men who would have been marked by Mr. Cooke as "bitter Tories;" though, for our parts, we know of no Tory more genuine than Mr. Canning. We do not, however, repudiate the charge which Mr. Cooke expresses in the terms, "the Tories have always looked upon education as an instrument of proselytism in the hands of the establishment." It is, we hope and trust, the opinion of the greater number of Tories, that if it is the duty of a governor to educate the people, it is his duty to teach them those principles of religion which he believes to be true.

That the ministers excluded Mr. Brougham from the Charity Commission from apprehension of "the disclosures which would follow his appointment," is another of Mr. Cooke's fancies. As to the exclusion, or any application to be included, we know nothing, nor we suspect does Mr. Cooke; but why should the disclosures be peculiarly embarrassing to the ministers?

* P. 518.

† P. 519.

‡ In 1811, the *Quarterly* (vi. 261) claimed for the churchman, Dr. Bell, for the precedence in the system of mutual instruction; and in 1814 (xii. 148) it warmly recommended education, as tending to the improvement of the people.

§ *Quarterly*, No. 38.

The Mechanics' Institutes were another of Mr. Brougham's conceptions, and Mr. Cooke does not venture to say that the Tories opposed them. As he is apt to resort to the *Quarterly Review* for an exposition of Tory sentiments, we would refer him to an article upon these institutions in the thirty-second volume* of that work. In this the author, a clergyman, as we believe, of the Church of England, gave an opinion from which, we suspect, nobody will now dissent, that "the probable benefits and the probable dangers of these associations have been alike exaggerated." Their author, it is true, is characterised in a passage which we earnestly recommend to perusal.

We now come to Joseph Hume, and readily admit that he subjected the public accounts and estimates to a perseverance and minuteness of criticism to which they had never before been subjected; many savings, some useful and some hurtful reforms, were the result. But Mr. Hume is no Whig; and in this task he succeeded, and in some measure superseded, the most inveterate of the Tories, especially Mr. Banks. He was of course generally supported by the Whigs, as all opposition to the government would naturally be; but he was also supported, though with more discrimination, by many of the Tories, especially the agriculturists. Admitting all this, which proves nothing for Mr. Cooke's theories, we shall not stop to notice his delusion about "designed confusion of the national accounts," and other such matters, of which he is entirely ignorant.

In mentioning the unsuccessful motion in favour of the Catholics in 1821, it is said that "Peel was the only Tory orator of note;"† meaning that Peel was the only distinguished member of the government who spoke against the concession. Does not Mr. Cooke see that this statement is in itself sufficient to shew, what every body but he knows,

that Toryism and opposition to the Catholics did not go together?—and that he has no right to speak of Mr. Wetherell as the representative of the real Tory party? But he possibly means that this "eccentric speaker" came more nearly than any other to his notion of a Tory—a notion already shewn abundantly to be totally inapplicable to modern times. It is in furtherance of this unwarranted assertion, that Lord Eldon is represented as "the real minister;" a proposition perfectly gratuitous.‡

We now come to that which turned out to be the most important event in the history of party, the separation of the Tories in 1827, after the incapacitation of Lord Liverpool; when, upon Mr. Canning's appointment to the premiership, Mr. Peel and other members of the late cabinet separated from him. Our author extracts a passage from the *Edinburgh Review*,§ in which Mr. Peel is charged with inconsistency, or something worse, because, when he refused in 1827 to serve under a prime minister favourable to the Catholics, he had before his eyes a letter to Lord Liverpool, written in 1825, in which he had avowed his opinion that "the measure ought to be conceded."

That letter, so far as we are acquainted with it,|| purported that he was unwilling to retain the post of secretary for the home department, with a House of Commons favourable to that side of this important question which he opposed. In 1827, he expressed the same feeling, when a minister equally differing from him in that respect was appointed—such appointment almost certainly leading to the triumph of the Catholics in the House of Commons. Not one word to the effect that the measure ought to be conceded. However we may lament Mr. Peel's decision in 1827, however deeply we deplore its consequences, we cannot charge it with inconsistency.¶

But we believe Mr. Cooke to be justified in his suspicion, that there

* P. 412.

† P. 523.

‡ Among lesser misrepresentations, we notice the statement that, "when Mr. Williams Wynn became president of the India Board in 1822, another of the Grenville party had minor appointments to the amount of 4000*l.* a-year." The only ground for this we believe to be that two of that party had offices, with salaries amounting together to three thousand pounds!

§ Vol. lxxv. p. 281.

|| Mr. Peel's speech, 5th March 1829. Parl. Deb., xx. 731.

¶ Mr. Cooke expresses, in a subsequent page (560), some doubt of the correctness of the *Edinburgh Review*.

were other causes than the Catholic question for this unfortunate decision. One, indeed, of the seceders (Lord Melville, a most upright and honourable man) agreed with Mr. Canning upon that question. But we have no doubt but that several of the seceders had a personal indisposition to serving under Canning. Some had not forgiven his alleged treatment of Lord Castlereagh; others, perhaps, thought him an enemy to the aristocracy; some thought him too intimate with certain of the Whig leaders. Be all this as it may, the division which this secession occasioned in the party of which Lord Liverpool had been the head, led by no very indirect course to the triumph of its opponents. But there was in this no question of Whig and Tory principles.

Those principles, however—or the principles, rather, of the two parties—did now come into question. It is true, as Mr. Cooke says, that Mr. Canning's cabinet—into which, after making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to compose it entirely of the friends of the late government, he introduced a few Whigs—was subjected to certain restrictions. Upon Mr. Canning and his particular friends one only was imposed, namely, that, *for two years*, the Catholic question was not to be brought forward. This restriction was imposed by George IV.; and as not only he, but the House of Lords, was adverse to the claims, the chance of ultimate success really seemed to be but little affected by this suspension of fruitless discussion. The conditions imposed by Mr. Canning upon the Whigs who joined him were, that they should not propose, but on the other hand *oppose*, as part of the government, the questions which were then partially, and have since been more openly and generally, avowed as the Whig questions, and, eminently, parliamentary reform. It is no matter of surprise that those of the party who joined Mr. Canning had some difficulty in seating themselves, and that there were some unintelligible postponements. We cannot help Mr. Cooke to the reasons why Lord Lansdowne, though he promised from the

first to join the government, stipulated for a delay, and drove Mr. Canning to the unusual and inconvenient expedient of filling the highest offices with stop-gaps; the followers of Lord Lansdowne, we believe, are equally in the dark.

Mr. Cooke designates the conduct of the Whigs as “a temporary sacrifice of principle to expediency;” and he builds, we presume, his justification upon the word *temporary*. But, excepting in the sense in which all humanity is bounded by time, the arrangement was *not* temporary. At least, it was to endure as long as the administration; and the *expediency* consisted in the personal benefit derived from the admission of certain individuals into office: for the party was divided, and its principles were set at naught. Nothing but an unforeseen incident re-estimated and re-established the Whigs.

But Mr. Cooke catches at another defence, which the indifference of people to foreign affairs renders it very easy to hazard: the Whigs, he says, agreed with Mr. Canning as to *foreign policy*. If they did so, they used him very ill, for they undoubtedly opposed and vituperated him* while he was secretary for foreign affairs; and he who had been up to this time, and became afterwards again, the head of the Whigs, Earl Grey, disclaimed at this very moment any approbation of this same foreign policy, and applied to it, moreover, the most contemptuous language.†

It is quite impossible to get out of this dilemma: Either there was no great difference, in respect of principles, between the two parties of Lord Liverpool and Lord Grey—Tories and Whigs, if Mr. Cooke is pleased so to call them—or the Whigs who joined Mr. Canning did abandon their principles. For it is certain that Mr. Canning, so far from repudiating the principles of Lord Liverpool's government, did his utmost to retain all its members in his cabinet, and adopted its distinctive principle; and also that he required from all the Whigs who joined him‡ an adherence to his own principles, and an opposition to their own.

* See particularly the proceedings of April 1823, on Mr. Macdonald's motion, Parl. Deb., viii. 1301; and Lord Grey, ix. 170.

† Sp. of 10th May, 1827. Parl. Deb., xvii. 710.

‡ At the earnest request of Mr. Tierney, the special privilege of giving a useless vote for reform was conceded to him.

Mr. Canning's untimely death, and the dissolution of Lord Goderich's government, rescued the Whigs from the difficulty in which the junction of some of them with Mr. Canning had placed them. They were excluded from the administration formed by the Duke of Wellington. But when Mr. Cooke speaks of the apprehension excited by the return of the friends of Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool, he forgets that every one of these men might have been a member of Mr. Canning's government, not excepting Lord Eldon, and that this "veteran Tory" was left out of the duke's arrangements. In whatever terms of courtesy this exclusion may have been couched (of which we know nothing), we say with much confidence that the exclusion of this ancient statesman was in a great degree owing to those opinions, or that state of mind in Lord Eldon, which Mr. Cooke styles *ultra-Toryism*, and which made it difficult for his colleagues, and Mr. Peel in particular, to effect the legal and other reforms which they contemplated, in perfect consistency with the principles which they inherited from Mr. Pitt.

And when Mr. Cooke speaks of the Test Act as the "outwork of Toryism" won by the Whigs, does he forget that Mr. Canning had declared a resolution to maintain this outwork, and that his Whigs were pledged to fight for it by his side? It perhaps may be more truly said of this than of the Catholic question, that it was a Whig and Tory question, as of old times. Mr. Canning took, as he always did, the Tory side.

The mistake which inveterately besets Mr. Cooke prevails, when he says that "the rage of the Tories was unbounded" when, in 1829, Sir Robert Peel conceded the Catholic claims. The rage of the *anti-Catholics* was unbounded. Now it was that the party which separated itself from the Duke of Wellington's government assumed, or rather, perhaps, that the public ascribed to it, the name of *old Tories*, or *ultra Tories*. Nothing can be more inaccurate than these designations, especially the latter. Some persons have appeared or affected to suppose, that these gentlemen pushed to an extreme certain tenets of ancient Toryism, which sat more loosely upon the other division of the party. There is no ground

whatever for this supposition. There is no point of royal prerogative, or even church authority, upon which there was a difference. As to that wish to retain abuses in government or finance, which have been gratuitously ascribed to the Tories, these *ultra Tories* were so far from carrying it to excess, that it was upon a question of economical reform, applicable to the civil-list of the king, that they afterwards joined the Whigs in turning out the government.[^]

"Oxford," says Mr. Cooke, "called upon Peel to resign his seat." Oxford made no such call. The resignation was the voluntary, and, as many thought, unnecessary, act of Sir Robert Peel himself. In his contest with Sir Robert Inglis, he was beaten (as Mr. Cooke truly tells us) by a singularly numerous congregation of clergymen from all parts of the kingdom.

Of all the unwarranted assumptions of merit, which party writers have tagged for their principals, that which ascribes to the Whigs "almost romantic generosity" for their conduct in 1829 is the most astounding. We do not very clearly see to what part of their conduct Mr. Cooke ascribes merit; but this is quite clear, that an opposition to the bill would have exceeded in profligacy all that has been perpetrated by public men from the beginning of time. Unquestionably, they might have sought more of personal triumph in debate; and it is in order to obtain some credit for their forbearance in this respect, that Mr. Cooke tells us that the schism in the Tory party was likely to be of short duration. Oh, no! The Whigs saw clearly that it was of a nature to endure: they knew very well that there was in that day really no difference in principle between Whigs and Tories; and now that this Catholic question was cleared away, they saw their way to a junction with the Duke of Wellington. How these hopes came to be disappointed, and, especially, why an overture was made to Lord Grey, whose friends in the House of Commons appeared at this time very favourable to the government, are questions of secret history which we are unable to solve.

The political cunning of the Whigs, at a period very little later, is avowed by Mr. Cooke. An amendment was moved to the address, at the con-

* Sir Henry Parnell's motion, Nov. 22, 1830.

mencement of the session 1830, by the agricultural and anti-Catholic Tories who had seceded. The Whigs saw that "to support this would be to turn out a minister, from whose weakness they hoped much in favour of their own party principles:"[†] they therefore divided their strength so as to give the ministers a majority; and this is generosity almost romantic!

We are sorry to occupy space with what appears a small matter; but we must now expose a misstatement, which our author borrows from those who know better:—

"In the House of Commons, details of corrupt distribution of patronage, of cabinet ministers creating offices, and putting their sons into them, then abolishing the offices, and retaining the compensation pension, might have little effect," &c.

There was not even the most remote insinuation of *corruption*; and it is clear that when an office is given to the son of a minister, there is a voluntary surrender of the means which, otherwise applied, might have been used corruptly. No office was created; no compensation was given, but that which was in the ordinary and recognised practice of office, of which Whigs as well as Tories had availed themselves. The abolition was a voluntary act on the part of government, by which the public finance was benefited at the expense of two of their nearest adherents. Had the cabinet members left their sons in possession of *larger* incomes, not a word could have been said!

We now approach the era of parliamentary reform; and have no objection to make to Mr. Cooke's account of the state of feeling respecting that measure in the autumn of 1830, or when, by the death of George IV., the Duke of Clarence attained the throne. In the elections which that event made necessary, the government lost strength; and we believe it to be true that there were "instances in which a Tory constituency rejected their former member for voting for the Catholic bill, and elected a fanatic in his stead."[†] This pettish policy went further; and we are convinced that it was one of the causes of the call for reform, and the success of the Reform-bill. The Catholic ques-

tion had been supported by the Whigs generally, and by a great division of the Tories, *against the opinion of the people*; for the Whigs in that instance set at naught that public opinion by which they professed to be guided. Anti-Catholic Tories, finding that the prayers which they conveyed in numerous petitions were disregarded, were tempted to look to a reform in the representative system as the means of giving effect to their opinions. And bitterly now do many of them repent the proceedings which, founded upon an attachment to the established religion and church, have placed power in the hands of the enemies of both.

Happening about this time to mention Mr. Cooke, of Norfolk, our historian takes an opportunity of displaying the contempt of facts of which he boasts; in speaking of "the merchants and contractors, creatures of the national debt, who passed that venerable Whig into the House of Beers." The late Lord Carrington was a banker, and occasional contractor for open loans; his elevation is the *only* foundation for this deceitful passage.

We shall not go through the history of the debates upon the Reform-bill. They exhibited some remarkable instances of opinion, of vote, among those who had recently acquired office. The opposition of the former ministers and their followers was consistent. In the course of these discussions an incident occurred, very important to the history of party and the character of Whiggism, but not mentioned by Mr. Cooke.

While the bill was in the House of Lords, the Political Union of Birmingham held a meeting in the open air, at which 150,000 persons were said to be present.[‡] At this meeting an intention was plainly and notoriously avowed, *to refuse to pay taxes*, if the Lords continued, according to their undoubted constitutional right, to alter or reject the bill passed by the Commons; and these foolish people appear to have fancied that in such resistance to the laws, which imposed taxes appropriated by parliament to public purposes, they should be imitating the example of Hampden, who resisted, and brought to a judicial trial, the arbitrary levies of Charles I.! At this meeting a vote of thanks passed to

Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell. Lord Althorp, then being chancellor of the exchequer, assured these misguided men, in answer, of his sincere gratitude for the "honour" which they had conferred upon him; and all that he said, by way of rebuke or observation, in regard to the threat of withholding taxes, was a gentle exhortation to his correspondent "to use all his influence to prevent, not merely any acts of open violence, but any such resistance to the law as is threatened by the refusal to pay taxes. Such a course as this," he added, "is the one least likely to promote our success!" This constituted the only objection of the chancellor of the exchequer to the resistance contemplated! The infringement of the law, the disbandment of the army and navy, the breach of public faith, the ruin of the numerous persons dependent upon the public funds, as well as of all public functionaries, even those of the lowest order,—the dissolution, in great part, of judicature and government; all these consequences were nothing to Lord Althorp! Nor was he ashamed to boast of the approbation of the men through whose wickedness and folly his country was threatened with them! Lord John Russell took not even the scanty notice, which his colleague had thought decent, of this tremendous menace; but he characterised the vote of the House of Lords as "the whisper of a faction."

It is thus that the Whig leaders "pander," as Windham once told them, "pander to the baser vices of the multitude;" it is thus that they put party triumph above all considerations, constitutional or moral. If we say that this recklessness is peculiar to the Whigs, we shall probably be referred to fanatics or demagogues in the north, or newspaper writers, who have assumed the name of Tory. We say deliberately, that it is not to be found in *eminent men* of that party. The leaders of all parties may sometimes be too factious; but the Whigs alone are seditious, and disregard the laws and institutions of their country.

But "the Reform-bill was not a measure conceived in the spirit of party!" This position Mr. Cooke* supposes himself to have proved, by shewing that the county constituencies, to which the bill gave augmented power, have subsequently returned Tory members;

and that "the Whigs must have perceived" these consequences. Fortunately, the Whigs did *not* foresee them. They heard among the county freeholders a loud cry for reform, and saw the consequent return of Whig members; they did not perceive either the Tory or church origin of a part of the cry, or the ephemeral character of all such cries.

They reasoned justly, that they should give a great blow to the party to which they were opposed; that while they deprived themselves, as well as their opponents, of close boroughs, they would get a compensation in the popular constituencies peculiarly open to the species of delusion which is inherent in Whiggery; and where, moreover, the Dissenters were peculiarly strong,—men apt to be inimical to the Tories, as connected with the church. And some of the Whigs were so much pledged to reform, and they or others of their party had suffered so much in character from the abandonment of parliamentary reform when in office, that they could not honourably, or decently, or even safely, neglect it again.

Of the observations with which Mr. Cooke closes his work, there are really some which we do not understand; but we cannot pass without noticing one, which he makes in various forms throughout his book: he charges the whole body of landholders, whom he designates too largely as Tories, with the habit of providing for their younger children out of the public purse. Mr. Cooke, who leaves to *statisticians* the practice of building assertions upon facts, probably imbibed this idea from the *Morning Chronicle*. Assuredly, it has sometimes happened that county members, Whig and Tory, have obtained official situations for their own relations, or those of their supporters; but these cases were always rare, and three or four in a county would probably be beyond the average, and many had never any thing beyond the very limited local patronage. It has always been chiefly in the *boroughs* that the management by patronage has been systematically practised. But this, says Mr. Cooke,—“this must be denied, or but very partially granted, so long as popular influence predominates in the Commons; or, in other words, so long as the Reform-bill continues in effectual operation.”

Now, we fearlessly challenge Mr.

Cooke to support this position by facts. We affirm that the use of patronage in procuring or rewarding supporters of the government has been, *at the least*, as extensive since the Reform-bill passed as it was before; and we aver, moreover, that the government which passed the Reform-bill created more offices than any government that has existed since the peace. We are not here disputing the *necessity* of such creations; they may have been necessary, as those of Mr. Pitt were; but the reforming ministers did create many places, and fill them with Whigs or Radicals. They boast of the number of places abolished, and they did, no doubt, follow up the system of abolition which had prevailed under Lord Liverpool, and subsequent ministers: but we are now speaking, not of economy, but of influence; and it must be remembered that *they abolished places held by their enemies, and filled new places with their friends.*

A contrast between Lord Bute and Lord Grey is altogether fanciful. The one, says Mr. Cooke, cleared every public office of his opponents; "the other hoped to gratify by a division of legitimate patronage, a party whom their own chiefs could not content with less than a monopoly of abuses."

Really, as to Lord Bute, we know not, and we care not, whether what is said of him has any legitimate origin. But what is meant by Lord Grey's division of patronage? Has Mr. Cooke really persuaded himself that this respectable Whig gave places to Tories? Will he shew by any one fact that his administration was less exclusive than those which preceded it? The truth is, that the government by influence, against which the opponents of the ministers of the day have been clamouring for more than a century, and which was always one of the principal reasons assigned for a reform in parliament, has now become the *avowed* system of Reformers. There is no occasion on which the supporters of the Whig ministers so frequently deviate into censure, as when the rigid principle of exclusive patronage appears to be neglected. That which it was criminal in the Tories to do, it is criminal in the Whigs to omit!

It is easy to say "Tory lords-lieutenant appointed Tory magistrates, and Tory magistrates directed the most humble rivulets of patronage in the same direction." * Is Mr. Cooke prepared to shew, that under Tory lieutenants respectable Whigs have, for their Whiggery, been left out of the commission? Is he prepared to shew that Tories unfit for the distinction were placed in it? We should be glad to put lords-lieutenants of the two parties upon their trial upon these charges! As for the patronage exercised by magistrates, we know not what Mr. Cooke means; nor, we apprehend, does he.

We now take leave of Mr. Cooke. We are disposed to part good friends, because we believe his motives to be perfectly pure; his errors, monstrous as they are, are to be attributed to the monomania of Whiggery. He has fancied a theory; and his intellect, sharp enough in other matters, is blunted as to all facts, circumstances, and considerations, which militate against it.

We shall now, in a short space, bring down the history of party to the present moment. The designations of Whig and Tory have been resumed by the two great parties in the state; and the points of difference between them have now some reference to the original principles of the two parties. The Whigs assuredly do profess to give, and their measures have given, more power to the democracy and to the Dissenters. But they no longer confine their protection to *Protestant* Dissenters. They, must, therefore, disclaim Lord Russell and the first Whigs; but though it would be difficult to point out a period of Whiggish history to which that of the modern Whigs could be assimilated, it is certain that the present Whigs act upon principles which have been for a long time assumed by the Whig party. While in governing by influence and patronage they do full justice to the example of the great Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole, they unquestionably assert also the "liberal" principles which were avowed by Mr. Fox, as leader of opposition.

The Tories imitate their predecessors

* P. 627.

† Perhaps the greater part of the party opposed to the Whigs assume the name of *Conservative* — not *Tory*; but the latter is universally given to them, and we take the liberty of using it.

of all times in attachment to the Church of England; and, although the principle among them, as well as the Whigs, separated in a single instance from the anti-Catholic principle of their ancestors (which, however, had been gradually relaxed by their predecessors), the Tories have now to assert their ancient principles *against* the Whigs, with whom they were on this point formerly united,—a union which brought about the revolution of 1688.

But the democratic principles of the Whigs now operate in the same direction with the Popery to which they were formerly opposed. A Roman Catholic is now the greatest of demagogues, and closely connected with the third party (*Radicals*), which carries the democratic principle still further than the Whigs. The Tories, therefore, having now to maintain monarchy, and the Church of England, against Democracy and Popery, have to fight with the enemies with whom their ancestors fought, though never before united in alliance. Thus each party has something in common with its ancestors; the resemblance between ancient and modern Tories is much the closer.

The most curious incidents in the history of party since 1832 are found in the gradual approximation between the Whigs and the Radicals; and in the conduct of the Tories in opposition.

Lord Grey, who, though an old parliamentary reformer, is in every sense an aristocrat, commenced his administration under the Reform-act with comparative moderation. The speech* with which King William opened the reformed parliament recommended church reform in terms liable to little objection; and the supremacy of the law was asserted in Ireland. In the measures of coercion by which Lord Grey put down seditious practices in Ireland, he went beyond Mr. Pitt or Lord Liverpool.

The vituperations of O'Connell were absolutely furious. "Base, brutal, and bloody," were the terms which he applied to "the Whigs; who had shed more Irish blood than had been spilt in twenty years of Tory rule!" Nor did their very extensive reforms of the Irish church exempt them from the most scornful censure. Meanwhile, the Tories, including the bishops, were

very moderate in their opposition: They consented, for instance, to an entire new modelling of the Irish church,—protesting, however, against any absolute alienation of church property. A portion of the Whig ministry, including Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, who were not converts, but original Whigs, concurred with the Tories in this principle; though there was at first a difference as to its application. A secession, therefore, occurred, which has made a new arrangement of parties, by uniting these two eminent men with Sir Robert Peel's party.

One of the most important domestic measures of Lord Grey's government was the new Poor-law. Very few, if any, of the Tory party had given opinions in favour of the very extensive alterations which this bill effected. But most of them, headed by Sir Robert Peel, supported it; and thus deprived themselves of the means of gaining a popular cry in their favour without any loss of public character. The support which, not only in the House of Commons, but throughout the country, the greater part of the Tory country gentlemen have given to this important measure of the Whig government is an instance of party moderation for which it would not be easy to find a precedent; and yet, because some three or four Tories have conscientiously disapproved of the bill, and a few more have weakly yielded to the pressure of constituencies, this very matter of the Poor-law has been used to calumniate the Tories.

Lord Grey's government soon fell to pieces, and was reconstructed by Lord Melbourne. And now, upon no other visible inducement than the appointment of Lord Duncannon to the Home Office, which Lord Melbourne vacated, O'Connell declared his intention of supporting the government.

Soon after this, the king dismissed the Whig ministers of his own mere motion; and Sir Robert Peel formed a government upon the principle of moderate and conservative reform. And now the remains of Lord Grey's cabinet, by which O'Connell had been denounced as a dangerous disturber of the public peace, and which he had proclaimed to be tyrannical and blood-thirsty, entered into that com-

pact, or compact alliance, which is known by the name of the Lichfield-house agreement.

Having appealed to the people, Sir Robert Peel so strengthened his party as to find himself at the head of nearly one-half of the House of Commons. Sull, united, the Whigs and Radicals were too much for him. In order to set about his reforms without delay, he introduced an Irish tithe-bill, nearly similar to that which his predecessors had proposed. The new allies passed the memorable vote of April 7, 1835,* by which, for the sake of asserting an abstract right of alienating church property in Ireland, they deprived the people of Ireland of the opportunity of relief from that which they had described as an intolerable grievance. They succeeded in replacing the Whigs in office; and for one, two, three years, they obliged the people of Ireland to endure this grievance, because they could not in the face of an immense minority in the House of Commons, and a majority in the Lords, enforce the principle avowed in their factious resolution. A general election, and O'Connell's permission, enabled them at last to throw aside this vote, which had answered its party purpose.

Meanwhile, they have done much in conformity with the Lichfield House agreement: it still remains to be seen whether they have done enough. They have, in one instance, falsified their declarations recently recorded; and have, in their vote upon the pension-list—a matter of slight importance in itself, established a principle more republican than any which has been enunciated since 1648. They have, since their last return to office, made repeated appointments to high judicial offices of persons favoured—we cannot positively say recommended—by O'Connell. They have, beyond all question, offered to that denounced demagogue himself nearly the highest situation in the law; although their leader has avowed that he has not the confidence, nor his proceedings the approbation, of the government.†

It cannot be pretended that in this reconciliation with O'Connell the ministers have followed "public opinion." Two general elections, under their own law, which purports to collect the real sense of the people, exhibited a pro-

gressive change of public feeling against the Whig members, and eminently against their encouragement of Popish allies.

But without these allies they cannot maintain their majority and their power. If, indeed, they would introduce into their measures even so much of moderation as characterised Lord Grey, and were thereby to lose their Irish and Radical support, they would be supported by the Tories; but at this their pride and jealousy revolt.

They are thus kept in office by their Radical alliance, but not by that alone. It is known that, reckless as they sometimes appear, some degree of moderation is induced by office. And they have shewn that, when deprived of power, they will resort to the most unnatural connexions, and give the most daring pledges, in order to regain it. Moderate and conscientious Tories, therefore, feel that, mischievous as they are in government, opposition, followed by a recovery of office by Radical means, would render them still more noxious.

• It is not in this place that we inquire whether the moderation and caution which this feeling dictates are justifiable in the Conservative party: our purpose is historical only; and we are satisfied that we truly record the late history and present state of parties.

Since the above was written the Whigs have been again out, and they are again in! The increasing strength of the Tories, and the discontent of a few of the Radicals, left them almost in a minority on an important question, and they resigned. This discontent of the Radicals was partly occasioned by a letter from Lord John Russell to his constituents, of which the tone was deemed too *Conservative*. Sir Robert Peel was commissioned to form an administration, but gave up his commission, for a reason which we cannot discuss here. The Whigs resumed the offices which they had lately declared themselves incapable of filling usefully; and the same Radical who censured the letter of Lord John, and found in it nothing but a determination to resist all further reform, and who thereupon declared that never again would they help the Whigs against the Tories, now find in that letter the germs of very extensive improvement.

* Parl. Deb., xxvii. 880.

† Parl. Deb., Third Series, xlv. 31.

So much we are enabled to say; how far these same Radicals have given in their adhesion to the restored government, or upon what terms a new alliance has been contracted, we are as yet uninformed; but we may say confidently, that, if the Whigs have made concessions, they will purchase for them only a temporary renewal of power, accompanied by a great accession of discredit in the country, and increase of contempt on the part of

their allies. The Tories, faithful to their system of opposing or mending bad measures, and giving effect to those that are unobjectionable, gain strength at once through their own moderation and the recklessness of their rivals. It remains to be seen whether the Whig body contains sufficient virtue to counteract by an honourable adherence to principles and desertion of party, the effect of the renewed alliance!

May 28.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

No. XI.

THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ. TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ., ON THE SINKING OF THE VENGUEUR.

DEAR YORKE,—Shall we now overhaul that story of the *sinking of the Vengueur*, a little; and let a discerning public judge of the same? I will endeavour to begin at the beginning, and not to end till I have got to some conclusion. As many readers are probably in the dark, and young persons may not have so much as heard of the *Vengueur*, we had perhaps better take up the matter *ad orem*, and study to carry uninstructed mankind comfortably along with us *ad rem*.

I find, therefore, worthy Yorke, in searching through old files of newspapers, and other musty articles, as I have been obliged to do, that on the evening of the 10th of June, 1794, a brilliant audience was, as often happens, assembled at the Opera House here in London. Radiance of various kinds, and melody of fiddle-strings and windpipes, cartilaginous or metallic, was till then all the pleasure,—when an unknown individual entered with a wet newspaper in his pocket, and brings that Lord Howe and the English fleet had come up with Villot-Jeuzeau and the French, off the coast of Brest, and gained a signal victory over them. The agitation spread from bench to bench, from box to box; so that the wet newspaper had truly to be read from the stage, and all the musical instruments, human and other, had to strike up *Rule Britannia*, the brilliant audience all standing, and such of them as had talent joining in chorus,—before the usual *squallacci* melody, natural to the place, could be allowed to proceed again. This was the first intimation men had of Howe's victory of the 1st of June; on the following evening London was illuminated: the *Gazette* had been published,—some six ships taken, and a seventh, named *Vengueur*, which had been sunk; a very glorious victory: and the joy of people's minds was considerable.

For the remainder of that month of June, 1794, and over into July, the newspapers enliven themselves with the usual succession of despatches, private narratives, anecdotes, commentaries, and rectifications; unfolding gradually, as their way is, how the matter has actually passed; till each reader may form some tolerably complete image of it, till each at least has had enough of it; and the glorious victory submerges in the general flood, giving place to other glories. Of the *Vengueur* that sank there want not anecdotes, though they are not of a very prominent kind. The *Vengueur*, it seems, was engaged with the *Brunswick*; the *Brunswick* had stuck close to her, and the fight was very hot; indeed, the two ships were hooked together by the *Brunswick's* anchors, and stuck so till the *Vengueur* had got enough; but the anchors at last give way, and the *Brunswick*, herself much disabled, drifted to leeward of the enemy's flying ships, and had to run before the wind, and so escape them. The *Vengueur*, entirely powerless, was taken possession of by the *Alfred*, by the *Culloden*, or by both of them together; and sank after not many minutes. All this is in the English newspapers; this, so far as we are concerned, is the English version of Howe's victory,—in which the sinking *Vengueur* is noticeable, but plays no pre-eminent distinguished part.

The same English newspapers publish, as they receive them, generally without any commentary whatever, the successive French versions of the matter; the same that can now be read more conveniently, in their original language, in the *Chor des Rapports*, vol. xiv., and elsewhere. The French Convention was now sitting, in its Reign of Terror, fighting for life and death, with all weapons, against all men. The French Convention had of course to give its own version of this matter, the best it could. Barrère was the man to do that. On the 15th of June, accordingly, Barrère reports that it is a glorious victory for France; that the fight, indeed, was sharp, and not unattended with loss, the *ennemis du genre humain* being *acharnés* against us; but that, nevertheless, these gallant French war-ships did so shatter and astonish the enemy on this 1st of June and the preceding days, that the enemy shore off; and, on the morrow, our invaluable American cargo of naval stores, safely stowed in the fleet of transport-ships, got safe through;—which latter statement is a fact, the transport-ships having actually escaped unmolested; they sailed over the very place of battle, saw the wreck of burnt and shattered things, still tumbling on the waters, and knew that a battle had been. By degrees, however, it becomes impossible to conceal that the glorious victory for France has yielded six captured ships of war to the English, and one to the briny maw of Ocean; that, in short, the glorious victory has been what in unofficial language is called a sheer defeat. Whereupon, after some recriminating and flourishing from Jean-Bon St. André and others, how the captain of the *Jacobin* behaved ill, and various men and things behaved ill, conspiring to tarnish the laurels of the Republic,—Barrère adroitly takes a new tack; will shew that, if we French did not beat, we did better, and are a spectacle for the very gods. Fixing on the sunk *Vengeur*, Barrère publishes his famed *Rapport du 21 Messidor* (9th July, 1794), setting forth how Republican valour, conquered by unjust fortune, did nevertheless in dying earn a glory that will never die, but flame there forever as a symbol and prophecy of victories without end: how the *Vengeur*, in short, being entirely disabled, and incapable of commonplace fight, flew desperate, and refused to strike, though sinking; how the enemies fired on her, but she returned their fire, shot aloft all her tricolor streamers, shouted *Vive la République*; nay, fired the guns of her upper deck when the lower decks were already sunk; and so, in this mad whirlwind of fire and shouting, and invincible despair, went down into the ocean depths; *Vive la République* and a universal volley from the upper deck being the last sounds she made. This report, too, is translated accurately in the *Morning Chronicle* for July 26, 1794; and published without the smallest commentary there. The *Vengeur* with all her crew being down in the depths of ocean, it is not of course they that can vouch for this heroic feat; neither is it the other French, who had all fled by that time: no, the testimony is still more indubitable, that of our enemies themselves; it is “from the English newspapers” that Barrère professes to have gathered these heart-inspiring details, the candour even of these *ennemis acharnés* could not conceal them,—which, therefore, let all Frenchmen believe as a degree truer than truth itself, and rejoice in accordingly. To all this, as was said, the English newspapers seem to have made no reply whatever.

The French, justly proud of so heroic a feat, a degree truer than truth itself, did make, and have ever since continued to make, what demonstration was fit. Convention decrees, Convention decrees were solemnly passed about this suicidal *Vengeur*; the deathless suicidal *Vengeur* is written deep in innumerable French songs and psalmodyings; a wooden model of the *Vengeur*, solemnly consecrated in the Pantheon of Great Men, beckoned figuratively from its peg, “*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante!*”—and hangs there, or in the *Musée Naval*, beckoning, I believe, at this hour. In an age of miracles, such as the Reign of Terror, one knows not at first view what is incredible: such loud universal proclamation, and the silence of the English (little interested, indeed, to deny), seem to have produced an almost universal belief both in France and here. Doubts, I now find, were more than once started by sceptics even among the French,—in a snitable low tone; but the “solemn Convention decrees,” the wooden “*modèle du Vengeur*” hanging visible there, the “glory of France?” Such doubts were instantly blown away again; and the heroic feat, like a mirror-shadow wiped, not wiped out, remained only the clearer for them.

Very many years ago, in some worthless English history of the French Revo-

lation, the first, that had come in my way, I read this incident; coldly recorded, without controversy, without favour or feud; and, naturally enough, it burnt itself indelibly into the boyish imagination; and indeed is, with the murder of the Princess de Lamballe, all that I now remember of that same worthless English history. Coming afterwards to write of the French Revolution myself; finding this story so solemnly authenticated, and not knowing that, in its intrinsic character, it had ever been so much as questioned, I wrote it down nothing doubting; as other English writers had done; — the fruit of which, happily now got to maturity so far as I am concerned, you are here to see ripen itself, by the following stages. Take first the *copius delicti*:

1. *Extract from Carlyle's "French Revolution" (vol. iii. p. 335).*

"But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* ship, she neither strikes nor makes off! She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire makes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the Sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds the upper deck, and, with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*, — sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl! Ocean yawns abysmal down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity."

2. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths, in the "Sun" Newspaper of — Nov. 1836.*

"Mr. Editor, — Since the period of Lord Howe's victory, on 1st June, 1794, the story of the *Vengeur* French 74-gun ship going down with colours flying, and her crew crying *Vive la République, Vive la Liberté*, &c., and the further absurdity that they continued firing the main-deck guns after her lower deck was immersed, has been declared, and has recently been reasserted by a French author. It originated, no doubt, on the part of the French, in political and exciting motives — precisely as Bonaparte caused his victory at Trafalgar to be promulgated through France. While these reports and confident assertions were confined to our neighbours, it seemed little worth the while to contradict it. But now, when two English authors of celebrity, Mr. Alison, in his *History of France during the French Revolution*, and Mr. Carlyle, in his similar work, give it the confirmation of English authority, I consider it right thus to declare that the whole story is a ridiculous piece of nonsense. At the time the *Vengeur* sunk, the action had ceased some time. The French fleet were making sail before the wind; and Captain Renaudin and his son had been nearly half an hour prisoners on board H. M. S. *Culloden*, of which ship I was the fourth lieutenant; and about 127 of the crew were also prisoners, either on board the *Culloden*, or in her boats, besides I believe 100 in the *Atford*, and some 10 in the hired cutter, commanded by Lieutenant (the late Rear-Admiral) Winne. The *Vengeur* was taken possession of by the boats of the *Culloden*, Lieutenant Rothham, and the *Atford*, Lieutenant Deschamps; and Captain Renaudin and myself, who were by Captain Schomberg's desire at lunch in his cabin, hearing the cries of distress, ran to the starboard quarter gallery, and thence witnessed the melancholy scene. Never were men in distress more ready to save themselves."

"A. J. GRIFFITHS."

This letter, which appeared in the *Sun* Newspaper early in November last, was copied into most of the other Newspapers in the following days; I take it from the *Examiner* of next Sunday (18th Nov. 1836). The result seemed to be general uncertainty. On me, who had not the honour at that time to know Admiral Griffiths even by name, still less by character, the main impression his letter left was that this affair was singular, doubtful; that it would require to be farther examined by the earliest opportunity. Not long after, a friend of his, who took an interest in it, and was known to friends of mine, transmitted me through them the following new Document, which it appeared had been written earlier, though without a view to publication:

3. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths to a private Friend (penes me).*

"Since you request it, I send you the state of the actual fact as respects the sinking of the *Vengeur* after the action of the 1st of June, 1794.

"I was fourth lieutenant in the *Culloden* in that action. Mr. Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, vol. iii. p. 335, gives, in his own peculiar style, the same account of it that was published to the world under the influence of the French government for political and exciting purposes; and which has recently been

reiterated by a French author. Mr. Carlyle, in adopting these authorities, has given English testimony to the *farce*; *farce* I call it,—for, with the exception of the *Vengeur* 'sinking,' there is not one word of fact in the narration. I will first review it in detail:—

" 'The *Vengeur* neither strikes nor makes off.' She *did both*. She made off as well as her disabled state admitted, and was actually taken in ~~down~~ by a French eighteen-gun brig; which cast her off, on the Culloden, Alfred and two or three others approaching to take possession of her. 'Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies.' Wicked indeed would it have been to have fired into her, a sinking ship with colours down; and I can positively assert not a gun was fired at her for an hour before she was taken possession of. 'The *Vengeur* is sinking.' True. 'Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope fly rustling aloft.' Not one mast standing, not one rope on which to hoist or display a bit of tricolor, not one flag, or streamer, or ensign displayed; her colours down; and, for more than half an hour before she sunk, Captain Renaudin, and his son, &c., prisoners on board the Culloden,—on which I will by and by more especially particularise. 'The whole crew crowds the upper deck, and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*.' Beyond the fact of the crew (except the wounded) being on the upper deck, not even the slightest, the most trivial semblance of truth. Not one shout beyond that of horror and despair. At the moment of her sinking we had on board the Culloden, and in our boats then at the wreck, 127 of her crew, including the captain. The Alfred had many; I believe about 100: Lieutenant Winne, in command of a hired cutter, a number; I think, 49. 'Down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity.' Bah! answered above.

"I have thus reviewed Mr. Carlyle's statement; I now add the particulars of the fact. The *Vengeur* totally dismasted, going off before the wind, under her sprit-sail, &c., five sail of the line came up with her, the Culloden and Alfred two of these. Her colours down, Lieutenant Richard Deschamps, first of the Alfred, I believe, took possession of her. The next boat on board was the Culloden's, Lieut. Rotheram, who did one of the Captains of Greenwich Hospital. Deschamps went up the side. Rotheram got in at the lower-deck port, saw that the ship was sinking, and went thence to the quarter-deck. I am not positive which boat got first on board. Rotheram returned with Captain Renaudin, his son, and one man; and reported her state, whereupon other boats were sent. The *Vengeur*'s main yard was lying across her decks. Rotheram, &c., descended from its larboard yard-arm by the yard-tackle pendant, and I personally heard him report to Captain Schomberg the *Vengeur*'s state. 'That he could not place a two-foot rule in any direction, he thought, that would not touch two shot-holes.' I except the Purser, Mr. Oliver, who was engaged in arranging the prisoners in classes, &c., as they came on board, I was the only officer who knew any French, and mine very so-so. Captain Schomberg said: 'You understand French, take Renaudin and his son into the cabin, and divert his mind from attention to his ship while sinking.' Having been in presence of the French fleet for three days prior to the action, the accustomed cooking had not gone on; the galley fire was little lighted. But the captain, foreseeing, had a cold mutton-pie standing by; this, with wine, was ordered for us, and I was actually eating it with Renaudin, a prisoner in Captain Schomberg's cabin, when a bustle on deck made us start up; we ran to the starboard quarter-gallery, and saw the *Vengeur*, then say a stone's-throw from us, sink. These are the facts.

"Sept. 17, 1833.

"A. W. GRIFFITHS.

"I have said I am not certain which boat took possession; and I gave it to the Alfred, because there arises so much silly squabbling on these trifles. But from Rotheram taking the Captain, it seems probable the Culloden's boat was first. A matter, however, of no moment."

Such a document as this was not of a sort to be left dormant: doubt could not sleep on it; doubt, unless effectually contradicted, had no refuge ~~to~~ to hasten to denial. I immediately did two things: I applied to Admiral Griffiths for leave to publish this new letter, or such portions of it as might seem needful; and at the same time I addressed myself to a distinguished French friend, well acquainted with these matters, more zealously concerned in them than almost any other living man, and hitherto an undoubting believer in the history of the *Vengeur*. This was my letter to him; marked here as Document No. 4:

4. Letter of T. Carlyle to Monsieur —.

"My dear —,—,—Inclosed herewith are copies of Admiral Griffiths's two

letters concerning the *Vengeur*, on which we communicated lately. You undertook the French side of the business; you are become, so to speak, advocate of France in this matter; as I for my share am put into the post of advocate for England. In the interest of all men, so far as that can be conceived here, the truth ought to be known, and recognised by all.

Having read the story in some English book in boyhood, naturally with indelible impression of it; reading the same afterwards with all detail in the *Choix des Rapports*, and elsewhere; and finding it everywhere acted upon as authentic, and nowhere called in question, I wrote it down in my Book with due energy and sympathy, as a fact for ever memorable. But now, I am bound to say, the Rear-Admiral has altogether altered the footing it stands on; and except other evidence than I yet have, or know where to procure, be adduced, I must give up the business as a cunningly devised fable, and in my next edition contradict it with as much energy as I asserted it. You know with how much reluctance that will be; for what man, indeed, would not wish to believe it!

"But what can I do? Barrère's *Rapport* does not even profess to be grounded on any evidence except what 'the English Newspapers' afforded him. I have looked into various 'English newspapers'; the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Opposition* or 'Jacobin' journal of that period, I have examined minutely, from the beginning of June to the end of July 1791, through all the stages of the business; and found there no trace or hint of what Barrère asserts: I do not think there is any hint of it discoverable in any English newspaper of those weeks. What Barrère's own authority was worth in such cases, we all know. On the other hand, here is an eyewitness, a man of grave years, of dignified rank, a man of perfect respectability, who in the very style of these letters of his has an air of artlessness, of blunt sincerity and veracity, the characteristic of a sailor. There is no motive that could induce him to deny such a fact; on the contrary, the more before one's enemy, the greater one's own heroism. Indeed, I may say generally of England, at this day, that there could not be any where a wish to disbelieve such a thing of an enemy recognised as brave among the bravest, but rather a wish, for manhood's sake, to believe it, if possible.

"What I should like, therefore is, that these circumstances were, with the widest publicity of Journals or otherwise, to be set openly before the French Nation, and the question thereupon put. Have you any counter-evidence? If you have any, produce it; let us weigh it. If you have none, then let us cease to believe this too widely credited narration; let us consider it henceforth as a clever fable got up for a great occasion; and that the real *Vengeur* simply fought well, and sank precisely as another ship would have done. The French, I should hope, have accomplished too many true marvels in the way of war, to have need of false marvels. At any rate, error, untruth, as to what matter soever, never profited any nation, man, or thing.

"If any of your reputable Journalists, if any honest man, will publish, in your Newspapers or otherwise, an Article on these data, and get us either evidence or no evidence, it will throw light on the matter. I have not yet Admiral Griffiths's permission to print this second letter (though I have little doubt to get it very soon); but the first is already published, and contains all the main facts. My commentary on them, and position towards them, is substantially given above.

"Do what is fit; and let the truth be known.

"Yours always,

"T. CARLYLE."

From Admiral Griffiths I received, without delay, the requisite permission; and this under terms and restrictions, which only did him further honour, and confirmed, if there had been need of that, one's conviction of his perfect candour as a witness on the matter. His Letter to me is too remarkable not to be inserted here; as illustrative of this controversy; nay, especially if we consider the curious appendix he has added, as conclusive of it. I have not his express permission to print this; but will venture to believe that I have a certain implied discretionary permission, which, without my troubling him with further applications, may suffice:

5. Letter of Rear-Admiral Griffiths to T. Carlyle.

"Sir,—I have received a Letter from ———; of which follows an extract:—

"In reply to the above, I have to say that you are at full liberty to use the account I sent you, or that published in the *Sun Paper*, and copied thence into the *Globe*, *Morning Post*, *John Bull*, &c.; and to quote me as your authority. But as I have no desire for controversy, or to be made unnecessarily conspicuous, I do not assent to its being published in any other language or Papers, as so put forth by me.

"I never deemed it worth one thought to awaken the French from their dream of glory in this case; and should have still preserved silence, had not Mr. Alison and yourself given it the weight of English authority. What I abstained from doing for forty-four years, I feel no disposition to engage in now. So far as I am an active party, I confine my interference to our side of the water; leaving you to do as you see fit on the other."

"The statement I have already made in the case is abundant. But I will put you in possession of other facts. The action over; the British fleet brought to; the French making all sail, and running before the wind; their dismasted bulks having also got before the wind, and following them;—the *Vengeur* being the sternmost, having a French jack flying on the stump of the foremast, Captain Duckworth of H.M.S. *Orion*, ordered the first lieutenant, Mr. Meares himself, to fire a shot over her. This Lieutenant Meares did, and the *Vengeur* hauled down the flag!

"For his gallant conduct in that action, on his return to France, Captain Renaudin, who commanded the *Vengeur*, was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and his flag was flying at Toulon on board the *Tonnant*, when I was first lieutenant of the *Culloden* blockading that port. I wrote to remind him of the treatment he had met with when prisoner on board the *Culloden*; and soliciting his kindness towards Lieutenant Hills, who had been taken in H.M.S. *Berwick*, and being recognised as having, in command of a battery at Toulon, at the period of its evacuation, wounded a Frenchman,—was very ill-used. Renaudin's letter now lies before me; and does him much honour, as, during the fervor of that period, it was a dangerous sin to hold intercourse with us. I send you a copy: it is in English.

"I am, Sir, very faithfully yours,

"A. J. GRIFFITHS."

Here next is the "curious appendix" we spoke of; which might itself be conclusive of this controversy:

Copy of Rear-Admiral Renaudin's Letter.

"On board of the ship *Tonnant*, Bay of Toulon, the seventeenth Vendémiaire, fourth year of the French Republic.

"I have, sir, received the favour of your letter. I am extremely obliged to you for the interest you have taken to my promotion. I'll never forget the attention you have paid me, as well on board the *Culloden* as when going to prison. I wish you should be well persuaded that your generosity and sensibility will be for ever present to my mind, and that I can't be satisfied before it will be in my power to prove you my gratitude. If your friend, Lieutenant Hills, had not already gone back home, I should have returned to him all the attention you have been so good to pay me. I'll be always sincerely satisfied when it will be in my power to be of some use to any of the officers of the English navy, that the circumstances of war will carry in my country, and particularly to them that you will denote me as your friends.

"Be so good as take notice of our French officers that you have prisoners, and particularly to Captain Conde that has been taken on the ship *Ca-ira*. Please to remember me to Captain Schomberg, to Mr. Oliver, and to all the rest of the officers that I have known on board of the *Culloden*. May the peace between our nations give leave to your grateful Renaudin to entertain along with you a longer and easier correspondence.

"Addressed, 'To Lieutenant Griffiths, on board of the *Culloden*, Florenzo Bay, Corse Island.'"

My French friend did not find it expedient to publish, in the Journals or elsewhere, any "article," or general challenge to his countrymen for counter-evidence, as I had suggested; indeed one easily conceives that no French Journal would have wished to be the foremost with an article of that kind. However, he did what a man of intelligence, friendliness, and love of truth, could do: addressed himself to various official persons connected with the Naval Archives of France; to men of note, who had written French Naval Histories, &c.;—from one of whom came a response in writing, now to be subjoined as my last Document. I ought to say that this latter gentleman had not seen Admiral Griffiths's written letters; and knew them only by description. The others responded verbally; that much was to be said, that they would prepare *Mémoires*, that they would do this and that. I subjoin the response of the one who did respond: it amounts, as will be seen, not to a recantation of an impudent amazing falsehood, but to some vague faint murmur or whimper of admission that it is probably false.

6. "Lettre de Monsieur — à Monsieur — (24 Dec. 1838).

"Mon cher Monsieur,—Je regrette de ne pouvoir vous donner des renseignements bien précis sur la glorieuse affaire du *Vengeur*. Mais si l'opinion que je me suis formée sur cet événement peut vous être de quelque utilité, je me féliciterai de vous l'avoir donnée, quelque peu d'influence qu'elle doive avoir sur le jugement que votre ami se propose de porter sur le combat du 13 Prairial.

"Je suis de Brest; et c'est dans cette ville qu'arriva l'escadre de Villaret-Joyeuse, après le combat meurtrière qu'il avait livrée à l'Amiral Howe. Plusieurs des marins qui avaient assisté à l'affaire du 13 Prairial m'ont assuré que le *Vengeur* avait coulé après avoir amené son pavillon. Quelques hommes de l'équipage de cet héroïque vaisseau, furent même, dit-on, recueillis sur des débris par des embarcations Anglaises. Mais il n'en est pas moins vrai, que le *Vengeur* ne coula qu'après s'être sacrifié pour empêcher l'escadre Anglaise de couper la ligne Française.

"Les rapports du tems, et les beaux vers de Chénier et de Le Brun sur le naufrage du *Vengeur*, n'ont pas manqué de poétiser la noble fin de ce vaisseau. C'est aux cris de *Vive la République*, disent-ils, que le vaisseau s'est englouti, avec le pavillon tricolore aux plus hauts de tous ses mâts. Mais, je le répète, il est très probable que si une partie de l'équipage a disparu dessous les flots aux cris de *Vive la République*, tout l'équipage n'a pas refusé d'un commun accord le secours que les vaisseaux ennemis pouvaient offrir aux naufragés. Au surplus quand bien même le *Vengeur* ait amené son pavillon avant de couler, l'action de ce vaisseau se faisant canonner pendant plusieurs heures pour disputer à toute un escadre le passage la plus faible de la ligne Française, n'en était pas moins un des plus beaux faits d'armes de notre histoire navale. Dans le bureaux de la marine, au reste, il n'existe aucun rapport de Villaret-Joyeuse ou de Jean-Bon St. Andre que puisse faire supposer que le *Vengeur* ait coulé sans avoir amené son pavillon. On dit seulement dans ces relations du combat du 13, que le *Vengeur* a disparu après avoir résisté au feu de toute l'escadre Anglaise qui voulait rompre la ligne pour tomber sur les derrières de l'armée et porter le désordre dans tout le reste de notre escadre.

"Voilà, mon cher Monsieur, tout ce que je sais sur l'affaire qui vous occupe. C'est peu de chose comme vous le voyez, car ce n'est presque que mon opinion que je vous exprime sur les petits renseignements que j'ai pu recueillir de la bouche des marins qui se trouvaient sur le vaisseau la *Montagne* ou d'autres navires de l'escadre Villaret.—Recevez l'assurance," &c. &c.

The other French gentlemen that "would prepare *Mémoires*," have now in the sixth month prepared none; the "much" that "was to be said" remains every syllable of it unsaid. My friend urged his official persons; to no purpose. Finally he wrote to Barrère himself, who is still alive and in possession of his faculties. From Barrère no response. Indeed one would have liked to see the ancient adroit countenance of Barrère perusing through its spectacles a request to that effect! For indeed, as the French say, *tout est dit*. What can be added on such a matter?

I conclude therefore, dear Yorke, with an expression of amazement over this same "*glorieuse affaire du Vengeur*;" in which truly much courage was manifested; but no unparalleled courage except that of Barrère in his Report of the 21st Messidor, year 2. That a son of Adam should venture on constructing so majestic a piece of *blague*, and hang it out dexterously, like the Earth itself, on *Nothing*, to be believed and venerated by twenty-five million sons of Adam for such a length of time, the basis of it all the while being simply Zero and Nought; there is in this a greatness, nay a kind of sublimity that strikes us silent,—as if "the Infinite disclosed itself," and we had a glimpse of the ancient Reign of Chaos and Nox! Miraculous Mahomet, Apollonius with the Golden Thigh, Mendez Pinto, Munchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar seem but botchers in comparison.

It was a successful lie too! It made the French fight better in that struggle of theirs? Yes, Mr. Yorke;—and yet withal there is no lie, in the long run, successful. The hour of all windbags does arrive; every windbag is at length ripped, and collapses; likewise the larger and older any ripped windbag is, the more fetid and extensive is the gas emitted therefrom. The French people had better have been content with their real fighting. Next time the French Government publishes miraculous bulletins, the very *baduuds* will be slower to believe them; one sees not what sanction, by solemn legislative decree, by songs, ceremonials, wooden emblems, will suffice to produce belief. Of *Nothing* you can, in the long run, and with much lost labour, make only—*Nothing*.

But ought not the French Nation to hook down that wooden "*modèle du Vengeur*," now at this late date; and, in a quiet way, split it into brimstone lucifers? The French Nation will take its own method in that.

As for Rear-Admiral Griffiths, we will say that he has, in his veteran years, done one other manful service: extinguished a Falsehood, sent a Falsehood to the Father of it, made the world free of it henceforth. For which let him accept our respectful thanks. I, having once been led to assert the fable, hold myself bound, on all fit occasions, to unassert it with equal emphasis. Till it please to disappear altogether from the world, as it ought to do, let it lie, as a copper shilling, nailed to the counter, and seen by all customers to be copper.

T. CARLYLE.

10th June, 1839.

P. S.—Curiously enough, while this is passing through the press, there appears in some French newspaper called *Chronique Universelle*, and is copied conspicuously into the *Paris National* (du 10 Juin, 1839), an article headed "*Six Matelots du Vengeur*." Six old sailors of the *Vengeur*, it appears, still survive, seemingly in the Bourdeaux region, in straitened circumstances; whom the editor, with sure hope, here points out to the notice of the charitable;—on which occasion, as is natural, Barricé's *blague* office more comes into play, not a whit worse for the wear, nay if anything, rather fresher than ever. Shall we send these brave old weatherbeaten men a trifle of money, and request the Mayor of Mornac to take their affidavit?

"Nothing in them but doth suffer a sea-change
Into something new and strange!"

Surely the *blague*, if natural, is not essential in their case. Old men that have fought for France ought to be assisted by France, even though they did not drown themselves after battle. Here is the extract from the *National*:

"*Six Matelots du Vengeur*."

"L'avis que la France fût sur le point de triompher son indépendance à toutes ses frontières, le sol, inépuisable en défenseurs, suffisait à peine à la nourrir, et c'était de l'Amérique, à travers les flots de l'Océan, que la France était réduite à recevoir son pain. L'Europe en armes ne pouvait dompter la révolution, l'Angleterre essaya de la prendre par famine. Grâce à la censure de l'amiral Howe sur les côtes de Bretagne et de Normandie, elle espérait intercepter un convoi de deux cents voiles, chargé d'une quantité considérable de grains, précieux ravitaillement impatientement attendu dans nos ports; mais pour sauver ce convoi une escadre Française était déjà sortie de Brest sous le commandement de Villaret-Joyeuse et la direction du représentant du peuple Jean-Baptiste Saint-André.

"Le 9 Prairial de l'an II (28 Mai, 1794), les deux armées navales se sont rencontrées, et le cri unanime de nos équipages demande le combat avec un enthousiasme irrésistible. Cependant, aux trente-trois vaisseaux de ligne et aux douze frégates de l'ennemi, nous n'avons à opposer que trente batimens, que des matelots calvès de la veille à la charrue, que des officiers et un amiral encore novices dans leurs grades, et c'est contre les marins expérimentés de la vieille Angleterre qu'il nous fallait soutenir l'honneur du pavillon tricolore, arboré pour la première fois dans un combat sur mer.

"On sait que le combat s'engagea dès le jour même, continua dès le lendemain, fut deux jours interrompu par une brume épaisse, et recommença le 13 (1^{er} Juin) à la lumière d'un soleil éclatant avec une opiniâtreté muette. Notre escadre racheta l'habileté de ses manœuvres par un déploiement extraordinaire de courage, la vivacité terrible de ses feux et l'audace de ses abordages. De quel côté resta la victoire? Les deux flottes, cruellement endommagées, se séparèrent avec une égale lassitude et désespérèrent d'arracher un succès décisif à la supériorité du nombre ou à l'énergie de la résistance. Mais cette journée fut un baptême de gloire pour notre jeune marine, et la France recueillit le prix du sang versé. Durant cette même journée, notre convoi de deux cents voiles traversait paisiblement le champ de bataille du 10, encore semé de débris, et abordait nos côtes.

"Ce fut au milieu de cette action si mémorable qu'il fut donné à un vaisseau Français de se faire une gloire particulière et d'immortaliser son nom. Cerné par les batimens ennemis, couvert des lambeaux de ses voiles et de sa mâture, criblé de boulets et déjà faisant eau de toutes parts, le *Vengeur* refuse d'amener son pavillon. L'équipage ne peut plus combattre, il peut encore mourir. Au tumulte de la résis-

ances, aux clameurs du courage désespéré succède un profond silence ; tous montent ou sont portés sur le pont. Ce ne sont plus des combattans, ce sont des martyrs de la religion et de la patrie. Là, tranquillement exposés au feu des Anglais, sentant de moment en moment le vaisseau s'enfoncer dans les flots, l'équipage salue d'un dernier regard les couleurs nationales flottant en pièces au-dessus de sa tête, il pousse un dernier cri de *Vive la République ! Vive la Liberté ! Vive la France !* et le *Vengeur* a disparu dans l'abîme. Au récit de ce fait, dont l'Angleterre elle-même rendit témoignage avec admiration, la France entière fut émue et applaudit, dans ce dévouement sublime, son esprit nouveau flottant sur les eaux comme il marchait sur la terre, indomptable et résolu à vaincre ou mourir. D'après un décret de la Convention, le *Vengeur* légua son nom à un vaisseau en construction dans les bassins de Brest, son image à la voûte du Panthéon, le rôle de l'équipage à la colonne de ce temple, et tous les arts furent appelés à concourir à la célébration de tant d'héroïsme, tandis que la reconnaissance publique s'empressait de secourir les veuves et les orphelins des héros.

"Voilà ce que fit alors la France ; mais ce qu'elle ignore peut-être, c'est que du *Vengeur* les flots n'ont pas tout englouti, et que six marins, recueillis par l'ennemi et long-temps retenus dans les prisons de l'Angleterre, ont survécu jusqu'à cette heure même, réduits à une condition misérable sur le sol de la patrie qui les honora morts et les oublie vivans ! Six, avons-nous dit, et voici leurs noms, leur âge, leur position, leur résidence : —

"Prévaudeau (Jacques), âgé de 60 ans, demeurant à Mornac ; vivant, bien que vieux, du peu de travail qu'il peut faire. •

"Cercié (Jean-Pierre), âgé de 69 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade, vivant médiocrement de son travail.

"David (Jacques), invalide, âgé de 56 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade ; misérable.

"Favier (Jacques), âgé de 64 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade ; n'ayant pour vivre que le travail de ses bras.

"Torchut (André-Pierre), âgé de 60 ans, demeurant à l'Aiguille, comme ses compagnons, il n'a d'autre ressource que son travail.

"Manequin (François), âgé de 70 ans, demeurant au Gua ; mendiant son pain et presque aveugle.

"Certes, il nous conviendrait peu d'implorer la reconnaissance publique pour ces six marins ; nous croyons suffisant de les nommer. Qu'on nous permette seulement un mot : Sous la restauration, un navire fut expédié jusque dans l'Océan-Pacifique pour découvrir sur de lointains récifs les traces du naufrage de la *Peyrouse*, et ce fut à grands frais que l'on en reunit quelques débris en bois, en fer, en cuivre et en plomb, religieusement conservés dans nos musées. Aujourd'hui, c'est sur notre plage même que gisent, ensevelis dans la misère et dans l'obscurité, des débris vivans du naufrage héroïque de *Vengeur* ; la France et le gouvernement de Juillet pourraient-ils n'être point jaloux d'acquitter la dette nationale envers ces dernières reliques du patriotisme inspiré par notre grande révolution ? — *Chronique universelle.*"

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

WE have just been passing four joyous years with the Viscount de Marcellus : and though the weather be warm, and the subject exciting, we are anxious to render our readers at least partial participators of the pleasure we have ourselves received. In the plains of Troy—

" Illustrious Troy ! renowned in ev'ry
clime,
Through the long annals of unfolding
time ;"

we have seated ourselves on the mossy trunks, blasted with branches' sear, where brambles and weeds occupy the places once frequented by old Priam and the Trojan princes who sate in palaces of royal state. There we have re-read our *Odyssey* and gazed on Cape Jamsan, in Natolia ; and turned over the pages of Rowe's *Lucan* ; or have sung of that moment in the history of the city when Æneas escaped with his father, wife, and son, on its capture by the Greeks.

" The son of Venus from their last abode
His gods, his sires, a venerable load,
Forth on his shoulders bears from smok-
ing Troy,
These and Æscantus, then an infant boy,
Alone he saves."

Then we have read with him our *Edipus Coloneus* at the birth-place of Sophocles, at once the scene of his tragedy and of his early years ; and have wrested ourselves with reluctance from the environs of Colonus and the remembrances of the seventieth Olympiad.

At Naples we have gazed with him on the blue sky of an Italian climate ; sung our Virgil to the airs of the country ; laughed at Tasso's envy of the dear Marino, and copied Metastasio who constantly studied him ; conversed on the hard fate and sad fortunes of poor Charles IV., the king of Spain ; pitied Sicilius Italicus who starved himself to death, so resolved was he on dying ; laughed at the priests, monks, fiddlers, footmen, and lazaroni of this capital of indolence ; bowed, with holy rapture, before the portals of the Gothic cathedral ; and admired the macaroni, eaten the confectiões, and sipped the cordials of the lazy and dishonest Neapolitans.

At Jerusalem, we have taken out our Hebrew Bible from our pocket-library, and have chanted the requiems of Jere-

miah, and have not forgotten Racine who said,

" — de Jérusalem l'herbe cache les
murs ;
Sion, repaire affreux des reptiles impurs,
Vole de son temple saint les pierres dis-
persées
Et du Dieu d'Israël les fêtes sont
cessées."

David and the Jebusites ; Zedekiah, Nebuchadnezzar, the captivity, and Babylon ; Titus and his avenging sword ; Adrian and his new city ; Mount Moriah ; the Persians, the Saracens, and the Turks ; the crusaders and the nine Latin kings ; and Saladin and the Turks, have all passed rapidly before the eyes of our mind, and have all been recalled to our memories as we traversed the Heleods or the Holy City. We have washed our feet, when weary and fatigued, in the brook Kedron ; have ascended together the Mount Olivet ; have perambulated the covered bazars ; have noticed Turkish rapacity and Armenian and Jewish industry ; have admired the zores for the Grecian ladies of Cyprus and the Archipelago ; talked to the guard of janissaries ; prostrated ourselves, with unaffected reverence, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre ; stood in awe before the mosque of Omar, and thought of that temple of Solomon whose site it now occupies ; contemplated, by the long-lived hour, the Aksa and the Saharra of this most magnificent pile of architecture in the Turkish empire ; and sighed over the Oriental splendour of the Armenian monastery, with all the superstitions and absurdities of a false and dangerous religion. We have climbed the rugged mountains of Judea, and gained the desert of St. John the Baptist. We have viewed the dark and profound valley of Terebintha, where David slew with his pebble the Philistine giant. We have traced the bed of that torrent which once rushed through the narrow valley, and have marked with delight the separation of the two camps :— it was the field of battle of Saul. The voice of John the Baptist yet sounded in our ears, *Tor clamavit in deserto.*

And now we are transplanted to other scenes, to the Isle of Scio ; where we have sojourned together for many a short week, then too brief, now but a

dream. But ~~each~~ Scio we must quit, the land of so much loveliness; yet, before our departure, take the following recital of our last evening.

The public promenade of Scio extends along the sea-shore, from the ramparts of the citadel to the walls of the road which conducts to the school of Homer. Every evening the Viscount Marcellus proceeded thither to breathe the fresh air of that delicious spot; and he was there surrounded by the young and laughing maids of Scio. They walked up and down in groups—the lads and youths of the village accompanied them, not unseldom, alone; the maidens were rarely followed by their relatives; they sung, they danced, they chatted, they laughed,—oh, how they laughed, so joyous in their hearts, and free from care or anxiety; sometimes together they sat down and recounted love-stories, nothing but love; their free and happy souls were light as the air, and they carolled as they tripped along. Even the presence of the grave janissaries, who patrolled along the coast, did not disturb their mirth; for even those preservers of order laughed at Scio at that which they would have punished at Constantinople. The promenade is the rendezvous of lovers. But there are no sighs to be heard, no languishing eyes to be perceived, no broken sentences for love to explain at Scio. Oh no! it is in the midst of laughter, on a public promenade, and without any shady lanes or moss-covered banks, that the passion of the lover is declared. These customs, so imprudent and so free in appearance, yet *never* lead to any impropriety. When the sun declines, when the Turkish patrol makes his dusky round, the accustomed order has returned; there are no more laughing young girls in public: the chambers of the female portion of the population remain closed; and even a brother could not enter the bed-room of his sister. The moment that the sun hides his bright and burning beams from the young girls of Scio, those who were on the sea-coast, or seated on the stone benches of their houses laughing with the youths in the neighbourhood are no more to be seen; and you may seek for them in vain till the next evening, when again, light-hearted and merry, their angel visits are welcomed with joy. Of all the isles of the Archipelago, Scio is unquestionably the one where there

is the least debauchery and the least immorality.

“La coutume,” says Montaigne after Plutarch, “fit-elle pas encore ce miracle en Cio, qu'il s'y passa sept cents ans, sans mémoire que femme ni fille y eust fait faute à son honneur.”

So jealous are these lovely islanders of their reputation for discreetness as well as chastity. Their toilette, which was heavy and graceless at the epoch of the voyage of Tonnepont, who has transmitted us an inelegant sketch, has received since those days from time and from fashion some great improvements. The sort of stuffed pillow they then carried as a lump or bunch exists no longer. They wear a sort of spencer, which they call “*libade*,”—it makes their little waists still less, and supercedes the necessity for a corset. Their frocks, or gowns if you will, are rose, white, and green, mostly short; they have white or blue stockings, and little red shoes embroidered like the slippers of sultans. Their long hair hangs in profusion over their beautiful shoulders; but then it is turned up again, and attached to their heads by golden pins. They colour their eyebrows, but never their cheeks; and they are constantly chewing the mastich, which they gather in the southern portion of the island. It is a gum from the trees, and they will have it that it preserves them from the asthma, to which the population are subject in some villages of the island; but, alas! alas! this custom spoils the colour of their teeth.

These young creatures often surrounded the writer, and they shouted for joy when they perceived that he understood their language. They have a certain sort of boldness, and yet a great degree of *naïveté*. They are familiar, without ceasing to be modest; and if education has not given them a studied and reserved gravity, it has at least not deprived them of their natural simplicity and artlessness.

“They asked me to give them flowers when the flower-woman passed near us: sometimes they even petitioned for some smaller pieces of money; and then when I granted their request, they ran away laughing, tossed them from one to the other, and then returned to thank me.

“As I was about to embark to return on board the *Estafette* which was preparing to weigh anchor, I traversed for the last time the alleys of this promenade, where were many groups of these young

girls. They recognised me afar off. 'Come, come!' they cried to each other, 'here is the young stranger.' And they surrounded me in a moment.

"Stranger, tell us which is the prettiest of us all:—you hesitate—come, come—decide." And then they made the blue vault of heaven ring with their peals of laughter.

"Oh! how long he is in deciding; he is for all the world like our old men when they choose an archonite. Speak now, speak."

"But you are all so pretty!"

"Ah! ah! do you hear what he says? There, take that flower; give it to her that you prefer."

"I hardly know why it was, but I chose a light girl, with long tresses of hair, and I presented to her the flower. She advanced, she seized it hastily; and then her merry companions placed her next to me."

"He loves light girls," they said, "and indeed she is very pretty. Well, stranger, what think you of the girls of Scio?"

"That it is a sad thing to quit them," I said, with a sort of pretension to sentiment which they did not understand. The laughs of the maidens redoubled.

"What is thy name?" I asked of her whom I had chosen.

"What can that matter to thee, since thou art about to leave us?"

"I wish that a remembrance of thee may follow me."

"O, yes," she replied, whilst laughing, "the souvenirs of young men melt like the snows of Samos. My name is Sebastitza."

"And I am Phroso," said a second, "and I Smaragd," said a third; "and I Lleuo," laughed a fourth.

"But where dost thou come from?" asked Sebastitza. "Thine accent is not ours."

"I inhabit a land far behind those mountains yonder,—there where the sun sets."

"Further off than Stamboul?" (Constantinople.)

"Oh, yes, much further than Stamboul."

"Are there orange-trees in thy country? Do thy sultanas bedeck their heads with flowers? Are the girls of thy land as happy as the girls of Scio?"

"I smiled at these questions; and talking with them as I sauntered along, I arrived at the boat which was waiting for me. They accompanied me to the spot."

"There I wished them, as I bade them adieu, that the year might soon see them married; and then their laughter knew no bounds. But, amidst their mirthful

shouts, they cried, as they run from the spot, 'Stranger, forget not the girls of Scio.'

"And now, in reperusing these lines, written some hours after our *adieu*, I cannot repress the profound emotions which agitate my heart. Poor young girls of the loveliest isle of the sea, what has been your fate? Where are now those noisy laughs, those innocent pleasures, those pomps of your fêtes and of your spring? The wind of the tempest has blown over you, and all has disappeared. I was one of the last travellers who witnessed the delights and enjoyments of your isle;—others, who have followed me, have only seen disasters and ruins. Eleuco, Smaragdi, Sebastitza, young and unfortunate creatures, were you among the three hundred maidens for whom the Turkish army disputed, and who, an hour afterwards, were slaughtered, to put an end to their differences as to your possession? Were you amongst the number of the thirty thousand women sold to the bazars of Cairo and of Smyrna? Did you hasten to hang on the coast yourselves your Archbishop Plato, and to slay your brethren and your fathers in the streets of your town, in the monasteries of your mountains, and in the caverns of Mount Peliculus? Alas! who remains to-day of those I once knew and loved? Vambas alone, saved from the general wreck, drags along, far from his cherished isle, a languishing existence. Some days after these sanguinary scenes, from this same coast which death rendered deserted, the wretched remnants of the butchered population of Scio beheld two thousand of their executioners perish beneath the waves of Tchesme; and the plague of Scio, the ferocious Ali Pacha, burnt, himself and his admiral's vessel, by the intrepid Canaris, expired on this same soil, yet inundated with the blood of his victims. Fatal and prompt expiation for so many crimes! This is the result of revolutions!"

And 'tis thus that we have introduced to our readers "the Eastern question." We felt that we had need of bespeaking their kindness for our subject, and their pardon for our manner of discussing it; especially in these warm days of June and July, when even Siberian snows would seem not to be destitute of charms, and when Alpine glaciers are visited by Lady Dorothy Mugglewort, late lady-mayorress of London. So, as our subject was a warm one, we have collected some refreshing *sorbets* for the commencement of our repast; and, thanks to the

Viscount de Marcellus, whose exquisite work* has just appeared, we have been able to gratify our readers with the extracts which we have freely, and yet accurately, translated.

Whilst, in old England, we are occupied with the imbecilities of a weak, ignorant, and pusillanimous administration, wondering what new folly will next be perpetrated by Lord John or Lord Cupid; whilst in France an insufficient and irresolute administration is seeking to "gain time," preparatory to that catastrophe which must ere long arrive in a country torn to pieces by political factions; or whilst, in the same country, they are occupied with the trials of the rebels of 12th May, whose exploits were noticed in our June Number, by the title of "Paris Pastimes;" whilst in Spain the conflict is becoming more active in the northern provinces, and yet at Madrid there is the death-like silence of the grave; whilst to Switzerland the English are flocking by thousands, to see the valley of Interlachen, the falls of the Gersbach, or the glaciers of Grindelwald; whilst the hereditary prince of Russia is visiting all countries but France, and throwing about, in elegant and costly profusion, his favours and his gold; whilst *les braves Belges* are rejoicing over the ratification of a treaty which will ensure to them disappointment and bankruptcy; and whilst the Dutch are laughing in their sleeves at the miserable bargain which the Belgians have made, and with which they are yet so well satisfied,—the old Euphrates is once more the scene of Oriental warfare; and the battle of Bagdad, with the Cairo of the middle ages, is once more to be fought—though in another century.

We love the Turks. "The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak," is with us a vast favourite. We know his failings, and deprecate his vices; but we cannot forget his history, his antecedents, his high honour, his noble fidelity, his greatness in his fall, and his sublimity even among his ruins. We are not among those who are mystified by the word "reform." The tenacity of the Mussulman for his ancient customs excites not our ire. The Conservative characteristics of the proud Turk remind us of our ancient halls,

not yet polluted by the cloven foot of a fierce and rabid democracy. The opposition which is made to the sultan is a Conservative opposition; and his weakness partially arises from his having wounded the just dignity and loftiness of the Turkish spirit. The sultan is weak, because he has not attended to the prejudices of his subjects. He has modified rather the manners than the institutions of the country, and rather the customs than the manners. Montesquieu has truly said, that you never offend men more than when you change their ceremonies and usages. Through such innovations, Mahmoud has rendered himself suspected by Ismalism, so that he has deprived himself of the assistance to be derived from the moral force of his people, without gaining in exchange any material or physical strength. Thus he has transferred to Constantinople the French school of cavalry, though he had at his disposal the first cavaliers of the world; and there, in ancient Byzantium, the descendants of the Mamlukes are being taught how to forget their Turkish horsemanship, without learning, in return, how to mount their steeds *à l'Européenne*. But when we say that we love the Turks, we speak of the nation, not of the sovereign; and when we proclaim, as a maxim of British policy in all ages, "the integrity of the Turkish empire," it is Turkey with the Bosphorus, Turkey with the Holy Land, Turkey with Egypt, Turkey with Wallachia and Moldavia; Turkey unspoliated, undegenerated, "unreformed," unspoilt, of which we speak; and not the Turkey, helpless, dependent, succumbing, and looking for pity to a pitiless pacha in the south and the east, and to the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi in the west and the north.

The decreasing power, as well as the diminished dimensions, of the Ottoman empire, are facts which we shall do well to examine at the outset of our investigations of the various points embodied in the Eastern question. We hear it repeated on all hands, that the Turkish empire is in a state of dissolution, and that "the Ottoman empire is at an end." But no one adduces his facts, no one comes forward with his figures. Aided in our task

* *Souvenirs de l'Orient*. Deux volumes in 8vo. Chez Brécourt Libraire, Rue des Saint-Pères, No. 69, Paris. Par le Viscomte de Marcellus.

by M. de Lamartine, we shall seek to fill up this void ; being as brief, however, in our statements as circumstances will permit.

The Mussulman race is reduced to next to nothing, in the 60,000 square leagues of which its fertile domain is composed. Except in one or two capitals, there are really no more Turks. Let us run over those rich and admirable coasts, once so populous and so powerful, and we find them nowhere. The stupid administration, or rather the murderous inertia of the conquering race of the children of Osman, has made every thing deserted, or else has allowed those conquered races about to expire to become stronger and stronger every day. Africa and its coasts remember no longer their origin, or Turkish domination. The Barbary powers are independent ; and have not even that fraternity, that sympathy of religion and of manners, which might otherwise constitute some semblance of nationality. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino produced no indignation at Tunis. The dethronement of the Dey of Algiers occasioned no sensation at Constantinople. The branch is separated from the trunk. The coast of Africa is neither Turk nor Arab. It is a vessel without a flag, against which all the world may fire : Turkey is not there. Egypt, peopled by Arabs, is formally detached from the Ottoman empire. Even the tribute-money, which for centuries was paid with regularity, and sent by a special emir to the court of Constantinople, is transmitted no longer ; and when lately the Russian consul represented, in the name of his august master, that the payment must no longer be delayed, he received for reply, that the pacha was not disposed to furnish the sultan with the means of attacking him in return. Not only is the tribute-money not paid, but Mehemet Ali requires that the pachalick shall be hereditary, as preliminary to the yet stronger measure of Egyptian independence. In vain does the Porte protest against these measures. Great Britain, France, and Austria, have consented to the hereditary claim of the pacha ; and when the sultan threatens to send out a fleet to depose Mehemet, and to destroy his marine, even the Russian ambassador objects to the measure, and requires, with the rest of Europe, the preservation of the *statu quo*. Egypt

is lost to Turkey for ever. Yet it were easy for Europe to rouse the Arab tribes, who perceive in Mehemet only a fortunate and rebellious slave, who wishes to leave to his posterity vast and profitable possessions. Bagdad contains a mixed population of Jews, Christians, Persians, and Arabs. A few thousand Turks, commanded by a pacha, who either revolts, or is driven away every three or four years, cannot constitute a Turkish nationality in this city of two hundred thousand souls. The pacha of Bagdad is, however, expected, with his small and inefficient forces, to assemble at Byr, with the corps of the Turkish army which has just crossed the Euphrates. Between Bagdad and Damascus reign the vast deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia, cut asunder by the mighty Euphrates. There are neither kingdoms, nor cities, nor dominions ; all are tents. The tribes who travel on these immense plains will not acknowledge either country or master. But their ruler is now the pacha of Egypt ; for the treaty of Kutahia has put him in possession of that Sistan which was, till seven years ago, a province of Turkey in Asia, bounded on the north by Caïomania and Dearbeck, on the east by the deserts of Afabia, on the south by Egypt and Arabia Petrea, and on the west by the Mediterranean. From 1500 to 1832, Syria belonged to Turkey : it is now the property of the pacha of Egypt. Aleppo, Tripoli, Damascus, Acre, and Gaza, are its five internal governments ; and no wonder that the commander-in-chief should have crossed the Euphrates at Byr, to reconquer, aided by the pacha of Bagdad, and by the dissatisfied and persecuted Syrians, that mighty province of the Ottoman empire. The Turks, however, are not to be found in Syria.

Damascus, a great and magnificent city, the Holy City of the Mussulman, has a population of 150,000 souls ; of which 30,000 are Christians, 8000 Jews, and 100,000 Arabs. There was, indeed, a handful of Turks who reigned there ; but Damascus is independent of the Porte. So is Aleppo, the headquarters of Ibrahim Pacha, who has cut down all the trees in the environs, to fortify a city expiring from the results of repeated earthquakes. The cities of Syria, from Gaza to Alexandria, are peopled by Arabs, Syrian

Greeks, and Armenians; and are governed by Egyptians. In this vast territory not more than 30,000 Turks are to be found—nay, not so many now; and they are kept down, in outward submission, by the victorious but revengeful Ibrahim. The Maronites occupy the district of Lebanon, and defy the Turks. The Druses and the Metualis, independent and courageous tribes, form, with the Maronites, that germ of a great and new people, so much relied on and confided in by our friend, De Lamartine. These, however, are not Turks. If we turn to Mount Taurus and to Asia Minor, whose provinces were seven kingdoms, and on whose shores were independent cities, or flourishing Greek and Roman colonies, we shall see miserable bourgeois inhabited by the Greeks, and the interior inhabited by the unconquerable tribe of the Turcomans, who feed their sheep in the mountains, and camp during winter in the plains. In Adana, Karnia, Kutaya, and Angora, there are some few thousands of Turks. Smyrna is a capital of various nations; and half the population, at least, is composed of Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Cyprus contains 60,000 Turks, and is a kingdom in itself. But Rhodes, Stanchio, Samos, Scio, Mytilene—where are the Turks? And Echo answers, Where? The banks of the Sea of Marmora and the Straits of the Dardanelles are peopled by a half-Greek, half-Turkish population; but the total number of Turks in these countries, comprising the inhabitants of Broussa, does not exceed 100,000. Constantinople, like all the capitals of nations in a state of decay, alone offers an appearance of population and of life. Out of a population of 700,000 souls, about one-third are Turks; the rest are Jews, Christians, Armenians, Franks, Greeks, Bulgarians. On the banks of Pont-Euxine, the native populations prevail; and the Turks are there, as every where else, diminishing. In Turkey in Europe, there is but one great city,—Adrianople. It contains 40,000 Turks. Philippopoli, Sophia, Nissa, Belgrades, and the small intermediate towns, may possess 30,000. In Servia and Bulgaria, there is scarcely a Turk for each village; and in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe it is just the same. Since the Porte has lost Syria, the total Turkish population in the two continents does not then

exceed *two and a half millions*. The dogma of fatality, and the inertia which it has engendered, the immorality of the institutions, and the barbarism of the administration, have reduced to a mere shadow the former conquerors and masters of Asia; whilst the slave races, the Christian races of the north and the south of the empire, the Armenian races, the Greeks, Maronites, and the conquered Arab race, increase every day, as the necessary consequence of their manners, religion, and activity. The slaves immensely surpass in number their masters. The Greeks of the Morea, a miserable and wretched population, yet expelled the Turks from the Peloponnesus; Moldavia and Wallachia have shaken off Ottoman domination; the isles often give signals of revolt; the Armenians are two-thirds torn from the Mussulman government by the Russians and the Persians; the Arabians are now almost wholly under Egyptian rule; the Georgians are Russian; the Syrians are under the yoke of Mehemet Ali; the Maronites and the Druses are independent; the Bulgarians are too formidable to be kept in abeyance; Prince Milosch and the Servians admit but a few Turks into Belgrade, as allies, and not as masters; and, finally, Mahmoud is reduced to the humiliating position of being liable at every moment to be vanquished by his enemy, Mehemet Ali, or absorbed by his protector, the Emperor of Russia.

Mahmoud is only the shadow of a sultan. He can make no effort to reclaim Syria, without the permission of the czar. He can organise no plan to relieve himself from the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, without the consent of England, France, and Austria. Though refused that tribute-money which was the essential condition of the first creation of the pachalick of Egypt, he is not permitted to fit out a fleet to require that payment, or to destroy the naval forces of Mehemet. Though menaced by Ibrahim, on the Syrian frontiers, with the invasion of his territories, the moment he sends an army to the Euphrates, diplomacy is up in arms against him. Though Mehemet proclaimed to all the European consuls, last autumn, that he should one day decide on the independence of Egypt, and pay no more tribute to the Porte, yet he is reproached for taking measures to prevent the success of such an

attempt. Though the pacha has publicly avowed to all the courts of Europe, by an official and state document, that at any rate he insists on the throne of Egypt descending, after his death, as a matter of right, to his children and grand-children, and thus overthrowing the rights both of the Porte and of the divan, still Mahmoud is reproached for refusing to submit quietly to such conditions; and the ambassadors are up in arms against him, especially the French ambassador, Admiral Rousin, because the Porte has secretly prepared an expedition to resent such insults, and to obtain redress for his multiplied grievances. And what is peculiarly humiliating and distressing in the position of Mahmoud is this, that, pressed between Europe which affects to protect, and Mehemet Ali who really menaces him, if he dispenses with the fatal protection of Russia, Ibrahim arrives and overthrows him. If he combats Ibrahim, he is threatened with the confiscation of his fleets by France and England. If he were to make Mehemet his ally, he would soon become his slave, and would find a prison or death in his own seraglio. To shut the Dardanelles and the Pont-Euxine he can do no longer; Russia is at his doors, and the Bosphorus is no longer free.

We have thus depicted, aided by Marcellus and De Lamartine, the state of the Turkish empire at the present hour. By the treaty of Kutahia, the Porte has lost its Syrian dominions. By the rebellion of the Greeks, it has lost the isles of the Morea. By the revolution of Moldavia and Wallachia, it has been deprived of those Hospodars. By the ambition of Mehemet Ali, it has lost Egypt. By the treaty of Unkar Skelessi, it is placed under the protectorate of an absorbing power, Russia. And now, by the policy of Austria, France, and England, all insisting on the maintenance of the *statu quo*, it is even prevented from asserting its independence, and from taking steps to regain a portion of its lost grandeur. This is the condition of the Turkish empire; this the extent of the Turkish population; these the difficulties of the Turkish position. Add to all this the crime of sodomy, which exists to so awful an extent, and which has reduced the sultan himself, the *reformer of the East*, to the most abject personal condition. We state this fact on unquestionable authority.

The reforms of Mahmoud have filled to the brim the cup of bitterness which the race of Othman was required to drink. The spirit of conquest, the very soul of the Osmanlis, is extinguished. The spirit of armed proselytism has disappeared. The force of impulsiveness exists nowhere. The love of preservation is only in the head of Mahmoud. Popular fanaticism died with the janissaries. Mahmoud is no genius; he has heart, but not talent. He has indisposed, by his most deplorable reforms, the Mussulmans towards his government. He cannot rely on Arabs, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, or Servians; and the Mussulmans, with their deplorable fatality and inertia, see, in his dangerous and ill-judged attacks on the manners and customs of the Mahometan population, the sure and certain sign of the extinction of the Ottoman empire. "What is to be, will be," is their ordinary attitude; and when, as lately, they shew some energy and decision, the powers of Europe intervene, and say, "We will have the *statu quo*."

"What, then, is to be done with the Eastern question? Let us listen to the various replies which are offered to this inquiry, and endeavour to get at the truth; and, above all, to understand British interests and British policy.

What, then, is to be done with this Eastern question? Let us, first of all, hear our friend De Lamartine. He is no ordinary man. He has passed some of the sunniest, and some, alas! of the saddest years of his life, in the land of Palestine. He has seen Ibrahim in the full tide of his glory; and has conversed with the beys, emirs, and pachas of nearly all the Turkish empire. He has studied the subject of the East as a statesman and historian, as well as a poet and a Christian; and we know of no man whose opinion we should ordinarily defer to with so much unfeigned humility and heartfelt confidence. And what does he say?

"Assemble a congress of the principal powers having the boundaries of their territories on the limits of the Ottoman empire, or interests in the Mediterranean. Establish as a fundamental principle and a fact, that Europe withdraws from all direct influence in the internal affairs of Turkey, and abandons her to her innate vitality, and to the chances of her destinies; agreeing, beforehand, that, should the empire fall, either in consequence of

a revolution at Constantinople, or by reason of the successive dismemberment of her component parts, the European powers shall each take, by the title of protector, the portion of the empire which shall be assigned to it by the stipulations of the congress. That these protectorates, defined and limited as to the territories, according to their neighbourhood, surety of frontiers, analogy of religions, manners, and interests, shall not interfere with the rights of local sovereignties, pre-existing in the protected provinces, and shall only establish and consecrate the *suzeraineté* of the protecting powers. This sort of defined *suzeraineté* shall principally consist in the right of occupying such portion of the territory, or of the coasts, as shall become necessary to found free towns, European colonies, and commercial ports and harbours. The various nationalities, the classifications of tribes, all sorts of pre-existing rights, shall be recognised and maintained by the protecting power. It is to be only a sort of armed and civilising guardianship that each power will exercise over the state committed to its protection. It will guarantee to the state it protects its existence, and its elements of nationality, under the flag of a nationality which shall be stronger. It will preserve its protected state from invasions, from dismemberments, from civil wars, and from anarchy; and it will furnish the state it protects with the pacific means of developing its commerce and its industry."

This is the plan of De Lamartine. We have considered it well, but we cannot adopt it. To De Lamartine we say, your politics are too poetic, and your mode of civilisation partakes of the character of your sweet and amiable mind. But, in politics, we have to do with the worst passions and the most implacable hatreds of the human heart. In order that this plan might be adopted, Russia must change her policy from the time of Catherine downwards; Austria must be convinced that the possession of Bosnia and Albania would be to her equivalent to the occupation of Constantinople by the czar; France must be induced to make an offer of her Algerine conquests on the common altar of an Oriental arrangement; Otho, the king of Greece, must abandon a portion of his Morean territories; England would be required to sacrifice Malta; the viceroy of Egypt to abandon Syria; and, in one word, the age of universal peace and good-will must arrive among men before such a

congress could even be practicable. And why should not a new power, like Egypt, with Syria attached to it, instead of consenting to resign a portion of its empire, on the contrary, demand considerable additions? Besides these objections, which are insurmountable, there are others equally formidable. For instance, what congress would consent to the parts and proportions to be taken by each power in the general division? To draw lots would be in opposition to the spirit of the plan; and yet no other mode could be pursued. But one great difficulty stands foremost of all; and that is the declaration of Russia, that she will never consent to act with France and England in the settlement of the affairs of the East.

We have said nothing of the difficulties which always arise in the way of transferring nations or communities without their consent. Yet these would be endless in number, and various in character. What is to be done with Syria? What with Arabia? What with mixed populations? What with countries torn to pieces by the contests of contending pachas and hostile governments? Arabia is dissected into families of men unknown the one to the other, attacked by the Turks and Egyptians in their turns, and at every moment disturbed by the great schism of Wahabi. Some of the governments of the protectorates would be too free for those they protected, and others would not be free enough. The Mahometans are not a condensed, but a scattered population; and they would most certainly refuse to submit to any but Mahometan rule. The objections are endless. We do not live in a state of the world where such pacific and millennium arrangements are practicable; and though we admire the benevolence of its illustrious inventor, the plan of De Lamartine is *not* practicable.

The French Conservatives have supplied us with another answer to this inquiry; and we will present it to our readers in the language of their able organ, the *Journal des Débats*:—

"An Oriental confederation, which should, under the protection of Western Europe, collect together the scattered members of the old Ottoman empire; the pacha of Egypt, as hereditary pacha; Greece, as an independent kingdom; Wallachia and Moldavia, by the title of

hospodorates; Constantinople, the centre and capital; and the Sultan Mahmoud, the suzerain and president."

This "Oriental confederation" is to begin its labours by the reconciliation of the Porte and Egypt! Admirable arrangement! Pacific and desirable *dénouement*! But what and if the pacha will not abandon his conquests of Syria, his dreams of independence, and his refusal to pay even the tribute to the sultan? Is war to be declared against him? and by whom? Why, this is the question of to-day; and it is no answer to this difficulty to say, that the Porte and the pacha must love each other like two lambs, instead of hate each other like two tigers.

But what is this Oriental confederation to do with respect to European claims and European interests? Again we will let the French Conservatives, for whom we have a profound respect, speak for themselves—or, at any rate, for French interests, and for the French share of the booty. The following is as *nuit*, as it is original:—

"Our first interest, then, is to take care that the question shall remain wholly Oriental. But let no mistake be made on this point. We do not desire that the question shall remain Oriental, in the sense that the European powers contiguous to the East shall take their part and portion without giving us ours. No; we mean that the question must remain Oriental in this sense,—that the Oriental states must be maintained and consolidated; and in this sense, that the European powers shall be excluded from the division of the East. In one word, the question must be wholly Oriental, which was our first idea; or it must be wholly European. The wisest and the most natural policy is, assuredly, to constitute the East only with the East; for this is to take that which is, in order to consolidate and strengthen it. Such ought to be the French policy. All the rest is an adventure. But if Europe wishes to run the risk, France will remember, we hope, that she always was fond of adventures; and that often she has been fortunate."

So, then, the policy of France is to establish an Oriental confederation, composed of weak, helpless, divided, scattered, hostile powers; and as long as this Oriental confederation shall act Orientally as to these Eastern questions, she is to consent to go without her part; but if any one shall touch a hair's breadth of Eastern territory, France is to have

her full share in the general scramble. It appears to us that these are not the materials with which to compose an Oriental confederation. For what is Turkey but a *cadavre*? and what is Greece but a skeleton? and what is Egypt but a divided and clashing conglomeration of opposite views and interests? and what are Moldavia and Wallachia but small states, under the domination, not legal, but *de facto*, of Russia? and who is King Otho, but the representative of Russian views and policy? Besides this, would the pacha of Egypt, would the Greeks of the Morea, would the Syrians, would the Wallachians and Moldavians, consent to this *suzaineté*, or even presidency, of the Sultan Mahmoud? The thing is not possible. The plan could not be adopted. To establish such a confederation, Europe must go to war with the East; and Russia would join the East against Europe. The scheme of the French Conservatives is as impracticable as the proposition of the excellent De Lamartine.

The governments of France, Austria, and Great Britain, have their plan to propose, which is the third we are called on to consider. What is it? Their plan is to preserve the *statu quo* of the question; just as though the man who stood still would get to the end of his journey.

The sultan requires the cancelling of the treaty of Kutahia. "No," is the reply of these powers; "we insist on the *statu quo*."

The sultan demonstrates that he is not safe in his capital, whilst Syria is in the hands of the Egyptians. "Never mind that," is the answer of the courts of Paris, Vienna, and London; "we insist on the *statu quo*."

"I will advance to Stamboul," cries Ibrahim Pacha, "unless I be acknowledged the rightful heir to the throne of Egypt and Syria." "You shall not advance," reply the consuls at Alexandria; "we insist on the *statu quo*."

"I will make Egypt an independent empire," declares Mehemet Ali, to the whole of Europe. "You shall do no such thing," answer the consuls once more; "we will have the *statu quo*."

"I will send my fleet to the shores of Egypt," declares the Sultan to Admiral Roussin, "for I cannot get paid my tribute." "You must not think of undertaking such an expedition," answer Lord Ponsonby, as well as the

Austrian and French ministers; "we will have the *statu quo*."

"I will send a fleet to the Bosphorus," exclaims the Emperor of Russia, "if any attempt shall be made to disturb the Porte." "You must not think of such a step," retorts the English government, "for it will assuredly lead to war, and we do not recognise your protectorate of the Porte." "I care not for your recognition, or non-recognition," answers the czar; "I will act under the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi!" "We do not acknowledge that treaty," reply the ambassadors of France and England. "I shall dispense with your acknowledgment," retorts the Emperor of Russia, in a formal note written by M. de Nesselrode. "Act on it at your peril" is the rejoinder; "for we will have the *statu quo*."

The sultan desires, above all other things, to get rid of the protection of Russia, and of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. His best friends counsel him to summon up all his energies; to shut the Dardanelles and Pont Euxine; to make an appeal to southern Europe, and to all that remains of Islamism; to march himself against Ibrahim on the one hand; and the Russians on the other; and at last to conquer or to die. If to conquer, then to found again a vast Ottoman empire; if to die, to die worthy of the race of Ottoman; and to terminate that empire as it began, in a triumph. But Europe replies, "No! the *statu quo* must be preserved; the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi must neither be destroyed nor fulfilled, and the treaty of Kutahia must be regarded as having received its accomplishment."

Is this state of things possible? To suppose it would be to imagine that the eastern, western, northern, and southern portions of the three continents interested in this question, had all become "wise as serpents," as well as "harmless as doves;" and that the greatest difficulties ever known to exist in any ancient or modern question, could be cleared away by inaction and inertia. Indeed no better answer can be given to this *statu quo* system than that which has been already been supplied by Turkey and Egypt within the last month. Whilst the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Globe*, Lord Palmerston and Colonel Torrens, were felicitating themselves and each other

on the wonderful results of the system of "Halt!"—whilst the French ambassador at Constantinople was writing to the French consul at Alexandria, that Turkey had given up all notion of attacking the Egyptian occupation of Syria; and whilst Lord Ponsonby was watching, with exquisite complacency, the Turkish fleet as it lay moored in the waters of the Bosphorus; what should they hear of a sudden, at Malta, Smyrna, Beyruth, Alexandria, and Constantinople, all at the same moment, but that the Turkish troops had crossed the Euphrates, and that the Egyptian forces were being concentrated at Aleppo! Admiral Roussin rushed to the sultan; Lord Ponsonby cursed the Crescent and the Mussulman; the French consul at Alexandria hid his face with his hands, and vowed "he would write to be recalled." All was confusion and dismay; but who was to be blamed for all this? Why those who absurdly attempted to impose the *statu quo*.

The war party in Europe has, of course, answered the inquiry of "What is to be done with the Eastern question?" in precisely the adverse manner to that adopted by the French Conservatives. Their reply is, "War to the knife!" but against whom, and between whom? War to the knife on the part of England and France against the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; war to the knife on the part of Austria against Russia, to prevent the Russians advancing on Constantinople; war to the knife against the shutting of the Dardanelles, or against their remaining under the protectorate of Russia, on the part of all the maritime powers of Europe; war to the knife on the part of the Ottoman Porte against the treaty of Kutahia, and the possession of Syria by the son of Mehemet; war to the knife on the part of the pacha of Egypt against the sultan, for his attempt to regain possession of provinces secured to Mehemet by treaties; war to the knife on the part of the pacha, to secure the hereditary crown of Egypt to his son; war to the knife on the part of the Porte against Egypt, to obtain the present and future payment of the annual tribute-money guaranteed by centuries of regular contribution; war to the knife on the part of the Syrians against Ibrahim, and Ibrahim against the Syrians; war to the knife on the part of the Arabians, the Maronites,

the Druses, the Albanians, and the Bosmans, against the Mussulman; war to the knife on the part of a moiety of the population of Egypt and of Syria, against the other moiety; war to the knife on the part of the pacha, to obtain the total independence of Egypt of the *suzeraineté* of the Porte; and, finally, war to the knife on the parts of various European powers, as well as Asiatic countries, the one against the other, in order to obtain their portions of the eastern world! This is the cry of the war party in Europe, and its emissaries have reached the pacha at Alexandria, and inspired him with a thirst for blood and vengeance; whilst others have roused the sultan's ire against Ibrahim, and he has ordered his generalissimo to cross the Euphrates! But is this the way of settling the Eastern question? We think not; though, at least, it proves to demonstration the impossibility of maintaining the *status quo*.

Having examined, with the attention which they merited, the various plans which have been recently proposed for the settlement of the Eastern question, we propose very hastily to sketch the varied positions of the contending parties, and to reply to the inquiry, "What is to be done in the affairs of the East?"

It appears to us, that there is a great preliminary inquiry to be instituted before we can arrive at any certain or accurate conclusion, and that inquiry is the following:—"Is the Ottoman empire to be re-constituted? or is an Egyptian and Syrian empire to be founded?" It is impossible—morally, politically, and physically impossible—that both objects can be accomplished. Which, then, of the two is to be preferred? and, above all, which is most in harmony with the true interests of Great Britain?

We confess with sorrow, but with sincerity, that we apprehend a war between Great Britain and Russia can scarcely be avoided. We are no lovers of war: we are convinced, also, of the necessity of a great *resisting* power in Europe; we are satisfied that the Russian government has rendered essential service to the whole of Christendom by its policy of *résistance* during the last nine years. There is a natural tendency on the part of mankind to encroach on the prerogatives and rights of their governors. Man is averse to restraint. Even the progress of edu-

cation, when not restrained by active religious principles, is calculated to excite men to insubordination, pride, vanity, and all that is upstart and ungovernable in the human character. The revolution of 1830 would have made the tour of the world, as the democrats of that period predicted, but for the conservative power, and *resisting* influence of Russia. We feel this strongly; and therefore we say, that we should deeply regret a war between this country and Russia. But, on the other hand, the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi can never be submitted to by English commerce, or by the British navy; and it must become a dead letter by never being acted on, or it must be slivered into ten thousand atoms by the heavy broadsides which shall proceed from the wooden walls of old England. The state of the Polish question is far from being satisfactory. The act of Congress of 9th June, 1819, which declared, "*Les Polonais, sujets respectifs de la Russie, de l'Autriche, et de la Prusse, obtiendront une représentation et des institutions nationales*," has been shamefully violated, and Poland is no longer a rampart against the increasing influence of the Russian government. The Reform-bill of 1830 lost, for half a century, the cause of Poland. But the case of Turkey will not admit of this postponement. The Bosphorus must be as free as the Atlantic, the Dardanelles must be as British as the Levant. This is a question which can admit of no compromise, and scarcely of the delay of a month. Every indication of feebleness on the part of the Porte renders its settlement more necessary; every advance on the part of Egypt makes its delay more dangerous; but will Russia consent to renounce the immense advantages procured by her, by means of that treaty? This is not probable; and it is therefore we apprehend a war between the British and the Russian empires. The mere nominal protection of Turkey by Russia is, of course, no evil. If the czar were thus easily gratified, there would be no harm in gratifying his taste; but the treaty of Adrianople has taught us that Russia has not abandoned the policy of her Catherine, and that Russia yet hopes to see her southern capital washed by the waters of the Bosphorus.

The first duty of England then, a duty from which she cannot escape, is

to require the destruction of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. To re-constitute the Ottoman empire appears as impossible as to give life and animation to the dead members of a lifeless body; but the Bosphorus must be uncontrolled, and the brackish waters of the Black Sea, receiving into it the fresh waters of Europe and of Asia Minor, must be as free as that current, which sets from it through the Strait of Constantinople into the Mediterranean. Had Lord Durham succeeded in his mission to St. Petersburg, this question might have been set at rest; but there, as in Canada, he signally failed.

If the Ottoman empire cannot be re-constituted, can it not be suffered to linger in its present dying and inanimate state? This is just possible; but is it to the interest of Great Britain to acquiesce in a state of things which, if perpetuated, must terminate in the triumph of Russian influence in the east of Europe? The sultan can scarcely breathe without the consent of his protector; and M. de Boutenfeff rules the divan, in spite of all the remonstrances of Lord Ponsonby and Admiral Roussin. Those who know best the affairs of the East, are satisfied that the advance of the Turkish forces to Byr was organised at the Russian embassy in Constantinople; and all the movements of the Russian forces, both by sea and land, fully justify them in this conclusion. The inertia of the remains of the Turkish empire is a daily and practical evil to British commerce, and a daily and hourly advantage to Russian policy.

Let us now turn to Egypt. The pacha is a successful rebel; his sovereign was the sultan, but he beards him; he owes an annual tribute to the mother country, but he refuses to pay it; he has gained Syria by stratagem, and refuses to restore it. He was governor for life, both of Egypt and of Syria, but he now demands that his descendants shall enjoy them for ever. More than this;—he was, after all, the subject of the Porte; he now proclaims himself its equal, and threatens to proclaim his independence. All this is flagrant rebellion; but what are the interests of Great Britain? Let us see.

The growing influence of France in the Mediterranean requires a strong counterpoise, a powerful antagonist. British influence in the Levant is not equal to French influence in the Barbary States. France is daily pushing

her conquests, and a new quarrel with the Bey of Tunis is just being developed, which will probably terminate in new encroachments on the Barbary powers, and in new conquests. France has fixed her eyes upon Egypt. This is not the first time she has done so. We have not forgotten Napoleon's proud address to his army in the presence of the pyramids, nor the slaughter at Jaffa, nor the visit to Syria. What French were in 1799, they are forty years afterwards. Though "le beau Sabreur" of those times is dead, and dead in exile and desertion, yet the Nile has still its mighty attractions for the heroes of Bona, Mascara, and Constantinople. Every year new conquests are made in Africa; two new expeditions have been lately undertaken by the "pacifique" Governor Valée; and we shall be surprised some evening by an express from Paris to the *Standard* announcing an expedition to Tunis, or preparations against Tripoli.

It is then the duty and the interest of Great Britain not to allow Egypt either to become the godchild of her guardian, France, or the prey of her love of territory and of conquest. The pacha of Egypt has his merits as well as his defects. Printing has been introduced into Cairo, and there are sixty presses for books in Arabic, besides a daily gazette in the Arabic, Italian, and Turkish languages. The arts and sciences are no longer foreign to Alexandria, and steam navigation is making rapid progress. Mehemet Ali has constructed, in only two months, a canal of forty-eight miles, ninety feet wide by eighteen deep, on which he employed 250,000 men, so that the Lake Mæris may now almost be looked upon as an artificial wonder. The cotton-plant, unknown in Egypt in 1814, is now so cultivated, that 150,000 bales per annum of superior cotton are exported. Steam navigation in the Nile, on the Red Sea, and on the Persian Gulf, is protected by the pacha, whose revenue has, in ten years, increased from two to ten millions sterling. Without a navy, he has now fifteen sail of the line; and his armies contain not less than two hundred and fifty thousand men. Silk, flax, sugar, are now produced in abundance; and travellers and merchants may now visit and transact business in those countries with security, if not with comfort.

We have lately read with attention the celebrated *Mémoire* of Monsieur

J. M. Le Père, made at the commencement of the present century, "as to the communication of the Indian sea and the Mediterranean by the Red Sea and the Isthmus of Suez." Jomard, to whom we are much indebted for his admirable Egyptian researches, has preserved this memoir in the celebrated *Description de l'Égypte, ou Recueil des Observations et des Recherches qui ont été faites en Égypte pendant l'Expédition de l'Armée Française*. Pauckoucke. Paris, 1822. The advantages of navigation by the Red Sea, which will recall the commerce of India into its natural route, is mathematically demonstrated. The canal of the two seas was navigable under the reigns of the Mahometan princes. The amelioration of the port of Suez is an easy, and by no means expensive measure. The Red Sea is not difficult to navigate. This is a mighty question for Great Britain; it should not be lost sight of for a single moment. Russia feels its importance to British commerce, and has sought, and is seeking, to raise difficulties in the way of large and permanent arrangements between Great Britain and Egypt. The possession of the Gulf of Suez by a neutral or by a friendly power is indispensable to England; and neither Russia nor France must exercise any dominion over that isthmus, which joins the vast continents of Asia and Africa. The commerce with Egypt cannot be neglected by Great Britain; and the pacha is by no means ill-disposed towards British products or British merchants. In return, however, he requires something more than a treaty of commerce; he demands the guarantee of England that the throne of Egypt shall descend to his offspring and to their children. On such conditions the route to India is free. What is the duty of Great Britain? We do not hesitate to affirm to guarantee that descent, but on conditions which shall be just to the Porte, and advantageous to our Indian possessions. Those conditions may be obtained, and we suspect no one knows this better than the Whig commercial missionary, Dr. Bowring. France is nibbling at the bait; France is advancing to the pacha. Why? To defeat English negotiations, put Great Britain and Egypt off their guard, and prepare the way for the accomplishment of those schemes of conquest in the

East which France has *adjourned*, but never abandoned.

But what is to become of Syria? Mehemet Ali is in possession. The Porte has assembled its forces at Byr to dispute its longer retention. How should Great Britain act in this thorny and very difficult question? The formation of a separate and independent empire, similar to the government of Greece, would evidently be most to her interest, and would assure, for the longest period of time, peace and prosperity to the Syrian Christians. But Turkey would be as vehement against this arrangement, as would the rebel Mehemet, and the pacha of Bagdad would view with horror even the proposal for such a settlement. Russia would oppose it, because such a decision would take out of the way an element of war, and France would tremble for her Eastern projects if Syria should become free. These reasons may render the measure impracticable, but they tend to demonstrate its propriety. What then is to be done with the Syrian question? Some propose the division of Syria. Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha would spend their last *meddin*, and lose their last soldier, rather than consent to a division. But what say the Syrians? Whose government do they prefer? They hate both; but the oppression of Egypt has been more insupportable to them than even the dominion of the Mussulman. Then let the Syrians decide who shall be their masters; and, on condition that neither Russia nor France shall interfere, let this conflict as to Syria be purely Oriental.

The question of the East is beset with difficulties, and we have not attempted to conceal them; but, in proportion to their number and their magnitude, is the necessity for their being met and conquered. Yet by whom? By Russia? No; her policy is one of subjugation. By France? No; her policy is one of conquest. By Austria? No; her policy is one of temporisation. By the Whigs? No; their policy is comprised in the fearful merita of the *status quo*, the refuge of weak, and the excuse of bad governments. The only men who can settle this question are British Conservatives; and for this, as for ten thousand other reasons, we exclaim, DOWN WITH THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY!

CATHERINE : A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR.

CHAP. V.

Contains Mr. Brock's autobiography, and other matter.

"You don't sure believe these men?" said Mrs. Hayes, as soon as the first alarm, caused by the irruption of Mr. Brock and his companions, had subsided. "These are no magistrate's men; it is but a trick to rob you of your money, John."

"I will never give up a farthing of it!" screamed Hayes.

"Yonder fellow," continued Mrs. Catherine, "I know, for all his drawn sword and fierce looks; his name

"Wood, madam, at your service!" said Mr. Brock. "I am follower to Mr. Justice Gobble, of this town; a'n't I, Tim?" said Mr. Brock to the tall halberd-man who was keeping the door.

"Yes, indeed," said Tim, archly; "we're all followers of his honour, Justice Gobble."

"Certainly!" said the one-eyed man.

"Of course!" cried the man in the nightcap.

"I suppose, madam, you're satisfied now?" continued Mr. Brock-a-Wood. "You can't deny the testimony of gentlemen like these; and our commission is to apprehend all able-bodied male persons who can give no good account of themselves, and enrol them in the service of her majesty. Look at this Mr. Hayes" (who stood trembling in his shoes); "can there be a bolder, properer, straighter gentleman? We'll have him for a grenadier before the day's over!"

"Take heart, John, don't be frightened. Psia, I tell you I know the man," cried out Mrs. Hayes; "he is only here to extort money."

"Oh, for that matter, I do think I recollect the lady. Let me see where was it. At Birmingham, I think,—ay, at Birmingham,—about the time when they tried to murder Count Gal——"

"Oh, sir!" here cried Madam Hayes, dropping her voice at once from a tone of scorn to one of gentle entreaty, "what is it you want with my husband? I know not, indeed, if ever

I saw you before. For what do you seize him? How much will you take to release him, and let us go? Name the sum; he is rich, and ——"

"Rich, Catherine!" cried Hayes; "rich!—O heavens! Sir, I have nothing but my hands to support me; I'm a poor carpenter, sir, working under my father!"

"He can give twenty guineas to be free; I know he can!" said Mrs. Cat.

"I have but a guinea to carry me home," sighed out Hayes.

"But you have twenty at home, John," said his wife. "Give these brave gentlemen a writing to your mother, and she will pay; and you will let us free then, gentlemen—won't you?"

"When the money's paid, yes," said the leader, Mr. Brock.

"Oh, in course," echoed the tall man with the halberd. "What's a thrifling detention, my dear!" continued he, addressing Hayes; "we'll amuse you in your absence, and drink to the health of your pretty wife here."

This promise, to do the halberdier justice, he fulfilled. He called upon the landlady to produce the desired liquor; and when Mr. Hayes flung himself at that lady's feet, demanding succour from her, and asking whether there was no law in the land,—

"There's no law at the Three Rooks except this!" said Mr. Brock in reply, holding up a horse-pistol; to which the hostess, grinning, assented, and silently went her way.

After some further solicitations John Hayes drew out the necessary letter to his father, stating that he was pressed, and would not be set free under a sum of twenty guineas; and that it would be of no use to detain the bearer of the letter, inasmuch as the gentlemen who had possession of him vowed that they would murder him should any harm befall their comrade. As a further proof of the authenticity of the letter, a token was added, a ring that Hayes wore, and that his mother had given him.

The missives were, after some consultation, entrusted to the care of the tall halberdier, who seemed to rank as second in command of the forces that marched under Corporal Brock. This

gentleman was called indifferently Ensign, Mr., or even Captain Macshane; his intimates occasionally, in sport, called him Nosey, from the prominence of that feature in his countenance; or Spindleshins, for the very reason which brought on the first Edward a similar nickname. Mr. Macshane then quitted Worcester, mounted on Hayes's horse, leaving all parties at the Three Rooks not a little anxious for his return.

This was not to be expected until the next morning, and a weary *nuit de nocce* did Mr. Hayes pass. Dinner was served, and, according to promise, Mr. Brock and his two friends enjoyed the meal along with the bride and bridegroom. Punch followed, and this was taken in company; then came supper; Mr. Brock alone partook of this, the other two gentlemen preferring the society of their pipes and the landlady in the kitchen.

"It is a sorry entertainment, I confess," said the ex-corporal, "and a dismal way for a gentleman to spend his bridal night; but somebody must stay with you, my dears, for who knows but you might take a fancy to scream out of window, and then there would be murder, and the deuce and all to pay. One of us must stay, and my friends love a pipe, so you must put up with my company until he can relieve guard."

The reader will not, of course, expect that three people who were to pass the night, however unwillingly, together in an inn-room, should sit there dumb and moody, and without any personal communication; on the contrary, Mr. Brock, as an old soldier, entertained his prisoners with the utmost courtesy, and did all that lay in his power, by the help of liquor and conversation, to render their durance tolerable. On the bridegroom his attentions were a good deal thrown away; Mr. Hayes consented to drink copiously, but could not be made to talk much; and, in fact, the fright of the seizure, the fate hanging over him should his parents refuse a ransom, and the tremendous outlay of money which would take place should they accede to it, weighed altogether on his mind so much as utterly to unman it.

As for Mrs. Cat, I don't think she was at all sorry in her heart to see the old corporal, for he had been a friend of old times—dear times to her; she

had had from him, too, and felt for him not a little kindness, and there was really a very tender, innocent friendship subsisting between this pair of rascals, who relished much a night's conversation together.

The corporal, after treating his prisoners to punch in great quantities, proposed the amusement of cards, over which Mr. Hayes had not been occupied more than an hour, when he found himself so excessively sleepy as to be persuaded to fling himself down on the bed, dressed as he was, and there to snore away until morning.

Mrs. Catherine had no inclination for sleep; and the corporal, equally wakeful, plied incessantly the bottle, and held with her a great deal of conversation. The sleep, which was equivalent to the absence of John Hayes, took all restraint from their talk. She explained to Brock the circumstances of her marriage, which we have already described; they wondered at the chance which had brought them together at the Three Rooks; nor did Brock at all hesitate to tell her at once that his calling was quite illegal, and that his intention was simply to extort money. The worthy corporal had not the slightest shame regarding his own profession, and cut many jokes with Mrs. Cat about her late one, her attempt to murder the count, and her future prospects as a wife.

And here, having brought him upon the scene again, we may as well shortly narrate some of the principal circumstances which befel him after his sudden departure from Birmingham, and which he narrated with much candour to Mrs. Catherine.

He rode the captain's horse to Oxford (having exchanged his military dress for a civil costume on the road), and at Oxford he disposed of William of Nassau, a great bargain, to one of the heads of colleges. As soon as Mr. Brock, who took on himself the style and title of Captain Wood, had sufficiently examined the curiosities of the university, he proceeded at once to the capital, the only place for a gentleman of his fortune and figure.

Here he read, with a great deal of philosophical indifference, in the *Daily Post*, the *Courant*, the *Observer*, the *Gazette*, and the chief journals of those days, which he made a point of examining at Button's and Wills's, an accurate description of his person, his

clothes, and the horse he rode, and a promise of fifty guineas' reward to any person who would give an account of him (so that he might be captured) to Captain Count Galgenstein at Birmingham, to Mr. Murfey at the Golden Ball in the Savoy, or Mr. Bates at the Blew Anchor in Piccadilly. But Captain Wood, in an enormous full-bottomed periwig that cost him sixty pounds,* with high red heels to his shoes, a silver sword, and a gold snuff-box, and a large wound (obtained, he said, at the siege of Barcelona), which disfigured much of his countenance, and caused him to cover one eye, was in small danger, he thought, of being mistaken for Corporal Brock, the deserter of Cutts's; and strutted along the Mall with as grave an air as the very best nobleman who appeared there. He was generally, indeed, noted to be very good company; and as his expenses were unlimited ("A few convent candlesticks, my dear," he used to whisper, "melt into a vast number of doubloons"), he commanded as good society as he chose to ask for; and it was speedily known as a fact throughout town, that Captain Wood, who had served under His Majesty Charles III., of Spain, had carried off the diamond petticoat of our Lady of Compostella, and lived upon the proceeds of the fraud. People were good Protestants in those days, and many a one longed to have been his partner in the pious plunder.

All surmises concerning his wealth, Captain Wood, with much discretion, encouraged. He contradicted no report, but was quite ready to confirm all; and when two different rumours were positively put to him, he used only to laugh, and say, "My dear sir, I don't make the stories, but I'm not called upon to deny them; and I give you fair warning, that I shall assent to every one of them; so you may believe them or not, as you please;" and so he had the reputation of being a gentleman, not only wealthy, but discreet. In truth, it is almost a pity that worthy Brock had not been a gentleman born; in which case, doubtless, he would have lived and died as became his station; for he spent his money like a gentleman, he loved women like a gentleman, would fight

like a gentleman, he gambled and got drunk like a gentleman. What did he want else? Only a matter of six descents, a little money, and an estate, to render him the equal of Saint John or Harley.

"Ah, those were merry days!" would Mr. Brock say,—for he loved, in a good old age, to recount the story of his London fashionable campaign;—"and when I think how near I was to become a great man, and to die, perhaps, a general, I can't but marvel at the wicked obstinacy of my ill luck. I will tell you what I did, my dear: I had lodgings in Piccadilly, as if I were a lord; I had two large periwigs, and three suits of laced clothes; I kept a little black, dressed out like a Turk; I walked daily in the Mall; I dined at the politest ordinary in Covent Garden; I frequented the best of coffee-houses, and knew all the pretty fellows of the town; I cracked a bottle with Mr. Addison, and lent many a piece to Dick Steele (a sad debauched rogue, my dear); and, above all, I'll tell you what I did—the noblest stroke that sure ever a gentleman performed in my situation.

"One day, going into Wills's, I saw a crowd of gentlemen gathered together, and heard one of them say, 'Captain Wood! I don't know the man; but there was a Captain Wood in Southwell's regiment.' Egad, it was my Lord Peterborow himself who was talking about me! So, putting off my hat, I made a most gracious *congé* to my lord, and said I knew him, and rode behind him at Barcelona on our entry into that town.

"No doubt you did, Captain Wood," says my lord, taking my hand; "and no doubt you know me; for many more know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows." And with this, at which all of us laughed, my lord called for a bottle, and he and I sate down and drank it together.

"Well, he was in disgrace, as you know, but he grew mighty fond of me; and—would you believe it?—nothing would satisfy him, but presenting me at court! Yes, to her sacred majesty (as was then), and my Lady Marlborough, who was then in high feather. Ay, truly, the sentinels on duty used to salute me as if I were Corporal

* In the ingenious contemporary history of Moll Flanders, a periwig is mentioned as costing that sum.

John himself! I was in the high road to fortune. Charley Mordaunt used to call me Jack, and drink canary at my chambers; I used to make one at my lord-treasurer's levee; I had even got Mr. Army-secretary Walpole to take a hundred guineas in a compliment; and he had promised me a majority, when bad luck turned, and all my fine hopes were overthrown in a twinkling.

"You see, my dear, that after we had left that gaby, Galgenstein,—ha, ha!—with a gag in his mouth, and two-pence halfpenny in his pocket, the honest count was in the sorriest plight in the world, owing money here and there to tradesmen, a cool thousand to the Yorkshire squire, and all this on eighty pounds a-year! Well, for a little time the tradesmen held their hands, while the jolly count moved heaven and earth to catch hold of his dear corporal and his dear money-bags over again, and placarded every town from London to Liverpool with descriptions of my pretty person. The bid was down, however,—the money clean gone,—and when there was no hope of regaining it, what did the creditors do, but clap my gay gentleman into Shrewsbury gaol, where I wish he had rotted, for my part.

"But no such luck for honest Peter Brock, or Captain Wood, as he was in those days. One blessed Monday I went to wait on Mr. Secretary, and he squeezed my hand and whispered to me that I was to be major of a regiment in Virginia—the very thing: for you see, my dear, I didn't care about joining my lord duke in Flanders, being pretty well known to the army there. The secretary squeezed my hand (it had a fifty-pound bill in it) and wished me joy, and called me major, and bowed me out of his closet into the anteroom; and, as gay as may be, I went off to the Tilt Yard Coffee-house in Whitehall, which is much frequented by gentlemen of our profession, where I bragged not a little of my good luck.

"Amongst the company were several of my acquaintance, and amongst them a gentleman I did not much care to see, look you! I saw a uniform that I knew—red and yellow facings—Cutts's, my dear; and the wearer of this was no other than His Excellency Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, whom we all know of!

"He stared me full in the face, right into my eye (t'other one was patched, you know); and after standing stock-still with his mouth open, gave a step back, and then a step forward, and then screeched out, 'It's Brock!'

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' says I; 'did you speak to me?'

"'I'll swear it's Brock,' cries Gal, as soon as he hears my voice, and laid hold of my cuff, (a pretty bit of mechin as ever you saw, by the way).

"'Sirrah!' says I, drawing it back, and giving my lord a little touch of the fist (just at the last button of the waistcoat, my dear,—a rare place if you wish to prevent a man from speaking too much; it sent him reeling to the other end of the room). 'Ruffian!' says I;

"'dog!' says I; 'insolent puppy and coxcomb! what do you mean by laying your hand on me?'

"'Faith, major, you giv him his *billyfull*,' roared out a long Irish unattached ensign, that I had treated with many a glass of Nantz at the tavern. And so, indeed, I had: for the poor wretch could not speak for some minutes, and all the officers stood laughing at him, as he writhed and wriggled hideously.

"'Gentlemen, this is a monstrous scandal,' says one officer; 'men of rank and honour at fists like a parcel of carters!'

"'Men of honour!' says the count, who had fetched up his breath by this time. (I made for the door, but Macshane held me, and said, 'Major, you are not going to shirk him, sure?') Whereupon, I gripped his hand, and vowed I would have the dog's life.)

"'Men of honour!' says the count. 'I tell you the man is a deserter, a thief, and a swindler! He was my corporal, and ran away with a thou—'

"'Dog, you lie!' I roared out, and made another cut at him with my cane; but the gentlemen rushed between us.

"'O bluthanowus!' says honest Macshane, 'the lying scoundril this fellow is! Gentlemen, I swear, be me hono—, that Captain Wood was wounded at Barcelona; and that I saw him there; and that he and I ran away together at the battle of Almanza, and bad luck to us.' You see, my dear, that these Irish have the strongest imaginations in the world; and that I had actually persuaded poor Mac that he and I were friends in Spain. Every body knew

Mac, who was a character in his way, and believed him. 'Strike a gentleman!' says I; 'I'll have your blood, I will.'

"This instant," says the count, who was boiling with fury; 'and where you like.'

"Montague House," says I. 'Good,' says he; and off we went in good time too, for the constables came in at the thought of such a disturbance, and wanted to take us in charge.

"But the gentlemen present, being military men, would not hear of this. Out came Mac's rapier, and that of half a dozen others; and the constables were then told to do their duty if they liked, or to take a crown-piece and leave us to ourselves. Off they went; and presently, in a couple of coaches, the count and his friends, I and mine, drove off to the fields behind Montague House. O that vile coffeehouse, why did I enter it!

"We came to the ground. Honest Macshane was now second, and much disappointed because the second on the other side would not make a fight of it, and exchange a few passes with him; but he was an old major, a cool old hand, as brave as steel but no fool. Well, the swords are measured, Galgenstein strips off his doublet, and I my handsome cut-velvet in like fashion. Galgenstein flings off his hat, and I handed mine over—the lace on it cost me twenty pounds. I longed to be at him, for—courage him!—I hate him, and know that he has no chance with me at sword's-play.

"You'll not fight in that periwig, sure?" says Macshane. 'Of course not,' says I, and took it off.

"May all barbers be roasted in flames; may all periwigs, bobwigs, scratchwigs, and Ramillies cocks, frizzle in purgatory from this day forth to the end of time! Mine was the ruin of me: what might I not have been now but for that wig?

"I gave it over to Ensign Macshane, and with it, went what I had quite forgotten, the large patch which I wore over one eye, which popped out fierce, staring, and lively as was ever any eye in the world.

"Come on," says I, and made a lunge at my count; but he sprang back, (the dog was as active as a hare, and knew, from old times, that I was his master with the small sword,) and his second, wondering, struck up my blade.

"I will not fight that man," says he, looking mighty pale: 'I swear upon my honour, that his name is Peter Brock; he was for two years my corporal, and deserted, running away with a thousand pounds of my monies. Look at the fellow! what is the matter with his eye? why did he wear a patch over it? But stop,' says he, 'I have more proof, hand me my pocket-book; and from it, sure enough, he produced the infernal proclamation announcing my desertion! See if the fellow has a scar across his left ear (and I can't say, my dear, but what I have; it was done by a cursed Dutchman at the Boyne); tell me if he has not got C.R. in blue upon his right arm, (and there it is sure enough). Yonder swaggering Irishman may be his accomplice for what I know; but I will have no dealings with Mr. Brock, except with a constable for a second.

"This is an odd story, Captain Wood," said the old major, who acted for the count.

"A scoundrelly falsehood regarding me and my friend!" shouted out Mr. Macshane; 'and the count shall answer for it.'

"Stop, stop," says the major, 'Captain Wood is too gallant a gentleman. I am sure, not to satisfy the count; and will shew us that he has no such mark on his arm as only private soldiers put there.'

"Captain Wood," says I, 'will do no such thing, major. I'll fight that scoundrel Galgenstein, or you, or any of you, like a man of honour, but I won't submit to be searched like a thief!'

"No, in coorse," said Macshane.

"I must take my man off the ground," says the major.

"Well, take him, sir," says I, in a rage, 'and just let me have the pleasure of telling him, that he's a coward and a liar; and that my lodgings are in Piccadilly, where, if ever he finds courage to meet me, he may hear of me!'

"Faugh! I split on ye all," cries my gallant ally, Macshane; and sure enough he kept his word, or all but—suited the action to it at any rate. And so we gathered up our clothes, and went back in our separate coaches, and no blood spilt.

"And is it thue now," said Mr. Macshane, when we were alone; 'is it thue now all these divels have been saying!'

" 'Ensign,' says I, 'you're a man of the world?'

" 'Deed and I am, and insigne these twenty-two years.'

" 'Perhaps you'd like a few pieces,' says I.

" 'Faith and I should; for, to tell you the secret thrut, I've not tasted mate these four days.'

" 'Well then, ensign, it is true,' says I; 'and as for meat, you shall have some at the first cook-shop. I bade the coach stop until he bought a plateful, which he ate in the carriage, for my time was precious. I just told him the whole story, at which he laughed, and swore that it was the best piece of *gimralship* he ever heard on. When his belly was full, I took out a couple of guineas, and gave them to him; and Mr. Macshane began to cry at this, and kissed me, and swore he never would desert me; as, indeed, my dear. I don't think he will, for we have been the best of friends ever since, and he's the only man I ever could trust, I think.

" 'I don't know what put it into my head; but I had a scent of some mischief in the wind; so stopped the coach, a little before I got home, and, turning into a tavern, begged Macshane to go before me to my lodging, and see if the coast was clear, which he did; and came back to me as pale as death, saying that the house was full of constables: the cursed quarel at the tilt-yard had, I suppose, set the beaks upon me; and a pretty sweep they made of it. Ah, my dear! five hundred pounds in money, five suits of laced clothes, three periwigs, besides laced shirts, swords, canes, and snuff-boxes; and all to go back to that souldrel count.

" 'It was all over with me, I saw—no more being a gentleman for me, and if I remained to be caught, only a choice between Tyburn and a file of grenadiers. My love, under such circumstances, a gentleman can't be particular, and must be prompt: the livery stable was hard by where I used to hire my coach to go to court,—ha! ha!—and was known as a man of substance,—thither I went immediately. 'Mr. Warmmash,' says I, 'my gallant friend here and I have a mind for a ride and a supper at Twickenham, so you must lend us a pair of your best horses;' which he did in a twinkling, and off we rode.

" 'We did not go into the Park, but turned off, and cantered smartly up towards Kilburn; and, when we got into the country, galloped as if the devil were at our heels. Bless you, my love, it was all done in a minute: and the ensign and I found ourselves regular knights of the road, before we knew where we were almost. Only think of our finding you and your new husband at the Three Hocks! there's not a greater fence than the landlady in all the country. It was she that put us on seizing your husband, and introduced us to the other two gentlemen, whose names I don't know any more than the dead.'

" 'And what became of the horses?' said Mrs. Catherine to Mr. Brock, when his tale was finished.

" 'Rips, madam,' said he; 'meer rips: we sold them at Stourbridge fair, and got but thirteen guineas for the two.'

" 'And—and—the Count, Max; where is he, Brock?' sighed she.

" 'Whew,' whistled Mr. Brock; 'what, hankering after him still? My dear, he is off to Flanders with his regiment; and, I make no doubt, there have been twenty Countesses of Galgenstein since your time.'

" 'I don't believe any such thing, sir,' said Mrs. Catherine, starting up very angrily.

" 'If you did, I suppose you'd laudanum him; wouldn't you?'

" 'I leave the room, fellow,' said the lady. But she recollected herself speedily again; and, clasping her hands, and looking very wretched at Brock, at the ceiling, at the floor, at her husband (from whom she violently turned away her head), she began to cry piteously; to which tears the corporal set up a gentle accompaniment of whistling, as they trickled one after another, down her nose.

" I don't think they were tears of repentance, but of regret for the time when she had her first love, and her fine clothes, and her white hat and blue feather. Of the two, the corporal's whistle was much more innocent than the girl's sobbing; he was a rogue, but a good-natured old fellow, when his humour was not crossed. Surely our novel-writers make a great mistake in divesting their rascals of all gentle human qualities; they have such—and the only sad point to think

of is, in all private concerns of life, abstract feelings, and dealings with friends, and so on, how dreadfully like a rascal is to an honest man. The man who murdered the Italian boy set him first to play with his children whom he loved, and who doubtless deplored his loss.

CHAP. VI.

The Adventures of the Ambassador Mr. Macshane.

If we had not been obliged to follow history in all respects, it is probable that we should have left out the last adventure of Mrs. Catherine and her husband, at the inn at Worcester, altogether; for, in truth, very little came of it, and it is not very romantic or striking. But we are bound to stick closely, above all, by THE TRUTH—the truth, though it be not particularly pleasant to read of or to tell. As any body may read in the *Newgate Calendar*, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were taken at an inn at Worcester, were confined there, were swindled by persons who pretended to impress the bridegroom for military service. What is one to do after that? Had we been writing novels instead of authentic histories, we might have carried them any where else we chose; and we had a great mind to make Hayes philosophising with Bolingbroke, like a certain Devereux; and Mrs. Catherine *maîtresse en titre* to Mr. Alexander Pope, Doctor Sacheverel, Sir John Reade, the oculist, Dean Swift, or Marshal Tallard, as the very commonest romancer would under such circumstances. But, alas and alas! truth must be spoken, whatever else is in the wind; and the excellent *Newgate Calendar*, which contains the biographies and thanatographies of Hayes and his wife, does not say a word of their connexions with any of the leading literary or military heroes of the time of Her Majesty Queen Anne. The *Calendar* says in so many words, that Hayes was obliged to send to his father, in Warwickshire, for money to get him out of the scrape, and that the old gentleman came down to his aid: by this truth must we stick; and not for the sake of the most brilliant episode,—no, not for a bribe of twenty extra guineas per sheet, would we depart from it.

Mr. Brock's account of his adventure in London has given the reader some short notice of his friend, Mr. Macshane. Neither the wits nor the principles of that worthy ensign were particularly firm; for drink, poverty, and a crack on the skull at the battle of Steenkirk, had served to injure the former; and the ensign was not in his best days possessed of any share of the latter. He had really, at one period, held such a rank in the army, but pawned his half-pay for drink and play; and, for many years past had lived, one of the hundred thousand miracles of our city, upon nothing that any body knew of, or of which he himself could give any account. Who has not a catalogue of these men in his list? who can tell whence comes the occasional clean shirt, who supplies the continual means of drunkenness, who wards off the daily-impending starvation? The life is a wonder from day to day; their breakfast a wonder; their dinner a miracle; their bed an interposition of Providence. If you and I, my dear sir, want a shilling to-morrow, who will give it us? Will our butchers give us mutton-chops? will our laundresses clothe us in clean linen?—not a lone or a rag. Standing as we do (may it be ever so) somewhat removed from want; is there one of us who does not shudder at the thought of descending into the lists to combat with it, and expect any thing but to be utterly crushed in the encounter?

Not a bit of it, my dear sir. It takes much more than you think for to starve a man. Starvation is very little when you are used to it. Some people I know even, who live on it quite comfortably, and make their daily bread by it. It had been our friend Macshane's sole profession for many years; and he did not fail to draw from it such a livelihood as was sufficient, and, perhaps, too good, for him. He managed to dine upon it a certain or rather uncertain number of days in the week, to sleep somewhere, and to get drunk at least three hundred times a-year. He was known to one or two noblemen who occasionally helped him with a few pieces, and whom he helped in turn—never mind how. He had other acquaintances whom he pestered un-

* The author, it must be remembered, has his lodgings and food provided for him by the government of his country.—O. Y.

dauntedly, and from whom he occasionally extracted a dinner, or a crown, or mayhap, by mistake, a gold-headed cane, which found its way to the pawnbroker's. When flush of cash, he would appear at the coffeehouse; when low in funds, the deuce knows into what mystic caves and dens he slunk for food and lodging. He was perfectly ready with his sword, and when sober, or better still, a very little tipsy, was a complete master of it; in the art of boasting and lying he had hardly any equals; in shoes he stood six feet five inches, and here is his complete *signalement*. It was a fact that he had been in Spain as a volunteer, where he had shewn some gallantry, had had a brain-fever, and was sent home to starve as before.

Mr. Macshane had, however, like Mr. Conrad, the corsair, one virtue, in the midst of a thousand crimes,—he was faithful to his employer for the time being: and a story is told of him, which may or may not be to his credit, viz. that being hired on one occasion by a certain lord to inflict a punishment upon a *roturier* who had crossed his lordship in his amours, he, Macshane, did actually refuse from the person to be belaboured, and who entreated his forbearance, a larger sum of money than the nobleman gave him for the beating, which he performed punctually, as bound in honour and friendship. This tale would the ensign himself relate, with much self-satisfaction; and when, after the sudden flight from London, he and Brock took to their roving occupation, he cheerfully submitted to the latter as his commanding officer, called him always major, and, bating blunders and drunkenness, was perfectly true to his leader. He had a notion—and, indeed, I don't know that it was a wrong one—that his profession was now, as before, strictly military, and according to the rules of honour. Robbing he called plundering the enemy; and hanging was, in his idea, a dastardly and cruel advantage that the latter took, and that called for the sternest reprisals.

The other gentlemen concerned were strangers to Mr. Brock, who felt little inclined to trust either of them upon such a message, or with such a large sum to bring back. They had, strange to say, a similar mistrust on their side; but Mr. Brock lugged out five guineas, which he placed in the landlady's hand

as security for his comrade's return; and Ensign Macshane, being mounted on poor Hayes's own horse, set off to visit the parents of that unhappy young man. It was a gallant sight to behold our thieves' ambassador, in a faded sky-blue suit, with orange facings, in a pair of huge jack-boots, unconscious of blacking, with a mighty basket-hilted sword by his side, and a little shabby beaver, cocked over a large tow-perwig, ride out from the inn of the Three Rooks, on his mission to Hayes's paternal village.

It was eighteen miles distant from Worcester; but Mr. Macshane performed the distance in safety, and in sobriety, moreover (for such had been his instructions), and had no difficulty in discovering the house of old Hayes; towards which, indeed, John's horse trotted incontinently. Mrs. Hayes, who was knitting at the house door, was not a little surprised at the appearance of the well-known gray gelding, and of the stranger mounted upon it.

Flinging himself off the steed with much agility, Mr. Macshane, as soon as his feet reached the ground, brought them rapidly together, in order to make a profound and elegant bow to Mrs. Hayes; and slapping his greasy beaver against his heart, and poking his perwig almost into the nose of the old lady, demanded whether he had the "shooprame honour of adthressing Mistrhiss Hees?"

Having been answered in the affirmative, he then proceeded to ask whether there was a blackguard boy in the house, who would take "the horse to the steeble;" whether "he could have a dthrink of small-beer or buttermilk, being, faith, uncommon dthry;" and whether, finally, "he could be feevored with a few minutes' private conversation with her and Mr. Hees, on a matther of consiherable impartance?" All these preliminaries were to be complied with before Mr. Macshane would enter at all into the subject of his visit. The horse and man were cared for; Mr. Hayes was called in; and not a little anxious did Mrs. Hayes grow, in the meanwhile, with regard to the fate of her darling son. "Where is he? How is he? Is he dead?" said the old lady. "O yes, I'm sure he's dead!"

"Indeed, madam, and you're mis-teeken intirely: the young man is perfectly well in health."

"Oh, praised be Heaven!"

"But mighty cast down in sperrits. To misfortunes, madam, look you, the best of us are subject; and a trifling one has fell upon your son."

And herewith Mr. Macshane produced a letter in the handwriting of young Hayes, of which we have had the good luck to procure a copy. It ran thus:—

"Honored Father and Mother,—The bearer of this is a kind gentleman, who has left me in a great deal of trouble. Yesterday, at this towne, I fell in with some gentlemen of the queen's servas; after drinking with whom, I accepted her majesty's money to enlist. Repenting thereof, I did endeavour to escape; and, in so doing, had the misfortune to strike my superior officer, whereby I made myself liable to Death, according to the rules of war. If, however, I pay twenty ginnys, all will be wel. You must give the same to the barer, els I shall be shott without fail on Tewesday morning. And so no more from your loving son,

"JOHN HAYES."

"From my prison at Bristol,
this unhappy Monday."

When Mrs. Hayes read this pathetic missive, its success with her was complete, and she was for going immediately to the cupboard, and producing the money necessary for her darling son's release. But the carpenter Hayes was much more suspicious. "I don't know you, sir," said he to the ambassador.

"Do you doubt my honour, sir?" said the ensign, very fiercely.

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Hayes, "I know little about it, one way or other, but shall take it for granted, if you will explain a little more of this business."

"I sildom condescind to explain," said Mr. Macshane, "for it's not the custom in my rank; but I'll explain any thing in reason."

"Pray, will you tell me in what regiment my son is enlisted?"

"In coorse. In Colonel Wood's fut, my dear; and a gallant corps it is as any in the army."

"And you left him?"

"On me self, only three hours ago, having rid like a horse-jockey ever since, as in the sacred cause of humanity, curse me, every man should."

As Hayes's house was seventy miles from Bristol, the old gentleman thought this was marvellous quick riding, and so cut the conversation short. "You

have said quite enough, sir," said he, "to shew me there is some roguery in the matter, and that the whole story is false from beginning to end."

At this abrupt charge the ensign looked somewhat puzzled, and then spoke with much gravity. "Roguary," said he, "Misthur Hees, is a sthrong term, and which, in consideration of my friendship for your family, I shall pass over. You doubt your son's honour, as there wrote by him in black and white."

"You have forced him to write," said Mr. Hayes.

"The slyould divyle's right," muttered Mr. Macshane, aside. "Well, sir, to make a clean breast of it, he has been forced to write it. The story about the enlistment is a pretty fib, if you will, from beginning to end. And what then, my dear? Do you think your son's any better off for that?"

"O where is he!" screamed Mrs. Hayes, plumping down on her knees; "we will give him the money, won't we, John?"

"I know you will, madam, when I tell you where he is. He is in the hands of some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who are at war with the present government, and no more care about cutting a man's throat than they do a chicken's. He is a prisoner, madam, of our sword and spear. If you choose to ransom him, well and good; if not, peace be with him! for never more shall you see him."

"And how do I know you won't come back to-morrow for more money?" asked Mr. Hayes.

"Sir, you have my honour, and I'd as heve break my neck as my word," said Mr. Macshane, gravely. "Twenty guineas is the bargain. Take ten minutes to talk of it—take it then, or leave it, it's all the same to me, my dear." And it must be said of our friend, the ensign, that he meant every word he said, and that he considered the embassy on which he had come as perfectly honourable and regular.

"And, pray, what prevents us," said Mr. Hayes, starting up in a rage, "from taking hold of you, as a surety for him?"

"You wouldn't fire on a flag of truce, would ye, you dishonourable ould civilian?" replied Mr. Macshane. "Besides," says he, "there's more reasons to prevent you: the first is this," pointing to his sword; "here

are two more," and these were pistols; "and the last and the best of all is, that you might hang me, and draw me, and quarther me, and yet never see so much as the tip of your son's nose again. Look you, sir, we run mighty risks in our profession—it's not all play, I can tell you. We're obliged to be punctual, too, or it's all up with the thrade. If I promise that your son will die as sure as fate to-morrow morning, unless I return home safe, our people *must* keep my promise, or else what chance is there for me? You would be down upon me in a moment with a posse of constables, and have me swinging before Warwick gaol. Pooh, my dear! you never would sacrifice a darling boy like John Hayes, let alone his lady, for the sake of my long carcass. One or two of our gentlemen have been taken that way already, because parents and guardians would not believe them."

"*And what became of the poor children?*" said Mrs. Hayes, who began to perceive the gist of the argument, and to grow dreadfully frightened.

"Don't let's talk of them, mam; humanity shudders at the thought!" And hitherwith Mr. Macshane drew his finger across his throat, in such a dreadful way as to make the two parents tremble. "It's the way of war, madam, look you. The service I have the honour to belong to is not paid by the queen; and so we're obliged to make our prisoners pay, according to established military practice."

No lawyer could have argued his case better than Mr. Macshane so far, and he completely succeeded in convincing Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of the necessity of ransoming their son. Promising that the young man should be restored to them next morning, along with his beautiful lady, he courteously took leave of the old couple, and made the best of his way back to Worcester again. The elder Hayes wondered who the lady could be of whom the ambassador had spoken, for their son's elopement was altogether unknown to them; but anger or doubt about this subject was overwhelmed by their fears for their darling John's safety. Away rode the gallant Macshane with the money necessary to effect this; and it must be mentioned, as highly to his credit, that he never once thought of appropriating

the sum to himself, or of deserting his comrades in any way.

His ride from Worcester had been a long one. He had left that city at noon, but before his return thither the sun had gone down; and the landscape, which had been dressed, like a prodigal, in purple and gold, now appeared, like a quaker, in dusky gray; and the trees by the road-side grew black as undertakers or physicians, and, bending their solemn heads to each other, whispered ominously among themselves; and the mists hung on the common; and the cottage lights went out one by one; and the earth and heaven grew black, but for some twinkling useless stars, which freckled the ebony countenance of the latter; and the air grew colder; and about two o'clock the moon appeared, a dismal pale-faced rake, walking solitary through the deserted sky; and about four, mayhap, the Dawn (wretched prentice-boy!) opened in the east the shutters of the Day;—in other words, more than a dozen hours had passed, Corporal Brock had been relieved by Mr. Redcap, the latter by Mr. Sicklop (the one-eyed gentleman to be seen in the last Number), and Mrs. John Hayes, in spite of her sorrows and bashfulness, had followed the example of her husband, and fallen asleep by his side—slept for many hours—and awakened still under the guardianship of Mr. Brock's troop; and all parties began anxiously to expect the return of the ambassador, Mr. Macshane.

That officer, who had performed the first part of his journey with such distinguished prudence and success, found the night, on his journey homewards, was growing mighty cold and dark; and as he was thirsty and hungry, had money in his purse, and saw no cause to hurry, he determined to take refuge at an alehouse for the night, and to make for Worcester by dawn the next morning. He accordingly alighted at the first inn on his road, consigned his horse to the stable, and, entering the kitchen, called for the best liquor in the house.

A small company was assembled at the inn, among whom Mr. Macshane took his place with a great deal of dignity; and having a considerable sum of money in his pocket, felt a mighty contempt for his society, and soon let them know the contempt he felt for them. After a third flagon of

ale, he discovered that the liquor was sour, and emptied, with much spluttering and grimaces, the remainder of the beer into the fire. This process so offended the parson of the parish (who in those good old times did not disdain to take the post of honour in the chimney-nook), that he left his corner, looking wrathfully at the offender, who without any more ado instantly occupied it. It was a fine thing to hear the jingling of the twenty pieces in his pocket, the oaths which he distributed between the landlord, the guests, and the liquor—to remark the sprawl of his mighty jack-boots, before the sweep of which the timid guests edged further and further away, and the languishing leers which he cast on the landlady, as with wide-spread arms he attempted to seize upon her.

When the ostler had done his duties in the stable, he entered the inn, and whispered the landlord that “the stranger was riding John Hayes’s horse:” of which fact the host soon convinced himself, and did not fail to have some suspicions of his guest. Had he not thought that times were unquiet, horses might be sold, and one man’s money was as good as another’s, he probably would have arrested the ensign immediately, and so lost all the profit of the score which the latter was causing every moment to be enlarged.

In a couple of hours, with that happy facility which one may have often remarked in men of the gallant ensign’s nation, he had managed to disgust every one of the landlord’s other guests, and scare them from the kitchen. Frightened by his addresses, the landlady too had taken flight; and the host was the only person left in the apartment, who there staid for interest’s sake merely, and listened moodily to his tipsy guest’s conversation. In an hour more, the whole house was awakened by a violent noise of howling, curses, and pots clattering to and fro. Forth issued Mrs. Landlady in her night-gear, out came John Ostler with his pitchfork, down stairs tumbled Mrs. Cook and one or two guests, and found the landlord and ensign on the kitchen floor—the wig of the latter lying, much singed, and emitting strange odours, in the fire-place, his face hideously distorted, and a great quantity of his natural hair in the partial occupation of the landlord, who had drawn it and the head down to-

wards him, in order that he might have the benefit of pummelling the latter more at his ease. In revenge, the landlord was undermost, and the ensign’s arms were working up and down his face and body like the flaps of a paddle-wheel: the man of war had clearly the best of it.

The combatants were separated as soon as possible; but as soon as the excitement of the fight was over, Ensign Macshane was found to have no further powers of speech, sense, or locomotion, and was carried by his late antagonist to bed. His sword and pistols, which had been placed at his side at the commencement of the evening, were carefully put by, and his pocket visited. Twenty guineas in gold, a large knife—used, probably, for the cutting of bread and cheese—some crumbs of those delicacies, and a paper of tobacco, were found in the breeches’ pockets; while in the bosom of the sky-blue coat reposed the leg of a cold fowl, and half of a raw onion, which constituted his whole property.

These articles were not very suspicious; but the beating which the landlord had received tended greatly to confirm his own and his wife’s doubts about their guest; and it was determined to send off in the early morning to Mr. Hayes, informing him how a person had lain at their inn who had ridden thither mounted upon young Hayes’s horse. Off set John Ostler at earliest dawn; but on his way he woke up Mr. Justice’s clerk, and communicated his suspicions to him; and Mr. Clerk consulted with the village baker, who was up always early; and the clerk, the baker, the butcher with his cleaver, and two gentlemen who were going to work, all adjourned to the inn.

Accordingly, when Ensign Macshane was in a truckle-bed, plunged in that deep slumber which only innocence and drunkenness enjoy in this world, and charming the ears of morn by the regular and melodious music of his nose, a vile plot was laid against him; and when about seven of the clock he woke, he found, on sitting up in his bed, three gentlemen on each side of it, armed, and looking ominous. One held a constable’s staff, and, albeit unprovided with a warrant, would take upon himself the responsibility of seizing Mr. Macshane, and of carrying him before his worship at the hall.

"Taranouns, man !" said the ensign, springing up in bed, and abruptly breaking off a loud, sonorous yawn, with which he had opened the business of the day, "you wont deteen a gentleman who's on life and death ? I give ye my word, an affair of honour."

"How came you by that there horse ?" said the baker.

"How came you by these here fifteen guineas ?" said the landlord, in whose hands, by some process, five of the gold pieces had disappeared.

"What is this here idolatrous string of beads ?" said the clerk.

Mr. Macshane, the fact is, was a Catholic, but did not care to own it, for in those days his religion was not popular. "Bairds ? Holy Mother of saints ! give me back them bairds," said Mr. Macshane, clasping his hands ; "they were blest, I tell you, by his holiness the po——pshe ! I mane they belong to a darling little daughter I had that's in heaven now ; and as for the money and the horse, I should like to know how a gentleman is to travel in this counthry without them !"

"Why, you see, he may travel in the country to git 'em," here shrewdly remarked the constable ; "and it's our belief that neither horse nor money is honestly come by. If his worship is satisfied, why so, in course, shall we be ; but there is highwaymen abroad, look you, and, to our notion, you have very much the cut of one."

Further remonstrances or threats on the part of Mr. Macshane were useless : although he vowed that he was first cousin to the Duke of Leinster, an officer in her majesty's service, and the dearest friend Lord Marlborough had, his impudent captors would not believe a word of his statement (which, further, was garnished with a tremendous number of oaths), and he was, about eight o'clock, carried up to the house of Squire Ballance, the neighbouring justice of peace.

When the worthy magistrate asked the crime of which the prisoner had been guilty, the captors looked somewhat puzzled for the moment ; since, in truth, it could not be shewn that the ensign had committed any crime at all ; and if he had confined himself to simple silence, and thrown upon them the onus of proving his misdemeanours, Justice Ballance must have let him loose ; and soundly rated his clerk and

the landlord for detaining an honest gentleman on so frivolous a charge.

But this caution was not in the ensign's disposition ; and though his accusers produced no satisfactory charge against him, his own words were quite enough to shew how suspicious his character was. When asked his name, he gave it in as Captain Geraldine, in his way to Ireland, by Bristol, on a visit to his cousin, the Duke of Leinster. He swore solemnly, that his friends, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Peterborough, under both of whom he had served, should hear of the manner in which he had been treated ; and when the justice, a sly old gentleman, and one that read the gazettes, asked him at what battles he had been present, the gallant ensign pitched on a couple in Spain and in Flanders, which had been fought within a week of each other, and vowed that he had been desperately wounded at both ; so that, at the end of his examination, which had been taken down by the clerk, he had been made to acknowledge as follows :—Captain Geraldine, six feet four inches in height ; thin, with a very long red nose, and red hair ; gray eyes, and speaks with a strong Irish accent, is the first-cousin of the Duke of Leinster, and in constant communication with him : does not know whether his grace has any children ; does not know whereabouts he lives in London ; cannot say what sort of a looking man his grace is ; is acquainted with the Duke of Marlborough, and served in the dragoons at the battle of Ramillies ; at which time he was with my Lord Peterborough before Barcelona. Borrowed the horse which he rides from a friend in London, three weeks since. Peter Hobbs, ostler, swears that it was in his master's stable four days ago, and is the property of John Hayes, carpenter. Cannot account for the fifteen guineas found on him by the landlord ; says they were twenty ; says he won them at cards, a fortnight since, at Edinburgh ; says he is riding about the country for his amusement : afterwards says he is on a matter of life and death, and going to Bristol ; declared last night, in the hearing of several witnesses, that he was going to York ; says he is a man of independent property, and has large estates in Ireland, and a hundred thousand pounds in the Bank of England. Has no

shirt or stockings, and the coat he wears is marked S. S. ; in his boots are written "Thomas Rodgers," and in his hat is the name of the "Rev. Doctor Snoffer."

Dr. Snoffer lived at Worcester, and had lately advertised in the *Hue and Cry* a number of articles taken from his house. Mr. Macshane said, in reply to this, that his hat had been changed at the inn, and he was ready to take his oath that he came thither in a gold-laced one. But this fact was disproved by the oaths of many persons who had seen him at the inn. And he was about to be imprisoned for the thefts which he had not committed (the fact about the hat being, that he had purchased it from a gentleman at the Three Rooks, for two pints of beer) — he was about to be remanded, when, behold, Mrs. Hayes the elder, made her appearance; and to her it was that the ensign was indebted for his freedom.

Old Hayes had gone to work before the ostler arrived; but when his wife heard the lad's message, she instantly caused her pillion to be placed behind the saddle, and mounting the gray horse, urged the stable-boy to gallop as hard as ever he could to the justice's house.

She entered parting and alarmed. "Oh, what is your honour going to do to this honest gentleman?" said she. "In the name of Heaven, let him go! His time is precious—he has important business—business of life and death."

"I could the judge so," said the ensign, "but he refused to take my word—the sacred word of honour of Captain Geraldine."

Macshane was good at a single lie, though easily flustered on an examination; and this was a very creditable stratagem to acquaint Mrs. Hayes with the name that he bore.

"What, you know Captain Geraldine?" said Mr. Ballance, who was perfectly well acquainted with the carpenter's wife.

"In coorse, she does. Hasn't she known me these tin years? Are we not related? Didn't she give me the very horse which I rode, and, to make belave, tould you I'd bought in London?"

"Let her tell her own story. Are you related to Captain Geraldine, Mrs. Hayes?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"A very elegant connexion! And

you gave him the horse, did you, of your own free-will?"

"Oh, yes! of my own will—I would give him any thing. Do, do, your honour, let him go. His child is dying," said the old lady, bursting into tears; "it may be dead before he gets to—before he gets there. Oh, your honour, your honour, pray, pray, don't detain him!"

The justice did not seem to understand this excessive sympathy on the part of Mrs. Hayes; nor did the father himself appear to be nearly so affected by his child's probable fate as the honest woman who interested herself for him. On the contrary, when she made this passionate speech, Captain Geraldine only grinned, and said, "Niver mind, my dear, if his honour will keep an honest gentleman for doing nothing, why let him—the law must settle between us; and as for the child, poor thing, the Lord give it!"

At this, Mrs. Hayes fell to entreating more loudly than ever; and as there was really no charge against him, Mr. Ballance was constrained to let him go.

The landlord and his friends were making off, rather confused, when Ensign Macshane called upon the latter in a thundering voice to stop, and returned the five guineas which he had stolen from him. Again the host swore there were but fifteen in his pocket. But when, on the Bible, the ensign solemnly vowed that he had twenty, and called upon Mrs. Hayes whether yesterday, half an hour before he entered the inn, she had not seen him with twenty guineas, and that lady expressed herself ready to swear that she had, Mr. Landlord looked more crest-fallen than ever, and said that he had not counted the money when he took it; and though he did in his soul believe that there were only fifteen guineas, rather than be suspected of a shabby action, he would pay the five guineas out of his own pocket; which he did, and with the ensign's, or rather Mrs. Hayes's, own coin.

As soon as they were out of the justice's house, Mr. Macshane, in the fullness of his gratitude, could not help bestowing an embrace upon Mrs. Hayes. And when she implored him to let her ride behind him to her darling son, he yielded with a very good grace, and off the pair set on John Hayes's gray.

"Who has Nosey brought with him

now?" said Mr. Sicklop, Brock's one-eyed confederate, who, about three hours after the above adventure, was lolling in the yard of the Three Hooks. It was our ensign, with the mother of his captive: they had not met with any accident in their ride.

"I shall now have the shooprame bliss," said Mr. Macshane, with much feeling, as he lifted Mrs. Hayes from the saddle, "the shooprame bliss of intertwining two hearts that are mead for one another. Ours, my dear, is a dismal profession; but, ah! don't moments like this make aninids for years of pain? This way, my dear: turn to your right, then to your left—mind the stip—and the third door round the corner."

All these precautions were attended to; and after giving his concerted knock, Mr. Macshane was admitted into an apartment, which he entered holding his gold pieces in the one hand, and a lady by the other.

We shall not describe the meeting which took place between mother and son. The old lady wept copiously; the young man was really glad to see his relative, for he deemed that his troubles were over; Mrs. Cat bit her lips, and stood aside, looking somewhat foolish; Mr. Brock counted the money; and Mr. Macshane took a large dose of strong waters, as a pleasing solace for his labours, dangers, and fatigue.

When the maternal feelings were somewhat calmed, the old lady had leisure to look about her, and really felt a kind of friendship and good will for the company of thieves in which she found herself. It seemed to her that they had conferred an actual favour on her, in robbing her of twenty guineas, threatening her son's life, and finally letting him go.

"Who is that droll old gentleman?" said she; and being told that it was Captain Wood, she dropped him a curtsy, and said, with much respect, "Captain, your very humble servant;" which compliment Mr. Brock acknowledged by a gracious smile and bow. "And who is this pretty young lady?" continued Mrs. Hayes.

"Why—hum—oh—mother, you must give her your blessing—she is Mrs. John Hayes." And herewith Mr. Hayes brought forward his interesting lady, to introduce her to his mamma.

The news did not, at all please the old lady, who received Mrs. Catherine's embrace with a very sour face indeed. However, the mischief was done; and she was too glad to get back her son to be, on such an occasion, very angry with him. So, after a proper rebuke, she told Mrs. John Hayes, that though she never approved of her son's attachment, and thought he married below his condition, yet as the evil was done, it was their duty to make the best of it; and she, for her part, would receive her into her house, and make her as comfortable there as she could.

"I wonder whether she has any more money in that house?" whispered Mr. Sicklop to Mr. Redcap, who, with the landlady had come to the door of the room, and had been amusing themselves by the contemplation of this sentimental scene.

"What a fool that wild Irishman was not to bleed her for more," said the landlady; "but he's a poor ignorant Papist. I'm sure my man" (this gentleman had been hanged) "wouldn't have come away with such a beggary sup."

"Suppose we have some more out of 'em?" said Mr. Redcap. "What prevents us? We have got the old mare, and the colt too,—ha! ha! and the pair of 'em ought to be worth at least a hundred to us."

This conversation was carried on *colto voce*; and I don't know whether Mr. Brock had any notion of the plot which was arranged by the three worthies. The landlady began it. "Which punch, madam, will you take?" says she; "you must have something for the good of the house, now you are in it."

"In coorse," said the ensign.

"Certainly," said the other three; but the old lady said she was anxious to leave the place; and, putting down a crown-piece, requested the hostess to treat the gentlemen in her absence. "Good bye, captain," said the old lady.

"Ajew!" cried the ensign, "and long life to you, my dear; you got me out of a scrape at the justice's yonder: and, split me but Insign Macshane will rimember it as long as he lives." And now Hayes and the two ladies made for the door; but the landlady placed herself against it, and Mr. Sicklop said, "No, no, my pretty madams, you aint a going off so cheap as that nei-

ther; you are not going out for a beggarly twenty guineas, look you,—we must have more."

Mr. Hayes, starting back, and, cursing his fate, fairly hurst into tears; the two women screamed; and Mr. Brock looked as if the proposition both amused and had been expected by him; but not so Ensign Macshane.

"Major!" said he, clawing fiercely hold of Brock's arms.

"Ensign," said Mr. Brock, smiling.

"Arr we, or arr we not, men of honour?"

"Oh, in coorse," said Brock, laughing and using Macshane's favourite expression.

"If we *arr* men of honour, we are bound to stick to our word; and, hark-ye, you dirty one-eyed scoundrel, if you don't immadiately make way for these leedies, and this lily-livered young jontleman who's crying so, the meejor here and I will lug out, and force you;" and, so saying, he drew his great sword, and made a pass at Mr Sicklap, which that gentleman avoided, and which caused him and his companion to retreat from the door. The landlady still kept her position at it, and with a storm of oaths against the ensign, and against two Englishmen who ran away from a wild Irishman, swore she would not budge a foot, and would stand there until her dying day.

"Faith, then, needs must," said the ensign, and made a lunge at the hostess, which passed so near the wretch's throat, that she screamed, sunk on her knees, and at last opened the door.

Down the stairs, then, with great state, Mr. Macshane led the elder lady, the married couple following; and having seen them to the street, took an affectionate farewell of the party, whom he vowed that he would come and see. "You can walk the eighteen miles aisy, between this and nightfall," said he.

"Walk!" exclaimed Mr. Hayes; "why, haven't we got Ball, and shall ride and tic all the way?"

"Madam!" cried Macshane, in a stern voice. "Honour before every thing. Did you not, in the presence of his worship, vow and declare that you gave me that horse, and now d'ye talk of taking it back again? Let me tell you, madam, that such paltry thricks ill become a person of your years and respectability, and ought never to be played with Insign Timothy Macshane."

He waved his hat, and strutted down the street; and Mrs. Catherine Hayes, along with her bridegroom and mother-in-law, made the best of their way homeward on foot.

AN ADDRESS TO THE WIND.

BY PEREGRINE PORTLY, ESQ.

Air—"Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!"

Stop, stop, Master Wind!—where on earth are you going,
 Spurring your courser so fast?
 Like a whale in the mud, how he's snorting and blowing!—
 I am sure he must founder at last.

I wonder if ever you give him a baiting,
 Or get him new-shod by the smith?
 If you call for a sandwich to eat whilst you're waiting,
 And a tankard of porter therewith?

For ever your route you are chopping and changing—
 I wish you would stop and say why.
 What can be your purpose, thus racing and ranging
 Through your manors, the earth and the sky?

Perchance you're the postman, and carry the letters
 From lover to ladies above;
 If so, you can tell us some news of your betters—
 On politics, fashions, and love.

Perchance you're a wit, or a poor starving poet—
 If so, I invite you to dine;
 Provided what genius you have you will shew it,
 And the wit that you give us is fine.

I hate to have wits sit down to my table
 Who padlock their stores in their breast:
 They should pay for each glass with a pun, if they're able,
 And draw from the store that is best.

I'm afraid you are mad, you make such a clatter—
 Such blustering, roaring, and puffing!
 What a crash do I hear! What can be the matter?
 Sure the stars you are kicking and cuffing!

'Tis only my chimney-pot dash'd all to pieces,
 By a whisk from your wild horse's tail!
 I vow you've alarmed my daughter and nieces—
 My servants, too, male and female!

Take a few drops of laudanum—do, and be quiet,—
 I'll sit by your side whilst you sleep:
 You will wear yourself out with such ranting and riot;
 Then how your young *Breezes* will weep!

Come, I'll lend you my chair, so soft and capacious,
 My slippers, and green velvet-cap;
 Your horse, too, shall feed, if not over-voracious;
 So, pray take an afternoon nap.

What an uproar was that! you are vastly uncivil,
 Not to hear when I'm speaking so kind.
 Why, you horrible wretch! you bellowing devil!
 You spiteful, malevolent Wind!

My fine stately elms like nine-pins are spinning,
 The pride of my ancient domain!
 And now I can hear, by your whizzing and grinning,
 You are tearing my fine trees again.

If I live, I will cite you, base Wind, 'fore the Master,—
 Yes, damages large you shall pay;
 Why, you mocking old fiend, you ride faster and faster,—
 You heed not a word that I say.

I'll shoot you with steam-gun, invented by Perkins,
 And then I'll your body dissect;
 I'll pack up your bones, and send them in firkins,
 To the British Museum direct.

Posterity, then, o'er your relics shall wonder,
 And call them some long-winded name;
 I trust they will not make some terrible blunder,
 And say they from old Egypt came.

Geologists, then, might write tracts at their pleasure,
 And swear they were old Pharaoh's bones!
 Who at least, at that time, did two fathoms measure,
 When they heaped o'er his body those stones.

With the steam-gun I'll hit you, and down you will tumble
 In the wind's-eye, not bull's-eye, I mean:
 What a fall will be there! what a terrible rumble!
 Like the fall of old Carthage, I ween!

No storms will then be on the land or the ocean;
 Then the waves will be glassy and still;
 And so will the ships: for old Wind, I've a notion,
 They wanted their canvass to fill.

And if ships cannot move, why then I'm a-thinking,
 No sugar we'll get, and no tea!
 No brandy, no wine, at least that's worth drinking,
 By a chap that loves old port like me.

Oh, what should I do without brandy and water,
 And a bottle of fine Rhenish wine?
 How cross I should be to my servants and daughter—
 I should die of a speedy decline!

Then roaring old Wind, play thy antics at pleasure,
 When thou'rt full of the grape, I suppose;
 Since thou bringest home all our wines and our treasure,
 With the breath from thy mouth and thy nose.

Only whistle me not a tune through my key-hole,
 As snug in my study I sit;
 Conversing with Greek, or Arabian, or Creole,
 Or at least with the works they have writ.

Don't rattle the panes of my windows to vex me,
 And whizz through each crevice and crack;
 Don't give me the ear-ach at night to perplex me,
 Don't blow down my bottle of sack!

And then we'll jog on contented together,
 Rule without, whilst I'm master within;
 Bring me wine, and I'll care not for Wind or for Weather,
 A fig for their bluster and din!

BUNYAN'S LIFE AND TIMES.*

MR. PHILIP'S MERITS.

THE opening remark of the author of this ill-concocted digest is curious: "Foreigners," says Mr. Philip, "have long wondered that a century and a half should have passed away without producing a Life of Bunyan. We ourselves can hardly explain this anomaly in our biographical literature."

We beg to refer the elaborate wonderer to *Grace Abounding*, to Middleton's *Evangelical Biography*, to Wilson's *History of Dissenting Churches*, to Mr. Joseph Ivimey's *Life of Bunyan*, and lastly, to a life of Bunyan by that obscure individual, Dr. Southey.

After this very curious introduction, Mr. Philip assigns the grave reasons under which he felt compelled to lavish more than ordinary research and assiduity on his good paper and print—"ask for saving the remains" of his hero. These reasons are so dexterously interwoven with the author's antecedent works, that, by an act oflegerdemain as beautiful as it is univalled, he kills two dogs with one stone; in ordinary prose he gives reasons for his work containing varied and vast research, and in the same breath places on the tapis his *Experimental Guides for the Perplexed and Doubting*. This is not all; he sweeps the Atlantic in his preliminary march, and proclaims to the world—that is to say, to his readers—that "on both sides the Atlantic, a circle of readers large enough for his ambition" is within his control. He tell us, also, with monstrous facetiousness, that his work "has more pitch than paint upon it;" that the suspicion of its having "creeping things" is incorrect; and that if there be detected in its crevices any such animalcule, they are "not un-Catholic in their spirit."

We earnestly implore Mr. Philip, whose patient researches we have no wish to disparage, to lay aside this egotistic and stilt-like style, fit only for a Punch and Judy show-box, and henceforth to usher into public view his useful publications, less by a flourish of unintelligible jargon and lofty vaunt-

ing, and more by a preface of good common sense.

BUNYAN'S BOYHOOD.

THE boyhood of Bunyan seems to have been tainted by extraordinary vices, as well as characterised by powerful peculiarities. It is generally thought that his picture of Mr. Badman, is merely Bunyan in a metaphor:

"From a child he was very bad. He used to be, as we say, the ringleader and master-sinner from a child; the inventor of bad words, and an example of bad actions. When a child, his parents scarce knew when to believe he spake true; he was also much given to pilfer and steal the things of his fellow-children, or any thing at a neighbour's house. Yea, what was his father's could not escape his fingers; all was fish that came to his net. You must understand me, of trifles; for being yet but a child, he attempted no great matter, especially at first. He was also greatly given to grievous cursing and swearing; he counted it a glory to swear and curse, and it was as natural to him as to eat, drink, and sleep."

Notwithstanding these gross and vicious features of the boyhood of Bunyan, his memory was not destitute of valuable Scripture truths, nor his conscience of the Urim and Thummim, the lights and standards of truth and righteousness. This seems a very extraordinary fact. If at times he could plunge into daring excesses, he was also at times the subject of compunctions and remorse that laid him prostrate during their power and presence. He had, more or less, vague and confused apprehensions of solemn things, from early habituation to their contact, and these flashed at intervals upon his spirit with tremendous effect. The impressions likely to be produced on the mind of Bunyan, may be judged of from his composition of character, a powerful and far-stretching imagination, a retentive memory, many and active remnants of unextinguished moral sensibilities; these receiving into their bosom ill-defined inspirations from afar, worked them out into

* Bunyan's Life and Times, by Robert Philip, Author of *Whitfield's Life and Times*. London, 1839. Virtue.

those grim and awful anticipations which occasionally overpowered with terror the boyhood of the author of the *Pilgrim*.

"Even in my childhood," he says, "the Lord did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions. For often after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have, in my bed, been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehension of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, shrouded to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid; also, I was in these years greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends who are bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day. These things, I say, when I was but a child (about nine or ten years old), did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I often wished there either had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors."

Nor were these fearful imaginations made up like feverish dreams, partly of truth and partly of error, confined to his waking hours; night did not lull his terrors. His dreams were no less terrific, his visions by night were successive exhibitions of more than the handwriting on the walls of the palace of the King of Babylon. Altogether, the boyhood of Bunyan presents a very impressive spectacle of man amid the ruins of the fall;—wickedness enough to chain down to every evil and licentious course; light enough to see alike the features and the issue of moral sensibility; a conscience, resolute enough to pronounce a verdict of condemnation; and an imagination unusually vast, and, from its diseased state, prone to increase and dilate every foreboding of penalty and wrath, and to magnify and multiply the whole future to the vastness of ten thousand fearful phantasies. His younger days prognosticated a manhood of no ordinary mood and *matériel*. His were the elements of no ordinary character. We shall see.

BUNYAN A SOLDIER.

We next find our hero, not in the Royal army, where one would imagine he must have found congenial fellowship, but, strangely enough, in the ranks of the Parliament. The character of the battalions among whom Bunyan enrolled his name was utterly the reverse of his own. Whatever vices they indulged, they did not patronise profane swearing and openly licentious conduct. "The private soldiers," says Ilume, not a partial judge, "employed their vacant hours in prayer, in perusing the Scriptures, in ghostly conferences, wherein they compared the progress of their souls in grace, and mutually stimulated each other to further advances in the great work of their salvation. When they were marching to battle, the whole field resounded with psalms and spiritual songs adapted to the occasion, as with instruments of military music, and every man endeavoured to drown the sense of present danger in the prospect of that crown of glory which was set before him. In so holy a cause wounds were esteemed meritorious, death martyrdom; and the hurry and dangers of action, instead of banishing their pious visions, rather strove to impress their minds more highly with them." It was in the camp, and amid the campaigns of Cromwell and the Parliamentary forces that Bunyan stored his mind with the phraseology, the tactics, and the figures of the *Holy War*, and of portions of his *Pilgrim*. In after-years, and amid the solitude of his cell, Naseby and the siege of Leicester presented their sanguinary scenes; and Fairfax, and Ireton, and Skippon, and Cromwell, furnished to the imagination of the writer, the outlines of the Christian heroes of his noble allegories. We believe that Bunyan was by no means anxious to revive before the public eye the achievements of his military life. These were not sources of laurels to him. He clearly preferred *allegorical* to *actual* combats. A few acknowledgments of Bunyan's *politeness* in preferring others to himself in the hour of danger and of difficulty, may be gathered from those sketches of his life which have been left behind him. At one skirmish,—

"On Bunyan's appearing to be somewhat awkward in handling his arms,

another man voluntarily thrust himself (Bunyan, in the circumstances of the case, manifesting no reluctance) into his place."—*Life from the Museum Sketch.*

"When I was a soldier," says Bunyan, "I, with others, was drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room, to which, when I had consented (astonishing courtesy!), he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head and died."

The illustrious Cicero was a coward, though a first-rate orator; and Bunyan was no hero, though the ablest learner of heroic exploits. His experience, however, ripened him for his writing; and had he not seen the facts of Cromwell, he might have failed in his portrait of the *Holy War*. He says, or rather sings, in the *Holy War*:—

"I saw the prince's armed men come
down

By troops, by thousands, to besiege the
town;

I saw the captains, heard the trumpets
sound,

And how his forces covered all the
ground;

Yea, how they set themselves in battle
'ray,

I shall remember to my dying day.

I saw the mounts cast up against the
town,

And how the slings were placed to beat
it down.

I heard the stones fly whizzing by my
ears:

What's longer kept in mind, than got in
fears?

I heard them fall, and saw what work
they made,

And how old Mars did cover with his
shade."

BUNYAN'S MARRIAGE.

It appears from the record of Bunyan's life in the British Museum, that it was not only his own inclination, but the advice of his friends, that he should look out for a wife. If he displayed cowardice in the field of battle, he betrayed a dash of covetousness in his matrimonial crusades. He made every exertion to get a *rich wife*, but because none of the rich would yield to his solicitations, he found himself constrained to marry one without any fortune. The deductions of his biographer from this fact are very curious:—

"He was boisterous, and perhaps turbulent, but not harsh nor vindictive; had he been so, no decent woman could have been tempted to marry him, for he had literally nothing in the world but the tools of his craft. In like manner, had he been a sensualist, his friends could not have induced a very virtuous woman, born of good, honest, godly parents, to have him. There must, therefore, notwithstanding all his faults, have been something *loveable* about him. The very fact that they had not so much between them 'as a dish or a spoon,' proves that he must have had some endearing quality. It proves, also, that she had but little prudence, even if she married him for the express purpose of mending him."

• Notwithstanding this reasoning in a circle, the biographer of Bunyan is deeply in love with Bunyan's wife; he dwells "on her influence with a fondness bordering on extravagance." We candidly admit that few wives have displayed greater skill, deeper intimacy with the heart of man, or more perseverance and strenuous patience in order to reclaim and reform a husband. Her whole dowry consisted of a couple of theological volumes, and a memory stored with the maxims and prescriptions of a pious and excellent father. A rich wife would have ruined him; an intellectual, but unsanctified wife, would have irritated him; a stupid wife would have been a domestic plea for his devotedness to loose and disorderly habits; but the prudent, pious, and patient Mrs. Bunyan, put forth a plastic power upon the habits and feelings of the swearing tinker, which ultimately, under the benediction of God, educed the *Pilgrim's Progress* from the most hopeless of men.

BUNYAN'S REFORMATION.

When Bunyan began to sober down to the habits of decorum and exterior respectability, he indicated one characteristic not unfrequently found in such circumstances; viz. a veneration approximating to worship for the mere externals of devotion. In reading the following account of his own experience at this crisis, let it be borne in mind that the worship which our hero idolized was the Presbyterian service-book, or Directory, and not the Liturgy of the Church of England. In other words, as will be evinced, he became a Presbyterian Puseyite; thereby demon-

strating that Puseyism is not the adoration of mitres, croziers, surplices, crosses, and saints only: it is the sacrifice and preference of pure non-essentials to essentials, whether in the shape of Prelacy, Presbytery, or Independency:—

"I went to church," says Bunyan, "twice a-day, and that too with the foremost; and there I would devoutly bow, say, and sing, as others did, and yet retain my wicked life. But, withal, I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things belonging to the church, the high place (pulpit), the priest, clerk, vestment-service, and what else, counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy. This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that, had I but seen a priest, though never so debauched and sordid in his life, I should feel my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit to him. Yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, I could have laid down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch me."

His biographer remarks:—

"It is easy to laugh at Bunyan's veneration for the clerk, but veneration for Archbishop Laud is far more laughable and superstitious too, if Bishop Hall's opinion of him was just, or Hume's honest."

• The following thoughts are true in conception, and developed with considerable neatness. Bunyan's serious impressions had taken too deep a hold of his heart to be easily got rid of, and were too fervid to be kept down with ease. He dared not declare his convictions, and he could not conceal them:—

"He saw at a glance that his fame would be gone for ever, and his leadership lost, if he breathed his fears or his forebodings upon the village-green. He knew that he would be twitted and taunted by the only companions he had for allowing himself to be frightened by 'our person' in the morning. All this had more weight with him at the time, than he himself suspected when he wrote the emphatic words, 'I told them nothing.' It was that they might discover nothing and suspect but little, that he rushed desperately to his sport again. This, also, is no uncommon thing, even

amongst young men who have far more literary and social resources to fall back upon than the tinker had, and much stronger family reasons for quitting the chair of the scorners and the haunts of the world. Many keep it up, as they phrase it, because they would be laughed at if they let it down. Oh, how the world's dread laugh can bind young men to the chariot-wheels of some dashing leader of vice or vanity, although he himself is as much bound to his chariot by the same laugh with which they are bound to its wheels. They are afraid of his jibes, and he is afraid of their scorn; and thus both keep it up, although both are often sick of each other. I knew, in early life, an old man, the oracle of the village, who seemed inspired with new life, from day to day, as he spread infidelity among raw lads. I wondered at his apparent hilarity. After a time I heard that he was dying. I went to see him; he had swallowed poison, and was cursing both himself and his dupes for their folly. It was an awful scene. I succeeded, however, in saving his life by forcing him to swallow tar-water. He said he would unsay all his old maxims before his young dupes, but he never did; I had to tell them the tale of horror. He recovered only to drink and speculate. They soon rallied their spirits to laugh at the tar-water."—P. 38.

The old distich we will add, as our commentary on the text of our author:

"The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;
The devil got well, but never a monk was he."

We have been sometimes considerably amused with the misapprehensions of the meaning of words displayed by our worthy biographer. He has occasion to state (p. 40), that one of the first compliments paid to Bunyan, on his reformation, was that "now he had become a truly honest man;" and our author's inference from this is, "Thus he had not been distinguished for honesty before. Tinkerlike, he had, no doubt, taken so many stakes from the hedges, and stray fowls from the farms, that neither the farmers nor their wives would have countersigned the assertion of Dr. Southey, that swearing was his only actual sin." Had our author been conversant either with the use of "honestus" in the classics, or "honest" in the old English sense of the word, he would not have been betrayed into so absurd an inference, or unfounded antagonism to the poet laureate. The

old writers of Bunyan's age, and prior to it, use the word to denote purity, chastity, respectability; and even still the phrase is used of one who may have married a woman with whom he has lived in concubinage: "he makes her an *honest* woman."

BUNYAN'S CONVERSION.

"This change, which every Christian reader recognises, and which every philosopher must admit to be no fantasy, Bunyan expressed in the following words:—

"The Bible was precious to me in those days. I began, methought, to look into the Bible with new eyes, and read as I never did before, and especially the epistles of the apostle St. Paul (to which he had hitherto preferred the legends of the Apocrypha), were sweet and pleasant to me: and, indeed, I was never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation, still crying out to God that I might know the way to heaven and glory."

It was remarkable that, notwithstanding the enthusiastic idiosyncrasy of Bunyan, and the heated air of fanaticism and familism into which he was plunged, he yet escaped the miasma of infection to a most extraordinary degree. That he indulged in some occasional freaks, and extravagant fancies, is not to be wondered at. His transition was sudden. His escape into a new and holier light was very quick; and, like a person recently *coughed*, he made some mistakes. That great man, Bishop Butler, is quoted by the rather egotistical minister of Maberly Chapel in the following words, as illustrative of this change:—

"I have been led into these considerations by a remark of Bishop Butler's, which throws more light upon the infancy of internal religion than the crucifix he set up in the palace chapel at Durham [a word at the bishops], from which the crucifix was first removed by an ancestor of my family [a word for myself], did in the importance of eternal religion. 'If we suppose,' writes that great master of theology, 'a person brought into the world with both body and mind in maturity (as far as this is conceivable), he would plainly, at first, be as unqualified for the business of life as an idiot. He would be in a manner distracted with astonishment, and apprehension, and curiosity, and suspense: nor can one guess how long it would be before he would be familiarised to him-

self and the objects about him, enough even to set himself to anything. It may be questioned, too, whether the natural information of his sight and hearing would be of any manner of use at all to him in acting before experience; and it seems that men would be strangely headstrong and self-willed, and disposed to exert themselves with an impetuosity that would render society insupportable, and living in it impracticable, were it not for some acquired moderation and self-government, some aptitude and readiness in restraining themselves, and in concealing their sense of things. In these respects, and probably in many more, of which we have no particular notion, mankind is left by nature an unformed and unfinished creature, utterly deficient and unqualified, before the acquirement of knowledge, experience, and habits, for that mature state of life which was the end of his creation."

Were these views more universally cherished, the result would be a larger infusion into men's hearts of real charity, and more of commiserating sympathy with the falls of each other. These are just and profound sentiments, and account for the occasional extravagances by which a change from the region of depravity to that of serenity and holiness is sometimes characterised. It must be admitted that eccentricities of conduct were not Bunyan's only accompaniments. His interpretations of Scripture were, some of them, as novel as they were odd. His peculiar cast of mind led him to find allegories in every thing; and his late change of character regulating his old tendency, made him find Christianity where no one else ever found it before. There was not a stone, beam, or brick, in Solomon's temple, which, to our allegorist, was not eloquent of Christian verities. The spokes in the wheels of the chariot of the Queen of Sheba, the nails in the shoes of her horses, were to the tinker's mind sacred texts. A specimen of his pious, but wild fantasies, we extract from Mr. Philip's repository:—

"I thought," says Bunyan, "those beasts were types of men,—the *clean*, types of the people of God; but the *unclean*, the children of the wicked one. I read that the clean beasts chewed the cud; that is, thought I, they shew us we must feed upon the word of God. They also parted the hoof. I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men.

Also, in readings further about them, I found that we did chew the cud, as the hare. Yet if we did part the hoof, as the swine, or walked with claws, like a dog—yet if we did not chew the cud, as the sheep, we are still, for all that, but an ass.

These fancies are the failings of Bunyan's mind, and are curious as the embryo excursions of that genius which planned and executed the *Pilgrim's Progress*. His freaks are in themselves destitute of claims to our notice; but the smallest things assume an aspect of importance when ascertained to be the embryos of greatness or the harbingers of good. The village streamlet is traced with interest, because it eventually expands into a glorious river, and wafts outward to every point in earth's periphery the ships and navies of the nation.

We have been much struck with the sound and sober reflections of Mr. Philip on conversion. He abjures alike the extravaganzas of the sect that pronounce themselves elect, and, in virtue of this fancied security, claim the license of living as they like; and the unphilosophical, as well as unscriptural, views of Paley, who pronounced, at one period of his life, an anathema on every profession of the possibility of a change of heart and character. Our author well observes, that one of the best tests of real Christianity is in the sacred verse: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a *little child* shall not enter therein." In this scripture truth there is condensed profound philosophy, as well as practical wisdom. It is with its tones piercing and pervading our hearts that we should approach the threshold of inspiration. If the Bible be a communication from Heaven, then we ought to listen to its breathings from afar with the unquestioning docility of children. Its statements should be laid up in the mind as standard and central truths, which, in every collision with aught we have gathered from science, or culled from earth, or collected from experiment, ought to triumph and stand alone.

"Remarkable experiences, which are now made standards of conversion, or quoted to explain the discouragements of some converts, will be less admired when appealed to. A *LITTLE CHILD* will soon be more looked at as the model of *lowly* humility, than the jester trembling, or Whitfield writing bitter things against

himself, or even than Bunyan at his wit's end. It is somewhat curious, as well as lamentable, that neither Wesley nor Whitfield saw, when they revived the doctrine of regeneration, that a childlike spirit is what the Saviour means by the new birth. The man who shall give currency to this fact, without lessening dependence on the grace of the Holy Spirit, will, like them, do good service to both the world and the church. How can preachers on regeneration answer to God or man for quoting this maxim so seldom?"

These are most sound and sensible remarks. There is a common sense in them, that commends them to our minds; and, irrespective of the inspiration of which they are the embodiment, indicates 'tis the Divinity that stirs within them. Would preachers proceed more methodically to work, their triumphs would be more decisive. Let them settle first every difficulty as to the origin of God's word. Having done this, let them demand attention to its truths.

There is in real genius a desire to pour out its fulness, which issues on the first opportunity in authorship. Bunyan was so full of those truths which he believed and felt, that he wished to tell the crows on the ploughed fields, as he passed by, what glorious things were in the Bible. This is one of the traits of deep and growing thought. It accumulates and expands within the soul, till it finds an exit. True genius, mighty to originate, is yet unable to contain its own imaginings. Like a fountain, it must overflow on all around it; and, if sanctified, spread over the moral deserts of the earth fertility, and fruit, and blossoms. Origination and diffusion are the attributes of mind.

"Bunyan," adds our author, "wanted to relieve his mind by writing also. 'I said in my soul, with much gladness, Well, would I had a pen and ink here; I would write this down before I go further.' Happy wish for us and the world! It was the germ of his authorship. Critics differ about the real germ of the *Pilgrim*; but the incapacity of the crows to understand him originated his love to the pen. This was as happy an accident as the fall of the apple, which, it is said, suggested to Newton the doctrine of gravitation."

BUNYAN AND LUTHER.

It is an interesting fact, that the work on theology which at once re-

solved the doubts and satisfied the conscience of Bunyan, was Luther's able commentary on the Galatians. The writings of the Saxon reformer survive: the words that shook thrones, and scared superstitious hierarchs, also enlighten poor men's minds, and carry comfort to tinkers' consciences.

BUNYAN AND THE DEVIL.

Our author enters into a protracted disquisition on the personal agency of Satan. It is, we think, clear to every reader of sacred writ, that an archangel fallen is permitted to harass men's souls, and trouble the earth we walk on. We think it neither unphilosophical nor fabulous to think so. The notions broached on this subject in cloisters, among nuns, and in the legends of various tribes of holy brotherhood, are not to be pleaded against the doctrine of Satanic personality and power, any more than transubstantiation is a reason for rejecting the Lord's supper, or the mass for disbelieving the vicarious death of the Redeemer. We discard horns, and hoofs, and cloven feet; and yet we believe there is a demon, of vast power, and yet vast wickedness, permitted to roam the earth, and impregnate the spirits of mankind, when he is able, with the infection of evil. We admit he is neither omnipresent nor omnipotent; but he may have powers of action and presence—short, indeed, of God's attributes, but vastly above our conceptions of either. His permissive presence may not be unmixed evil: it may be the means of producing good. God's mind, "in quartering Satan on our world," may be, and is, to educe essential good. There is one common error that claims correction, viz. that Satan gets the credit of more than he has any connexion with. Man's own depraved heart and proud intellect are the parents of two-thirds of the sins that stain our race. Satan fell foul of Bunyan. He saw in the tinker a destined assailant of his kingdom; and in person, and accompanied by kindred hell-hounds, tortured his mind, twinged his conscience, suggested doubts, covered with despair, and paralleled him with Esau, with Cain, and with Judas, till his victim at times gave up all for lost. But in his "flying fits," as he calls his yielding to the devil, sweet sounds were borne after him, as from heavenly harps: "I have blotted out, as a cloud,

thy transgressions." And again, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Satan was bruised under his feet, and the tinker was triumphant.

BUNYAN'S MINISTRY.

Mr. Philip had kept down his Voluntary leanings through sixteen chapters; but, in the seventeenth, he finds the tide had so swollen, that out it must come. He opens by some observations on ordination "as Dr. Chalmers told the Christian Influence Society, in his *Presbyterian Lectures in aid of Episcopacy*;" and because Chalmers broached some very loose views on ordination, our author thinks he has got a good plea for himself, and other self-constituted preachers. Of all men, Dr. Chalmers's opinion on ordination is of the least weight or worth. He has neither studied nor understood the question; and we know well that the doctor's sentiments on this point occasioned regret, even to the most moderate Churchmen. It is also satisfactory to know, that in the Scotch Church the sentiments of this great man on this subject are not of weight. Whatever be the diversity of views on holy orders, entertained either in the Scotch or English church, in this they are both agreed, that Independents have no ordination at all. Mr. Philip seems to imagine that the imposition of hands is ordination. This is an absurd mistake. If three tailors were to lay six hands on the head of a shoemaker, the last personage would not therefore be ordained. It is the standing of the men to whom the hands belong—the *authority* they have in the church which is the essence of ordination, as far as its instrumental and outward character is concerned. Let this pass.

BUNYAN AND THE QUAKERS.

The Friends, it appears, were rather turbulent in the days of the author of the *Pilgrim*; and as he had soiled Satan, he reasoned, *a fortiori*, he might scatter the nest of fanatics who then traversed the Scriptures. These individuals, with some of the peculiarities, had twenty times the absurdities of modern Quakerism. Scripture, revelation, sacraments, reason, were all offered up as dead victims to the private spirit. Burroughs was one of the strenuous defenders of the sect; and that we may see the peaceableness and

sweetness of that party in olden times, we shall quote the learned Quaker's charge to the tinker.

"John Bunyan, your spirit is tried, and your generation is read at large, and your stature and countenance is clearly described to me to be of the stock of Ishmael, and of the seed of Cain, whose line reacheth unto the murdering of priests, scribes, and pharisees. O thou blind priest, whom God hath confounded in thy language, the design of the devil in deceiving souls is thine own, and I turn it back to thee. If we should diligently search, we should find thee through feigned words, through covetousness, making merchandise of souls, and living the wages of unrighteousness, and such were the scoffers Peter speaks of, among whom thou art found in thy practice, among them who are preaching for hire, and love the error of Balaam, who took gifts and rewards. The Lord rebuke thee, thou unclean spirit, who hast falsely accused the innocent to clear thyself of guilt: but at thy door guilt lodges, and I leave it with thee. Thou art one of the dragon's army, and thy weapons are slanders, and thy refuge lies. Thy work is confused, and hath hardly gained a name in Babylon's record."

Mr. Philip adds, with extraordinary charity, "This is just the way in which meek spirits write when they kindle with zeal. One of the Ishmaels of the present day, the *Rev. Mr. Burnet, of Camberwell*, is as mild as an emulsion."

We have no time for further accounts of this leviathan among the minnows. The remainder of this, and of other chapters, is in our author's own words,—*"rambling, because sketchy."* So fond is Mr. Philip of episcopacy, that at page 248 he archiepiscopally consecrates John Bunyan, "Bishop Bunyan." This is curious.

BUNYAN AMONG THE BAPTISTS.

We find the right reverend tinker laying round him among his own more immediate brethren, and opening wide the gates of admission into a Baptist chapel. The Baptists of that day, as well as some of the present, "sprinkled all other churches with the bitter waters of strict communion. I say sprinkled, but if any one choose to read immersed, fact will warrant the version." The strict communionists present a remarkable proof how, in the most *outré* and extreme antipodes to Romanism, the very essence of Popery may spring

up and flourish. These people hold a *plunge* so much superior to a *sprinkling*, that the difference determines a man's claims to Christianity, and a pure question of chronology, viz. Whether infants or adults should be baptised? is with them, and in their meetings, a test of orthodoxy. It is no wonder that Bunyan fell upon such whims with his heaviest sledge-hammer, and smashed them right and left. There was in Bunyan's character a great amount of strong sense, which saw through fanaticism and hypocrisy, and prompted him to expose and scout it. One result of his faithfulness to the Baptist brotherhood was, that their slanders pursued him like roaring lions. Bigamy and adultery were among the least of their imputations. But his defence, while conclusive in his own favour, makes known a curious and *tasteful* discrimination among his brethren.

"I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand, for I think those things are not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered, that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them, it is not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss: but then I have asked, *why they made bawls,—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured go?*"

The theological question we do not profess ourselves competent to solve; but the taste displayed in the distinctive treatment of the handsome and the ill-favoured, we cannot but appreciate and admire. There may have been questionable theology among Bunyan's persecutors, but there was no deficiency in the sense of personal charms.

BUNYAN'S TRIAL.

It appears to us, that both Dr. Southey and Mr. Philip have gone to extremes in their account of this error. The learned doctor has written under the influence of an ardent partiality to every point and practice of the church of his fathers,—softening down asperities, and placing in bold and beautiful relief the nobler characteristics of her history. Mr. Philip, again, has written under the feelings engendered by frequent visits to Red Cross Street and Bolt Court; and, in his ardent desire to vindicate independency, and

batter the church, he makes her liturgy the companion of bristling bayonets, mailed captains, and persecuting judges. The learned Cavalier and Royalist pulls hard his way, and the Puritan and Roundhead pulls us bravely in an opposite direction. The plausible and the beautiful are in all the movements of Southey,—the coarse and commonplace are the atmosphere of Mr. Philip. It is therefore easy to predict in whose favour the public is most likely to be swayed. We think the candid and the honourable course is, to admit that professed defenders of the church have exceeded frequently even the penal laws, of which they were the expounders and executors; and that in the conduct of many of the sturdy Independents there was much to provoke and irritate. This is quite evident, and at the same time amply sufficient to vindicate the Protestant church: her liturgy and her articles breathe no persecution, encourage no physical force, and are as little chargeable with the crimes of even enthusiastic defenders as the three denominations are with the Chartists or Sir W. Courtenay. Every principle has been perverted; mercy itself has been made man's pretext for murder, and the benign and peaceful truths of the Gospel have been adduced as reasons for persecution. The church is not answerable for the temper and exploits of her self-constituted champions. Every man must bear his own burden.

BUNYAN'S SECOND WILL, AND THE PRAYER-BOOK.

Bunyan seems to have been bitter against the use of the Prayer-book. His reasons are unworthy of his strong sense. "Must all the rabble in the world," he asks, "be made to say OUR FATHER, because the saints are commanded to say so?" If the Dissenters make use of the Lord's prayer—and of their practice in this respect we are ignorant—we do not see how they can interdict the rabble from joining any more than the church. The latter requires her own members to use it. Her liturgy is expressly for their use, and if others choose to join in her sacred services, it is matter for congratulation, not for regret. We do not exactly agree with Mr. Philip, in his attempt to soften down the animadversions of Bunyan. As to his remarks on Dissenters using the liturgy,

and his strong objections to it, we confess we see none. It would be much to their advantage, were they to do so universally. There is no fear of the Dissenter being mistaken for a minister of the church. The matter of ordination makes a wide difference. We are admirers of a written liturgy; not that we do not find a few capable of giving expression to fervid desires and wants, at once appropriate and chaste, but because we find the *οὐ πολλοί*, the great majority of preachers, men of inferior gifts, and prone to give forth petitions in the pulpit at which piety grieves, and good taste hides itself in blushes. We know nothing more chaste, devotional, and majestic, than the Anglican liturgy. Were it more inflated, it would pall upon the taste; were it more meagre, it would repel; but, providentially, it combines an extent and variety of requests, and a simplicity and majesty of language, second only to the words of inspiration.

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

We have now run over a few of the extraordinary connexions noted by Bunyan's biographer, and have found him among tinkers, thieves, quakers, baptists, and other curious anomalies. We now find him in prison, prosecuting the plan of the *Pilgrim*. He seems to have cherished the divine idea in deep and impenetrable secrecy; his prison companions were not privy to it. He says himself, in his preface:

"Manner and matter, too, were all my own;
Nor was it unto any mortal known
Till I had done it."

His prison hours were either consecrated to this, or to kindred literary labours. He felt comfort and delight in piety and poetry. When he got wearied of the *Pilgrim*, he had recourse to the *Temple of Solomon*, and explored it with microscopic eye,—extracting ethereal essence from its commonest parts. All things to Bunyan's eye were bathed in spiritualities; one fragrant and deep ocean surrounded and encompassed all things. The firs and cedars preached to him of trees of righteousness; the "ten layers" told him of the ten commandments; the sweet spices, stacte, onycha, and galbanum, were fragrant with the odours of heaven; and the rose-tree in the

gardens around his prison reminded him of the heavenly flower that never fades; and his cell became kindled with a holy light. He saw amid its darkness bright visions, and conjured up from the recesses of a great imagination unutterable poetry. How striking is his description of the Holy of Holies:

"The most holy place was dark; it had no windows; things were only seen by the light of the fire of the altar, to shew that God is altogether invisible but to faith. The holiest was built to shew us how different our state in heaven will be from our state on earth. We walk here by one light—the word; but that place will shine more bright than if all the lights of the world were put together. Even in the vail of the temple were figures of cherubim, to shew us that, as the angels wait on us here, so they will wait for us at the door of their heaven."

BUNYAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

This, we need not say, was generally sound; simply, because it was drawn from the fountains of truth, and retained unadulterated the flavour of its high original. There was great penetration in the apophthegms of the Christian tinker. They were rough, but they were rough diamonds.

"Take heed thou deceive not thyself, by changing one bad way for another bad way. This was a trick Israel played of old, hopping, like the squirrel, from bough to bough, but not willing to forsake their tree. Many times men change their darling sins, as men change their servants. Hypocrisy would do a while ago, but now debauchery. Profaneness was the fashion, but now a deceitful profession. Take heed thou throw not away thine old darling for a new one. Men's tempers alter, youth is for pride and wantonness: middle-age for cunning and craft: old age for the world and covetousness." "Take heed lest thy departing from iniquity be but for a time. Persons in wrangling fits depart from each other; but when the quarrel is over, by means of some intercessor, they are reconciled again. Satan is the intercessor between the soul and sin."

"Of Bunyan it is true, that he was a man of one book. Accordingly, in enforcing morals, he is not afraid to go all the lengths of the Bible in proclaiming the rewards of virtue. He can crucify works as merit, and crown them as obedience, with an equally steady and impartial hand. He throws the best of them into the bottomless pit without ceremony, when they are put forward as a

claim for mercy or price for salvation, but as fruits of the Spirit, and as conscientious efforts to glorify God, he brings them out at death and judgment enshrined with what he calls a spangling reward. I need not add that Bunyan made the love of Christ the motive of all holy obedience; but I must add his own illustration of this,—delight in holy things wrought by redeeming love

—like live honey runs,
And needs no pressing from the honey-combs."

BUNYAN'S WIT.

The author of the *Pilgrim* was a facetious man. He was capable of saying many witty things, and of perpetrating many sage saws. Nor does Mr. Philip hold him more happy on any occasion than when he indulges against the author's sad eyesores—the clergy.

"Nothing," says Mr. Philip, with fellow feeling and profound sympathy, "provoked Bunyan's sarcastic wit more than selfishness in the clergy, whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian. He makes his teeth meet at every bite upon benefice-hunters. 'Would the people learn to be covetous,' he says, 'they need but look to their ministers, and they shall have a lively, or, rather, a deadly, resemblance set before them, in their riding and running after great benefices, and personages, by night and by day.'"

It may here be asked, Whether a kindred practice obtains among dissenting ministers? Were Mr. Leitchfield, of Craven Chapel, to accept his fourth preferment, and his chapel to be open to competition to-morrow, would Mr. Philip make no interest with the members? Would there be no "running and riding" after 500*l.* per annum, and leaving 200*l.* *à posteriori*? We condemn and reprobate covetousness in all; but when our author is pleased to quote with approbation censures on the clergy for their addictedness to such matters, it becomes him with impartiality to take "the beam out of the eye" of the chapel before he take the mote out of the eye of the church.

BUNYAN AND THE MELBOURNE CABINET.

His description of the history of this petticoat concern is good.

"Mr. Conscience was put out of place because he was a seeing man. Lord Will-be-will, alias Melbourne, a head-

strong man, was the first to listen at Eargate. He maligned Mr. Conscience to death, and would shut his eyes when he happened to see him, and his ears when he heard his voice. He could not endure that so much as a fragment of the laws of *Magna Charta* should be seen any where about the palace. Mr. Mind, his clerk, had some old parchments of the law; but Will-be-will cast them behind his back. He also tried to come at some old scraps of the law which Mr. Conscience had in his study; but he could not get at them. He would also make himself abject amongst any base and rascally crew. His deputy, Mr. *Affection*, he married to Miss *Carnal*, one of the ladies in waiting, 'like to like,' quoth the devil to the collier; and when he appointed cabinet ministers, *Incredulity* was the oldest, and Mr. *Atheism* the youngest. As for the rest in office, they were all cousins or nephews."

BUNYAN'S RELICS.

Mr. Philip having consecrated and canonised his favourite Bunyan, concluded his book by a chapter headed as we have headed this, and a long disquisition on the locality of the tinker's bones. There seems to be in human nature a strong tendency to *revere* the bones of departed favourites. Dr. Murray, of Dublin, very lately imported from abroad the mouldering bones of a pseudo-saint, for the finest *piousness* to worship in that metropolis. William Cobbett, the patron of another school, made a pilgrimage to America, and, without paying duty, brought to England the bones of the notorious Tom Paine; and now Mr. Philip, possessed of a similar spirit,

though privileged to have for his idol a better subject—a far better subject—institutes an elaborate disquisition on his bones, his grave, and tombstone. We hope he will not worship them.

Bunyan was, unquestionably, a genius. He is one of those who, by the force and spring of intellectual power, rise far above the sphere in which they were originally placed. Shakspeare in the drama; Milton in epic, Burns in Doric lyrics; and Bunyan in religious allegory, are all unrivalled. They occupy the highest walks in their respective empires. With the exception of one, they were self-taught. The fine genius they inherited rendered the polish that is essentially necessary for inferior minds useless to them. They had by instinct what others acquire by education. These vast minds appear at intervals in the annals of our race to teach us, with the freshness of visible exemplars, what high powers are ready to be unfolded within us—what mind is, and may be—how glorious things are predestined to accompany its expansion in after-ages—how rich and imperishable the visions it is to enjoy, and the scenes it is sure to traverse, when the earthly tabernacle that now shrouds its glories is exchanged for the heavenly. Man even in his ruins is great. Man restored in Paradise regained will, indeed, be glorious.

A life of Bunyan, in all respects satisfactory to us, has not yet appeared. Southey had not all the materials, Philip has not the talent, and we have not the time.

THE TWO,
WITH A HINT TO THE ONE.

— "Every beast after his kind . . . and every creeping thing after his kind . . . went in . . . two and two."—*An Old Almanac.*

WE need not ask what Pitt would do,
Who thought ~~five~~score a-head too few
To pull a cabinet measure through.
Those days are gone;
Enough a measuring-cast of two—
Ay, or of ONE.

Says Vernon Smith, "I own 'tis true,
Our sticking in is something new,
With only ~~fire~~ to head our ~~crew~~ ;"
Then braver done
To cling when we have come to two—
Next door to ONE !

Let the Jamaicans sweat and stew,
Let "sympathisers" treason brew,
And Chartists raise a loud halloo
For pike and gun ;
Safe in majority of two,—
It is all ONE.

Let Louis Philippe cast his shoe
O'er Palmerston, *chevalier preu* ;
Let Sur and Shannon, stained with hue
Of murder, run ;
We still take care by No. two
(Of N) ONE.

Cupid may scent his billets doux,
And Melbourne flirt with fair *bas bleu*.
Minto in silence sip his broo,
Twaddle Lord John,
Since that blest vote that gave us two
At half-past ONE.

And Normanby may bill and coo,
Cam Hobhouse quaff till all is blue,
Macaulay cock-a-doodle-doo,
Rice pick his bone,
Each pocketing—huzza for two!—
His ONE-pound-ONE.

Two chamber ladies overthrew
Sir Bob ; two dames, two doctors too,
On Lady Flora's virtue blew—
So be it known,
We monarch it by rule of two,
And not of ONE.

Said Goneril, when in rage she flew
With poor old Lear, "What need have you
Of twenty-five, or five *en queue* ?"
In Regan's tone,
So we shall ask, if lost is two,
"What need of ONE ?"

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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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SPECIMENS OF PERSIAN POETRY.

No. IV.

SHERIF FEIZI'S *diwan* consists, like all the greater *diwans*, or collections of lyrical poetry, of two principal divisions,—of *Kassideh*, or the longer elegiac poems; and of *Gazelles*, the shorter, or mystical: amongst the former, he himself mentions one consisting of 12,000 lines. The usual subjects of the longest *Kassideh* are almost all in praise of the Shah Akbar, or Great; who certainly merited the name more than any other Indian emperor whose history is recorded. Others of his elegies are on the death of his relations and friends. The *Gazelles* are veritably such as are termed Musk-gazelles, which career lightly over the rose-beds of enjoyment and the deserts of the passions; or, in other words, are of the lightest order, yet breathing the fragrance so peculiar to Persian poetry; presenting life always under an aspect of sunshine, with the same calm heaven above. In his mystical poems, however, he is more true and more sublime than any other follower of Attar, or Djelal-oddin; his mysticism partaking of the tone and colour of the Indian belief, in which he was reared. His principal mystical poem, called *Serre*, or *Atoms in the Sun*, is written in a thousand and one verses (that favourite number

in the East), and is partly mystical, partly philo-sophical. This title is the hieroglyphic indication of that mystery which a Mussulman does not think it expedient to expose to the broad light of day. The work, besides the mystical *Serre*, treats, in the part devoted to philosophy, of the course of the sun through the zodiac; and is combined with much of the ancient Persian and Indian fire-worship and Brahminical theology.

Feizi was introduced, when a boy, to the Brahmins, by Sultan Mohammed Akbar, as an orphan of their tribe, in order that he might learn their language, and obtain possession of their secrets. Feizi became attached to the daughter of the Brahmin who protected him, and she was offered him in marriage by the unsuspecting father. After a struggle between honour and inclination, the former prevailed, and he confessed to the Brahmin the fraud that had been practised; who, struck with horror, attempted to put an end to his own existence, fearing that he had betrayed his trust. Feizi, with tears and protestations, entreated him to forbear, promising to submit to any command he might impose on him. The Brahmin consented to live, on condition that Feizi took an oath never to translate the Vedas, nor repeat to any one the

* Feizi was the brother of the great Abul Fazil, the historian. It is a proverb in the East, that the monarchs of Asia stood more in awe of the pen of Abul Fazil than the sword of Akbar.

creed of the Hindoos. Feizi, having complied with his desire, returned to the sultan, who, touched with his story, respected his oath, and forebore to insist on his translating the sacred books, although that had been the object of his stratagem. The sultan Akbar was a liberal thinker, and was anxious to attain truth, but gave offence to his Mohammedan subjects by the favour he shewed to the Hindoos.*

Spring.

'Tis spring—a hundred hopes are rife;
Dews are sparkling as they fall;
The rose, expanding to life,
Offers Gemsheid's clasp to all.
Drops of rain that kiss the earth,
From the sun derive their birth.

See the blossoms, pale till now,
Warm and blush in every beam,
Till with varied hues they glow,
And like flashing jewels gleam.
Spring it is who gives us countless roses,
And the lotus-eye of Heaven uncloses.

Rays are pouring on each flow'r,
New ones crowding every hour,
Hiding in their teeming bosoms
Promised fruit amidst the blossoms.
See and wonder—heat and light can be
Where nor fire nor smoke the eye may see!†

The hyacinth, with waving tresses,
Soft spring's delicious power confesses;
The high-stemm'd cedars are renew'd,
With health and grace their boughs
endued;
Tender leaves rich verdure gain;
Emeralds glitter on the shining plain.

Day of feasting, day of gladness!
Never dream of care or sadness!
All the wood with love is fill'd;
And the nightingale has trill'd
Softest notes to her he long
Wooded with many a deathless song.
She to him is as the sun,
And her thorns the beams around her.
Hark! his minstrelsy begun,
In the thrall of love has bound her.

Tell, O poet! in thy lay,
What the ten-tongued lilies say;
Tell what joy to earth is given;
Tell the countless gifts of Heaven.
Ask is man no incense bringing,
When he sees all nature springing?
Waters gush, and flow'rs unfold—
Is his heart more closed and cold?
Can he view what spring displays,
And be niggard of his praise?

The events related in the following poem occurred A.D. 1606, A.H. 1015; and are related by Ferishta in his celebrated history, many of the materials for which he drew from Feizi, whose poetical work, the *Muhabarit*, contains the chronicles of the Hindoo princes. It may not be out of place to add what remains of the history of the heroine of this episode.

Chaja Alass was a native of Western Tartary, and left his country to try his fortune in Hindostan. He was accompanied by his wife, and was overtaken in the desert by fatigue and hunger. In this lamentable situation a daughter was born to him. When the unfortunate family reached Lahore, the emperor Akbar kept his court there. Asaph Chan, one of his principal omrahs, was a relation to Alass, and received him with great kindness; and, from one situation of trust to another, he became high treasurer of the empire in the space of a few years. His desert-born was called Mehr-ul-Nissa, or the Sun of Women. As she grew up, she excelled all the women of the East in beauty, learning, and accomplishments. She was educated with the greatest care, and her genius and acquirements soon became the theme of general conversation. She was witty, satirical, ambitious, lofty, and her spirit beyond control. It happened on one occasion that Selim, the prince-royal, came to visit her father. When the public entertainment was over, and all but the principal guests were withdrawn, and the wine brought, the ladies, according to custom, were introduced in their veils. Mehr-ul-Nissa had resolved to make a conquest of the prince. She exerted all her powers of pleasing; her dancing and singing enraptured him; and at length, as if by accident, she dropped her veil, and his heart became completely her own. Selim, distracted with love, applied to his father, the sultan, to assist him; but Akbar, aware that the hand of the dangerous beauty was already disposed of, refused to commit an act of tyranny; and, in despite of the despair of the prince, Mehr-ul-Nissa became the wife of her father's choice, Shere Afkun, a Turkomanian nobleman, of high lineage and great renown. The bridegroom, shortly after, disgusted with the insults

* See Dow.

† The original is here extremely mystical, not to say incomprehensible.

and annoyances which he met with from the prince, left the court of Agra, and retired, with his wife, to Bengal, where he became governor of the district of Burdwan. When Selim succeeded his father, he recalled Shere; but he dared not so far outrage public opinion as to deprive the illustrious *oumrah* of his wife. Shere was a man of exalted feeling, and very popular; his strength and valour rendered him remarkable, and his good qualities endeared him to the people. He had spent his youth in Persia; and had served with extraordinary renown Shah Ismail, the chief of the Suvi line. His original name was Asta Jillo; but having killed a lion, he was dignified with the title of Shere Afkun,—Destroyer of the Lion. Under the latter name, he obtained celebrity in India. He served in the wars of Akbar with extraordinary reputation; and at the taking of Sind displayed prodigies of valour. Selim, now called Jehangire, kept his court at Delhi when Shere returned. He vainly hoped that time had erased the memory of Mehr-ul-Nissa from the monarch's mind; and being of a noble and trusting disposition, he suspected no treachery. Jehangire, however, had resolved, if possible, to rid himself of his rival. On one occasion, when hunting, he caused him to be exposed to a tiger. Shere defended himself against the beast in a manner described as perfectly miraculous, without weapons, and killed him. The sultan next had a plot to have him trodden to death by an elephant; but he again escaped, having attacked the raging animal, and cut off its trunk. His house was after this beset by assassins, and he was in great peril, but once more succeeded in foiling his assailants. However, he at length fell a victim to the persevering cruelty of his rival; and, being drawn into an ambush, fell, pierced with six balls, after a fearful struggle, in which many of his murderers perished. Mehr-ul-Nissa's conduct on this occasion might give cause to suspect that her grief was not extreme. She gave out that her husband, being aware of the sultan's attachment to her, had commanded that, in case of his death, she should no longer resist his wishes, but surrender herself to him imme-

diately. She was accordingly conveyed with great care from Burdwan, where her unfortunate husband had again retired, hoping to live with her in peace, to Delhi, where she was received with every demonstration of respect and affection by the sultana mother. But an unforeseen disappointment awaited her; for, whether actuated by remorse or caprice, Jehangire, now that no impediment was in the way of his happiness, refused to see her, and she was shut up in one of the worst apartments of his seraglio, where four years were passed by the neglected beauty, in such poverty and necessity, that, in order to support herself, she was obliged to employ her talent in various works, which were so exquisite, that she obtained a quick sale for them amongst the ladies of Delhi and Agra. By this means she was enabled to repair and beautify her apartments; and she then clothed her attendants in the richest manner, retaining, however, herself, the simplest dress she could devise. Curiosity at length subdued the moody resolve of the sultan, and he resolved to see the singular being who, under whatever circumstances she appeared, commanded attention. He visited her apartments, where all he saw delighted him, but Mehr-ul-Nissa herself the most. He inquired why she made so great a difference in the costume of her slaves and her own. To which question she replied: "Those born to servitude must dress as it pleases those whom they serve: these are my servants; I alleviate their bondage by every means in my power. But I, that am your slave, O emperor of the Moghuls! must dress according to your pleasure, not my own." Charmed with the spirit of her answer, Jehangire at once forgot all his coldness; his former love returned in its most tender form; he resolved to compensate his indifference to the beautiful widow by loading her with riches and pomp. The very next day, a magnificent festival was prepared to celebrate their nuptials. Her name was changed by an edict into Noor-mâ-hal, the Light of the Harem.* All his former favourites vanished before her; and, during the remainder of the reign of Jehangire, she bore the chief sway in

* She was afterwards called Noor-Jehan, Light of the World, and her name was joined to that of the emperor on the current coin. Who has not read with delight the poet Moore's exquisite description of this same Noor-mâ-hal?

all the affairs of the empire. She advanced all her family to the highest posts. Her numerous relatives poured in from Tartary, on hearing of the fortune of the house of Aiass. Her father, worthy as he was great, sustained his rank with dignity and virtue; her brothers also acquitted themselves in their several governments, much to the satisfaction of all parties; and no family ever rose so rapidly or so deservedly to honour, rank, and eminence, as that of Chaja Aiass and his desert-born.

Chaja Aiass, the New-born.

Day fades amidst the mighty solitude,
The sun goes down, and leaves no hope behind;
Afar is heard the rav'ning cry for food.
Of savage monsters; and the sultry wind
Sears with its furnace breath, and freshens not
With one reviving sigh the dismal spot,
Where three devoted beings panting lie
Prone on the scorching ground—as if to die
Were all the boon could reach their helpless state,
Abandon'd midst the trackless sands to fate!

And does young Aiass yield to fortune's frown?

Are all his high aspirations come to this?
His haughty bearing to the dust bow'd down,

His glorious visions of success and bliss—

The dreams that led him from his Tartar home,

To seek in golden Hindostan renown—
Is this the end of all? Lost, overcome,
By famine and fatigue subdued at last;
Patience and firmness, hope and valour,
past!

He cried: "Oh, Allah! when the patriarch's child

Forlorn beside his fainting mother lay,
Amidst the howling desert, dark and wild,
When not a star arose to cheer her way,
Heard she not Zemzem's murm'ring waters high,

And the blest angel's voice that said they should not die?

But I!—look on my new-born child!—look there

On my young wife! What can I but despair?

She left her tents for me—abandon'd all
The wealth, the state, her beauty well might claim:

Alas, the guerdon of her truth how small!
Alas, what had I but a soldier's name,
A sword, a steed—my fainting, faithful one!

Whose course is, like thy master's, almost done.

I led her here to die—to die!—when earth

Has lands so beautiful and scenes so fair—

Cities and realms, and mines of countless worth—

Monarchs, with proud sultanas all their care,

And none with Zehra worthy to compare!

Yet here she lies, a broken cloud—a gem,
Fit for the first in India's diadem.

Oh, she was like that tree,* all purity,
Which, ere the hand of man approach the bough,

No bird or creeping insect suffers nigh,
Nor shelter to aught evil will allow;

But once the fruit is pluck'd, there ends the charm—

Dark birds and baneful creatures round it swarm.

Thou, selfish Aiass! hast destroy'd the tree—

Behold its lovely blossoms scath'd by thee!

Is there no hope? Revive, my noble steed!

Fail not thy master at his latest need—
Thou can'st, thou wilt support her gentle weight.

Courage!—thou wert not wont to deem it great:

A little further—yet one effort more;

And if we perish then, our miseries are o'er!"

"But oh, my child!" the fainting mother cried,

"My arms are feeble, and support thee not.

And thou, lost Aiass! death is in thy face.
Why should we strive to quit this hideous place?

My babe and I can perish by thy side—
Sufficient for our graves this fatal spot."

She spoke and prostrate fell. With nerveless hands,

Her form sad Aiass on his steed has cast,

Which trembling with his lifeless burden stands—

His struggling breath comes heavily and fast.

* The lit-chi, a tree of China, of which it is recorded that, before the hand of man has gathered the fruit, no bird or insect dares approach it; but as soon as any one has touched the branches, all sorts of voracious birds, large and small, come to prey upon it.

A task, a fearful task, must yet be done,
Ere ~~he~~ the desert's path shall dare ex-
plore :

His babe must sleep beneath yon tree
—alone!

No parent's kiss shall ever wake her
more.

Some leaves he pluck'd—the only leaves
that grew

Upon that mound, so parch'd and
desolate ;

These o'er the sleeping innocent he
throw,

Look'd not, nor turn'd, and left it to
its fate.

" My babe, thou wert a pearl too bright,
For pitiless earth's unfriendly sight.

He who first called thee forth, again
Shall place thee in thy parent shell ;

There shalt thou slumber, free from pain,
While guardian Peris watch thee well.

Within our hearts, two living urns,
Shall live thy mem'ry, blessed one !

As the white water-lily turns
Her silver petals to the moon,

Though distance must their loves divide,
And but his image gilds the tide."

Oh, who shall tell what horror, what
dismay

Flash'd wildly from lost Zehra's bag-
gard eye,

When, toiling slowly on their devious
way,

Her sense return'd, and lo, her arms no
more

She found with straining clasp her infant
here !

She shriek'd—O God ! that cry of agony
Will Aiass hear for ever. Hark ! it rings

Like the death-trump, and, by its fear-
ful spell,

Back all his strength and wasted vigour
brings :

He feels unnatural force returning
swell

In all his veins—his blood is flame. That
shriek

Resounds again, far through the desert
borne.

What need of words the fatal truth to
speak ?

What need of questions ? Is she not
forlorn ?

Is not the branch torn from the tree away ?
And will it not, even where it stands,

decay ?

Oh ! she had, in those few brief hours
Her desert-born had seen of light,

Gazed in its face, and thought the flowers
Of Eden clustered rich and bright

In glory round its radiant brow,
That all Al Jannat's gems were hid

Beneath that pure and snowy lid.
Where were those heav'nly glances now ?

Oh ! as she feebly knelt beside
Its rugged couch, her tears would start

Lest ought of evil should betide

The cherish'd idol of her heart.

She traced the father's features there,
In that small tablet, pure and fair,

Exulting in a mother's name ;
And, in her daughter, nursed the flame

That burn'd, divided, yet the same.
And has she lost that blessed one ?

How lost ? Starved—left to beasts a
prey !

Was need so fell by Aiass done ?

Her own beloved, her hope, her stay !

Has mis'ry changed his heart to stone ?
" My child, my child ! " she shrieks. The

desert wild
Return'd in hollow yells, " Give back my
child ! "

With flashing eye and rapid pace,
Of hope or fear alike bereft,

Flies Aiass, guided by the trace
His courser's tottering steps had left,

Along the deep and sandy way,
Back where his poor deserted infant lay.

Beneath a tree, the suggle one
That in that desert sprang alone

Like latent hope, that struggling, will
Live in the tortured bosom still,

Slumb'ring and peaceful lay the child—
A faint and tender roseate streak

Had dawned along its hollow cheek,
And in unconscious dreaming bliss—it

smiled.

But, coiled around it, peering in
To the closed eyes and tranquil face,

Winding its dark rings on the ivory skin,
A black snake holds it in his fell em-
brace ;

His forked tongue and fiery eye reveal
The helpless infant's fate one moment

more shall seal !

With frantic shout the father forward
sprung,

While yet the serpent to his victim clung ;
The hideous monster, startled from his

prey,
Quelled by a human glance, relaxed

his hold,
With sudden bound unloosed each

slimy fold,

And 'midst the rocky hollow slunk away.
One frenzied spring, and to his panting

breast
Aiass, his awakened, rescued treasure

prest !

With step than antelope's more fleet,
The happy father rushed away ;

And where his hapless Zehra lay,
Cast his lov'd burden at her feet.

His brain reels round, his short-lived
vigour flies ;

Prostrate he falls, and darkness veils his
eyes.

The Caravan.

Oh! wild is the waste where the caravan
 roves,
 And many the danger the traveller proves;
 But the star of the morning shall beckon
 him on,
 And blessful the guerdon his patience has
 won;
 Nor water, nor milk, nor fresh dates shall
 he need,
 No loss has he met of good camel or
 steed,
 He looks o'er the sands as a road to re-
 nown,
 For the hills in the distance his labours
 shall crown;
 He sings of Shirauz and her generous
 wine,
 And pours to the Prophet libations
 divine:
 The numbers of Hafiz awake in his song,
 And who shall declare that the poet is
 wrong?

Gazel.

To-day is giv'n to pleasure,
 It is the feast of spring;
 And earth has not a treasure,
 Our fortune shall not bring.
 Fair moon, the bride of heaven confess,
 Whose light has dimmed each star,
 Shew not thy bright face in the East,
 My love's outshines thee far.
 Why sighs the lonely nightingale,
 Ere day's first beams appear?
 She murmurs forth her plaintive tale,
 For coming spring to hear.
 Oh! ye severely wise,
 To-day your counsels spare;
 Your frown in vain denies
 The wine-cup and the fair.
 Within our haunts of bliss
 The dervish may be seen,
 Whose seat, till days like this,
 Within the mosque has been.
 I care not who the truth declare
 That Hafiz hills again;
 His eyes are on his charming fair,
 His lips the wine-cup drain!
 * * * * *
 Beside a fountain's brink a group re-
 clined,
 Where waters sported with the morning
 wind;

Trees threw their shadows broad and
 deep around,
 And grass, like emeralds freshen'd all the
 ground.
 All former care and future toil forgot,
 They bailed the present in this happy
 spot;
 Merchants they were, and great their
 treasured store;
 Rich musk from Khoten, gums and stuffs
 they bore,
 Bound o'er the desert sands to far Lahore.
 From climes remote, and diff'rent nations
 some,
 Amidst these arid tracks were bent to
 roam
 In search of pleasure, wand'ring from
 their home.
 They saw their country's legends as they
 lay,
 And soothed with melody the devious
 way.
 One dark-eyed minstrel lured the curious
 throng,
 To list the Brahmin's sad, mysterious
 song.

Lay of Brimha's Sorrow.*

Minstrel, wake the magic spell!
 Sing of love, its wonders tell;
 Tell how it subdues the proud,
 Shall we blame weak man that falls,
 When thy glowing verse recalls
 How immortal natures bowed.
 How great Brimha's heart was tried.
 How for woman's love he sighed!
 Who shall say where love begins,
 How its subtle way it wins?
 Gods, who love the race they frame,[†]
 Cannot tell whence springs the flame.
 Man may reason long and well,
 But can never break the spell.
 Sing of Brimha, and the pain
 Which disturbs his sacred reign;
 Even on his heavenly throne,
 Tears of sorrow cloud his eye,
 Dreaming of that fatal one
 Born in awful mystery;
 Last created, prized the most,
 Beauteous, loving, loved — and lost!
 Sometimes when the stars look dim,
 And the moaning winds are high,
 Brimha wakes his mournful hymn,
 Tuned to grief that cannot die.

* Brimha (or Wisdom) says the sacred book of the Hindoos, weeping for the contempt shewn of his orders by the men he had created, produced a brown spirit called Rudder (the Weeper), because he was produced in tears. The brown spirit sat down before Brimha, and began to weep. Brimha afterwards created ten men, and one woman named Kam (Love): she proceeded from his heart. With this beautiful being he fell in love, and being reproached by the ten men, he conquered his passion and changed her into ten bodies, one of which he gave to each of the munnies (men).

† "God cannot account for the love he bears his creatures."—Shaster.

Lament.

Then farewell! since 'tis a crime,
 Being beautiful as day,
 To adore thee through all time;
 Since I may not call thee mine,
 Nor before thy glance divine
 Gaze my own rapt soul away!
 Ill my anxious toil repaid me,
 Fatal was the power that made thee!
 Others may behold those eyes,
 Others live, for ages blest;
 I must seek my native skies,
 Robbed of hope, of peace, and rest.
 Thou wilt make the world all light,
 But my throne is endless night;
 From my heart thy being came,
 Springing from its purest flame.
 Little deemed I that the last,
 Brightest of my works would be,
 As my eager glances fast
 On the perfect form I cast,
 Fatal to my power and me.
 Of the lotus flower I chose,
 Leaves the freshest for thine eyes;
 Flowers whose petals never close,
 And whose colours are the sky's;
 For thy hair, the clouds that fleet
 Over the radiant face of heaven;
 And the waves thy glancing feet,
 All their rapid play had given.
 Every bud of purest race
 Was combined to form thy face:
 All the powers my prescience knew
 In one mighty work I threw;
 All its force my mind employed,
 And the close its peace destroyed!
 Even would I the task forget
 Which has charmed each sense so long,
 For its guerdon is regret,
 And its memory breathes of wrong.
 Not one hope can Fate allow,
 'Tis a crime to love thee now!
 Vainly is the world created,
 Vainly may it rise or fall;
 Dead to joy, with triumph sated,
 'Tis to me a desert all.
 All is nothing without thee,
 Yet thy name is death to me!
 Death! ah, would that death could come!
 And my long despair be o'er;
 But in my eternal home,
 I must murmur evermore.
 Weeping even as Rudder wept,
 Tears that in oblivion slept,
 Till the din of mortal strife
 Called his being into life:

Floods of tears he gave to me,
 And the saddest flow for thee.
 Farewell, child of beauty!—go,
 Bless and gladden all below;
 Turn thine eyes to heaven in prayer,
 And behold a lover there,
 Who renounced, for thy dear sake,
 All the bliss of earth combined;
 Gave the joys his power might take,
 And to virtue all resigned!*

• • • • •

A shriek!—what sound is through the
 stillness sent?
 All pause, all listen, breathless and in-
 tent.
 Even the sagacious camels cease to graze,
 The coursers snuff the air with eager gaze;
 And anxious voices soon their counsel
 lent,—
 • Some traveller lost amidst the desert's
 maze
 Demands our care. On, on! ere yet
 too late,
 Snatch we our brother from impending
 fate!"

And thus was Aiass saved. And at that
 hour
 Arose the star that shed its guiding
 power,
 And led him on to wealth, and pomp, and
 state;
 The noblest, highest, 'midst the proud
 and great.
 And bards have told the fortunes of that
 child,
 Exposed to famine in the fearful wild,
 Whose wondrous beauty and whose
 mighty fame
 Have filled the world with Mehr-ul-Nis-
 sa's name!

ALI UNSURREE.

Ali Unsurree flourished in that golden
 age of the arts when King Mahmoud
 reigned, who, though unfortunate
 enough to incur the ill-will of the im-
 mortal Firdousi, was nevertheless the
 friend and patron of all the genius of
 his period. Among the most dis-
 tinguished for learning, philosophy,
 science, and general literature, and,
 above all, as a great poet, was Unsurree.
 No less than four hundred men of
 letters, besides all the students of the

* Brimha is sometimes represented in the form of an infant, with his toe in his mouth, floating on a comala, or water-flower, and sometimes on a leaf of that plant, upon the waters. The Brahmans mean by this allegory that, at the time of the re-novation of the world, the wisdom and designs of God will appear as in their infancy. Brimha floating on a leaf, shews the instability of things at that period; his toe, which he sucks, implies that Infinite Wisdom subsists of itself, and the position of Brimha's body is an emblem of the endless circle of eternity. We see him sometimes creeping forth from a winding shell, to typify the unsearchable ways in which Divine Wisdom issues forth. Brimb, or the Divinity, has a thousand names.—See Dow.

University of Ghizni, boasted of being his pupils. So great was his reputation, that no work was allowed to be presented to the monarch which had not been honoured by the approbation of Unsuree. An heroic poem on the actions of Mahmoud, is one of his principal works. It is recorded of him that the king having, one night when intoxicated, cut off the beautiful tresses of his favourite mistress, when morning came was plunged into despair at beholding his rash act. He became a prey to vexation and remorse, was restless and uneasy, refusing all consolation, and rendered irritable in the extreme on the recollection of his folly. In this state every one feared to approach him, and the palace was filled with terror and consternation. The poet Unsuree, however, resolved to break the spell, and accosted the monarch in a manner which attracted his attention; he then, without a moment's consideration, addressed him in the lines which follow, which so delighted Mahmoud that he ordered *his mouth to be three times filled with jewels* (a method of shewing satisfaction more gratifying, one would think, to his cupidity than his delicacy), after which, calling for wine, he ordered the poet to be seated beside him, and in his society forgot his grief, considering probably, that "his bane and antidote were both before him."

On the Tresses of the Fair One.

Be this day for ever blest !

None shall sigh, none shed a tear,

Let the grape's rich juice be prest,

Scatter roses far and near.

These are hours to mirth devoted ;

She on whom our monarch doted

Made his cup with bliss run o'er,

Gave his love a charm the more.

But he grieves ! What should he dread ?

See those waving tresses all,

See the curls that deck her head,

One by one like blossoms fall !

Though his hand has pruned the tree,

Why should sorrow cloud his brow,

Since the boughs will fairer be,

More display their treasures now ?

Should the tender cypress' sprays

Cast their arms unchecked around,

'T would become a tangled maze

Where no grace, no charm were found ;

But those beauties thinned and shorn,

More its slender shape adorn.

Ev'ry ringlet hid a grace,

Now shines out the lovely face ;

Now the clouds are lost to view,

And the sun breaks smiling through.

One of the subjects which all Oriental poets are fond of treating, is the tradition of the Gardens of Irem. There exist many legends of cities occasionally discovered in the deserts, presenting mysterious appearances, and numerous are the histories recorded of adventurous travellers who have dared to explore their wonders. Not one of the least interesting is the nursery-story, evidently of Eastern origin (as are so many become familiar as household words), of the Sleeping Beauty, several features of which remind us of the City of the Winding Sands. Sir John Mandeville had heard of similar wonders in Africa, and many wanderers in strange lands have come unexpectedly upon scarcely less extraordinary visions.

It is recorded that God sent the Prophet Heber to convert the tribe of Aad, an idolatrous race who exceeded in size all the rest of mankind. Heber exhorted them for fifty years in vain, and at length cursed the race. Sheddad was at this time king of Syria, and the prophet used every endeavour to convert him : he described the delights of Paradise, and the rewards promised to the true believer ; but Sheddad answered with contempt, "There is nothing in all you tell me difficult to imitate. What shall prevent me, who have such boundless wealth and power, from creating a Paradise for myself in this world ?" Whereupon he despatched messengers to every part of the world to bring to the foot of his throne all that was most precious and extraordinary in art or nature. He then set about constructing a garden which was to eclipse the glories of the heavenly Paradise, and for forty years he gave up his whole mind to the accomplishment of this object.

The wondrous city and gardens of Irem are said to exist always in the deserts of Aden, preserved by Providence as a monument of Divine justice ; but invisible, except occasionally when they are permitted to be seen—a favour accorded to Colabah, the camel-seeker, in the reign of the Khalif Moawiyah.

The Koran alludes to this tradition in the 89th chapter, "Remember how thy Lord dealt with Ad, the people of Irem, adorned with lofty buildings, the like whereof hath not been erected in the land."

*The Gardens of Irem.**From the Tohfet al Mujalis.—Persian MS.*

"Why prate to me of Paradise,
 Why talk of all the joys it yields,—
 Why boast of Hourî's radiant eyes,
 Of crystal streams and emerald fields?
 Am I not Yemen's mighty lord?
 Have I not wealth, a countless hoard?
 What king in heaven or earth can claim
 The awe that waits on Sheddâud's name?
 I've sought throughout the world, and find
 A spot beneath rich Syria's sun
 Where, every wondrous charm combin'd,
 An earthly Paradise is won.
 The kings of Ormuz, Hind, and Greece,
 My store with tribute shall increase.

Each brick that forms my palace wall
 Alternate gold and silver glows,
 And clustered close between them all
 Are pearl and gems in gorgeous rows;
 A thousand courts extend around,
 Whose marble scarce for gems is seen;
 Rich trees of gold bend to the ground
 With buds of amethyst between.
 Musk, amber, saffron, glittering ore,
 Where sand might serve another's floor.

Fruits of far climates, known to few,
 Please every sense, and flowers so rare
 Ne'er felt before the summer dew,
 Nor blossomed in so pure an air.
 Have I not hours, too!—more bright
 Than Eden's caves of pearl can show,*
 Whose charms can make that day seem
 Night,
 And prove what man creates below
 Is greater far than gods can know!

Gathered from every clime of earth,
 Two hundred thousand slaves are mine;
 The graceful youths of matchless worth,
 The maids of beauty all divine.

Forward, my train! the hour is come
 When Sheddâud seeks his glorious home;
 While Irem's gardens smile for me,
 How needless Paradise must be!"

The impious king, with proud disdain,
 Marshalled his bold and thoughtless
 train:

With shout and song they journey'd on,—
 A jewelled sea their myriads shone!
 Far on they sped in pomp and state,
 And paused before Al Irem's gate.
 "Mine—mine at last!" the monarch
 cried;

"Proud King of Heaven, thou art de-
 fied!"

When, louder than the thunder's peal,
 A cry arose, so deep, so clear;
 All trembling turn, and, shrinking, feel
 No mortal summons meets the ear.

The king looked up—¹! in his path
 A form beside those gates of gold,
 Frowning and fierce in awful wrath,
 Arrests his march, and thunders—
 "Hold!"

"Who art thou?" shrieked the king;
 "Away!"

"Tis Sheddâud comes—the mighty
 one!"

Dash him to earth! Will none obey?"
 But all stand ghastly, fixed as stone.
 The shadowy form was there the same,
 An I grimly smiled in stern reply:
 "Sheddâud! thy soul I come to claim,—
 The angel of the dead am I!"

"Yet hear, when Sheddâud pleads; but
 give

One moment more!" he wildly cries,
 That I may enter in, and live
 To see my glorious Paradise!"

One foot is in his stirrup still,
 To gain the ground in vain he tries;
 His soul obeys the angel's will,
 And prone to earth a corpse he lies!

Wild flashes of destructive light
 Burst from the heavens with awful might;
 Fierce winds rush forth with deafening
 roar.

And all that army's proud array
 A whirlwind's fury sweeps away:
 While Irem's gardens, vainly bright,
 Just gleaming to their ravished sight,
 Are lost to earth for evermore!

THE TWO EHLIS.

There are two Persian poets of the
 name of Ehli,—the first from Shiraz,
 the last from Khorassan. Ehli of
 Shiraz was a poor but an esteemed
 poet, and was very successful in the
 rhythmical construction of his poems.
 He was a great admirer of the fair sex;
 and when Sultan Hossein first saw
 him, he expressed his surprise that an
 old grey-haired man like Ehli should
 still write in such glowing terms of
 beauty. To which the poet answered:

"My locks of white of time remind me,
 But not the less am I a lover;
 For by these silver chains that bind me,
 The slave of love you may discover."

The sultan one day, walking in his
 garden, gave orders to the eunuchs
 that no one should be admitted. Ehli,
 who applied for entrance, was sent
 back, and immediately wrote on the
 spot the following lines:—

* The hours inhabit hollowed pearls in the garden of Eden.—Koran.

Oh, were I but the carpet spread
Which those majestic feet have prest ;
Were I the dust on which you tread,
My destiny indeed were blest.

But I am old,—my silver hair
Gains from your eye no ray of light ;
My envious star arose in care,
And drives the poet from your sight !

Having sealed up the paper containing these lines, he cast them in the stream which flowed into the garden, and at length they reached the sultan's feet ; who, pleased with the poet's prostration, admitted him into the garden, and received him most graciously. This is but one instance out of a thousand of the nature of the *kassidehs*, or poems of praise, which the Persian poets of all ranks but the highest did not scruple to address to their lord and ruler, the omnipotent Shah. Elhi of Shiraz afterwards withdrew to Tabriz, at the period when Kemaleddin ruled over that place ; and, enfeebled by age, retired altogether from the world, and, finally, died in his native place, in the year of the hejira 942 (A.D. 1545). His namesake, Elhi of Khorassan, was also a distinguished poet, but of so susceptible a temperament, that, like another Medjnoon, he was for a time completely divested of reason. His poems, however, breathe an earnest and impassioned spirit, as may be judged by the following extract :—

ELHI OF KHORASSAN.

The memory of thee brings grief alone,—
To me on earth thou art the *only one* !
So heavy is my step, so wild my gaze,

My faithful watchdog sees me murmuring come,

And from my presence shrinks in dread amazed.

" Can this be he who gladdened once
His home ? "

Ah ! what is home to me ! my only dream

Is of thy bower, where roses ever gleam ;
Others may look upon those flowers, but I
Dare not approach the blessed sanctuary !

That thou art perfect is my wo,—

My dreams are wild, too well I know ;

And yet each tone of that dear voice

Bids my weak heart once more rejoice.

The fabric of my hope's defeat

Is fallen in ruins at thy feet.

Who wanders in the rocky ways

Where Beysitoun her wonders shews,

And to the traveller's eye displays

Shireen the beautiful—the lost—

But thinks of all the toil it cost

To gain Ferhâd a life of woes !

Ah ! who the lover's deathless work has
seen
But strikes his breast and cries,—" Alas,
Shireen ! "

Such is the fate of love, yet I love on,
And think, and sigh, and watch for thee
alone.

Oh, Elhi ! has she ever sighed again ?
Or, like Ferhâd's, is all thy labour vain !

MIRZA KASSIM.

Mirza Kassim, sprung from a family of sheiks of consideration in Khorassan, was the last Persian poet who employed the heroic measure, treading in the footsteps of Firdousi and Djami, as epic and romantic poets. He left behind him no less than four works in Mesnevy-verse, viz. a *Shanameh*, or poetical history of the exploits of Shah Ismail ; one didactic, and two romantic poems ; the history of the loves of Leila and Medjnoon, of Khosru and Shireen ; which subjects had already been treated of by the greatest of the romantic poets, Nizami, Djami, Khosru, and Hafiz. Sir Mirza has preserved the following verse from his otherwise entirely prosaic *Shanameh* :—

Into the clear bright air rose heavily

So thick a dust, the faithful in his prayer

Looked up in vain to the obdurate sky,

The path of Heaven no more might
greet him there !

A forest of red lances—red with blood,
Waved like the billows of some rushing
flood,

And Morning looked to earth, and saw
her glow

Reflected in the ruddy glare below.

From head to foot, clad in translucent
steel,

Each hero marched, a mirror to the
eye.

Time seems to pause,—for none his in-
fluence feel,—

So fierce is man, so dread his enmity !

Such mighty thrusts were given, such
fatal wounds,

On helm and shield each thundering
blow resounds !

So Ferhâd's axe the mountain echoes
woke,

And Beysitoun was cleft at every stroke,
Like figures moulded by the artist's skill,

Removed and guided at the player's will.
So fall the knights, hewn down, and
senseless thrown,

Till all the plain with glittering arms is
strewn !

In his romantic poem of " Leila and Medjnoon " occur the following lines :

Tell not my heart to love no more,
 Thus mine o'erflowing with its store!
 The rain in spring that freshens all,
 Though large the drops, though thick,
 they fall,
 Efface not from the tulip's breast
 The burning marks* by love imprest;
 Nor can my tears, that ever flow,
 Wash from my heart its deathless wo!

In his "Monadjat," or invocation hymn to the poem of Khosru and Shireen, occur the following lines, in which this favourite metaphor, drawn from the streaks on the petals of the tulip, is repeated. The marks which occur on some flowers have inspired the poets of every age, but particularly the ancients, who dwell with much curious and mysterious speculation on their supposed meaning. The hyacinth, or probably the martagon, is continually mentioned. Virgil, more than once, alludes to the circumstance. "Say where grow flowers with names of things inscribed." †

And Milton tells of •

"That sanguine flower inscribed with woe,"

That flower on whose leaves the initiated could plainly read the sad words, "Ai! ai!" said by some to have sprung from the tears of Venus, on the death of her beloved Adonis.

"The burning mark Love's hand imprinted there

Glow on the cheek of the beloved fair.

Alex' my heart is withered on the flame;

But what though death itself should be my doom?

Say, can the fire that burnt this mortal frame,

Its worthless ashes more than once consume?

From the same poem is the address which follows: the taper and moth is as frequent an image with Eastern writers as the rose and nightingale. ‡ The Spanish poets, deriving the idea, of course, from the Arabians, constantly

* This is a very favourite idea amongst Eastern writers.

† See *Quies*.

‡ There are several other fanciful attachments, or sympathies, which please the imaginations of the Persians: while the moth and taper love each other in vain, the flame loves the taper, and persecutes it. Among other fanciful ideas is that of the poetical bird Chacora, said to be enamoured of the moon, and to feed on its beams.

Son Illustration.

I only beg return from thee
 Of all this world of tenderness;
 I let no eye my weakness see,
 To none my hopes or fears express.
 I never speak thy praises now,
 My tongue is mute, and cold my brow.

Even like that pensive bird am I
 Who loves the radiant orb of night,
 Sings on in hopeless melody,
 And feeds upon his beams of light;
 But never does the planet deign
 To pity her unceasing pain!

The moon is less insensible, according to some, to the attractions of the white water-lily; who, indifferent to his affection, lavishes all her fondness on the stream which sustains her. Thus the Arabian, Azz-eddin, sings:—

I love the glassy wave
 Neither night nor day
 But still wander on,
 And, whate'er betide,
 Ready with soft care
 And within his arms
 My existence lies
 While I float along,
 Feeling his caresses,
 Sorrow cannot come

In which my leaves I lave:
 Do I turn away;
 Loving him alone.
 He is at my side,
 All my griefs to share;
 Hides me from all harms.
 In our tender ties.
 List'ning to his song;
 Which my fond heart blesses!
 Near our happy home.

But my flower would fade away,
 Should he leave me for a day!

repeat it in their love-verses : there is something more uncommon and original in these lines than is usually met with on a similar subject. Some liberties of omission have been taken with the original ; for instance, such passages as, "Thou art, oh prince of tapers, a bird that feeds on blood and fire : therefore thy *beak* is fiery-blood-red. Time nourishes thee with flame and blood, which are dedicated to thee instead of corn and water."

Address of a Lover to a Taper.

Taper ! thou art waiting fast,
Perishing amidst the flame,—
Restless, flickering to the last,
But still worshipping the same ;
Turning, as I turn, thy sight
To a false and fatal light.
Yet 'tis only till 'tis day
Thou art doomed to waste away ;

While all day and night I know
Never respite from my woe.
Yet thy life prolonged can be
'Midst the flame alone, like me !
As the phoenix only lives
While the fire her being gives,
While its heat her life supplies,—
And, as she existed, dies.

The never-exhausted theme of the praises of spring is not neglected by Mirza Kassim : part of a poem of his is here given :—

Spring.

The rose-bud, whose soft leaves are seen
Wet with the dews of morn, has smiled
Like the bright mouth of fair Shireen,
Whose charms Ferhad of peace beguiled.
Ah, flattering 'Spring' each sweet caress.
Formed to chess and to blossom,
Blushes in the cheeks discloses
Of a thousand half-blown roses.

MY PRIVATE LOG.

THE GLORIOSO: A TALE OF THE SEA.

It was my morning watch, and the break of day anxiously looked for, as several of the Spanish ships under our convoy were in so unseaworthy a condition, that we were apprehensive they might quietly disappear. At last the dawn, with "sands of gray," enabled us to descry their great forms hovering around us. They had been left at Cadiz from the battle of Trafalgar, and during the time of the conflict in Spain, without repairs, or even a coat of paint or pitch, until their sides looked time-worn, gray, and dusky. That tone of colour accorded with the cool and leaden daybreak ; and if the silence had not been broken by the rippling of the sea, as the ship made her way under the influence of a sullen breeze, it might have been supposed that Neptune and Aurora were desirous of being allowed an extra nap. Looking round with my night-glass to count the number, that I might report to the commodore they were all safe, I saw the gun-room port of the *Glorioso*, the ship nearest, open ; then a lanyard haul the stern-ladder near enough for a youth to get on it. He ascended, and, with caution, stepped into the stern-gallery on the larboard side. Almost at the same instant a female form, robed in white, appeared. There was one deep

and long sultriness ; once, after separating, their lips again met, a few whispered words were spoken. He leaped lightly on the rope-ladder, and descended : she disappeared. He was my shipmate ; his beloved, an exile escaping from a country blighted with war and all its horrors.

After having reported to the commodore that the ships were near us, my thoughts reverted to the scene just described ; strange forebodings crossed my mind, then joyous and buoyant, and gleaming with all the fire of youth, and indefinite ideas of ambition and naval glory. Perhaps the dull morning had some effect on me ; for external objects have, imperceptibly, influences which give a particular bias to the thoughts. Vernon's inferior grade in our service, and the rank of Isabella, the daughter of the Marquis Coretta, seemed at first an insurmountable barrier ; then the difference of their religious creeds ; and, lastly, the bigotry of the marchioness, and the undisguised hatred to the English of the marquis, led me to conclude that my friend was preparing for her he loved and for himself, danger, vexation, and sorrow. Vernon was a sailor from ardent admiration of his profession ; and though, three years before, he had inherited a

considerable fortune, he pursued it with a gay and unremitting attention to his duty, which marked him for future excellence. He had shewn from early youth a strong desire to be a sailor, but was prevented by his father and uncle from following the strong predilection, and placed in their banking-house, where, fortunately, he learned the value of money, and the forms of business. His uncle died, and left him a large sum on the death of his father, who soon after followed, and Vernon found himself the master of wealth. He immediately left the banking-house, and sailed for more than two years in a smart frigate; and then joined us, on her being paid off. His form was manly, muscular, and thin, his features fine; the expression of his countenance was open, intelligent, and bold; but, now and then, the softest feelings appeared as if exerting their complete mastery over him. His courage had been often tried, and those who knew him best were aware that, when once determined, no one could turn him from his course. Some days elapsed, and my glass, though often turned towards the *Glorioso*, never told me more than that the white-robed nymph was often on deck beneath the awning, and that Vernon was never far distant, and that either the old duenna or the marchioness were always keeping watch over the youthful Isabella.

Not more than a week after my first discovery, we were under the high land of Majorca. The old seamen were uneasy, and ever and anon looked at the horizon, then aloft, and often scanned the increasing swell, though the wind was light. About an hour before sunset, the commodore, with a calm and anxious look, said to the first lieutenant, "Mr. Blake, the marine barometer never deceives: the appearances on the horizon, this increasing swell, and the gathering of the clouds, are witnesses to its truth which cannot be mistaken." He then looked around once more, and suddenly and sharply called out, "Turn the hands up; shorten sail." It was expected, and the boatswain's shrill call was quickly answered by the hurrying up of the men. "Mr. Blake, close reef the topsails, and reef the courses; get down the topgallant masts on deck, lower the gaff, and see every thing aloft and below secured." "Ay, ay, sir," said the smart lieutenant; and

the commodore turned to the signal-officer, and directed him to telegraph to the squadron to prepare to the best of their ability for a heavy gale, and, if possible, to strike their topmasts, for he knew the rotten condition of all their rigging.

The *Glorioso* telegraphed that her foremast was sprung, and that she leaked more than in the morning. The commodore shook his head, and at once called for Mr. Blake, and peremptorily said, "Send twenty good men and a three-inch hawser to the *Glorioso*; and tell the carpenter to return in the boat, and report the state of her foremast, and of the ship generally, as far as he can see. Hasten them, sir; there will be hardly time." Then turning to me, said: "You go with those men; and remember, sir, that it is the confidence I have in you which makes me select you for a service of such importance, and perhaps of danger."

In a few minutes I was on my way to the Spanish line-of-battle ship with my men. There was silence while pulling to her; and when they parted with the boat's crew, their hands seemed to linger in each other's, and there was a calmness of expression bordering on determination, which indicates that men know their approaching danger, and are prepared to meet it. Vernon shook me heartily by the hand, and, in a low voice, remarked, "This is like the commodore, to send such assistance so promptly. We shall require it before morning." He paused, and, with a look of the deepest anxiety, whispered, "I have tried for this last hour to induce the marquis to take his family to the commodore; but he not only refuses, but treats with utter scorn my apprehensions of this crazy hulk, and deems her infinitely superior to our ship. There are women here, and I feel deeply interested and perplexed about them." The signal of recall to the boat demanded our attention, and also the threatening aspect of the heavens and the sea.

It had fallen quite calm, but the swell was heavier, and various eddying motions of the clouds, breaking the breadth of light, seemed, "like coming events, to cast their shadows before." West, who commanded the *Glorioso*, though several Spanish officers were on board, was a steady young officer, who

had distinguished himself in the *Mimotaur* at Trafalgar, who knew his duty, the state of the ship, and was apprehensive of the effect the loss of her would create among the jealous Spaniards, when she was under our care, and was consequently very anxious. Every spar that could be lowered down was, as fast as their wretched tackle would permit, lashed on deck ; and the foremast secured so as to give some hopes of its not going by the board. The guns were secured as well as their means enabled them, and also the ports ; West and Vernon evidently would have been glad if the night had passed. The evening closed in with heavy clouds forming a canopy of darkness. In the west, the sun's disc was greatly magnified, of a deep crimson hue, veiled with mysterious-looking haze, which gradually cleared off, as the lower edge of the vast orb touched the horizon, when its level beams languidly illumined the slow and heavy swell, with here and there a ship, and lighted up the distant cliffs. The rays gradually became more and more feeble, and when the last portion of the disc was a flaming point, the narrow band of light, which was intense on both sides of it, became fainter in the east, and shewed the termination of the circle, as if the dark canopy above was a pall fringed with evanescent gold and crimson. The squadron, with their heads at every point of the compass, rolled helpless on the treacherous and sullen swell, as if the war of elements only waited the command to burst on them with irresistible fury, and overwhelm them in the deep. The last thread of light was lost ; impenetrable darkness and deathlike silence followed. A few minutes passed, when the darkness was dispersed around their commander's ship by the sudden ignition of a blue light, which tinged her hull, and masts, and sails, and rigging, with a pale blue and greenish hue, as if some ocean spirit had risen from the deep to make *reconnaissance* of the approaching elemental war. It died away ; silence and darkness again resumed their empire. It had shewn the position of the commodore, and the answering lights the relative situations of the other ships. On board them, all that skill and their scanty materials could effect had been done, and they awaited the threatened explosion. West impa-

tiently took a candle from a lantern and held it up, the flame burnt perpendicularly—not a breath stirred it ; again he held it up—a hundred eyes were watching the flame ; it bent, it rose again—a sudden gentle puff, and it was extinguished. "Look out," exclaimed West, "and every man to his station. Remember we are not half-manned, and with a crazy ship ; so let every man do his duty." Scarce were the words conveyed on the oppressive air, when a whistling, hissing sound was heard, and a hoarse voice called out, "Hard a-port with the helm ; it comes on the larboard-bow." West's voice was heard to "shiver the mizen-topsail, and let fly the trisail-sheet." His orders were hardly obeyed when the tempest reached them. The ship bent to the sudden fury, and her lower-deck ports were beneath the sea. Her rotten rigging cracked and fell ; and, amid the darkness, no one could see what was carried away by the impetuous blast. "She gathers way," cried Vernon, "and the foremast has stood that trial ; I think she will weather it now." "Keep her tail, helmsman," was the next order of West's ; then, "Round in the larboard-boards. Port, port yet," to the helmsman. "Throw up a rocket, Mr. Vernon, to shew the commodore where we are." The whizzing serpent flew into the obscure concave, as if it had, by some great effort regained its liberty, which soon exhausted it ; and, bursting in anger, it came again unwillingly to earth. Fortunately, all the sail that could be taken in had been, so soon as the commodore made the signal, or the old *Glorioso* would at least have lost her masts, and been left a shattered hull.

At first the wind veered, and squall succeeded squall, each heavier than the last. The quickness of West, and the ready obedience of the crew, anticipated much of the danger ; but, as the sea rose, the crazy vessel laboured, and the carpenter reported that the water in the well had increased some inches. Ever and anon a rocket, a blue light, or a signal-gun from the commodore, or some of the other ships, attracted their notice, and the look-out men reported the position of the squadron by the tossing lights they carried. It was evident that they were falling to leeward, and separating from their companions ; but as it was impos-

sible to bring her nearer to the wind, West determined on keeping as little way on her as he could, with the hope of being able to reach Port Mahon on the following day, if the wind remained in the same quarter. The watch was called, and the other men were ordered not to turn in, but to be in readiness at a moment's notice. Vernon availed himself of the opportunity, and inquired for the marquis and his family. They were, as might be expected, ill and alarmed. Isabella—who had been educated by an aunt, married to an Irish refugee, had been accustomed to the English language from her childhood, and spoke it almost as fluently as her native tongue—languidly asked Vernon, “what had happened, and when he thought the storm would cease?” He consoled her, gave her directions to sleep, if practicable, in her cot, and to think that on the following day the ship would be moored in Mahon harbour. She gazed on him as he held the lantern up to examine if the guns and the heavy furniture in the cabin were secured. Her beautiful face was of marvellous paleness, her raven and silken locks fell in disorder, and her blue eyes languished with (for a moment) love, and then exhaustion. He gave some necessary directions, and returned on deck, where West had remained standing on a gun to windward, trying to peer into the darkness, and often appealing to the quartermaster, who was coming the ship, and the look-out men forward. The gale no longer veered from point to point, but seemed to have settled, and to be gradually and fiercely increasing, and the sea to be rising. Every gust made something crack, and the rotten ropes to fall, as if only strong enough to bear their own weight. The well was again sounded, and an additional four inches of water reported. The chain-pumps were ordered to be shipped. After some delay it was accomplished, and then they were found to be utterly worthless. The hand-pumps and buckets were set to work; and the depth of water was found, after an hour of incessant exertion, to be the same. About four bells in the middle watch, as only one light was discernible, it was evident that they had parted company with their companions in danger. The remainder of the night was passed in anxiety and exertion. At daybreak,

neither the commodore, nor any of the squadron were in sight; the sky was clear, and the morning vapours were soon dispersed by the violence of the gale; the sea was high and short, and strained the ship more than a long and heavy wave, when the sun shot forth his angry beams; a man aloft hailed the deck with “Land a-head!” West slung his glass over his shoulder and bled aloft, and steadily examined the coast; as some mist dispersed, he saw plainly Monte Tauro right a-head; he came down on deck, examined the chart, and gaily said, “Thanks, we shall sleep in calm water to-night; Mahon is on our lee-bow;” then, with a sly smile, added, “Vernon, carry the good news to our fair friend.” He required no repetition of the order, and proceeded to the cabin, and from behind the screens announced the pleasing news, and heard the low clear voice of Isabella return him thanks. More sail was cautiously set, the ship being kept away a point, flew with the impetuous blast. Every preparation for anchoring was made; and the men cheerfully performed their great additional labour. The land soon became distinct from the deck; and the entrance to the harbour looked out for by every eye. At last the bluff promontory on the right of the entrance became clear in the morning light, and there appeared no obstacle to their being safe from every wind before mid-day. West and Vernon were yet on deck, being too anxious to take refreshment. No change had taken place in the appearance of the sky, but the wind now and then veered, and at those moments lulled; then the fury of the blasts seemed to have been reinforced, and shook the vessel as if she were a mass of reeds. A film of mist was gathering above the land, and whitening the sky as with a silvery veil. West, with his loudest voice, exclaimed, as he leaped down from the gun, “All hands on deck;—foretop there, come down on deck, come down;—helmsman, look out;—up with the helm;—let fly the sheets and halyards. A white squall on the starboard-bow!” “It will take her a-beam,” cried Vernon, “before she can bear away.” The words were scarcely uttered, when a sound like a distant battle, mingled with rushing hisses, reached them, and the resistless blast swept past them with lightning speed. The ship heeled over

almost on her broadside, her sails flew to shreds, and at the same moment her topmasts were carried away, and she slowly rose against the hurricane; then falling off, soon went away on the wings of the storm, leaving their long desired haven on the starboard quarter. Men, armed with axes and other implements, cut away the wreck of masts and yards, and somewhat eased the ship. Several of the men, wounded by the fall of the masts and rigging, were carried below; and three had been beaten into the deep, and were seen no more. In less than an hour the squall had passed, and the gale headed them rather on the larboard-bow. Such was the condition of the ship, that they were borne away by its force, and knew that they were irresistibly impelled on a lee and rocky shore. Such danger cannot be disguised. The seamen watched their commander's countenance, and saw depicted there calm and manly resolution. Vernon dryly said, "I wish we had our topmasts now, to make a raft for the wounded and the women." A scarcely perceptible smile was, for a moment, seen on the lip of West, followed by a serious and intensely anxious expression. He thought for a few moments, held his hand above his brow, looked out to windward, then on the approaching shore—"My lads, she may yet be saved. See all your cables and anchors clear."

Vernon observed, "We may hit on a clear space, but it is a foul and rocky bottom."

"True," replied West: "warn the marquis and all the poor refugees, and order the women and children into the cabin and wardroom."

He then directed the carpenters and topmen to prepare a raft, with casks and spars; others to get the boats all clear; and the gunner's crew, and many steady men, under the command of Vernon, to heave her guns at once overboard. When the Spanish refugees were aware of the imminent danger, the women wept and prayed, and, with the men, called on their saints, and made many vows, if they were rescued from their peril. West and Vernon with their glasses carefully examined the coast, to discover some nook, or some spot a little sheltered, or a beach where the surf might cast them on the land, into which they could run the ship. Only crags, up

which the angry, untiring billows mounted and broke in foam, and recoiled to renew their impotent attacks, were seen. The deep sea lead was hove, but there were no soundings with forty fathoms. Vernon had brought Isabella and her parents to the cabin on the quarterdeck, and given them directions to look to him and a few stout hands, to whom he promised what to them was wealth, if through their exertions Isabella and her parents reached the shore. "Vernon," cried West, "see that all the people are clear of the cables." The lead again was hove, and "by the deep thirty" given. "Down with the helm—stand clear o' the best bower cable—let go the anchor." The cable flew out of the hawse-hole, and the bits were fired, but soon extinguished. The cable was checked, and brought her head to the sea and wind. "Stand clear o' the cable," was again commanded, "let go the anchor," and another anchor sought the ground. "Now, Mr Vernon, cut away that tottering foremast." The axes were boldly plied, and the moment watched when the ship began to pitch into the hollow of the sea, and all the after-rigging cut at the same moment. The towering mast fell over her bows with a splintering crash, and after a few minutes floated away astern. The ship was evidently relieved; and for some minutes a gleam of hope faintly crossed the minds of many, that her anchors might hold, and her cables not part, and that they might ride out the gale. During this time no voices were heard but those of the women, calling imploringly on their saints. The men preparing the raft worked in silence, as well as those clearing the boats. The gusts were spiteful, and blew home with increasing violence. West saw one coming more furious than those which had preceded it, and commanded with a clear and steady voice to "stand clear o' the cable." The gust seemed to seize her; for a moment the giant vessel stood against it, when twenty voices exclaimed, "She's parted!" "Let go the anchor," was West's reply. Their last hope grappled with the rocks beneath. Her way was checked; but she was now not more than a quarter of a mile from the cliffs, and only one small cove, nearly astern, where there was a chance of a raft or boat being saved. It was evident that

the cables, like every thing in the Spanish navy, were not trustworthy, and, if another gust as violent blew, that the cable would part, and they must be dashed against the crags, and perhaps be all whelmed in the deep. Vernon proposed to get into the sea a large Spanish launch stowed on the booms; to veer her, if they succeeded, astern; and to lower, from the spanker-boom, the women and children into her, and try to gain the cove. It was true the cable yet held her, but the probability of its continuing to do so was not great; if she drove or parted, there would not be time to lower so large a boat into a broken sea, and the chances of saving the women would be greatly diminished. It was determined to try the experiment. The waist hammock-bittings were cleared away, and the boat's stern raised and turned, and then bodily moved aft, until the stem could clear the bulwark of the fore-castle. The heels of two studding-sails were lashed to the beams and the deck amidships, and the extra ropes tied up with two light guys, which were carried to the main-mast and to the mainstay. The boat, with much labour, was placed between the spars with a hawser coiled and fast; when the ship rolled, the boat was launched well on to the spars, when she rolled on that side again, the boat was launched, and, as she touched the water, the guys were let go, the spars opened in a moment, and let the boat into the sea. She drifted astern, the hawser was hauled in, and some active seamen soon reached her from the spanker-boom end, and immediate preparations followed to lower into her the women and helpless children. A single block was lashed to the boom end, and a rope rove through it with a running noose; in this the person was fastened, and eased away from the ship by a guy until beneath the block; as the ship's stern descended, the rope was lowered, the seamen in the boat caught the person, overhauled it, and released them from the noose. Isabella was much exhausted, yet calm and obedient to the earnest injunctions of Vernon, who, after seeing the noose secured round her, ran out on the spanker-boom, and lowered himself as the first seaman who manned the boat had, and was ready to receive Isabella as she made the perilous descent. Her parents were then lowered down;

and the boat being loaded, West ordered Vernon to take charge of her, and if the ship held on, if possible, to get back. The boat was cast off, and, contrary to the usual custom, Vernon allowed her to drift stern foremost, keeping her bow to the sea, until a wave was a-head of them, then he ordered his men to pull smartly into the wave and the boat rose on it; he then cried, "Oars, my lads!" and again the boat drifted down, again she was pulled into the wave, and again she drifted. The process was slow, but sure. They were just entering the cove, when there was a cry that the ship had parted, and he beheld the lofty vessel coming with head speed towards them. He saw the impending danger; he could not, in such broken water, veer the boat so deeply laden; it was only left to him to continue his manœuvre, and merely, at each descending wave, to veer the boat a little so as to clear the direction of the drifting ship, now fast beating the broken water at the mouth of the cove. In a few minutes he was near enough to the shore to let go a grappling, and only permit the boat to ride so near that she did not strike. Four stout seamen availed themselves of the proper time, and swam through the surf with a small line; and, by the help of some native fishermen, reached the sand, and soon established a communication by which the whole were saved. Vernon, as he supported the lovely girl, now doubly dear to him, gazed on the great ship, not four cables' length, rising on the crest of the surf indignant at its unwonted burden. On she rushed, driven by the furious winds, and yet, as the catastrophe drew nigh, she seemed more eager to anticipate her doom; and her lofty prow, with her shattered spars, to which some remnants of sail yet clung, rose as if reckless where she came, and brought her keel and rudder in contact with the rocks beneath. The shock tore both away; and as she rushed down the watery precipice, her remaining masts fell crashing, and the helpless hull struck head foremost on the reef, shivering timbers, decks, and sides, and turned, as a faint and wounded leviathan avoids his deadly foe. She fell over on her starboard side, crushing it in, and allowing the tide to weigh her for ever down.

The surges rose over her seaward side, and fell upon her decks with irresistible weight, carrying every thing away which opposed them. In an instant the sea was covered with men, and spars, and broken wood ; the shattered raft covered with people, boats swamped, chests, gratings, and all the contents of a ship : some clasped the first floating object, some swam stoutly to the shore, many yet clung to the wreck. Vernon gently placed Isabella on the dry sand, supported on some things he had gathered up, and hastened to afford assistance to his struggling comrades. He threw the light line by which they had landed to the first who approached the surf, who caught it, and was hauled in ; it was in vain they tried to launch the boat, she was too heavy, and the tempest was now at its utmost fury ; so they formed ranks into the surf, and continued to cast the line to each floating seaman as he came within reach of it, and thus saved many. The ship broke up, and her stern swinging round, formed a temporary breakwater, and enabled the bruised, the lacerated, and exhausted men to reach the shore. West, with some feelings bordering on recklessness, still clung to the rearing ship. Vernon made signals to trust themselves to the sea, and many gradually lowered themselves into it and reached the shore. Four seamen and West were all who were seen on board, when, with one consent, they betook themselves to the watery element, and, though exhausted and ill wounded, they reached the shore alive. Vernon embraced West, and supported him to the spot where Isabella and the other refugees were assembled. They received him with expressions of gratitude, and many with tears. He said a few words, and weak, wet, and worn out in mind and body, he went to give orders for assembling the men, collecting those parts of the wreck which would add to their comfort and supply them with food. Before sunset, the crew had erected a place of shelter, the storm had passed away, the winds were sleeping, the billows subsiding, and the raging surges no longer curled their threatening crests, and rolled over in foam and surf. West summoned his crew, and invited them to return thanks to God for their preservation. English seamen may have uncouth ways of practising, and odd

ones of expressing, their religious feelings ; but, to an observant eye, they are substantially religious : and therefore they gladly obeyed the summons. That act of pure devotion had a great and useful effect on the Spaniards, and some influence on the sequel of this tale.

The morning rose in "thousand liveries dight;" the level beams illumined the rocks which formed one side of the cove, the sandy nook, the grotesque coverings of tattered sails and planks, and the groups just awakened from their slumbers, who were lighting fires, and talking over the past. On the other side, in clear shadow, was the wreck of the *Gleamos*, shivered and torn, as if some convulsion within her had riven her timbers, decks, and beams asunder ; the playful ripple round her seemed incapable of exerting such restless fury. The beach was strewn with remnants of the trophies of the storm. On the beach above the bay many of the natives had already assembled, and had brought mules, horses, and carts. West and Vernon, the former pale and wounded, stood together ; and, without speaking, were evidently both thinking of the contrast between that scene and the horrors of the past day. West at length broke silence by remarking—

"The men have behaved admirably ; as the danger increased, they were the more eager to anticipate my orders and obey them : I always loved a true-bred seaman, and this trial tests my opinion for ever." He turned to Vernon :—"You must proceed to Mahon, taking with you what you would not readily leave—the marquess and his family, and as many of the women as these cars and vehicles will contain. If our commodore has weathered the gale, tell him all that has happened, and that not a soul is lost of either nation. The marquess will exculpate us with his government, and therefore the old crazy hulk need not be lamented. I will do what is necessary during your absence : but my injunctions to you are, to return as soon as possible with the tidings of our squadron."

Vernon hastened to the marquess, who had just emerged from his shelter ; and, like a true Iberian, was strenuously endeavouring to smoke a cigar which had been saturated with salt water, and was choleric at the per-

tinacious determination of the noisome weed not to burn,—a propensity which might be advantageously propagated. Isabella, seeing Vernon approach her father, came forward, as she was his constant interpreter. Vernon, with his back towards the marquess, met her, and clasped the hand she extended to him whom she considered the preserver of her parents and herself: her looks were tablets on which he read gratitude and love; his glance might have been, as was by her, interpreted into exultation that the tempest had attacked and driven their ship to destruction, as it had called those feelings for him into full and perfect action. Her tresses hung disordered, her beautiful face was pale, a black mantilla covered her torn and soiled robe, and her beautiful feet, uncovered, looked as if chiselled from Parian marble. All that he had felt before for her was a smouldering fire; the extinguishable flame of love had eternally shot through every vein, and bowed his spirit to adoration of "the marble, the majesty of love-liness." He gazed for a season unable to speak; his languid eyes could not withstand that intense glance, and were dimmed. There are moments when some vision of our spiritual and immortal part, by the medium of sympathy expressed, can tell unerringly the intensity and depth of feeling of a bodied spirit. There are times when, perhaps for our preservation, the very reverse takes place, and irresistible sympathy and a definite sense of peculiar danger take possession of the soul. Neither of those lightning-like convictions should be unheeded. At length he simply said,—

"Beloved Isabella, I am ordered to escort you to Mahon."

She informed her father, who was willing to be conducted, since he was incapable of directing. Vernon hauled some seamen, and bade them search along the shore for any chests or boxes belonging to the marquess; and ordered others to pull him off to the wreck, where he might find some apparel to supply the tattered garments of Isabella. He soon succeeded, and returned loaded with, to him, an incomprehensible collection of ladies' clothing; as he had, with the assistance of his men, gathered together a heterogeneous bundle. Isabella smiled, as did her mother and the poor old

duenna, when he laid the contents at her feet.

Before the middle of the day, the retinue were ready to depart. Isabella preferred a mule to the uncouth vehicles and rough road. Vernon placed the marquess and his family in a covered kind of van, gave them the lead, and started the cavalcade, attended by many of the peasantry. The vehicles followed each other so closely, that he was left to ride by the side of Isabella. Indeed the duenna was too much fatigued, and too much grieved at the supposed loss of all her effects, to think of watching the truant beauty; and the marchioness, always selfish, now only thought of herself. The marquess was much occupied with his refractory cigars, and in narrating the whole disaster to attentive listeners, as the slow vehicle wound along the toilsome way. If he, at times, was anxious to see Isabella, the long train behind screened him from her. Few words were exchanged, for several miles, between Isabella and Vernon. At such times, and under circumstances as disturbing, the mind seems too full of unarranged thoughts, yet with a clear conception of their general bearing, to converse fluently on them. At last they became more settled, and those that fill the heart, or rather most affect us, rise to the surface, and commence the outpouring of those workings of the soul which can only be told to one—the chosen of the heart.

Isabella awakened the attention of Vernon by observing,—

"No opportunity has been given me to say how grateful I am for your having preserved my parents, my fellow-exiles, and myself; I was certain that you knew my feelings, and therefore I was not anxious to express them."

"As the storm and shipwreck have been the means of my being useful to you and yours, I rejoice, Isabella — my beloved Isabella, that they have happened!"

"Vernon, my feelings have never been disguised; it is not my nature, nor the custom of my people. You are dearer to me than ever, and how I shall find courage to part from you, I know not."

"Isabella," he replied, with vehemence, "we must never part; I have wealth and a home in my native land for you and yours."

"You forget the horror my parents have of you, whom they think, in common with your people, a heretic, doomed to an immortality of misery ; believe me, Vernon, *that* is never to be overcome. They would curse me, were I to marry one opposed to our faith."

"Faith ? my Isabella, our faith is the same !"

"The same ! oh, Vernon, let me hear those heavenly words again !" and, turning towards him, the intensity of her look seemed as if it would penetrate to the inmost recesses of his mind.

"Be calm, dearest, and I will, as briefly as my unlearned tongue can express it, shew you that our faith is the same, that we depend on the same Rock, profess the same precepts, and look to the same source for mercy and immortality."

She seemed to be enchained by his words, her eyes were no longer down-cast, but fully open, her lips compressed, and her neck turned towards him and bent forward in an attitude of intense attention, as if her doom to happiness or misery hung upon his words. She rather quickly said,—

"Go on—go on !"

Vernon continued.

"Whoever has attempted to make out that you, and all who are of the same denomination, are holding a different faith, have deceived, and have promulgated the opinion for purposes of worldly aggrandisement. The fountain-spring of our faith is the same—the Redeemer of the world. From that fountain-spring flows the river of our faith, and we both descend it together to a given point, where the Protestant stops, but the children of the Roman Church proceed. Both to that first point hold the same great doctrines, and both refer for their proofs to the same Sacred Volume—so far the similarity is perfect. The children of Rome think that more is necessary to be believed, and they specify many points, and refer to tradition and the councils of their church for their proofs. The Protestant believes that all who come down the stream as far as he does, come far enough to be heirs of the promise of an immortality of happiness ; the Roman thinks it necessary that he who wishes for future bliss must come with him still further down, and condemns him if he refuses. Is that a sufficient cause, my beloved, for

deadly enmity and unqualified condemnation ?"

Tears fell from her eyes, she was dejected, as if some hope had been destroyed, and she said, in a scarce audible tone,—

"Then he is not of my church !"

Vernon took up her words thus :—

"We are both of the Church of Christ, what other is there ?"

She was silent ; after a lengthened pause she said, with more firmness,—

"While with my aunt, I read, unknown to her, the Sacred Volume of the apostles in your language, and there I saw not one word of what you say we deem necessary to believe beyond the point to which we arrive together. Subsequently, I asked her many questions, and was rebuked ; and my confessor inflicted on me heavy penances for reading the forbidden book."

"The forbidden book !" rejoined Vernon ; "that gospel which was to be preached to the poor ? Such a command would never have been given, if it were unintelligible without the glossaries of priests of any sect."

"To you, Vernon, I would pour out every thought. O God, if I err, forgive me ! Vernon, since that time my mind has been unsettled ; often have I prayed that my spirit might be illumined ; and as often the invocation of saints, and not of Christ, the strange processions, the veneration of bones, and rags, and wood, have struck me as being unworthy of the human mind, to which has been given the powers of thought, reason, and hopes, founded on the atonement of the Redeemer, which enable us to contemplate beyond this existence, to feel our mortal weakness, and to pant for an existence and a heavenly home, where neither sin nor death can enter, where pain and sorrow are unknown, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest ; and where the soul, having escaped from its frail, but wondrous house of clay, is cleansed from earth and earthiness, and revels in intellectual joys and knowledge of the wonders of the great Creator, and that for ever and ever !"

She paused ; Vernon was entranced ; he had fallen in love with her from the beauty of her person and her sweetness of disposition ; he had been struck with admiration at her moral courage when exposed to imminent danger, but now

he saw himself beloved by a being whose mind rose higher than her faultless beauty. His own mind and every feeling sunk; and that frame which danger and death could not shake, now trembled before the pure, the noble, and spotless being, who had owned her love for him. In vain he essayed to speak; he gazed, he tried again; his soul was all bewildered; at last he wept, for the cup of admiration, joy, and love, had overflowed. He held forth his hand, which Isabella clasped; when he found utterance, he exclaimed,—

“Such words are the embodied thoughts of heavenly birth; your faith, your creed, your church, are mine. You have told me that your heart is mine, henceforth you are the guardian angel of my steps. Isabella, give me with your heart your plighted troth.”

“One promise, and you have it.”

“Not unconditional.” “I fear, yet hope, and give it.”

“Never will I be the wife of another, but never yours against my father’s orders!”

He bent his head, and drew his trembling hand across his brow as he said,—

“My Isabella, qualify that behest in only one particular, and I will think myself highly blessed.”

“Tell me, in what particular?”

“If our union is forbidden on the declaration that our faiths are different, it shall not bind me.”

“That requires some consideration, when we meet again my answer shall be final. Now ask no more, for my spirits are overwrought.”

They rode on in silence, while tears stole down her cheeks.

On turning into the main road, leading to Mahon, with Montè Taurò on their left, the cavalcade halted, when a messenger from the marquess summoned Isabella, who rode on, unaccompanied by Vernon. A few querulous expressions of surprise at her long absence were all the remarks made, and she continued nearer to the vehicle until their arrival at the town. To Vernon’s joy, he saw the commodore leading his shattered convoy into the beautiful harbour, and quickened the pace of his horse, that he might as soon as possible remove the anxiety about them from the minds of the commodore and his own companions. They soon passed the crumbling fort of St.

Philip’s, and the near town of St. George, and were land-locked within the lofty crags, where no storms could reach them. Vernon told his tale shortly and simply. The commodore procured horses, and proceeded directly to the wreck, taking Vernon as his guide. Isabella, with her parents, were received at the hotel, and the numerous exiles were dispersed among the islanders. The necessary orders were given relative to the wreck, which the Spaniards repeatedly spoke of breaking to pieces, for the sake of the cedar-wood and copper; but, which was never commenced by them, but always spoken of as done, until the elements had performed the labour for them.

Vernon’s mind was now unsettled, and he resolved to leave the naval profession, and exert all his ability to gain the hand of Isabella. The first, after some remonstrance from the commodore, he effected; the sequel will tell whether he succeeded in the latter.

His visits of inquiry to the marquess were not crowned even with a sight of Isabella. The manners of the marquess were cold almost to repulsiveness; those of the marchioness were polite, but studied. He could devise no plan by which to thaw those frozen barriers. He had hired apartments over the shop of a merchant of silk, lace, and such goods. One day, while racking his brain to discover a method of opening some intercourse with Isabella, the well-known voice of the duenna was heard in the ware room below. He quietly descended, and gained the street, then entered, as if casually, and desired to be shewn some silk. The duenna turned when she heard his voice, and greeted him. Vernon fortunately understood well the Spanish language, and inquired for the whole of the family, separately; and heard that the marquess intended to devote Isabella to a convent. Although his pulse throbbed with unwonted quickness, a gentle inclination of the head, and a calm look, were all the scrutinising duenna could perceive; and he soon began to console with her for her losses when shipwrecked. That was a theme to which she loquaciously responded.

“Signor, my mantillas are all gone, for the one you brought with the mixture of all sorts is quite spoiled; my velvet brocade, given me by the

Countess Valdalla, and worthy to be worn by her, is nothing but a heap of spots and tarnish ; my two Barcelona gowns will not cut into a small morning-cloak ; and all my silk hose gone for ever. O, signor, I shall never recover such treasures !” At the same time she handled and looked wistfully at a rich black Barcelona silk which had been placed before him. •

“ I am glad, signora, that you admire that silk, for I had intended to solicit the honour of being permitted to present you with enough of it to supply the place of the two destroyed by that vile salt water —”

Turning to the merchant, he desired him to cut off the required quantity. The duenna, evidently pleased, warmly thanked him, and carried off her prize, leaving her intended purchases for a future day. The merchant was a shrewd fellow, and gave directions that Vernon should be informed when she again made her appearance. As he anticipated, about the same hour on the following day she again arrived. He left her to make purchases for herself and the marchioness before he appeared. His inquiries were general ; but he had studied them, and obtained some information of importance. His present to the duenna was more magnificent than the day before : the whole being too large and heavy for her to carry, she deputed it not to be sent before the afternoon, as she was going to the superior of the convent of St. Ursula, near the shore. Such an opportunity was not to be lost of holding intercourse with Isabella. He had already written many pages to her, and only added what he had learned from the duenna ; and implored her, if practicable, to devise some means of communication. He then made a small purchase, and carefully concealed it in the letter. The youth who was to carry the goods was intelligent, and one whom an adventure of any sort excited. Vernon summoned him, and asked him at once, if he paid him well, whether he would serve him faithfully. The youth promptly replied, “ In danger and in love, but not in dishonour.” “ Well answered ; here’s an earnest of our compact ” (throwing him a doubloon). “ Now for your oath of fidelity.”

The boy bent his knee, and vowed, by the Virgin and St. Peter, to be “ secret, silent, discreet, obedient, and faithful.”

“ Now, Pedro, listen. You are to carry the goods for the duenna ; go an hour before the time appointed, put this small parcel in your bosom, and, if you have an opportunity, convey it to the young lady you saw with her at chapel last Sunday.”

“ Signor,” replied Pedro, “ if it is not to be effected discreetly, I will not attempt it ; but rely on my doing my best.”

He secured the packet in his bosom, and disappeared. Vernon watched him leave the house, and paced the room with feverish excitement, thinking the minutes hours. He saw the marquess pass in a direction from his home, and looked on it as a lucky omen. At length Pedro returned, and was rated by his master for disobeying his directions as to time. The boy in vain protested that he had misunderstood his directions.

“ This will sharpen your intellect, and improve your memory,” exclaimed the choleric merchant ; and applied his measure pretty severely to Pedro’s back ; who feeling the double-bloom in his pocket, cared but little for the smart, particularly as the thought crossed his mind, that he might gain several more on the same terms. Pedro escaped, and his master retired to his siesta. Vernon had heard all that passed, and saw Pedro shamming a whimper, as his master closed his door. As soon as he heard the well-known intermittent nasal sounds, which were the usual signals for him to play truant, he walked into Vernon’s room, and gave the following account of his mission :

“ I went to the hotel, where the waiting-woman is an old friend of my mother’s, and asked for signora. She desired me to give her the goods, which I good-naturedly refused, as I was to deliver them into no one’s hands but the signora. ‘ Pedro, I insist on your giving them to me,’ she repeated. I became serious, and assured her, that if it were discovered my poor back would smart for it. As Anella always liked me, and has a good heart, she forbore, and opened a door, where I beheld the young lady and her mother. I told my story, and respectfully solicited that the goods might be compared with the invoice. The parcels were unpacked, and while the marchioness was admiring the silk, and holding it between her eyes and the light, I placed your parcel among the

hose, and gave that look to the young lady which she understood; and she secured the packet. And for my disobedience, my master has spoiled the colour of my shoulders." Here he shrugged his shoulders, and put on a sorrowful face.

"Never mind your back, Pedro; here's a ducat to buy salve." The boy pocketed the ducat, and continued.

"The young lady took the invoice, and said to the marchioness, 'I will write, to testify that the articles are all correct;' and I did not give the paper to my master, but here it is."

Vernon seized the paper and read in English these few words: "Beloved, look to-morrow, after vespers, beneath the foot of the statue of the Virgin, in the last chapel on the left." He signalled Pedro to be gone, and then read the words again and again,—threw himself on the couch, started up, walked, sat down, read again,—then suddenly exclaimed, "This unmanageable excitement must not continue—the time for acting, not dreaming, has arrived!" He reclined, and gave himself up to forming many schemes and plans for future operations.

Closely muffled in a Spanish cloak, he waited in a retired part of the chapel, and saw his beloved enter the shrine she had named; and, after she had knelt and prayed, he observed her approach the statue, and soon after leave the chapel. He entered, possessed himself of the treasure, then hastened to his home.

The packet was voluminous, and occupied his attention for the remainder of the night. The few lines referring to him personally breathed fond and devoted love; the remaining pages contained the reflections and workings of a pious and powerful mind on the degree of duty due to her parents, when they were attempting to usurp an authority over her future life, in opposition to her wishes and convictions. The latter part was yet more important; in it she expressed strong doubts of the purity of her church, admitted the effect of his former conversation on her, when she reflected on it, and desired more information, and, if possible, the Sacred Volume. Vernon saw with an exulting smile, that with so high and bold a spirit, and so clear an intellect, the great point was won. He was not unacquainted with the comparative views of the two churches, and under

the strongest impulse wrote at once much that his memory readily supplied. He added the volume she required, and as the morning broke his task was finished, and he sunk to sleep. Two days elapsed before an opportunity occurred of placing the parcel in her hands. She accompanied the duenna and the marchioness to the seller of silks. Pedro soon contrived to put it within her reach, and to place himself between her and the duenna, and thus enabled her to secure it unperceived. The result was, her determination never to be forced to take the veil: of her opinions she said little. Her spirits were sinking, and her health waning from constant persecution, when the death of her father gave a new turn to her thoughts: though she lamented him as a parent who loved her, she could not conceal from herself that, his authority being dissolved, she was more independent and freer to act for herself, and some part of the fear of being immured for the remainder of her days was removed.

Vernon, who had for several months foreseen that some decided step alone could place her in his possession, had drawn for large sums from England, and with them purchased, through an agent, an American schooner which had been captured, and gradually manned and equipped her.

The marchioness had removed from the town to a small retired villa near the convent of St. Ursula. I must be rather minute in the description of the locality of this dwelling. It was a low quadrangle; the entrance was an arched door of Moorish structure, which led to a court covered in with vines, trailed over a trellis-work; a small fountain played in the centre; the windows, excepting in the front, looked into the court. Before the dwelling was a space covered with myrtles, dwarf orange-trees, and the flowers of the country; the ground sloped to a small and quiet bay; on one side of it stood the gray and lonely convent, surrounded by lofty walls; on the opposite eminence a martello tower, half fallen to decay, once defended the adjoining shore. Beyond, the Mediterranean formed the boundary; behind the villa were extensive vineyards. The construction made ingress and egress, without the knowledge of the persons who occupied the rooms on

both sides of the entrance, nearly impossible ; but when without the building concealment was facile.

To this curious place Isabella was conveyed. The household consisted of a stout father-confessor, the duenna, and a few domestics. At the instigation of the marchioness, Father Pablo was unceasing in his exhortations to Isabella to fly from a world then convulsed with war, and slaked in blood and ashes, and to give herself up to devotion, and become the spouse of Heaven. Isabella had heard too much of the interior of a convent to pay attention to the persevering Jesuit, and often reasoned with him, until he was compelled to resort to his assumed spiritual knowledge instead of the force of truth. What the future views of the cold and selfish marchioness were could only be conjectured. Her conduct led fairly to the belief, that she only wished to see her child immured, to pursue, with a great dowry, the course of life she preferred. Many concurring circumstances led Isabella to that conclusion.

Vernon had prudently kept out of sight, and held constant communication by letters, which were deposited by her during her walks, and found by him. At length, one letter convinced him that he had no time to lose : it related the threats and violence of the marchioness, the horrid denunciations and threatened curses of Pablo, on their having discovered the copy of the Bible she had received from Vernon. The Jesuit threatened accusation of heresy, and the mother declared that she would support the accusation for her conscience sake. The letter ended with these words :—"The pure and simple doctrines of the Christian church are not the practice nor the tenets of the church in which I was educated. My natural mother is my spiritual enemy, and I am ready to trust myself to you : be prudent, for I am watched most closely ; and how to escape by night I know not,—by day it would be impossible. My window is the second on the side near the myrtle-hedge ; the duenna sleeps in a recess beyond my room." When any decided step is to be taken, first well consider the means, and the end to be obtained ; take precise measures, but with room for resource, in case of being frustrated at any step ; then act boldly and rapidly. Vernon left, as usual,

his letter beneath the rock, and directed her to have a light in her room, unless she could remain at the rock until night. On his return, he met Pablo, whose scrutinising glance was not unobserved by Vernon, and raised in him a host of suspicions. His nature was too full of energy to hesitate ; he was conscious, too, that he was no match for the Jesuit, if he delayed. He hastened to his schooner, selected twenty men, and ordered every thing to be in readiness to weigh after nightfall. I was with him ; he had wound himself to the proper state for acting, and was calm, precise, and decided. He directed his first officer to proceed with ten men by the old fort of St. Philip, and steal quietly within the shore, leave St. Ursula on their right, and station themselves along the myrtle-hedge. Pablo was to be their guide. The men were well, but lightly, armed. Vernon, with the other ten men, were to make a circuit round the vineyards, and approach, by a ravine near the shore, the rock where their letters had been placed. I took the schooner out of the harbour, and, as the wind was light, anchored her as close as possible under the precipitous hind near St. Ursula, and with muffled oars pulled, as silently as possible, in the shadow near the shore, and turned the boat's stern to the beach. One glance from a dark lantern was replied to. I watched the light in the second window, and twice saw a female form cross the window. The men near the myrtle-hedge were all in ambush. Vernon crept through the vineyards with his men, bearing a scaling-ladder. The window was thrown open, as if to admit the air ; in an instant the ladder was planted, and Vernon flew up it. As he reached the top, and prepared to aid Isabella to descend, she screamed, the light was extinguished, and a struggle was heard within. Vernon flew up, followed by four men. I, with the other six, in a moment burst through the main entrance, by blowing off the lock ; the remaining men formed round in the rear. The moon shone clear and bright, and enabled us to find our way. Guess our horror, when nowhere could we discover Isabella. Vernon was pale, and cool,—his eyes flashing fire. We stood gazing for a few seconds at each other, not knowing how to act ; when Vernon exclaimed,—“There's some communication between this place and

the convent; if she is not here she is there, and we will have her." A faint scream beneath us was heard; by this time a lamp and the lanterns were relighted, and all descended to the basement story. Some narrow steps were seen, with a heavy door at the end; fortunately, two of the men had boarding tomahawks, and soon cut through the stout panel. Vernon hastened on; I followed with a light, and, after proceeding about two hundred yards, we heard a cry of despair before us. Vernon rushed on, followed by us; in a minute he saw Isabella being dragged along, but resisting the powerful Pablo. On seeing that his object was frustrated, he let go his hold of the exhausted girl, drew a poniard from his girdle, and raised it to plunge into her bosom. Vernon, with the quickness of light, had seen, by the gleam of the torch which had fallen on the ground, the diabolical intention, and with a pistol-ball arrested the stroke, and ended the villain's life. We raised the body of Isabella, and quickly bore it to the entrance of the passage, where a confused din reached our ears; and it was evident that people had assembled, and there was at least altercation.

"Form yourselves," said Vernon; "be steady, and remember we succeed, or die!"

On reaching the court, the din was more plainly heard, and screams from the windows for help mingled with the noise of vociferations and threats. We passed the portal, which had been judiciously taken possession of by the men and officer who were near the myrtle-hedge, and who had shewn a determined front to those who had come, mostly unarmed, on hearing the screams, and who had been warned by an emissary of Pablo's. The men closed round Isabella and their leader, — then keeping their faces alternately to the following crowd. To my joy I saw the schooner steal with her white wings round the headland, and send off a boat. The convent was roused, and bells were ringing, and women scream-

ing, and other persons running to and fro.

"We have no time to lose," said Vernon.

Some distant musket-shots, from, as we learnt afterwards, the Walloon guards, corroborated his words. As we placed Isabella in the boat, the fire was repeated, and two of our men were wounded. We pulled away, and soon reached the off-side of the schooner; the men were quickly on board the boats sent for them, and rowed off amidst a scattered dropping fire; the starboard sheets were hauled over; the schooner's head then paid off, and the fair wind filled her sails, and she darted through the water. The sounds of the alarmed crowds died away; their numbers were soon indistinct, though the moon shone with the brightness of a northern day, and the alarm bells of the convent came fainter and fainter along the sea.

Vernon was below with Isabella, who had recovered her sensibility, and looked inquiringly around. Her eyes met Vernon's; she held out her arms, and pressed him almost convulsively to her heart.

"What has happened? where am I?" She closed her eyes, and said, in a low, touching voice, "What matters? I have escaped from that fiend, the Jesuit: Vernon is with me—my preserver, my protector."

It was thought advisable not to awake unnecessarily recollections which had for a time been erased from her memory. Vernon raised her on some cushions, and left her to the care of the first officer's wife and her sister, and came on deck. His words of thanks were few to his men, but they were such as seamen like to hear. He pressed my hand, and smiling said,—

"What am I to do with you?"

"Where are you bound to?" was my reply.

"To Madeira."

"Farewell!—safety and happiness await you!" And I returned in the morning to my ship.

JOHN BULL'S CASTLE.

A SKETCH, BY THE AUTHOR OF "O'HANLON AND HIS WIFE."

At the commencement, it did not seem very probable that anecdotes from the note-book of a retired accountant would find much favour in the estimation either of Mr. YORKE or of the public. Bills, bonds, and bailiffs,—darning, dicing, and being dished,—*spoonism* and spunging-houses are not usually selected and approved as the main-springs of romantic story. However, as two of my narratives, unromantic as they were, have not only passed muster, but been commended and reprinted, I shall now proceed with another specimen.

"It was the dawn of an autumn day ;

The sun was struggling with frost-fog gray ;"

and this day was destined to be one of the most beautiful that ever shone. It was beautiful even in Lincoln's Inn New Square, as the dingy old plate is styled ; and the trees, refreshed by the aforesaid gray fog, actually responded to the sunlight—their leaves dancing and glittering in its rays ; and though it was a conceded point that they never in their lives could look green, because the dust and smoke would not permit them, yet they could display the brown and yellow tints of autumn almost as well as the most respectable woods in Hampshire, Kent, or Devon.

It is a noble proof of industry and of thriving propensities to rise early, and be at one's place of business betimes in the morning. This evidence of prosperity was always exhibited by Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar, the celebrated equity draftsman and conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, who died not long ago, leaving, as is well known, the bulk of his fortune for charitable purposes. (On the morning to which my story refers, this, pre-eminent and public-spirited gentleman came to his chambers even earlier than usual, not on account of the fine weather—for he did not care a rush about it,—but because he was on the point of winding up a professional job, by which he would net a large sum,—his annual income having averaged at about 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.* for the last thirty years. In short, he "stood at the head of his profession," and it was a high honour to have him for a customer.

But so distinguished a character merits a more particular description. Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar was a stout, punchy, ancient gentleman, with a bald head, and some remnants of hair entirely white, which gave him a venerable appearance ; but his leading physiognomical trait was the extreme placidity and amenity of his aspect. Professional success, it is obvious, will not come merely because it is wished for, and sought after. Plutus, with his bags of gold, may be summoned often enough before he answers to the call ; and to many people it appeared inexplicable how old Grigsbaye flourished at such a rate,—for, though assiduous and methodical, he was excessively slow in his operations. Moreover, he resolutely opposed the notion of being in such manner "wedded to business," as to leave no opportunities for coquetting with pleasure. He would not sacrifice the whole of his evenings as well as days to law-papers,—not he ! One of his favourite maxims was, that people might have time enough for all things, if only they had sense enough to make use of it. And Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar was never known to refuse an invitation to dinner, if he had reason to believe that the proffered cheer was good. So frequently, too, was he invited, that his own cook had little or nothing to do ; and his domestic expenses for all the luxuries of life scarcely exceeded 100*l.* per annum. For though he could find leisure to accept of dinners, his professional pursuits would not allow of his giving any. It is superfluous to add, that he became immensely rich ; and as his wealth increased, the respect which he had already gained of course increased also, as if the lustre of his ready wealth spread a halo around him.

On the whole, it would have been absurd to doubt that Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar's success was owing to his pre-eminent talents and virtues, among which must always be reckoned his admirable prudence and economy, whereby he was enabled firmly to retain the grasp of whatever he had acquired. He was regarded as a model in Lincoln's Inn, and the permission to study as a hard-working clerk in his office was a privilege not to be obtained without

a large premium. But Grigsbaye had some poor relations, who of course deserved to suffer,—their poverty being imputable to their want of that virtue and talent which he so exuberantly possessed. And it is of one of those worthless persons that I now intend to tell a short story.

In all the world, it would scarcely have been possible to discover two characters more dissimilar and discordant than old Grigsbaye and his kinsman, Mr. Cutlar Mowbray. The latter never adopted any profession,—for he was born sole heir to a good fortune, which his father acquired in foreign parts; and, moreover, he had married Julietta Mowbray, an heiress, in consequence of which he changed his name. All these were favourable circumstances, and this was not all; but notwithstanding so much prosperity in former years, Mr. Mowbray now suffered from excessive poverty, and his family along with him. I must be allowed some little time and space, in order to trace the previous life of this gentleman.

People born to fortune should, of course, be well educated. Mr. Mowbray in his youth was one of the most accomplished and assiduous of students. His father was obliging enough to die just as the son came of age, and returned from the grand tour. The young gentleman might deplore this event as much and as long as he liked; but afterwards he had nothing to do but to enjoy his fortune; and, by way of amusement and pastime, he opposed the Tories at an election for a rotten borough, on which occasion he won, without much trouble, or any enormous expense: then he took a house in town, where he ensconced himself in his library, and at first set up as a very paragon of prudence and economy.

But he did more than this. His first speech in parliament told well, and was pronounced by wise judges to be a very "*knowing* speech,"—for he had good sense enough to think of his subject *only*, and not of his audience or himself. On the same principles, he might have continued to make a favourable impression on future occasions, if he had chosen to be at the trouble; but, like other men of genius, he had an alloy of indolence along with his brilliant qualities, and, consequently, preferred the fireside of his library in Upper Brook Street to the House of

Commons, or the clubs; and in an evil hour he was led to do that which Job wished his enemy to have done,—for he wrote a book, and, what was worse, he published it; and, what eventually proved worst of all, the book made a vast sensation, and got him great fame.

This remarkable work was entitled the "*Round Table*," a poem, in three cantos, with notes, in which the Tory leaders then in power were severely lashed and ridiculed. It was said by his admirers, that there never had been exemplified such stinging, biting, extravagant satire. In consequence of the talent he displayed in this effusion, all the Whig party were most profuse in their expressions of approbation; whilst the staunch and patriotic adherents of the existing government denounced it, as being abominably scurrilous, and scandalously personal, wherefore the writer ought to be *chastised* from all "worshipful society." However, from the footing on which the author stood with the Whig leaders, it seemed quite clear, that if *they* should ever reach the treasury benches, Mr. Cutlar's fortune (for he was not then styled Mowbray) might be considered as doubly made,—for he might command almost any place that he would take the trouble of occupying.

The smooth, easy, downward road into the gloomy gulfs of poverty has been so often described, that to do it again would be absurd. It is a clear case, that he who exceeds his regular income only by a small sum every year, if he follows up this plan with sufficient pertinacity, is "*verging*," however slowly, "*ad inopiam*;" and it is equally clear, that he who saves every year only a small portion is progressing towards the possession of superabundant wealth. But simple as these propositions may be, it unluckily happens, that in instances where the due understanding and application of them would be attended with the best possible effects, they prove an absolute "*pons asinorum*;" and you may repeat the demonstration a hundred times without making the desired impression on the obtuse brain of the student.

In his patriotic zeal, and in the service of the Whigs, Mr. Cutlar soon began to give dinners; he purchased pictures, books, and statues; also, kept horses, and other expensive appendages; and, of course, every year exceeded his

income. But this could not be looked upon as a matter of any consequence, — for the distinguished author of the *Round Table* had plainly and obviously a mine of wealth in his own head. The publisher of this far-famed satire, after it had gone through four editions, actually shewed such exuberant honesty as to send the author a cheque for a round sum; and on being admonished by a friend, that the remuneration bore no adequate proportion to the amount which the said publisher must have received for four editions, Mowbray replied, that having written the poem in a couple of mornings, he thought the work was rather over than under paid by 100*l.*, and that he would send back the cheque, were it not that this trifle would serve conveniently to assist one or two poor devils of unsuccessful authors, who had been tormenting him with applications. Hereupon, the friend shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself, — “Truly, Cutlar may be a deep-read scholar and a clever poet, but he is a cursed *spoon!*”

Electioneering is expensive, and, owing to a sudden change, Mr. Cutlar found himself obliged to try it again, and at a cost so heavy that he mortgaged his estates. Also, he lost his election; so the money was thrown away. But all defects were patched up, and mended when he married an heiress, and henceforth prudence and economy were set at defiance; for if Cutlar was a bad arithmetician, Julietta Mowbray proved in that department still more incompetent. However, she possessed wondrous accomplishments, and was a musical genius; and she admired the opera at Munich, Naples, Florence, and Milan, — all which places were accordingly visited. Bills were left unpaid when they went abroad, and Mowbray was arrested for them when he came home; which was very judiciously and kindly done on the part of his creditors, for they wished to prevent the expensive folly of his going abroad again, in which they succeeded. But through an arrangement with a friend who retired, Mowbray, in his turn, succeeded in regaining a seat in parliament. Then the creditors became, of necessity, more quiet, and all went smoothly (*facilis est descensus*), till a time came when no more money could be got from any quarter, or on any terms. Our hero then lent his name to a brother senator, who had en-

gaged in a grand mercantile speculation, intended to realise enormous profits; but it suddenly failed: the brilliant prospects were annihilated by one flash from the merciless torch of truth, and the originator of the scheme very coolly went through the bankrupts' court, which his accommodating friend could not do. This, though not a *coup de grace*, proved a dreadful blow; and, consequently, when another dissolution of parliament occurred, it was in vain to think of being re-elected. The game was up; Mowbray had scarcely a single move left, and, moreover, his wife was by this time ill, and broken-hearted.

Having so rapidly brought himself down into the gloomy gulf already mentioned, he could not be quiet there, but struggled, as other drowning men have struggled; and (metaphor apart) though he never acted dishonourably, yet *la force de circonstances* compelled him to act meanly, which, in the estimation of certain respectable people, is even worse. He wrote divers books, also tracts for magazines and reviews, grasping at such income as he could obtain; but editors and publishers never paid him without a grudge, — for they felt that they were only pouring their gold into a sieve, and when they did pay it, it was always in the shabbiest manner. Besides, rumour would have it, that not mere improvidence or unsuccessful speculation, but the gaming-table and brandy-bottle were the causes of his ruin, in which there was not one word of truth. Indeed, there were causes enough, palpable and visible, without this superfetation from the prolific womb of calumny. But however false the allegations might be, they were believed more firmly than the Gospel. People might have their doubts about religion, but they never doubted that Mowbray was ruined by drink and the dice-box.

But the Whigs — the reforming Whigs — came into power, and all evils were to be redressed. Unluckily, however, notwithstanding the most fervent professions of liberality, a Whig no sooner takes his seat on the treasury benches, than he becomes as tyrannical and close-fisted as the worst despot that ever reigned. The Whigs accordingly *fobbed off* their old ally, and boon-companion, with promises and professions; but as a poor, embarrassed, and calumniated man could render them no

service, this was all, and they gave him neither money nor employment. Mowbray, however, still struggled on, as every poor worm in poverty's abyss must continue to writhe amid its noisome slime till he dies. Latterly, he had fallen so low as to be artisan of "leaders" for a weekly Radical newspaper, at a salary so pitiful as hardly to pay house-rent, far less to enable him to live in comfort. Consequently, his embarrassments were perpetual and excessive; and, instead of being a protector to his family, he was forced to adopt, as a hiding-place, the garret of a pothouse in an obscure part of town, where no mortal knew his real name, or thought of inquiring who he was,—his only visitor being a superannuated printer's devil, with a most cadaverous physiognomy, who toiled backwards and forwards, conveying *copy* and proofs betwixt the pothouse and printing-office.

It was early morning on the aforesaid beautiful day, when Mowbray awoke in his miserable retreat, and about seven o'clock he sat down to his usual task. With that kind of low fever which usually attends anxiety and disappointment, with languid circulation and a shaking hand, he felt scarcely able to finish the *copy* for another column of "leaders." This, however, he accomplished by a kind of mere mechanical effort, though the contents were, nevertheless, framed *ad captandum*, being lively, satirical, and *fiappant*. He had finished his work, and the old printer's devil had come to fetch it (for it was Friday morning, and the paper must be made up), when a double knock at his chamber door arrested his attention. His visitor was Doctor O'Neale, a young medical practitioner, of rather eccentric manners, and very eccentric kindness of heart, who waited on him for the purpose of bringing information which happened to be any thing rather than consolatory or pleasant.

Mrs. Mowbray, he stated, had had another bad night, and was much weaker; but she requested that our hero should not think of returning home, for suspicious-looking persons had been lurking about the house all the preceding day. In fact, the doctor had himself encountered them, and, in order to prevent any risk of disturbance to the sick lady, he had at his last visit scaled the area railing, and entered

the house by the kitchen window. The said evil-disposed persons had intimated their perfect knowledge that the lady of the house was dangerously ill, and their belief that its owner was also there, or would soon arrive, for the purpose of witnessing her last moments; and, with oaths and execrations, they had expressed their determination to have *lys* carcass in prison, sooner or later, wherever he might be.

"Now, my dear sir," said the benevolent and friendly M.D., "I have come thus early to assure you, that my own situation being very humble, I really have not the means, nor any attainable means, of rendering those services to Mrs. Mowbray which my heart would dictate. She is actually sinking from mental worry, and from want of usual comforts for herself and children, more than from disease. You must not visit her. Home is to you the most unsafe of all places, but your time can be employed profitably elsewhere; and should it be in your power to send her the needful aid, I know that you will do so. Meanwhile, you may rely on the continuance of my professional exertions."

A man of the world, prudent, and self-possessed, would, no doubt, have taken this information very coolly; but Mowbray was of an entirely opposite temperament—in fact, was absurdly irritable, and therefore became excited with the notion, that he ought to make some extraordinary exertions for the relief of those dependent on him. Excitement is a lamentable substitute for energy; and, thus governed, the dilemma in which he found himself will be intelligible on a moment's reflection. He could not render assistance without, in the first place, asking it from others, which was a mean and degrading act. Unless he submitted to this degradation, he left his family to perish, which was conduct brutal and inhuman: but he had all the advantages of a free choice betwixt the abject meanness and the brutal inhumanity.

This, it will be granted, was not an enviable predicament. Mowbray's learning and genius availed him little on such occasions, and he proceeded now, as heretofore, on the mere dictates of impulse,—for exertion in a state of painful irritation is, of course, more natural than rest. The worm writhes and turns when trodden on, but the difficulty is to find some one

humane enough to sympathise with the unfortunate reptile. Our hero's situation was, indeed, nearly desperate, and he painfully bethought himself how he could devise means to avert the increasing pressure. Every scrap of available property was already dilapidated and gone. His lands were burdened with annuities, or mortgaged to the last fraction; his wife's fortune had been disposed of in like manner. However, he possessed a regularly engrossed and duly witnessed contract with the proprietors of the *Moonbeam* weekly journal, whereby they bound themselves to pay him a wretched weekly pittance as long as he continued to supply leaders, and would see the work through the press. Exhibiting this document as a sort of collateral security, and offering his personal bond for the sum he desired to raise, Mowbray hoped that he might stumble on some friend who would become a lender; and, in the first place, though with the utmost possible reluctance, he determined on making an appeal to his wealthy kinsman, Mr. Grigsby Cutlar, of Lincoln's Inn, whither he betook himself shortly after the physician's departure.

Pleasant and beneficial as the weather may be, its influences are wofully discordant with the feelings of a man harassed and embarrassed like our hero; and more particularly the serene beauty of this autumnal day was distasteful, because it painfully reminded him of the many happy autumns which he had enjoyed in the country whilst he still retained his landed estates. He knew too thoroughly the character of the individual whom he was about to visit, to entertain any very sanguine hopes. Still he endeavoured to believe that an absolute refusal of his request under circumstances so distressing, was next to impossible.

What a lesson on the effects of prudence and imprudence, of self-control and rash extravagance, might have been derived from the mere outward appearance of the rich lawyer and the poor kinsman! The former, calm and collected, with his round sleek visage and small gray twinkling eyes, dressed in a spick and span new suit, and though now advanced in years, yet cheerfully enjoying the most perfect health. The latter, with his haggard features, his attire threadbare, soiled, never brushed, linen apparently "got

up" in muddy water, looking precisely as if he had "slept in a stable and breakfasted at the pump;" also with that peculiar cast of countenance, at once care-worn and cadaverous, yet swollen and bloated, which a sedentary life and constant mental irritation inevitably produce.

Mr. Mowbray so rarely visited his relations, that no preparations were made to keep him at bay. The clerk in the front office was, therefore, not upon his guard; and no sooner had he answered that Mr. Cutlar was at home, than our hero marched into the *sanctum*. There sat the illustrious man, with a few books on a shelf near him, so placed that they were exactly within hand-reach for consultation, but apparently nothing else movable within the apartment, except the huge MS. open before him, on which he had been employed as an equity-broker, and which was to bring him 1000*l*. Not a single stray scrap of paper was visible about the great man. All articles were classed and arranged with the most intense and excessive neatness. Red tape had been a requisition, but even the productions of red tape were looked upon as too confused and hilly to be possible, and were all packed in the inside of an old black mahogany desk. His countenance, as I have already said, was, according to the popular expression, an "index on his mind;" the calm, placid expression, bearing stamp of that "*laudis ordo*," that perfect harmony and symmetry which probably reigned within his mind, as it certainly did within his apartments and writing-desk.

The *suaviter in modo*, or amenity of countenance, had become so habitual that it did not vanish even when he recognised his unwelcome visitor. There was not even a contraction of the brow, but with the same tranquil aspect he nevertheless squeaked out, in a voice pleasant to the ear as the notes of a file sharpening the teeth of a saw,—

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Money!" answered our hero, gruffly and doggedly.

"Thought as much; no occasion, it is true, for my having put the question. No motive but the quest of money would lead you here, or any where else; but you have come to the wrong

shop. Good morning, sir!" and with these words he refixed his eyes steadfastly on his paper.

"Sir," persisted Mr. Mowbray, "if I have not been prudent through life, or over-fortunate, I have, at all events, not been a frequent trespasser on your treasury; but domestic affliction now weighs on me heavily, the more so as I cannot venture to go home, bailiffs being stationed there to watch for my appearance. I require one hundred pounds; it is but a small sum, and I feel degraded enough in my own estimation for being obliged to ask such aid; but, under present circumstances, the feelings of a husband and father overpower my other sentiments. After eighteen months' absence, and being your debtor already for only a small amount, I have come to request your assistance to this moderate extent."

"I have already wished you good morning, sir," said the rich man.

"You have done so, and in a tone of mockery and insult; but the welfare and lives of my wife and children depend on the success of my application to you, this not being made without the rights of relationship and other grounds, which cannot have been effaced from your recollection, and which entitle me, under this roof, to speak and to be heard."

"You are a sturdy beggar, with a vengeance!" said Mr. Cutlar, now sneering bitterly.

"I am no beggar," retorted Mowbray. "I have, as already said, the right of near relationship, backed by other rights, to submit my proposition for the loan (not the gift) of a small sum, for which I will give my personal bond, the repayment to be further secured by an assignment of the profits of a now existing contract which I hold as editor of a newspaper."

"You ought to be aware, sir, that I am not a money-lender," said the old lawyer; "I earn my bread hardly, and by the sweat of my brow; and, by living within my income, hope to save a little for the evil days, when, if God spare me so long, I shall be too old to work. I have no funds to risk as a lender."

"It is publicly known," replied his pertinacious and tormenting visitor, "that you never are without several thousands at command in your banker's hands, which he, no doubt, employs in his own speculations; and, in for-

mer years, when residing as a guest at my house, you have repeatedly boasted to me of your determination to save money, and inculcated the necessity of doing so on Christian principles, in order to have the means of assisting those who are in distress."

"Yes, of assisting those who deserve it," interrupted the rich man, with greatly increased asperity.

"Now I shall waive all consideration of my own rights to be heard, of my merits or demerits, and appeal to you simply on the principles of Christian charity, whether you will or will not come to the relief of a destitute and miserable family, who have been persecuted almost unto death, and the mother of whom I have too much reason to believe is now —" (dying, he intended to have said; he shed no tears, but his speech abruptly stopped here.)

"With your peculiar interpretations of Christianity, so as to suit your own purposes and objects," said Mr. Cutlar, "I certainly have nothing to do; my reason teaches me that idleness and extravagance are vices which infallibly bring their own punishment in the shape of poverty and disgrace; my religion instructs me that those just inflictions of Providence on the guilty ought to be patiently and humbly borne with."

"In other words," answered Mowbray, "you would assist willingly and exhibit a most Christian-like spirit, provided a man's prudence, or low cunning, or grasping avarice, had been such as to shield him against the possibility of absolute want, or you can forgive where nothing is to be forgiven; but if, on the contrary, his follies or vices have brought him to a state of destitution, you would then shew him no mercy, but suffer him to perish unaided."

"Draw your own conclusions, sir," answered Mr. Cutlar; "you are quite at liberty to form what opinion you please of my conduct, provided you will now be so good as to allow me the use of my own time for my own proper employments."

The final result of this meeting was a violent outbreak of wrath on the part of Mr. Mowbray, during which Mr. Cutlar displayed an even more than usual degree of amenity and philosophical calmness in his aspect, and at the termination of which he merely desired that for the future he might be

spared the repetition of any such interviews.

Mr. Mowbray flung away from his relation's chambers, of course, in a rage, and feeling, in all its bitterness, the truth of the old maxim, that in the hour of distress a near kinsman is the last of persons to be depended on for sympathy; also reflecting that, go where he might, it was impossible, even among strangers, to encounter a worse reception than he had met with here. The reader must have perceived that our hero was not disposed to act with much prudence on any occasion, and though without one shilling in his purse, he now resolved on making an effort to see his family, with which intent he called and entered a hackney coach.

On his way from Lincoln's Inn to the West-end, it occurred to his recollection that Sir John Riggles Vampo, the Whig member for Saddlebury, was now in town; this eminent gentleman having been one of his former boon-companions and collaborators, and, moreover, having recently succeeded, by the death of a dear relation, to a very large fortune. To the residence of this friend he therefore directed his course, and learned that Sir John was at home, but particularly engaged. Our hero was in no humour to stumble about etiquette. He sent up his card with an intimation that he should feel obliged by a short audience, and was admitted.

At a table crowded with papers sat the M.P.; and right before him lay a huge morocco pocket-book, from which the ragged edges of a large parcel of Bank of England notes visibly protruded.

"Aha, old fellow! how goes it? Most happy to see you at all times. But what's the matter — you look devilish ill?"

"It would be rather extraordinary if I could look otherwise," answered our hero.

"All fancy — all nonsense!" said the M.P.; "it is thus that you men of genius always contrive to torment yourselves. You would not look ill nor feel ill, if it were not for this force of imagination."

"I am not conscious of being much influenced by imagination at present," said Mowbray, with a sardonic grin.

"Ah, there's the hobble!" exclaimed the vivacious baronet; "you are not

conscious of it; it rules you insensibly, and, as it deals with all poets, carries you quite astray: but this is very wrong. As a sincere friend, I beg to assure you the evil might be prevented. Pardon me for insisting that a little more firmness of volition, and a — a —. Besides, have you not yourself said something on this very point in your splendid ode to — to —, I forget the title, but the lines were admirable. Don't you remember?"

"Indeed, I know nothing about them," said our hero, pettishly.

"Ah, there it is again! — modesty — modesty — always the attendant of great genius! As if you could possibly help knowing that you have written some of the most beautiful poems in our language, which are universally admired."

"But now, a truce to your compliments!" said Mowbray; "you are quite aware that whatever my talents may have been, I brought my wares to a bad market. I have at last fallen into the sad station of a hireling journalist, yielding a pittance scarcely enough to procure food. My family are suffering from sickness and want: I cannot visit them because bailiffs are stationed at my door; I come to you for a loan of fifty pounds, for which I will give you my bond."

"My dear fellow, if any thing sad by you could make me lose temper, this would. Talk of bonds, indeed, betwixt you and me! Why, if the sum required had been five thousand, I should never dream of such a thing. But as to the inheritance (much overrated by the way) to which I succeeded, it has as yet yielded me not one penny. There are a thousand matters to be settled by the rascally lawyers before one comes into free possession. Besides, no rents have yet accrued, and, instead of being in cash, I have had nothing to do but to arrange for clearing off embarrassments."

"Of course, then, you cannot be expected to assist a friend, even with so small a sum?"

"Not at the present moment, my dear friend; the thing is impossible. This day six months or twelve months, if you do me the honour to call, I may be able to tell a very different story; not that I would wish at present to form any binding obligations. Every man who has family and connexions, owes it to them as well as to himself to be prudent. Had I fifty pounds in

my purse, you should have it with the utmost pleasure."

"Sir John," said our hero, with another sardonic grin, "the generosity which you have this day evinced, is indeed quite worthy of that character which I had previously conceived you to bear, and merits acknowledgments such as I lament my inability at present to offer. My humble apologies are also due for having so cruelly trespassed on your feelings as to crave the loan of fifty pounds, when you had it not to spare."

"Set your mind at rest on that score," replied the baronet; "such little mistakes are always occurring. But now, to the point. You, I am very sure, know the sincerity of my friendship, and will pardon me for suggesting that there must be at least fifty persons of your acquaintance who would, with the utmost pleasure, lend you five hundred pounds each. Eh, old fellow, is this not perfectly true? Then you would be enabled to carry on the war in style!"

The conversation with this worthy was protracted for some minutes longer, and ended much like the conference with Mr. Grigsbye Cutlar, only with this difference, that Mowbray's indignation was vented in cold, cutting sarcasm, which, at least, clenched one point—namely, that from henceforth he secured for himself the bitter enmity of a narrow, sordid, and spiteful mind.

From the house of Sir John Vampo, he determined on proceeding to his own, having previously instructed the coachman that his required duty was not to stop at the door, but to drive past the house as if making for a different direction. Reader, has it ever happened that you visited or beheld from a distance, an abode once your own, where you had spent happy days, but which was now tenanted by strangers? Or were you ever doomed to stand by, when any one whom you loved was in danger of losing his (or her) life, and you were forcibly withheld from rendering any assistance? If so, you may perhaps guess at somewhat of our hero's sensations without any enlarging on the description.

But to return. His purpose was to investigate whether the executioners of our so-styled law of arrest did or did not still watch in expectation of his

arrival at home; for if none such had been visible, he would of course have stopped and visited his family. But from this object of inquiry, his thoughts were soon diverted; for when his anxious eyes caught sight of his own house from a distance, he perceived that there was a large concourse of people before it. As he drew nearer, he saw that the street-door was open, the windows also, and that people were in the act of placarding the whole front with bills announcing, "~~by order~~ of the sheriff," a peremptory sale of household effects. More particularly on looking up to the second floor he perceived, from the interior of his wife's apartment, the ruffianlike visage of an *attendant*, who forthwith proceeded, at the risk of his neck, to paste a placard under the window-sill.

"By this time, probably, she is dead!" said Mowbray to himself; but he durst not stop to make any inquiry, for at the moment of his passing the house, a bailiff, to whom his features were well known, caught his eye and rushed forward to stop the horses, also roaring out for assistance. The assault proved in vain; the street was free from impediment of vehicles; the driver lashed his horses into fury, and cut at the bailiff, who was knocked down, and the coach got clear away into the Uxbridge road.

On reaching the toll-bar at Bayswater, our hero was somewhat rudely reminded of an awkward contingency which he had overlooked—viz. that he had no ready cash, and, as the keeper demanded a pledge, he gave him a plain gold ring which he had received from Julietta on their marriage-day. It was the last remnant of personal property which the once wealthy M.P. possessed, and he did not surrender it without a shudder; but *la force de circonstance* proved, as usual, paramount. Moreover the coachman, perceiving the dilemma, took this opportunity of insinuating that the hour was come for feeding his horses, and asking how long his employer intended to detain him!

There was no district of the west end wherein our hero did not possess acquaintances, who had, in former years, partaken less or more of the sunshine of his prosperity; and he now remembered that, hard by the Bayswater gate of Kensington Gardens, there resided a poor artist, from whom

he had once purchased a picture, and thither he now directed his course.

The cottage was the same, and yet its aspect was much changed from what he had once known it as the abode of extreme and squalid poverty. The garden was now tastefully trimmed, and exhibited some rare flowers and exotic plants. The door was opened by a neatly clad and cheerful-looking girl, who led him into a parlour, at one end of which was a green-house, and on the walls were specimens of the artist's pencil, which at least shewed how much he had improved since the time when Mowbray acted as a patron.

The owner of the cottage at length made his appearance, trimly and stylishly attired, but with a pale, anxious, and care-worn countenance. He received our hero with the utmost cordiality and respect, expressing in every possible phrase his gratitude for past obligations, and his delight at meeting a benefactor again after so long an absence.

"I thank you," said Mowbray; "but you no longer see the same individual. '*Fuit Ille*?'—I am but the shadow of what I was."

"On the contrary," said the artist, who was somewhat of a genius, and could philosophise as well as paint; "if there be any change, it is only the shadow that is gone. Contingent and adventitious properties may have changed, but the real substance—in other words, the mind—exists uninjured, and will endure for ever."

"I am no longer a logician, far less a transcendentalist," answered Mowbray; "mind and body are both deteriorated,—I might almost say decomposed. I live only for one impression—for the horrors of poverty, whereof I reckon not one jot as regards myself personally, but which I cannot bear to see inflicted upon others."

"Of that fact I am well aware by experience," said Mr. Schönfeldt; "for I know not what other motive except compassion for poverty could formerly actuate your patronage of my works. I did not then deserve the name of an artist; and I still pass my time under the inflictions of an accusing conscience, because, notwithstanding all the encouragement received, I improve so slowly."

"I fear that, in a country like this,

every artist must find it a hard task to obtain the means of subsistence."

"In too many instances," said Mr. Schönfeldt, "your remark is verified; but I, for one, have no right to complain. To succeed costs me, indeed, unremitting labour; but it would be ridiculous to suppose that without this any artist can possibly deserve success. For the last three years, my income has been more than I ever expected,—more, indeed, than I required, or merited. For all this good fortune I am indebted to you. Without your most kind and liberal patronage at a critical moment of my life,—without your purchase then of my Old Beggarman standing at the Rich Man's Gate, I should either have been in the grave long ago, or been a beggar myself."

"I must say that you greatly overrate my services," replied our hero; "and, besides, sorry am I to confess that I reckon little whether you were rich or poor. To sympathise with poverty, one must first feel its pains. My object, I suspect, was merely the gratification of my own vanity, or taste for the arts, by possessing a picture which obviously shewed genius."

"You were the only individual, however, in this great and wealthy nation who could then discover the artist's genius; and, represent your motives as you will, I shall never cease to remember, that to your kind patronage I owe all my subsequent prosperity."

Having thus unexpectedly found a valuable and attached friend, our hero failed not to recount his own misfortunes,—not forgetting the shock that he had just now suffered on passing his own house, the allusion to which seemed to make a strange impression on the painter's mind, who stammered out,—

"Pray don't say any more on these matters, I beseech you; three words are enough. I know too much by experience of such proceedings, and their various evil effects. Now, I have one great favour to request, and I hope my effrontery will be excused. Take with you whatever money I have at present in my cottage; it will pay travelling expenses, at all events. To-morrow is Sunday; you can then visit your family, and consult with them what is best to be done. I shall, perhaps, obtrude another request on your consideration, namely, that you will honour me with a few minutes' audience to-morrow even-

ing, if I should have it in my power to call."

The poor painter then retired to an inner apartment, whence he brought, wrapped in paper, a small sum in gold, which he put into Mowbray's hands. According to probability, this must have been the whole of his worldly wealth; nor had the income of which he boasted ever exceeded 300*l.* per annum.

With his finances thus recruited, our hero returned into town. It may, perhaps, be supposed that he did not sufficiently feel the degradation of being thus obliged to borrow from a poor artist, and that he was not enough sorry for the risk he ran of thus injuring a man who could not afford to lose. But, whatever were the faults of Mowbray's character, want of sensibility could not be reckoned among them, and he felt the disgrace attending his every step far too deeply; I say too deeply, because mental irritation tends, of course, to paralyse and confuse, instead of promoting, useful exertion.

On leaving Bayswater, the question which naturally arose was, whither to betake himself next. The best plan he conceived was, to retire to an obscure coffee-house, where he could write two or three letters, and collect his scattered senses; and thus he did. The poor are not allowed to economise. At considerable expense, he engaged a trustworthy messenger, by whom he despatched to Mrs. Mowbray the greater part of the money which he had received from the artist. He paid off his coachman with the remainder, and then migrated from the coffee-house to the neighbouring office of a prosperous attorney, who, by former transactions with our hero had netted large sums; but from whom, instead of gratitude, it is almost superfluous to say that he now only met with indifference or insolence. However, he provided himself here with the printed form of a bond, or warrant of attorney, which the lawyer's clerk filled up for him, to be used in case he should find any one willing to accept of such personal security as alone he could proffer.

My story is already too long, and I must not recount the further efforts which, like the "hare with many friends," he afterwards made in order to raise the wind. Suffice it, that they were all ineffectual. He received

from home an answer in the following terms:—

"Your messenger arrived timely, and you may imagine how thankful we all are. With regard to the disturbance of the sale, I endeavour not to think about it. It rather roused me, I believe; and without that stimulus I should not have been able to write these lines. In hopes of your visit to-morrow, yours, &c."

Among Julietta's accomplishments had been that of elegant and rapid penmanship; but the above words were traced in a character almost illegible, and sufficiently indicative of the writer's weakness. Herewith I shall close the narrative of one day's unsuccessful adventures.

Sunday morning, and the autumnal sun emerged in wonted serenity and splendour; but among the countless millions aroused by his light—some to renewed toil, and others to renewed *torpor*—how few could be reckoned that awoke to happiness! By a ridiculous inconsistency, the debtor is permitted on Sundays to move about as he pleases; whereas, if he deserves imprisonment, this holy day ought not to be a protection to him any more than it is to the housebreaker or assassin. But the sun at noon is not more glaring than the fact, that "punishment without crime" is an outrage on the principles of Christianity at all times. Consequently, we like to keep up some outward show of religion, however slight; and, in vulgar phrase, "hope to cheat the devil," by allowing our debtors, who are not already incarcerated, to have perfect freedom on Sundays. But no sooner has the midnight hour struck, than this assumed respect for religion ceases, and the world again takes its usual course.

Early as our hero awoke, he did not think it prudent to disturb his own family at such an hour; but, in hopes of providing some good news for them, he called first at the house of a money-lending Jew; with whom, however, to have entered on the subject of his domestic cares and distresses, would, as he well knew, have been utterly absurd. As to his excessive want of money, that indeed was too obviously betrayed by his demeanour, attire, and the expression of every feature. The Jew attentively heard his proposition, and looked at the warrant of attorney.

"Vy," said he, "this here looks all

very fair and, straightforward; and I dares to say as how you means nothink no worse. But it vouldn't suit me at no price! You have a rich relation, him as makes ten thousand a-year at the Chancery bar; vy doesn't he assist you?"

"Because he has already assisted," said Mowbray, bluntly, "and won't part with any more money."

"I'll tell you what do," said the Jew briskly; "let him keep his money then, but put his name with yours to this here bond, and I'll get it cashed for you."

"Thank you," replied Mowbray; "but I never knew him put his name to either bill or bond in all my life."

"And though near relations vdon't even put their names on paper," said the Jew, "yet you expects that strangers will go the whole hog, and give you the hactical blunt!"

"There are worse securities than mine almost every day accepted in the market."

"Vell, to prove that I would do any thing in reason to oblige you," said the Jew, "let Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar write, a mere letter of guarantee, a private engagement—you understand? It is impossible he can refuse that much, and then I'll see what can be done."

Of the various criminal acts which are daily perpetrated in the world, we know and may witness the immediate purpose, the evil effects, and the punishment; but the *motives*, though we may surmise and guess at, we, of course, cannot know. These belong to the sphere of the Infinite, and can be judged of only by an infinite and almighty Power. Apparently, our unfortunate hero had been so long governed by mere impulse, that the regulating faculty of reason had almost ceased to act. He entertained a dread and horror of returning to his own house, without having some plan laid for "raising the wind," however desperate the conditions; and, perceiving how easy it would be to deceive the worthless old Jew, he replied as follows:—

"I am not a man of business, and do not exactly know in what form a letter of guarantee should be drawn. Write, if you please, what will satisfy your purpose; and if it be in my power to see Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar to-day, I shall ask him to sign it."

The Jew smiled grimly with the anticipation of having nearly caught

his prey; and, reckoning on the gain of more than cent per cent, he carefully drew up the document, which he said must be addressed to a respectable friend of his, whose card he produced, and who could lend the money; for he himself had not sixpence at command, and he "never in his life knew cash so werry difficult: it vash hardly to be come at by any means." Mowbray requested that this respectable friend should be in attendance to meet him, at an hour which he fixed in the evening, and then took his leave.

Our hero had indeed by no means overrated the existing causes for his anxiety. On his arrival at his own house, the female servant who opened the door gave him a very unfavourable account of the sick lady's condition, which was confirmed by the faithful O'Neale, whom he found in the drawing-room.

"I must give you one caution," said the friendly doctor; "unless you come with good news, or can in some degree brighten up that long face, I cannot with propriety allow you to have an interview with my patient. Through last night she has suffered from increased fever, attended with constant delirium, but is now composed and sensible; yet so weak, that at this rate there is great danger of the system wearing out."

"Doctor, tell me not of the danger, for I am awake to it sufficiently. But supposing that I should become possessed of ample means, what is there in this case that ought to be done? What can be done?"

"In order to cure a disease, you must, of course, first remove its cause," replied O'Neale. "Mrs. Mowbray's illness has been kept up solely by continued irritation of mind, and the absence of those comforts to which, through all her previous life, she had been accustomed. Without entire change of air and scene, it is impracticable to subdue this mental irritation. Weak as she now appears, I would not hesitate to lift her into a carriage; and am confident that at every stage which removed her further from town, and nearer to the sea-coast, the low fever which undermines her constitution would abate. Besides, it is quite obvious that your family cannot remain here. A peremptory sale is appointed for the day after to-morrow. I have seen your creditor, and represented to

him the inhumanity of his proceedings, but he is inexorable."

The worthy doctor's opinion had been concisely and clearly expressed. The miserable woman was now dying, not, properly speaking, of disease, but of poverty and *worry*. Yet this woman Mowbray had solemnly sworn to love and to cherish; and having squandered her money, the only way in which he could redeem his solemn engagement, or save her from perishing, was by getting more. It was a crime to neglect her, and, consequently, it was criminal not to obtain money; but his efforts for that purpose had been utterly in vain, and the only method that offered the possibility of relief was by fraud and deception. Which, then, was the worst (or, as Lord Brougham would logically say, the *worse*) crime, to acquiesce in the fraudulent rapacity of a Jew, at the same time to deceive that Jew, or to leave the unfortunate Julietta perishing and unaided? If conduct through life has been regulated by principle, instead of impulse, moral strength will of course remain indestructible. Deception will not merely be held in contempt and abhorrence, but cannot even occur as a possible means of extrication. Such a notion would not obtrude itself even into the most feverish dream. But to the "broken mind" of our hero, the dilemma appeared inevitable. He had the pleasant alternatives abovementioned, but could devise no other.

He made no direct answer to the doctor. He did not say whether he could or could not act on the advice then given. But whilst he reflected, the servant brought a message to say that Mrs. Mowbray felt surprised he should have been so long in the house without seeing her. Mowbray looked at the doctor.

"Of course, you must go," said O'Neale; "but, remember, no long faces, no despondency."

A few weeks of constant anxiety and privation will sometimes make a fearful change in the frame and aspect of the sufferer. The once gay and blooming Julietta was worn into a spectre; and when Mowbray appeared, she raised and held out her shadowy hand in silence, then said, in a voice hardly articulate, "You were long in coming; I thought sometimes we should never meet again."

"I came yesterday," said he, with

a forced smile, "but had a narrow escape from the bailiffs."

"Alas!" responded Julietta, "I know how much you have suffered, and am deeply grieved for it: I am so sorry and ashamed, too, that I should have added to your anxieties by this tedious illness. Be assured I could not help it, and have not been myself lately. But it will all be over soon. I feel greatly better this morning."

The words conveyed an unconscious prophecy. Mowbray did indeed perceive that it would "all be over soon," and that, if he must act on the suggestions of the friendly doctor, not a moment was to be lost. Even now he *almost* determined on completing the letter of guarantee for the Jew. Besides, he had but one day to act in, for the purpose of setting his house in order, preparatory to an auction and final break-up. *En passant*, and for a moment only, he looked into that apartment which had been his study. The books were all taken from the shelves, and made into bales with cordage. His escrutoire and drawers had been broken open, and ransacked in hopes of discovering articles of value, and the contents were strewed about the floor. Receding from the sight, he abandoned his intention of looking for some papers which might have been of service in his negotiations; and wended his way to St. John's Wood, where, in a pleasant villa, lived one of his oldest friends, who, under the Whig administration, had become a lord of the Treasury.

This prosperous gentleman paraded immediately, entering from his private study, into the reception-room with a cold abstracted air, and papers in his hand, as if immensely occupied. Betwixt friends so intimate, the explanation of our hero's object in calling was very soon effected.

"All this," observed the oracular lord of the Treasury, "was naturally to be anticipated, and you have yourself only to blame for the result. According to the vulgar adage, you cannot have your cake and eat your cake. Reputation and fortune were the cake. You have annihilated both, and must take the consequences."

"You have uttered a very wise dictum," said Mowbray; "but any old Jew clothesman in Monmouth Street might have told me this quite as well."

"I came into the room resolved to

keep my temper," said Mr. Hartlocks Strutton, "and no objurgation or contumely on your part shall be allowed to upset it."

"I intended no contumely," said our hero, "and have uttered none."

"It has not as yet gone any further than telling me that I spoke like an old Jew clothesman of Monmouth Street."

"That was not my observation," said Mowbray; "I meant only——"

"Pshaw — nonsense!" cried the Treasury lord, impatiently; "never mind what you meant; — it is of no consequence."

"I could have no design to offend you, or wound your feelings," said Mowbray, calmly; "I came here with very different motives."

"Yes, I know," interposed his friend, "and it is better to end this matter at once. There, take my purse!" And he flung it to him.

Our hero had an inclination to fling it into the fire; however, he did just nothing at all. He took no notice of the purse, and made no immediate reply to his lordship; for the scene just before witnessed at his own house had made too deep an impression to be easily effaced by new emotions.

"If you imagine that I have more in my power," added Mr. Strutton, "you are egregiously mistaken. My account at Coutts' is actually overdrawn, and I cannot pay my own debts, far less other people's."

"Never mind," answered Mowbray, feeling that his quondam friend deserved only his contempt or pity, and considering whither he should go next.

"And, besides," resumed Mr. Strutton, in a tone somewhat apologetical, "I am thoroughly convinced that assistance would be but temporary. It is like stopping one hole in a sieve."

"All assistance is temporary," said Mowbray: "life does not last for ever."

"And why wish to lengthen a life of suffering and disgrace? If ever any mortal did with open eyes work his own destruction, you have done so! Not contented with having, in the first place, flung away a fair fortune, you every where proclaim yourself an ill-used man; which, of course, is the most effectual method of insuring ill usage for the future, and cutting off the possibility of retrieval: and not contented with borrowing from every body who would lend, you vilify them

for not lending more. Rely on it, such a career has its limits, and must come to an abrupt end."

Mowbray did indeed feel that it must come to an end, or, rather, that he had already reached the goal. In the vast population of London, where he formerly had friends by hundreds, there was not one in whom, at this juncture of extreme domestic distress, he could place reliance; and yet there was but one day to act in, and, according to his own conclusions, it too plainly appeared that there was but one mode of acting. He might rack his brains, and writhe, and turn himself to all points of the compass, but from every point there glared upon him only the same inextinguishable evils. Once more I repeat it, the dilemma seemed inevitable: he might allow his unfortunate wife to perish, or employ a despicable and criminal deception to save her. It was not till late in the evening, and after he had tried every other expedient in vain, that he resolved on adopting the latter. With perfect firmness and composure, he at last alighted the signature of Greg-baye Cutlar to the guarantee, but without any attempt to mutate his kinsman's hand: on the contrary, writing in his usual unconstrained manner. Thereafter he betook himself to the house of his precious acquaintance, the Jew, not forgetting, however, to leave notice where he was to be found, in case of a visit from the poor but benevolent artist.

The Jew received him as if the visit, though late, had been fully expected, and exhibiting a peculiar grin on his visage, from which Mowbray augured no good. In a room filled with the smoke of bad tobacco, two other persons were present, one with a pipe in his mouth, the other busily engaged in perusing a three weeks' old *Morning Chronicle*. It appeared that the tobacco-smoking gentleman was to be the money-lender, for he directly laid aside his pipe when our hero entered and seemed prepared to give his whole mind to business.

"Mister Pyke," said the Jew, "this here gen'l'man, as I was a telling you on, wants the loan of a few pounds werry bad, and as you have got plenty of blunt, it is for you to judge whether he can offer you satisfactory security."

"Plenty of blunt, indeed!" answered Mr. Pyke. "No; I do recollect the time when this might have been said

with some truth, but I never expects to see the like again. Well, what have you got? Hand me over the bill for examination; I shall not steal it."

Mowbray laid before him the bond and the letter of guarantee, both of which he attentively considered.

"Tell you what I can do, in a moment," said Mr. Pyke; "I will give you ten pounds cash, and forty more in wine. At present I could make no better offer, not for the best personal security in the land."

"The offer would not suit me," replied Mowbray, "and I must decline it."

"What would you wish or expect, then?" said Mr. Pyke.

"I came here in the expectation of receiving the full amount as specified in the bond, deducting, of course, a reasonable sum for interest."

"Note that down, Sturgeon," said Mr. Pyke to the silent gentleman, who, apparently, continued to study his *Morning Chronicle*.

"And I appeal to Mr. Isaacs," resumed our hero, "whether this was not the understanding betwixt us?"

He turned round, and discovered that Mr. Isaacs had left the room, and, in place of that worthy, Mowbray, with no little amazement, beheld his friend, Schonfeldt, whose eyes glistened with pleasure, and whose pale face wore a smile of infinite satisfaction.

"I come with good news," said the artist, "and would wish to speak with you for a few moments in private."

Our hero moved towards the door, but his progress was intercepted by Messrs. Pyke and Sturgeon, who rose suddenly.

"Excuse me," said the former, "but at present, you may as well not attempt to leave the room. It will be of no use, you know, for we shall follow, and it would only make a row for no purpose."

Schonfeldt stared.

"There is no necessity for leaving the room," said he; and, in a whisper to our hero, he added, "I have one hundred pounds ready, and at your service. Pray make an end of your negotiations here, for Mrs. Mowbray is exceedingly ill."

At this moment, the Jew re-entered the room, followed by a police constable; on seeing whom, Mr. Pyke folded up the papers, and grasping them tightly, pointed to Mowbray.

"I give that man in charge," said he, "for forgery, with intent to defraud, and shall be at the office by ten o'clock to-morrow morning to substantiate my accusation!"

Hereupon our hero was about to speak in a tone of the most violent rage, but Schonfeldt contrived to stop him.

"What proof or evidence has there appeared of forgery in this case?" inquired the artist.

"I have proofs amply sufficient," replied Mr. Pyke, "as your acquaintance, who hears me, well knows. Meanwhile, I tell him in your presence, as you seem to be a friend of his'n, that his own relation, Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar, may be considered the real prosecutor on this occasion, for it is only by his advice and instructions that I act as I have done."

"Pray how comes Mr. Cutlar to be interested here?" said the artist. "Is he within hearing?"

"Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar happens to be my counsel in an important chancery suit," answered Mr. Pyke. "It was but yesterday that I paid him a large fee; and this afternoon, in consequence of a communication made to me in the morning, and in order to save time, I called to inquire whether he had given, or would give, any guarantee in favour of his precious relative, who stands there. His answer will not easily go out of my recollection: and I now repeat, that I act by his explicit instructions. The world has, indeed, come to a pretty pass; and, among gentry nowadays, honour and honesty are but empty names!"

"If I understand the matter right, you have lost nothing on this occasion;" said Mr. Schonfeldt; "pray how much do you expect to gain by the prosecution?"

"Not a fraction!" answered Mr. Pyke. "Besides, for my own part, I would rather gain by giving it up, if any friend chooses to come forward with the blunt; because why—I don't much like the trouble of attending them police-offices and criminal courts, where one gets no pay."

"Then, in order to meet your views and save you trouble," said the artist, "also to save my own time, I will give you five pounds for the papers which you now hold in your hand; but observe, not a penny more. Your refusal is to me a matter of indifference,

as I am quite prepared to give security for my friend's appearance at the magistrate's office, and am also convinced that Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar will never appear publicly in the matter."

"Well," said Mr. Pyke, "let me see; a stitch in time saves nine; to-morrow at ten o'clock, I had appointed to be with Sir John Kutely, and at eleven with Lord Lackaker. My attending at the d—d police-office, I should lose both. I am a man of business, sir; make your offer seven guineas, and you shall have the papers."

A bargain was at length struck, and the meeting broke up; after which, the kind-hearted artist and his *ci-devant* patron (both observing a profound silence), drove rapidly to — Street, where they found Dr. O'Neale in attendance, but apparently very much chagrined and irritated.

"I had hoped," said he, "that the symptoms were favourable. Towards evening I endeavoured to soothe my patient by assuring her that I knew she would be removed from this house; that I would have a coach ready for her by ten o'clock to-morrow, and you would meet her at Streatham, Croydon, or some other station, as should be afterwards agreed upon, and she did seem revived and tranquillised; but, during my absence for about an hour, when summoned to attend an urgent case, it appears that a written communication was brought by a clerk of Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar, of Lincoln's Inn, which he insisted on delivering into her own hands. This arrived most unfortunately, just as Mrs. Mowbray was composing herself to rest, and ever since the fever has increased, and she has been in such an excited state, that I fear the worst."

And the worst did occur. Mr. Grigsbaye Cutlar, with the coarseness which belongs to a hardened old lawyer, had sent Mrs. Mowbray a small sum of money as a charitable

gift, with a note containing some harsh allusions to the anticipated delinquency and disgrace of her unfortunate husband. The application worked; it was that last stress upon the already broken heart which it could not sustain; sleep refused to come, but delirium did come; and, fortunately, in her ravings, she constantly reverted to the pleasant prospects which had been held out to her by the doctor.

"Anne, Sophia, Bernard!" cried she, naming her children; "where are you? Why don't you awake? This day we are to set out for Brighton or Hastings. You shall roam on the beach again, and I shall wander on my favourite green fields at Falmer."

Mowbray rejoiced to hear her speak thus, for he thought it was only natural, but her eyes glared at him without recognition. He assured her over and over, of the timely aid which had been brought in abundance by his friend, Schonfeldt; but her replies were not an answer. She recked not his words; she understood him not, but persisted in her own wild ravings. This world had become to her a sphere of conceptions and dreams only; she had no longer any sensibility for present objects or present interests. The mind, of course, still existed, but the organic *media* by which it was attached to the material world were irretrievably injured, and about to be withdrawn for ever. She died next morning.

Schonfeldt remained; he watched over his quondam benefactor, and did all that a friend could do. He wished to have removed Mowbray to his cottage at Bayswater, but my unfortunate hero would not be advised nor guided. He still exists, and has subsided from a state of outrageous madness into one of helpless drivelling idiocy, in which condition he may be found by any one who chooses or chances to knock at the door of No. 45 in the Fair, Fleet Prison.

THE RISING OF THE SUN.

DEDICATED TO THE CONSERVATIVES OF ENGLAND.

" Know then, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on :
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me."—QUARLES.

Long time an Arab in the sky,
A wanderer from the earth,
Covered with gloom, the Sun had been,
Robbed of his right of birth.
Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
And eke rejoice with me.”

The howling, envious storms arose,
And cursed his light, because
He shone as Heaven had ordered him,
By good and ancient laws.
Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
And eke rejoice with me.”

Long time within the deadly gloom,
The mighty hierarch proud,
With patient, stern, and lordly step,
Kept looming through the croud.
Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
And eke rejoice with me.”

Ever anon some rabble blast
Would hiss around his shrine,
And try to choke his splendour, as
The damp within the mine.
Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
And eke rejoice with me.”

Then east and west, and north and south,
All-traitorous thunders roared ;
Ungodly lightnings led them on,
To shame what Truth adored.
Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
And eke rejoice with me.”

Unscathed He rode above the storm,
The storm that roared at him ;
Before such drunken rout as this,
His light he would not dim.
Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
And eke rejoice with me.”

In frantic rage, these minions foiled,
Upsprung a Phantom Black ;*

* For a more particular insight into the character of this *Black Phantom*, study the modern history of Ireland, and the works of Peter Dens, *Esq.*, of which he is the civil chief. Of late, for some dark intent, “ Pray-curse-her” has been branded on his brow in Satanic characters, which has puzzled the learned in no small degree. By some it is said to mean a curse that he prays against sin ; to which it has been replied, that it is highly improbable he would wish to curse one of the deities of his

With cowl and cross, and bigot spell,
 He rushed to the attack.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me.”

Then winds and waters howling rose,
 Cowl, curse, and hellish spite;
 Cross-bones and skull dark Mammon led,*
 To crush his ancient light.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me.”

Then joined his crew, a waspish set,
 Famed patriots—save the mark!
 Who skulked behind the cowed fiend,
 To stab him in the dark.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me.”

The whirlwind, dugged by book and charm,
 Foul storm-fiends, drunk with hate,
 Hoar frost and poison fog were charged
 To hurl him from his state.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me.”

He flung them off with lofty scorn,
 The felon troop! in vain
 They howl and hiss, and shout and yell,
 He's lord in his domain.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me.”

Then at the gate of glory stood
 Two fiends, of subtle breath,
 Who looked the images, I ween,
 Of Milton's Sin and Death.†
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me.”

Around them were a fearful group
 Of cloud-imps, baying dire,
 Ail froth and fury, striving to
 Put out his olden fire.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“ be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

Bewrinkled Sin was snake becured;‡
 And on her Son incestuous

own religion. Others affirm “*her*” meaneth “the Scarlet Whore of Babylon;” but this is considered to be as impossible as the other was improbable; as it is not very likely he would curse the mother by whom he lives. The most rational, and by general consent the true, construction is, that by “Pray-curse-her” is to be understood, the true and pure Protestant Church of God, as established in these realms, which the black phantom, Mammon, especially abhors.

* “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”—*St. Matthew*, vi. 24.

† A friend at our elbow inquires, Whether there is any political resemblance between Sin and Death and Lords M——e and John R——l;—i. e., do they bear the same affinity to the Black Phantom as the former did to the Prince of the Air? We do not presume to think upon the subject: “what is writ is writ.” We refer our readers to the second book of Milton for a description of these celebrated twin ministers of the Evil One of other days, and leave them to draw their own conclusions.

‡ “About her middle round,
 A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing barked.”

She called, to hurl against the orb
 His horrid dart tempestuous.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

The famished Shade obeyed the call,*
 And flung his shaft eastsoon;†
 When back recoiled the baffled barb,
 Recoiled back from the Sun,
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!” •

The dart reversed its deadly flight,
 And on the felon train
 Its hellish course betook, and pierced
 The crew through heart and brain.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

Then horrid clamour and fierce shout
 Of whirlwinds, fiends and all,
 With trait'rous treble raised, appeared
 The Furies' carnival.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

When out stepped forth the glorious One,
 The Sun of antique days;
 And on the baffled storm he poured
 His proud old cherished rays.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!” •

In majesty across his sky
 Like a great God he strode;
 And on our English land once more
 His ancient splendour flowed.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

Then like a flight of eagles rose
 A people's praise, nor vain;
 To view their good old British Sun,
 Shine on their land again.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

Ten hundred thousand swords were drawn,
 And loyal oaths were sworn,
 To die, ere rabble storms should dim
 The lustre of his urn.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

The good old light of honoured times
 By deeds our fathers won,
 We'll fight for, or we'll die beneath,
 Our constitutional Sun.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!” •

* “Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and horrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates?”

† “Eftsoon”—strictly, “eftsoons.” •

Our lives, our liberties, our laws,
 Our old ancestral truth
 Our fathers left us, and we will
 Bequeath to England's youth.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

The banner of our country's fame
 Was blazoned at that fane,
 Our fathers fought 'neath it of old,
 As we will do again.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

Our Church still stands, who shielded her
 Now sleep beneath the sod;
 That constitutional Sun first lit
 The altars of our God.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

Our armour hangs upon the wall,
 Our glaives are polished bright;
 Up to the rescue, British hearts!
 To our old English light.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

It is the orb of other days;
 The same that as of yore,
 On Crecy's battle pomp, looked down,
 And blazed on Agincourt.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

The same that flamed on Poitiers' field
 Still looms upon our view;
 It is the same true British orb
 That shone on Waterloo!
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

Then never let the false fiend call
 The storm and whirlwind down,
 To mar our ancient potency,
 Or shadow our renown.
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

But up, and on! and never more
 Be knaves that light surprising:
 Lo! British youth, behold again,
Old England's Sun is rising!
 Brethren, he shines once more,—“be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me!”

SKETCHES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG.

PART I. THE UNIVERSITY. — PART II. THE DUEL.

PART I. THE UNIVERSITY.

IN the summer of 1837, myself and a friend left England, in search, partly of a change of scene, and partly of some spot where we might have leisure for study, and yet be within reach of amusement. Tempted by the beauty or the cheerfulness of several places we passed through, we had many fluctuations and doubts as to where we should settle, till, at last, we arrived at Heidelberg. There we found many circumstances that induced us to stay. It is a lovely spot, lying just at the gorge where the Neckar issues out from between the mountains of the Odenwald, upon the great plain of the Rhine. There, also, we had letters of introduction. Mannheim, with its Picture Gallery, and Opera, was within reach of an evening's ride; and the circumstance of the town containing a university insured abundant facilities for learning German. So we made Heidelberg our head-quarters during the summer and autumn months.

Having lately left Oxford, my attention was of course often turned to the system of the University of Heidelberg, and the manners and ways of the people connected with it. I saw much to admire, and something to disapprove; and in this and another paper I shall give my own passing impressions of what I saw, and any lights and shadows of German university life which seemed characteristic of the body or the institution in which they were seen. When people come to Heidelberg, they are apt to wonder where the University is. They always look for some *ocular* evidence of the institution, which is the most important feature of the place.

We, of Oxford or Cambridge—nay, even *they* of Gower Street and King's College, are not accustomed to conceive the idea of a university except as conveyed through the palpable media of Elizabethan points, or Corinthian pillars. With us, caps and gowns are the undoubted marks of the presence of erudition; and the traveller, as he passes through Oxford or Cambridge, and catches a glimpse of the flaunting gown and trencher cap, feels satisfied that all is right—that he is really

breathing the genuine atmosphere of religious and classical learning. Here, however, he will see neither the flutter of a gown nor the grand elevation of a college.

The only building which the University has to boast of is a large white house, in a little square, quite eclipsed in size and beauty by its opposite neighbour, the Museum. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently convenient in the arrangements of the interior for the accommodation of a great number of lecturers; and though the lecture-rooms are not rich in the old carved oak of England; though the chair of the professor is not a velvet stall, but a white deal seat, we must not despise them for these things.

The University of Heidelberg is chiefly celebrated for the facilities it affords to law-students, who, attracted by the high character of the professors, are drawn thither, more or less, from almost every country in Europe—Greeks, Spaniards, Englishmen, Swiss (in a considerable body), Frenchmen, and Germans of every state except Prussia, are associated together in this place.

The lecturers on law, and by consequence the lectures, divide themselves into several branches; and these are generally so arranged, that an industrious student may, if he pleases, hear each of the principal professors in a day. There is one professor on national law, another on international; one for the pandects, another on criminal codes, and so forth; besides a variety of others on less extensive legal topics. But their system is by no means confined to subjects connected with law. There are lectures on several departments of the classics, given by professors of a very high, and I believe I may add well-merited, celebrity. Further, there is constantly a lecture going on on some of the most famous plays of Goethe, explanatory, illustrative, and historical. What an admirable exchange it would be, if an hour in England were sometimes stolen from Terence, and devoted to the beauties and the difficulties of Shakspeare! They have also lectures

in ancient and modern history, by Dr Schlosser, and an excellent anatomical school and museum, superintended by Professor Tiedemann, who stands high amongst the faculty in all Europe.

Such is an outline of the principal branches which are made the subjects of lectures in the University. Of the corps of learned lecturers, the oldest, and, I believe, the most remarkable, is Dr. Zachariæ; who, though upwards of seventy years of age, is still as keen and eloquent as ever. He is what is called a Publicist,—that is, one who treats of the science and art of general government; or, as the Germans concisely express, by “*Staatsrecht*,” what we should call the fundamental principles of law, on which the government of states is conducted. As most of the chief luminaries of the German universities have, either before or after their elevation to “the chair,” published some work of “ponderous erudition,” so it is very customary with those of them who are authors, to make their own book the basis of their lectures, and to suggest strongly to their respective classes the vantage ground they will find themselves on, if they are thus in some measure acquainted beforehand with the train of thoughts and ideas, or the connexion of doctrines which they are about to hear more fully developed *virâ voce*. Dr. Zachariæ has given to the world a work of the most profound nature, entitled *Forty Books of State*; which, analysing the naked elements of states, and going back to the first principles of knowledge for that purpose, gradually works onward to the nature and practice of governments, in society as it now is.

Having, therefore, this wide field for his course, or, in his own words, “the state in all its relations,” he selects a portion of it for his text, and illustrates his positions by an immense fund of information, which, if it had been included in the book itself, would generally be thrown into the form of notes, or appendix. But I shall add something with regard to the system adopted in the lecture-room, when I describe that place, and proceed to notice some other professors.

The professor of criminal law is Dr. Mittermeyer. He is esteemed the most eloquent speaker in the Grand Duchy, and holds the office of president of the Representative Assembly at Carlsruhe. He is thus necessarily absent from

Heidelberg several months every year; and during the time we were resident there he only gave one short course of lectures. A kind of law-magazine is published jointly by this gentleman and Dr. Zachariæ, every month; by means of which they keep up active communication, as well as warm controversy, with their fellow-labourers in other states.

The expounder of the pandects is Dr. Thibaut, whose work on the principles of the Roman law, as in operation at the present day, is reckoned a master-piece on the subject-matter it treats of. The principles of the civil law obtain very largely in Germany, and consequently Dr. Thibaut's lectures are very numerous attended by men who are preparing themselves for the profession of the bar. The most popular work on the subject among students of this class is one entitled, *Lehrbuch des heutigen Römischen Rechts*, or Manual of existing Rights according to the Roman law, by Dr. Mackeldy, of Bonn. It has been translated into French, Spanish, and Russian; but only partially as yet into English. From this, which is tolerably short, and very clear, they proceed to the more difficult and more lengthy work of Dr. Thibaut.

The chair of history is filled by Dr. Schlosser; who, if one may judge of the estimation in which a lecturer is held by the numbers who attend his courses, is highly regarded by the University. He has published several works, which I have heard very strongly recommended; but I have myself seen little more than the outside of them.

Though I know nothing more of Dr. Schlosser of my own knowledge than what I have stated, I am quite sure that he is a man of great authority on the subjects he is accustomed to contemplate; and therefore I will add an opinion of his on “the vote by ballot,” for which I am indebted to a gentleman who was in the habit of attending his lectures. It was expressed during the last elections in England, when the ballot was the theme on every hustings, and the subject of almost every leading article. “It is a bad symptom,” said he, “to see the ballot pressed; for when a nation is obliged to resort to artificial means in order to preserve its constitution, then the constitution itself must be near its decay.”

Dr. Tiedemann, the professor of

anatomy, is no less remarkable than the other learned professors I have mentioned above. But though his collections are very curious, and very valuable, and his lectures, I believe, no less so, I must confess I had no curiosity for making any particular inquiries about the progress he may have effected in anatomy. It was enough for me to know, and probably for most of those who will peruse these pages, that when I wish to see and hear how one man has differed in his organisation from another, and what fearful specimens of humanity have been born into the world, I may learn all this in the lecture-room of the famous Tiedemann.

The first lecture I attended was one of M. Mittermeyer. The lecture was to begin at twelve o'clock, and, accordingly, within two minutes after the hour had done striking, the room was completely filled. A few minutes after, Dr. Mittermeyer walked in, having the appearance and dress of a plain man of business in England. Having laid his hat and papers on his desk, he began to address his class in a very pleasing and easy tone, and evidently without the slightest embarrassment or difficulty to himself. In fact, he seemed perfectly acquainted with his subject,—keeping up the flow of his discourse with the same interest and animation during the whole hour. The subject of the lecture was the degree of moral responsibility connected with certain species of insanity, as bearing on the general question of how far any lunatic is answerable for his actions to the law. Of course he was led into fine distinctions, in discussing so nice a question; but though I was much at a loss for many of his words, his change of countenance and gesticulation were so expressive, that a very slight clue made the sense of many passages tolerably plain.

During the progress of the lecture he gave a variety of illustrations and anecdotes, with all the action and feeling that belonged to them; yet I observed that of his German hearers no one ever relaxed a muscle of his gravity, or ceased for one moment to regard him with the most earnest and important look. The good stories of the professor were, however, properly responded to by all the Greeks who were present; who, if not blessed with the "bathos" of their northern and more cold-blooded brethren, are certainly

gifted by their bright, warm sun, with the racy pleasures of the "emunctæ Paris."

It happened that the day I attended M. Mittermeyer's lecture was during a day of cloudless, glowing weather, such as we never feel in England. The room was overpoweringly hot; but the audience took care not to wait till they felt it to be so; no, they anticipated what they knew it would be; and as soon as they had "piled" their long pipes, coats, waistcoats, and neck-cloths were torn off, with all the impetuosity of a student panting for a cool system, the safe conductor to a cool head. It looked strange; but I will not say it was indecorous or disgusting. Indecorous is a relative term; and, therefore, though it would be highly indecorous to go to an Oxford lecture in shirt-sleeves, instead of a cap and gown, yet at Heidelberg it may be no offence against propriety to prefer real comfort to harmless grotesqueness.

Another day, I heard Dr. Zachariæ. He was, as usual, lecturing in connexion with a portion of his "forty books," the point of which selected for the discussion of that day was, "the nature of consular establishments." That of Great Britain, being more widely extended than any other, naturally occupied a great deal of his attention; and he took occasion to recommend the work of Mr. Ward on this subject, as a very useful and complete exposition of the system. He took the trouble even to write out the title of the book on the large black board which hangs behind his head; and, as he presumes that all his hearers know the English language, he does not think it necessary to translate the words into German for them. He has gone so far, indeed, as to say to his class,—“Gentlemen, you must know English, if you mean to be fully acquainted with the practice of law. We know and comprehend legal *principles*; but we have not the application of them exhibited here as they have in England, from the lack of great maritime and commercial concerns, the small divisions of our country, and the absence of great national institutions.” And acting on this, they purchase into their library all the standard legal works published in London,—such as those by Blackstone, Selwyn, Chitty, and others, for the benefit of those who have learnt the language.

The exterior of Dr. Zachariæ is not a little grotesque. I do not say that looked for the wig and bands of the juriconsult, or the cassock of the divine; but I *did* expect to see a venerable figure to correspond to a venerable man. He entered the room, holding in his hand a hat, the crown of which had well nigh parted company with the brim; a dirty white neckcloth; and (I am ashamed to say) a dirty shirt peeped out from underneath; whilst the outer man was cased in a very old green surtout, black smallclothes polished with the wearing, and boots, between which and the inexpressibles a few inches of blue hose were clearly seen. But no matter what the person is, when the head and features are to perfectly intellectual as his. There is the high, though not ponderous, brow, just shaded by a few gray hairs; sharp, angular eyes, the centre of a hundred little radiating wrinkles; the thin, transparent-looking nose, and firmly-compressed lips; the features of a face which seems all made for work, and thought, and reflection; void of what is superfluous to human form, without lacking any thing that is of use and service. He has already laboured fifty years in his vocation, and as yet shews no symptoms of intellectual decay.

Such a man has necessarily great influence on the growth of principles and feelings amongst the members of his university. He is undoubtedly a Protestant by profession; and, from the tenor of his lectures, there is reason to believe he is a religious man. As education is the object and employment of his life, his definition of it will expose the principles that guide him in all that he publicly undertakes. "Education," says he, "is the developement of the faculties which God has bestowed upon a man in the interest of morality." Not for the propagation of knowledge only, except as connected with the practical exposition of that universal precept, applicable to the concerns of states as well as to the transactions of individuals, "To love thy neighbour as thyself." When all the systems of all the speculators in education, from the founders of mechanics' institutes, to the guardians of infant schools, will keep this end, and this alone in view, we may then, but never till then, look for some blessing from the circumstance of "the school-master's being abroad."

But I proceed to say a few words on the system pursued in the economy of the lecture-room. Every student comes provided with writing materials, which are made use of in the following way. The professor generally begins with a few introductory observations on the subject in hand, which seldom last more than five minutes; he then pauses for a moment, ending with some conjunction, as "und," or "oder," which is the signal for putting pen to paper. As he proceeds to read from his papers one or more sentences, in a very slow and distinct manner, the students take it down, word for word, on paper. All have plenty of time to write the whole of it; and, so far as I could see, they did so, each time that I was present. This is the pith or substance of the matter to which the professor is going to call their attention. As soon as all have finished it, he proceeds to illustrate and expand the position or definition just laid down, till he thinks it sufficiently explained. He again refers to his paper, and the same thing comes over again in exactly the same way, and subsequently at intervals of from five to ten minutes throughout the whole lecture. The part read out and written is called the dictate, and being regularly and neatly written down on large quarto sheets of paper, which they call "pandekten papier," is fit to put together and form a neat volume at the close of the course. Intellectual treasures these; stores of thought, collected by men whose whole life is devoted to contemplation and other exercises of the mind. It may, however, be objected to this system, that it disposes men to take too much on trust; to be satisfied with what the professors tell them, and to think and work sparingly for themselves. It may be so in some cases; but it is not fair to argue from possibilities, or even presumptions, when *facts* to the contrary are staring us in the face. For is it not a fact that, in almost all the branches of literature and learning, wherever profound investigation, unwearied industry, and the independent application of the reasoning powers are called for, the present generation of Germans is bearing off the palm from Europe? And have not her Niebuhrs, her Müllers, her Heerens, her Savignys, her Tiedemanns, and a hundred other great men, been brought up in the bosom of her

universities, and have not they reaped the fruit of the system pursued there? It is hard to say what could be more likely to induce independent study than to be possessed of a quantity of definitive matter in an abstract form; to have the sources from which that matter was collected made known; and to have the materials themselves at one's disposal, either to verify the statements of the lecturer, or to rear a still loftier superstructure on the given foundation. It is well for the American professor,* who, amongst others, has raised the objection; it is well for Americans of any class to talk of independent thinking. Acting on independent principles, they have already, like most other "*novi homines*," thought out some curious "new notions," but to whatever subject they apply their unaided energies, they will never approach the advanced state of acquaintance in Germany, till they have brought together a prodigious mass of *traditions* and *inherited data*; so much additional allowed; ready-made foundations, from which they may push their works to an extremity, secure of resting on a solid base. Now, for instance, the discoveries and principles of Niebuhr, are already embodied in the "*Dictionary*" of the living historical professors. Such principles of interpretation, avowed by long and patient investigation by the Gollers, the Baahrs, and the Ginzels of the present day, will become the starting-point for the next generation; and thus, by the constant introduction of the successive discoveries of the day into the data given to the "*jeunes gens*" of Germany, an intellectual progression is set in motion which sufficiently accounts for the mental advancement of that people. And with well-furnished libraries at their command, with the best instructors that Europe can produce, and under (in my humble opinion) a generally excellent system, what is to prevent greater and further results being arrived at by the rising generation?

Turn we for a moment to the other side, where, undoubtedly, there is a mixture of much evil; there is no connexion between the professor and his class beyond the intercourse of the lecture-room; that is to say, the professor knows not and cares not, what

the character of his pupil is, if he is only quiet and orderly in his presence. There is, in short, in most cases, no moral influence in the chair; and, I fear, no disposition to be so influenced in the audience. The only shadow of a restraining power actively concerned with the University, is the lowest that can possibly be conceived, that of a mere paid police. But, however efficient that may be, a *gens d'armes* is not all that is wanted; for the streets are peaceable enough, and the citizens are not disturbed. What is wanted, is a higher tone of feeling; less coarse and low habits of life; more taste in manners and externals; and more than this, *it is more religion* amongst them that is wanting. There are seats set apart for the students in the churches, but I never saw any of them there. Sunday is the day selected for their festivals, and profaned by a weekly "commerce."† After a night of drinking and carousing, when the morning of Sunday came, the members of a commerce at Neckarsteinach honoured it by performing a *mock mass*. This circumstance happened when we were at Heidelberg; and I am afraid that if their benches at the Protestant Church have no occupants, and the mummeries of Popery are turned into ridicule, there is not much religion of *any kind* amongst them.

Now we find at Oxford the very thing which is deficient in a German university; that is, a high standard of public opinion, and a just contempt for low ways and ungentlemanly habits. Of course there are exceptions in every college, and men are to be found whose ambition is not "to be a gentleman," but to drive and ride well, to win at play, and to buy or sell horses without losing; but, happily, these are exceptions now almost lost in the mass of men of higher notions. There is far more religion, too—or, at least, *more respect for religion*—amongst the undergraduates at Oxford, than the students whom I have met with in Germany. Much evidence might be given of the assertion, but it is not necessary; for every one who has frequented the university church, or been in the habit of attending the discussion of private business at the "Union," must be quite prepared to admit it to be true.

* Robinson.

† This is the name of a convivial meeting peculiar to German students.

To use the words of a present public examiner, "Oxford, as a body, prays," and believes the great doctrines of Christianity, and therefore claims from well-disposed people much veneration and support; and not only so, but there is a moral relation between the college-tutors and the men, and a personal knowledge gained by the former of the character of the latter, which is very desirable and useful.

Again, considered as a place of education, and with reference only to the candidates and requirements for honours, there is much that is admirable in the arrangements. A tolerable acquaintance with logic, a sound knowledge of *moral science*, and a minute familiarity with the history and doctrines of the Scriptures, together with a great quantity of classical reading, is required from all candidates for high honours. Nor is it, as a pert writer on education has said, "a mere *hor* from Greece or Rome, no matter whether you have aught to put in it," that will be examined. No; the matter, be it historical, or political, or philosophical, contained in the works which candidates offer themselves to be examined in, will *all* be required to be known. All this, then, is very satisfactory, and very creditable to the managing body of the University, as compared with those abroad.

But Oxford has its faults, and those such as I have never heard any candid member pretend to meet or deny. As the deficiencies abroad are the very points in which Oxford shines, so their advantages are with us, as yet, only objects to be wished for. *They* have facilities of hearing daily professors of European fame; while *our* professors (to use the words of the *Quarterly Review*) are, with two or three exceptions, "a race of ornamental dignitaries." They have merely a nominal place in the general system of education; and, if once in eight weeks they even propose to disturb their learned leisure, and enlighten the University with a prelection, the undergraduates stay away because they have a better use for their time, and the tutors because they are weary of their daily work. Though the original design of the University was, that the ablest man that could be found should be employed to instruct all those who would attend them, yet this situation is now nearly a sinecure, and the

whole work of instruction has devolved upon the college-tutors. Being frequently inferior in ability, because the scantiness of emolument connected with that office seldom engages men of distinguished attainments to remain in it long when much better appointments are frequently to be had, they very often *cannot* give good lectures if they would. And when they are both able and willing, they are obliged to lower the tone of their observations to the level of men of least acquirements and least capacity in the class. The generality of college lectures, therefore, seldom rise above the translation of a short passage of some easy classic, with such remarks and questions as are furnished by Lempriere, Adam, and Potter. And as attendance on these lessons is enforced by the severest possible coercion, short of corporal punishment, which whipping, however, the students are *sworn* to submit to, if proposed, it very often happens that the hours fixed on for lectures by the college, *preclude the possibility of any one hearing those of the university professors.*

Again: it should be borne in mind, that no argument about Oxford can possibly be fair which confounds the practice of the great majority who never try for honours, with the totally different arrangement for those who do. However we may like to command the "ménage" of the latter class, it must be admitted that the body, the generality (as compared with which the others are in a state of exception) are really "the University," and are really what we have to regard. Now, when the German students come to be matriculated from the Gymnasia, they are able to read Greek and Latin fluently, and to write and speak the latter. When our "passmen" take their degree, they can construe portions of four classics, answer a few bald questions in divinity, say off the four first books of Euclid, or "know" the rudiments of Logic, and put a good many Latin words for English in a given piece of the *Spectator*. A plain Oxford degree, then, does not necessarily mark as much proficiency as the certificate of a Gymnasium abroad. "Drugged, indeed, with constant lectures," they are; nor does it matter to the tutors, in their indiscriminating zeal to instruct all, and be *paid by all*, whether a man has read half the classics

at a public school, or is just on the threshold of *Herodotus*. I love Oxford much, and recollect many circumstances connected with it with sincere pleasure; but I deeply regret the *hundreds of hours* utterly, and on my part unavoidably wasted, by being compelled to sit, hour after hour, to hear portions of books construed, with which every one was familiar even at school. Add to this the fact, that from the circumstance of the college lectures being utterly inefficient, almost every man who is reading for honours is obliged to resort to private tutors at an enormous expense. I say enormous, when necessarily appended as a clog upon those men who ought to suffer least from it. It is, in fact, a *tax upon industry, and a bonus on the inability of college tutors*. If this help is rejected, and an individual will not put his friends to so large an additional expense (for the best private tutors claim 20*l.* a term, and 50*l.* or 60*l.* for the long vacation, at the rate of one hour a-day), the consequence is, that he is forced to attend college lectures instead, which further him in no one way; and that when he goes into the schools, he has to enter into an *unfair competition with wealthier men*, who had that advantage from their very outset.

Lastly, when we recollect that theological, medical, and law students, are all bent to the same rule; that no allowance is made for the inclinations, no bias given in favour of the prospects of either class; that no time is spared "for scientific or historical lectures, for chemistry, geology, astronomy, natural history, for ancient and modern history, for political economy, for the studies of an *university*, in contradistinction from a *school* educa-

tion," we cannot but fear that the rivals of modern date, even those in Gower Street and at Somerset House, will gain much favour at the hands of the public, who are feeling strongly everywhere, that a more general system of instruction is now *absolutely necessary* for the ends of daily life.

On the whole, however, knowing well that every profession—the church, the law, "the faculty"—is being subjected to a process of tension, and is being wound up gradually to a higher and a better tone, there is little doubt but that Oxford will amend her ways under the pressure of public opinion, and the increasing vacancy in her halls. She will gradually widen her exclusive notion that "liberal education" consists almost alone in a knowledge of the classics; and, valuable as that is, will allow it to be connected with the cultivation of the physical sciences. She will need no subjection to the prying inquisition of a House of Commons, no hints of mandamus to compel her to do her duty; but, guided by *honest principles and good intentions*, will some day restore the great men she has nursed within her walls, to the high and no longer nominal dignity of instructors of the next generation. She will bow to the spirit of the age by sacrificing, for a time, her numbers to a higher standard of qualification in candidates for admission; and, preserving that moral connexion between the college and the collegian, which gives her such a superiority to every other establishment of equal magnitude, will yet prevent the tutors from spending their time any more in preparing men who *ought to have been prepared at school*.

PART II. THE DUEL.

Having looked at the University, in my last paper, simply in the light of "Alma Mater," I kept distinct any account of one of those strange customs which still mark the manners of the German student. It is one of the oddest features of that very large and learned body, and almost the only remnant existing in Europe of the manners of days gone by; at least, I know of no other, except the now rare practice of adjusting difficulties with the pistol.

As our lodgings were a little way out of the town, on the way to the

scene of action, we were generally well aware when a duel was likely to take place. Numbers of students, in groups of threes and fours, were always to be seen on those occasions, quietly walking towards the rendezvous, each puffing away from his long pipe, and looking as perfectly unconcerned as if they were going to hear a lecture—much less excited than an English boy running to see a boxing-match. By and by followed their servant, a sort of man-of-all-work, or retainer of the students; a huge, ill-looking ruffian, who serves on such occasions, partly to

keep a look-out, and partly to be near the spot, to assist in case of wounds or other casualties. These circumstances, however, were no better than slight presumptions that there would be a hostile gathering: there was no certainty of the event, either in the groups of lounging students, or in their being followed by their hideous myrtaidon. But when the broken procession was followed up by the appearance of the doctor, there was no longer a doubt that blows were to be the order of the day. No man living would have ever detected from that gentleman's demeanour, what his errand was. He was formerly an army-surgeon, I believe; and he receives a fee of a crown-dollar for every duel he attends. Dressed in a long surtout, white trousers, and large white collar, without a cravat, turned over the collar of his coat, with a cigar in his mouth, a stick in his hand, and a case of instruments in his pocket, this worthy old gentleman steps on with a benevolent and self-complacent air, nodding to this person, and go-siping with that, till he thinks it time to proceed to the spot.

No doubt there is something in human nature that loves the "pompe and circumstance" of strife, from the battle of Marston to an Irish row; and to this principle I appeal, as excuse enough for having been very anxious to become some day a spectator of these "meetings." No opportunity, however, very early presented itself of gratifying the wish, and for some weeks I made no attempt to get admitted. The only student I was at that time personally acquainted with, was one who took no active share in these affairs, being much better employed in attending at the lecture-room. Besides, as the only time he had patronised them with his presence he had been captured by the university police (for it is a punishable offence, either to be principal, second, or even a spectator), he had no inclination to repeat the visit.

It happened in the course of a few weeks that a student, who had rooms in the same house with ourselves, was engaged as principal in a duel. An English gentleman, without my knowledge, asked him to give an *entrée* into the room to himself, with two other friends; but, probably from a dislike to run the risk of a defeat in the presence of so many strangers, he would not consent. On the morning, how-

ever, appointed for the encounter, Mr. — came to our lodgings, and, "If you like," said he, "and will venture to go without an introduction at all, we will walk to the rendezvous, and take the chance of being sent away." As we were not likely to have another opportunity, we immediately sallied forth into the road, and loitered along the valley, till we saw a sure sign that the play was just going to begin. As soon as this indication (which was neither more nor less than the doctor) made us certain that there would be no delay or "fault" in the proceedings, we turned up a mountain road, and kept along it nearly half a mile, when we suddenly turned off through a garden, at the end of which stood a small inn. Passing through the house, we found ourselves in a large room, about fifty feet long by thirty wide. There were already ten or a dozen students assembled, two of whom were engaged in measuring out and chalking the floor, to mark the precise distance at which the combatants should be placed from each other. We took no notice of them, nor they of us; but seeing a bench in a corner of the room, we walked across and took a seat upon it. Presently our hero came in, without coat or waistcoat, looking very fierce; and as soon as he saw us he made towards us. We rose and bowed, and Mr. — explained to him, that we were come in the hope that he would have no objection to our remaining, when actually on the spot; but that, of course, if he still had any, we should immediately retire. He, however, made no difficulty whatever, and left us to resume our seats. By this time the weapons had been brought in and ranged against the wall; and the students, whose numbers had now been much increased, were making the air whistle with trying their hands at making hits. The blades they use are of a beautifully mild manufacture, and I believe are as sharp as they can be made.

Whilst we were observing these manœuvres, a student made his appearance from a little ante-chamber, leading a most grotesque figure into the room. Nearly the whole length of the leg, and the front of the body up to the breast-bone, was encased in sword-proof quilted leather armour, fastened by straps behind. Once, I suppose, it had all been yellow and clean, but now

it was of a dirty dark hue, partly from use, and partly from great stains of blood. The right arm, too, up to the muscle of the shoulder, was covered with the same; and the left arm was slung behind, with the hand fixed in a leathern purse. The weight and tightness of this leathern coat of mail is, I imagine, so considerable, as to cause some disagreeable sensation, from the check of the circulation, or other cause, if the arm is suffered to hang down; for the conductor of each man held his friend's sword-arm aloft, supporting it in a horizontal position, as they paced round the gloomy long room.

In the course of a few minutes the seconds came in, each having his sword-arm protected up to the shoulder with a covering of strong scales of leather, and girt round the body with a sword-proof belt, about a foot and a half in width, striped according to the colours of their respective fatherlands. A few more turns round the room, and the little doctor made his appearance, having been admiring, probably, mine host's vines, or his wife's flowers, or any other little amusement in keeping with his "civil" employment. At the same moment a little girl brought in a basin, towel, and jug of hot water,—a sight rather adapted to act upon the nerves of the champions than to encourage them. It was amusing to see the little girl retire, but scramble up to an opening outside whence she could see the fight. All things being now ready, the doctor lighted a fresh cigar, took a lump of chalk in his hand to mark the rallies, and all was hushed and mute. The umpire took his place. The combatants, having a thick stock and a cloth cap now added to their accoutrements, are placed on the chalk line. They then receive from their seconds their gleaming swords, and bend them over the shoulder till the signal is given. "Bindet de klugen," cries the umpire, and the blades are crossed. "Los" follows almost in the same breath, and away they go, round and round within their limits, the seconds whirling round with the principals, with swords interposed between the combatants, ready to strike up their blades when a palpable hit is given. The clashing is horrible for a few seconds or a minute. A hit is made. "Halt!" shouts the umpire; and in the twinkling of an eye the four swords meet; and if the seconds succeed at

once in stopping the ardour of their men, the first rally is over. Again they are placed, after a moment's breathing time, on the chalked line, and again (and in all the twelve or twenty-four times) the same ceremony is gone through. The number of the rallies increases in proportion to the intensity of the wrong to be redressed; but they seldom exceed twenty-four. The duel which I am now describing was one of that number; and exactly so many times were the champions brought together for the fight.

About the thirteenth or fourteenth time, the less vigorous of the two (who had, however, hitherto defended himself, and even taken the offensive sometimes, with great spirit) seemed suddenly to flag; an opportunity which his opponent instantly availed himself of to push him harder. In two successive attempts, he succeeded in inflicting two cuts on his adversary's right side, where a defenceless space is left, between the armpit and the armour. I should not have known it from any other symptom than two long red streaks on the white shirt, which shewed in an instant the extent and situation of the wounds. No notice was taken of it by any one; the battle was not delayed a minute; nor did the doctor even deign to take the cigar from his mouth. It was continued to the last without any further result; and the two gentlemen were then rapidly stripped of their accoutrements, in order that another pair might be clothed therewith. For as there are quarrels on hand almost *ad infinitum*, whenever a morning is fixed upon to have *one* reckoning, if no impediments occur from other quarters, and no disturbance is raised by the police, old scores are wiped off, and new sores created, by pair after pair, till dinner, or some other urgent necessity, calls them to abandon the sanguinary repast. The poor doctor is sometimes occupied incessantly, from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, in attendance at this place; and especially towards the end of the session, when a vast accumulation of wrongs has fired the hearts of the students with the desire of satisfaction. And as the right of trial by wager of battle dies, I believe, with the session, or term, these long and bloody bouts are necessary to keep down bad debts; and I am sorry to add that even Sunday was

once profaned, whilst we were there, with the perpetration of deeds of arms.

A Bavarian and a Swiss were the next pair introduced, each of whom was surrounded by a considerable number of his countrymen. I never was so much struck with the appearance of the Swiss as on that occasion. Tall, well-made, generally handsome, and dark, they form a strong contrast to the thickset, ordinary-looking, fair-haired Germans; and the comparison is vastly in favour of the sons of the mountains.

The duel was a short one, but violently and skilfully contested, and ended without loss of blood. Once seen, all is seen, in this kind of spectacle; certainly a brilliant, singular, and (though I detest the word) romantic scene. The grotesque figures, the bright colours, the flashing blades, and the whirling group, together with the gloomy light and loud echo of the room, present altogether a sight well worth the beholding. I wished sincerely for the pencil of an artist to sketch the whole scene; but, above all, that admirable character, the doctor. Would that I could take him folding his hands so comfortably, and knocking off the ashes of his cigar before the signal is given for beginning! He would be a good subject for the imitable Cruikshank, to shew how custom and use will make a man enjoy himself under the most apparently unpleasant circumstances; for I apprehend the doctor has not only to give a most unremitting attention to the two men whilst engaged, being, as he is, the supreme authority on the subject, and without whom no duel can take place, but stands there at the risk of certain severe pains and penalties, if caught aiding and abetting the proceeding. How far this surmise is correct, however, I am not prepared to say.

As soon as the second pair had "given each other "satisfaction," we got up and went away, and in our way home encountered the chain of outposts set out to communicate from one to another any symptom that the police were in motion, the last of the line having to announce it to the meeting. I confess I was ill-disposed enough to wish such a report might be brought in whilst we were there, that we might have an opportunity of seeing what effect the approach of the enemy would produce. As the Neckar must be

crossed before any one from the town can arrive at the spot, it is not a difficult matter to get such early notice of the advance of the disturbing powers, as to enable all the parties assembled to scamper away up the mountain. Sometimes, however, it happens that the police cross the Neckar at a point out of sight of the watches, by means of boats, and making a quiet circuit round the mountains, come suddenly down upon them from the summit. One of the line of sentinels is an old woman, knitting; with whose unconcerned, unconscious look, we were highly amused, as we passed on.

The battle ended, two or three questions naturally suggest themselves. Why is it that such a custom prevails exclusively in these societies? What is the meaning of it, and why is it not put down? Stripping it of its peculiarities, and regarding it as merely a habit of fighting, it prevails, I conceive, for just the same reason that boxing prevails amongst the lower forms in English public schools. Now boys fight either to protect themselves from being "bullied," or to satisfy some uncontrollable fit of anger, or because they think a reputation for courage and strength is better than to be thought clever and industrious—or, at least, that the latter is better in conjunction with the former. The same three motives, I think, keep up the custom of the duel amongst the German students. But, be it observed, it is always in an early or poor state of society, in which some deficiency is plainly to be remarked, that the propensity for fighting has much strength. Whenever, therefore, proper moral and religious feelings, and the principles of gentleman-like conduct, have gained for themselves, in any society whatever, the influence they ought always to possess, we invariably find that the previous supposed necessity for decisions *ri et armis* gradually dwindles away, and at last almost totally disappears.

I have already said that I am afraid the above mentioned feelings and principles have not yet got the hold they ought to have in a German university. There is ambition to "renown," and ambition to be a politician, and ambition to be a philosopher, and ambition to be a Radical; but little desire to be, and little exertion to become, what in England is emphatically called a *gentleman*. Feeling, then, that there is no

moral evil in constantly appealing to the sword, and ignorant that mere personal courage is the lowest, because the cheapest, of all human virtues, they still retain this practice, as silly in itself as it is unjustifiable in its principle.

Why, then, is it not put down? First, because, in the present state of those societies, there is no power in existence capable of doing away with it altogether. The university authorities would not attempt it if they could, because the odium which must fall upon the movers would put an end to any popularity they might enjoy, and so diminish their subsistence by thinning the numbers of their hearers.

Again, if the government were disposed to try the experiment, coercion would fail of complete success, unless it was accompanied by diligent efforts to remove the moral causes which keep the habit alive. Whilst those causes are in operation, the students will at all risks insult each other, and avenge themselves with the sword or pistol; and it is far from being the policy of government to imitate such a body, without being quite sure of success.

At present they could not succeed, as the king of Prussia has not succeeded at Bonn; and therefore they wink at a system which they cannot hope to control.

After all, it is perhaps not a thing to be regarded very seriously. By themselves, it is certainly looked upon much more lightly than we are apt to imagine — often in the light of an exercise, and almost a pastime — without any malicious feeling, or any thirst for blood. The danger attendant on the game gives it a zest and an excitement, which has been partly the cause of its durability. Possibly, too, government may think that, by attuning their ears to the clash of steel, they are doing something towards nursing generations of men fit to defend the beloved “vaterland;” and thus tacitly encourage this system, on the same grounds that a large stud of horses and a riding-master are kept up in each large town in the Grand Duchy, with a view to incite the *jeunes gens* to learn to ride, and so be a reserve to recruit the ranks of the cavalry, if self-defence or war should make it necessary.

A HANDFUL OF TRASH.

We sometimes find in raw and inexperienced authors a temerity that prompts them to place their lucubrations in our hands. We would rather allow them to enjoy their laurels, real or imaginary, unmolested; but when duty beckons us to execute the criminalities, we must sacrifice all tender sensibilities to stern necessity.

The first juvenile performance on our table—but the second offence perpetrated by the writer—is called by the attractive name, *The Gift for all Seasons*. Of this work we say, in the exquisite doggerel with which it opens,

“May wealth be thine, and health, and
length of days,
From age to age thy race confirmed to
see;
And peace from sea to sea, from pole to
pole,—

An empire where ne’er sits the rising
sun.”!!!

The “Valley of Abourna,” no doubt, dropped from the reticule of Miss Pardoe, and is, as its motto indicates,

“Very strange, and very sad withal.”

Never having been in the Valley of Abourna, we are not able to pronounce on the accuracy of the delineation. The article itself would pass muster in an awkward squad. The next article is a melancholy and misdirected attempt to vindicate the atheistic and infidel Shelley. It is legitimate to pronounce a panegyric on one’s genius, while it may be imperative to anathematise one’s principles. That Shelley was an ethereal and transcendental poet,—a thing of wild and brilliant

* 1. *The Gift for all Seasons*. Edited by W. Anderson, Esq., Author of “*Landscape Lyrics*.”

2. *Leaves from my Sketch-Book*. By W. Wallace, Minister of Providence Chapel, Grantham.

3. *Animal Magnetism*. By the Baron Dupotet de Sennevoy.

4. *Essays on Important Subjects*. By one of the Plymouth Brethren.

vagaries, giving hues of loveliness even to corruption, and wreathing smiles even on the blasted brow of atheism, is true. That his was an inspiration deep, unutterable, real, is undeniable; but his genius cast its halo over blasphemy, and lit up with glory the countenance of rank infidelity. He prostituted great powers to the injury of his race. His was the luxuriance of poetic genius circling and twining around the theories of Voltaire. Hume and Paine presented the grim skeleton, and Shelley clothed it, not merely with the flesh and sinews, but the gorgeous robes and the animated looks of more than ordinary mortality. Atheism is more to be reprobated in poetry than in metaphysics. To apologise for the erratic theories of such a man may be very poetic, but it must prove highly deleterious to those young persons into whose hands Mr. Anderson intends his work to be introduced. We know not whether Mr. Anderson be Protestant, Papist, or Dissenter, Jew or Turk, Tory, Radical, or Whig; or whether he be all compressed in one; and, therefore, we pronounce not on his views of the propriety or impropriety of the following profanity:—

"In unison with what better sentiments could a man situated as Shelley die, than those so feelingly expressed toward the saintly object of his sympathy?"

'Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together; and our lips,
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them.'"

This is one way of dying certainly, but it is not the Christian way; and when Mr. Anderson's contributor asks for a better way, we refer him to that old-fashioned hook the Bible, which will tell him of a "more excellent way." The same writer asks, at the conclusion of his unsound and non-sensical criticism:—

"What sweeter frame of mind can be conceived for a poet or for a Christian to die in, than is expressed in the epilogue to his death-song?"

'Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the world divine;
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.'

So shall ye live when I am there,—
So much of heaven (!) was in his mind
before," &c."

Is this book meant for the rising generation? It shall never have our sanction. It is, as far as we have gone, made up of that every-thing-you-please religion, which smiles most complacently on all creeds, and palliates every extravagance. Let men be honest, and at once say what is their faith, and stick to it.

We have just read another article in this farrago, entitled "The Influence of the Reformation on the Church of Rome," in which we know not whether to marvel most at historical inaccuracies or philosophical and moral blunders. Prior to the Reformation, we are here told, "Christianendom formed one UNDIVIDED HIERARCHY, and the COMMUNION OF SAINTS was yet ENTIRE." The sagacious writer never heard of the Greek church, the Syrian church, the Waldenses, and the Vaudois,—all at war with Rome. One undivided hierarchy! It was a perfect hell, a tempestuous vortex! Read Baronius, and Fleuri, and Dupin, the Romish historians; read the canons of the very council referred to in the second page of the article in question, to which the writer assigns the date 1433 instead of 1431; wherein Pope Eugenius is deposed, and the Duke of Saxony made Pope in his room; who again is encountered by Eugenius, at the head of another council, at Florence. Read of the duke's resignation of the triple crown, and Nicolas V. taking his place. The whole papal hierarchy was rent and torn, and ready, like a mummy, to fall to pieces at the first breath of pure air. "The communion of saints (!) was entire." The most celebrated Romish historians declare a saint to have had scarcely an existence at the period. The communion of demons would be more accurate phraseology. We have, next, encomiastic remarks on the Council of Constance.

"The ancient (*lege*, modern) mother-church exhibited at this memorable council all the *elements of Protestantism* full formed in her bosom." And, "In this council, under the trappings of Rome, the *essential principle of Protestantism displayed itself*," &c. "Here might be seen the *spirit of the Reformation* submitting to the forms and trammels of a Catholic council," &c. &c.

A common reader would infer from all this, that the Council of Constance had been exorcised of the evil spirits of Romanism, and replete with pure and undefiled Christianity. To present a practical comment on the "elements of Protestantism," "the spirit of the Reformation," "the essential principles of Protestantism," as developed in this council, we quote an extract from Session VIII., A. D. 1415:—

"This holy synod declares, defines, and records, that the same *JOHN WYLLIE* was a notorious and pertinacious heretic, and that he died in heresy, by anathematising him, and condemning his memory. And it decrees and ordains that his body and bones be dug up, and cast away from the church's burying-place."

"Session XV.—I therefore, for the foregoing, and many other causes, this holy synod pronounces the aforesaid *John Huss* to have been and to be a heretic; and by these presents does adjudge and condemn him as a judged and condemned heretic, reprobating the said appeal as injurious and scandalous, and a mockery of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Therefore this holy Council of Constance declares and decrees the same *John Huss* to be deposed and degraded from the order of the priesthood, and all other orders with which he is honoured. This holy synod of Constance, considering that the church of God hath nothing further that she can do, decrees to leave *John Huss* to the secular judgment, and that he be so left to the secular court."

In Session XXI. *Jerome of Prague* had his dose of the same tender mercies; and, to crown all, in Session XIX. the following abomination was canonised, and made infallible:—

"The present holy synod declares that no prejudice or impediment can or ought to arise by reason of any safe conduct, through the emperor, kings, or secular princes granted to any heretics, or persons under report of heresy; but that it be lawful for the competent and ecclesiastical judge, notwithstanding the said safe conduct, to inquire concerning the errors of such persons, and otherwise duly to proceed against them, and to punish them as far as justice shall advise, if they shall pertinaciously refuse to revoke their errors, even if relying on the safe conduct they shall have come to the place of judgment, to which otherwise they would not have come; nor does the person making such promises, when he shall have done all in his power, remain hence under any obligation whatsoever."

These extracts will show how worthy the atrocious Council of Constance is of panegyric in a work intended for youth and all seasons:—surely, it means, "for all opinions;" for it has a spice of most.

We quote, next, bad theology:—

"Because Calvin and Beza pushed their principle of predestination too far, the Jesuits, to try the effect of counter-irritation, went headlong into the very abyss of the Pelagian heresy. On the other hand, Luther began his career by denouncing good works as subversive of that great principle of justification by faith which he was the instrument of recovering; and the church of Geneva perverted the doctrine of predestination to the same pernicious purposes."

Calvin never pushed predestination half so far as those that claim his name. He was himself a low Calvinist. Luther never denounced, but, on the contrary, demanded, good works, as essentially characteristic of true Christianity. The Geneva church let go predestination, and plunged into Pelagianism and Socinianism, where it still welters.

It was not "a furious pontiff who had resorted to the sale of indulgences to support a licentious court." It was the elegant and refined *Leo X.*, the patron of literature, who adopted this expedient, in order to complete *St. Peter's Cathedral*.

The next article in this farrago is "The Jews." To borrow a phrase from the article itself, "you cannot superclimax itself."

"The Little Italian Boy" wants, at page 105, the decencies and the decorum of a respectable covering of good grammar. The first sentence is magnificently complex.

"Under the shade of some spreading beeches, the branches of which, stretching across the narrow pathway, formed a sort of arch over two small cottages that stood nearly opposite each other—nestled, as it were, in a corner by themselves, a group of persons had gathered, one bright summer evening, which —"

We are out of breath, and are unable to finish this sesquipedalian sentence wherewith the "Italian Boy" begins.

There is a considerable quantity of similar trash in this book; we hope it has enabled the author to pay the printer, and now to afford its pages for the bandboxes, and its prints for children's showboxes.

II. *Leaves from my Sketch-Book, in Prose and Verse, on a variety of interesting Subjects.* By Thomas Wallace, Minister of Providence Chapel, Grantham.

The motto on the title-page is a gem:—

“There are, doubtless, many faults;
If you can—forgive;
Should you see any beauties,
Do look on and smile!!!”

The preface of this book is enough to immortalise a pig. Mr. Anderson had better secure the writer's services:—

“This little volume is presented to the attention of the world with modesty, and yet with confidence. The writer offers few pretensions [possesses none]; still he does not cherish a feeling of despondency. He puts the trifle into the hands of friends [O. Y. videlicet], who cultivate emotions which are appropriate and affectionate, and he believes that they will receive it with kindness. The religious public are not altogether unacquainted with his unobtrusive compositions, and from the kind reception with which several have been honoured, he cherishes a lively hope that his present unambitious effort will not prove uninteresting or successful!!!”

Which preface concludeth with the following original Helicon:—

“Go, little book; thou'rt sent
To many a house and place;
But where thy voice is heard,
We'd see a smiling face!”

“There is a most obvious and beautiful adaptation in Christianity to the state or circumstances of the poor and unfriended, who are unnoticed by hundreds, and unknown to thousands. It uniformly gives a modesty to the deportment, and an unaffected grace and delicacy.”

“With delight, how pure and
Exquisite, have I marked thy loveliness,
And admired thy charms. On many a
rich
And glowing page, how purely have I
seen
Thy splendours, beaming chaste and
bright, shedding
Sweetest radiance on many a great
And lovely theme. But, alas! thy fair
face

* His oft been sadly marred, by debased and
P. substituted genius—not only —”

Such prose and such poetry occurring in the first six pages are enough to put the Muses mad, and draw down

the vengeance of Apollo on the luckless bard in the shape of an action for defamation, and a verdict of 10*l.* damages.

Take it all in all, we ne'er shall look upon such work again. Perhaps the following consolation to a mother on losing her child, at p. 23, is equal to it:—

“'Twas painful, indeed, for to gaze
On the babe with a fond mother's eyes;
But now all is freedom from wo,
Not a sigh escapes from the breast.”

What a sad breast to have all sighs pent up in it, and none able to get out!

“I wish you to think of the day
When your daughter shall greet you again,
Exclaiming with wonder and joy,
'No more shall these bodies feel pain.'
Then wipe off the tear from your eye;
Try to suppress the deep sigh:
You shall meet your dear infant again,
In regions of glory on high.”
(Fiddle de de, fiddle de dy.)

A Sea View. (Bathos.)

“The town was stretched beneath in all
its beauty.
Its buildings and its spires rose loftily,
And a multitude of fishing huts
Was grouped along the shore.”

A luckless Eye.

“The bold and beetling cliffs, and the
sunny,
Sandy beach, were striking to the eye;
'Twas a fit spot for painter's vivid gaze.”

Classic Prose from p. 61.

“Death always makes us feel. His approach is always solemn—his stroke is always mournful and appalling, and the influence which he exerts over the frame and the feelings is always powerful and resistless. Wherever he enters there are ‘mourning, lamentation, and wo;’ and when he ‘flings his dart,’ every face gathers sadness, and every bosom ‘fills with melancholy grief.’ Whether he remove the children of men suddenly or not—consume them by a fever, or wear them away by a consumption;—whether he cut down ‘the man of forty summers,’ or him of ‘eighty seasons,’ he compels us to feel most sensibly, because there is uniformly something peculiarly affecting and solemn in mortality.”

N.B. Forty summers in our prose make forty years, and eighty seasons make twenty years. Poetry, however, is the writer's forte, beyond all question.

"The soft and pulpy skin; the beaming
eye;
The lovely countenance; the bland, joy-
ous,
And cherubic smile—all gone. Hardened,
now
The coating of the body.
How we sobbed when we closed, with
humid earth,
The gloomy chamber; but the heart was
glad
When the eye rested on the sunny flowers
With which the grave was gemmed. We
went home heavy [wet],
But often get relieved, to see these bright
'Buds of beauty' o'er his tomb, and, we
hope,
Still fairer in our hearts.
I stood and looked to see who spake.
'Twas a man."

The author here soars so high on his Pegasus, that we have lost sight of him. At p. 71, there is a criticism on Mr. Jay, of Bath. The following is the varied character repeated and dwelt on throughout.—N.B. The words *energy* and *energetic* are applied to the preacher, and the pulpit too.

"Remarks will *energetically* apply," p. 71.

"A pointed and *energetic* conciseness," p. 72.

"With all its *energies*," p. 73.

"The solemnity, the *energy*," *ibid.*

"Plain, *energetic*," *ibid.*

"*Energetic*, decisive," p. 74.

"So *energetic*," p. 77.

"Unusual impression," p. 73.

"Impressive quotations," p. 74.

"*Impressively* stated," p. 75.

"Sort of impression," p. 77.

"*Impressive* exhibition," p. 79.

"Most *impressively*," *ibid.*

["Favete linguis carmina non prius,
Audita musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto."]

Music on the Water.

"How sweet sounds the music
Melting o'er the stream,
Now swelling, now falling,
Like the change of a dream!
While clear human voices
Gently steal o'er the deep,
As though they were hushing
The wide waters to sleep.

The light and swift pinnace
Softly goes o'er the wave,
As if it were dreaming
To sweet sounds that enslave.
We listen, we listen,
And how happy are all
Who hear this sweet music
As the measured oars fall.

The waters stretch widely,
Scarce a ripple is seen;
The pure *havens* all azure,
And the earth's robe is green;
The sunbeams most broadly
Are cast on the water,
While the music expressed
Seems Harmony's daughter!"

A Criticism.

"The three mountains,' so delight-
fully familiar to hundreds, which has im-
parted exquisite and purest tranquillity
to thousands."

To the Ladies of Grantham.

"Your pardon, I am sure,
Dear girls, you will send,
To him who now utters
Bland words of a friend.
'Tis delightful to all
To breathe a warm prayer,
For those who our kindness
Should cordially share.

Much health, then, I wish you,
And vigour of frame, (!)
May many a bright smile
Put envy to shame.
May the face sweetly bloom,
The eye e'er be bright,
Diffusing around you
A mild sunny light.

Still beauty and vigour, (!)
Should ne'er be alone;
May mind then aye give them
Their most beauteous tone.

The moment is speeding—

'Tis winging its way;

Dear girls, I beseech you,
Consider the day."

[When papa shall give you
In marriage away.]

The last two lines, in our great liberality, we have supplied; we trust we have hit upon the "day" the author, in his "fine frenzy," intended. If we have mistaken it, we are sure the "dear girls" will prefer our kind guess.

The following threnody is marvel-
lously musical and poetical:—

"Dear little creature! thee we'll take
Down to the realm of death with smiles,
Thinking how vast's the sum of wo
Thou'st 'scaped, and all the serpent's
wiles.

And while we feel, when thy sweet frame
With clayey earth is covered o'er;
Still we will not despairing cry,
But go, and try to weep no more."

The rhymes "wo" and "o'er" are exquisite. The delicacies of pure Cockneyism latent, save to a keen dis-

crimination, are here evident. "Wo" is, for rhyme's sake, to be pronounced as in Cockneydom "wor."

To a Newly-Married Couple.

"Sunny the bloom on your cheek,
And firmly your nerves be all strung,
And when in a desert men range—
May God make an Eden for you."

From these lines we justly infer that the wife was a woman, but the husband an Epicene, as he does not belong to the catalogue of men.

III. *An Introduction to the Study of Animal Magnetism.* By the Baron Dupotet de Senevoy.

John Bull has an instinct full of sympathy with medical quackery. From Mesmer's pills to Dupotet's Mesmerism, John's pocket is emphatically pickable. Generally speaking, he hates political and poetical quackery, but shuts his eyes and his pockets to any impudent rogue who professes to render him immortal by a pill.

Of all recent attempts to gull John Bull, the most prodigious is the revival of the old humbug, Animal Magnetism. That there is some power produced on the nervous system of weak and susceptible patients by a constant waving of the hand before their eyes is true, but that any sanative effects are produced is as decidedly untrue. If one wants a caricature of the whole empiricism, one should read the baron's book. It is the Kantism of Mesmerism,—the transcendentalism of magnetism,—the most elaborate condensation of nonsense any German quack ever perpetrated. Hear his opening warning—his flourish of trumpets:—

"Let those, therefore, who are about to enter on this investigation, not prematurely exclaim, 'Extraordinary! impossible!'"

"When an individual subjects himself to the magnetic operation, the change which is thereby produced on his habitual mode of being is often very sudden and manifest, but more frequently it is necessary for the magnetiser to persevere for awhile before any ostensible effect is produced. This will depend, it is obvious, on the power of the magnetiser, and the susceptibility of the person magnetised; but although in some cases no effect be externally manifested, it will, in the sequel, be found that no individual can magnetise another without producing

some change in his organisation; nay, sometimes, the effect of the magnetic action is not felt until some time after the operation [the person discovers, probably, the loss of a great toe, or his head turned right round, or some similar 'change in his organisation.'] The symptoms most commonly induced on the magnetisee are the following:—Slight puckering and winking of the eyelids—an increase, or perhaps diminution, in the pulsations of the heart—a sensible alteration in the temperature of the body—the cheeks sometimes are flushed, or extremely pale. The expression of the countenance, indeed, undergoes a remarkable change. Stretchings of the limbs and deep yawnings succeed; a gurgling noise (*lomborguons*) is often heard in the throat. The eyelids of the magnetisee appear spasmodically affected. His head, by its own weight, inclines forward upon the chest, or, more rarely, is thrown backwards. His eyelids are generally half open, and the eyeball moves slowly in the socket. Drops of mucus fall from the lips—the lips become cold. To disturb any one in this state is highly improper, for contractions may be thereby occasioned, which, the credulity of the idle, and their wanton interference with persons in a magnetic state, may, when they are least aware of it, lead to dangerous consequences."

This last caution is added for very obvious ends. This science is the *bean ideal* of clairvoyances.

We will give our own theories and experience of the subject, with *practical* illustrations.

A young man was placed on the magnetic chair, and the magnetic performances began. For twenty minutes no effect was produced—pulse 70—respiration long-drawn, or regular. A penny of the reign of George IV. was placed in his right hand. There was instantly slight pricking of the eyes, a spasmodic contraction of the forefinger of the right hand, and an *itching* in the palm of the left hand. A fourpenny piece was then placed in the left hand, and two fingers were spasmodically closed on it. Pulse rose to 75—respiration unchanged—eyes fastened mysteriously on the right hand, and with melancholy on the left, and wistfully at the magnetiser.

A half-crown was then put in the right hand, and a crown-piece in the left; and, immediately after this slight change in the *modus operandi*, the magnetisee closed his eyes, stretched out the muscles of his legs, and deposited

simultaneously the penny and the four-penny in his breeches' pocket. The pathology of the case was striking. A *bruissement* was audible in the epigastric region; somnambulism was gradually superinduced, without, however, any manifestations of lucidity. The *passes* were continued by the magnetiser; and the assistant operator introduced a SOVEREIGN into each hand. The tension of every fibre became extreme—palpitation of the heart, ringing in the ears, thrilling sensations in each palm—he was wholly *en rapport clairvoyance*; and insight into the future instantly ensued. He saw in bright perspective a pair of new trousers, a 4s. 9d. hat, and mutton chops for dinner; and all this at least five miles from a hatter, draper, or cook-shop. A strong impression was produced on all the witnesses; which was augmented by the magnetiser's interesting lecture on the comparative Mesmeric influences of metallic stimuli. He showed that the magnetic power was in the ratio of the value of the metal.

Shelley was once magnetised by a young lady, to whom he was tenderly attached: the magnetic influence that flowed from the fair magnetiser's finger was instantly effective. The poet reprieved the lady thus addressing himself during the interesting operation:

"Sleep on, sleep on, forget thy pain—
My hand is on thy brow;
My spirit on thy brain;
My pity on thy heart, poor friend;
And from my fingers flow," &c.

Byron evidently believed animal magnetism to be the oldest form of medicine, as the following language of Adam plainly indicates:

"I cannot answer this immortal thing
Which stands before me; I can not abhor
him;

I look upon him with a pleasing fear,
And yet I fly not from him: in his eye
There is a fastening attraction, which
Fixes my fluttering eyes on his; my heart
Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws me
nearer.

Nearer, and nearer."

Coleridge also, in his magnificent *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*, attributes to the mariner the Mesmeric virtue:

"He holds him with his skinny hand:
'There was a ship,' quoth he—
'Hold off—unhand me—graybeard loon!
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

*He holds him with his glittering eye,—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The mariner hath his will.
The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner."*

We would recommend a trial of the effects of magnetism in "the House." If Joseph Hume, Daniel O'Connell, and the tail in general, could only magnetise the members for three hours, they would be able to disburden themselves of their long and weary lucubrations without an interruption. The following case, quoted by the baron, is sufficient to stigmatise the whole thing as arrant quackery.

"Deleure relates the case of a lady who was afflicted with a very serious complaint; and, despairing of relief from the ordinary resources of medicine, she applied to a magnetiser, who agreed to undertake her treatment. He accordingly did magnetise her during three or four months; and, when visiting her one day, said he was afraid that he should not be able to magnetise her, as he was himself very much indisposed. She then proposed to magnetise him. He consented; and in a quarter of an hour he became somnambulant. He requested that his eyes might not be bandaged, as he thought he should then be able to see better. The lady then requested that he would examine himself, and endeavour to discover how his sufferings might be relieved. He answered, 'I have too little fortitude, and am easily affected. My complaint is trifling, and I shall be well to-morrow. It is you that I must examine. But how fortunate it is that you have made me somnambulant. Henceforth we shall always commence our magnetic treatment in this manner; and I assure you that you will be attended to.' From that period, the lady constantly set her magnetiser asleep every day; and, in consequence of following his prescriptions while in a state of somnambulism, her complaint (A SCIRRHUS) WAS REMOVED."

This fact is not sufficient to injure science; it is more than sufficient to settle such empiricism.

IV. *Essays on the Most Important Subjects, and Thoughts on Religious Establishments*

This is one among many of those restless impertinences which issue from men who are dissatisfied with all sects, and systems, and satisfied with themselves. They profess to retire from all,

and yet prove how true it is that this apparent secession from all is but another name for a new sect. *The Plymouth brethren* profess to have given up sectarianism of every stamp, by constituting themselves into one of the most bigoted of all the sects. Let us hear the sweeping anathemas of this new Pope, this Infallible General Council:

"What I denounce as antichristian is not this or that corruption in the establishment; nor is it the religious establishment of England, nor the religious establishment of Scotland, nor the religious establishment of Canada. It is the generic thing of a religious establishment. The thing, *per se*, cannot but be antichristian. The thing is a thing of this world; it is a thing of man's framing. And when such a thing is put forward as Christianity, Christians [*i. e.* the Plymouth brethren] are called to discern in it the man of sin usurping the prerogative of God."

Let not the Dissenters, however, flatter themselves that the new sectarians are exactly full auxiliaries. They go so far; but they outstrip even Mr. Burnett of Camberwell.

"But there are dissenting churches, and are not they to be viewed with a more favourable eye? Not merely because they are dissenting churches. Presbyterians, for instance, are dissenters here, and Episcopalians of this country are dissenters in Scotland. Many dissenters would fain have their sect the establishment, if they could; and any religion that is capable of being established by human legislature must be essentially different from the religion of Christ. If we look at the various dissenting communities, we find the same [query, vastly more?] clerical assumption as in the establishment."

Let any one read the following self-conceit, and doubt if the author has more than a modicum of charity:

"Some, indeed, go very far in their preaching, in asserting something like the Gospel of Christ, for they find it necessary to keep up their characters as *evangelical preachers*; but having said enough for that object in one part of their discourse, they proceed more seriously then to clear themselves from the imputation of having really meant what they had seemed to say. They are in a hurry to bring forward the guards and qualifications of their Gospel; to prove that they did not intend to say anything joyful to the wicked and ill-disposed; and in their solicitude for the interests of human goodness—or, as they style it, holiness—they manifest the most lively apprehension lest what they said at first should be understood as not asserting the necessity of this. Well, such preachers deceive many: but we have the highest authority for being assured that they shall not be allowed to deceive the elect of God. And, indeed, to those who know the apostolic Gospel, it may be sufficiently evident that these men disbelieve it, however fairly they talk at times; otherwise, they would have no uneasiness lest it should produce bad effects in men's minds."

Parkhurst, the Hebrew lexicographer, according to the sect, has "unblushing hardihood." Andrew Fuller "takes a lead in the work of perplexing and corrupting the Gospel." Cruden, in his *Concordance*, "gives every meaning save the right one."

We have thus presented our readers a handful of trash—pure trash, from beginning to end. We have given the authors a few salutary hints, and ourselves a little extra labour.

CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH, ON MANNERS, FASHIONS,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

DRESS AND ADDRESS.

WHEN the regiment, in which we began our military career, was stationed in Guiana, it was not unusual for parties of officers to make excursions into the interior of the country, by ascending some of the magnificent rivers which traverse that much-neglected and extraordinary land: for extraordinary it certainly is to the European eye. Fancy one vast alluvial plain, extending from the very roots of the Andes to the shores of the Atlantic, intersected by countless rivers, having more the appearance of slumbering lakes of endless length, than of rushing streams; and the soil covered with a richness, grandeur, and luxuriance of vegetation, that make the wanderer of the temperate zone fancy himself intruding into regions destined for beings of a loftier class than his own. Nature sports with her creative strength in those lands of the sun. Along the borders of the forest-clad rivers, trees of gigantic size are pressed, tree above tree, far into the bosom of the stream; creeping plants, of strength tremendous, link them together, as if to arrest their further intrusion upon the waters; while the thick underwood, filling up the intervals between the trunks, often forms the whole into one dark, solid, and impenetrable mass of living vegetation, extending for miles together.

But then how still, tranquil, and solemn is the scene, where an opening admits you into the recesses of the forest! Trees of a mightier world raising their thickly fringed boughs high in air through those clear, azure, and transparent skies, surround you on every side; the creeping plants festoon them together at a wondrous elevation, and seem to form the very vaults of nature's temple. The stillness of ages that rests upon the wilderness is awful and oppressive; the voice of man hardly disturbs it, and even the reports of his death-dealing engines will not reverberate upon the air, but sink echoless, within the narrowest possible bound. I have stood beneath the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's and in the mouldering temples of Pæstum; I have seen in their splendour

the noblest edifices raised by Christian piety, as well as those which the ivied hand of time has adorned, and rendered more heart-striking in decay than they had been in the brightest days of pagan glory: but whatever emotions they may call forth—and few can behold them without being deeply moved—the impressions they occasion will be feeble, indeed, compared to those inspired by the tranquil sublimity of a tropical forest. The power and grandeur of nature is there impressed upon you by every object you behold: even the huge-leaved herbage of the scene is awful; it is not trampled scornfully under foot, but seems to debar your advance as an intrusion, to vie with you in height, and makes you see, as well as feel, the utter littleness of man. There is an humbling of the heart experienced in these silent solitudes, a consciousness of the vanity of all earthly pursuits, and a greater tendency to sink down in mute admiration of the mighty Creator of so beautiful a world, than in any other situation in which it is possible to be placed.

But though silent, the region is full of life. When the tropical moon fails to pour its flood of light on the landscape, swarms of fireflies sparkle brightly through the darkness of night: by day, millions of brilliantly plumaged birds fill the air: they are tuneless indeed, but not voiceless, for thousands of chattering parrots and paroquets hail the rising sun and early morn from every grove and bush. The rivers swarm with living things, of all imaginable forms and sizes; from huge but harmless snakes, and monsters of unsightly shapes, down to the nimblest fish that swims, whose golden scales shine through the leaf-tinted water in which he sports along. The plain, the reeds, the grass, the bushes, the very soil is rife with life, and filled with creeping, crawling, and with bounding things, that must be displaced at every step, and cannot always be displaced without danger; for the treacherous snake * hides his glittering scales beneath the many-tinted flower of the

* The large water-snakes of Guiana, and, I believe, the small ones also, are considered perfectly harmless. But, besides rattle-snakes, there are several kinds of land snakes, which are very venomous.

wilderness, and the wily leopard crouches under the huge leaves of its gigantic herbage.

Some will ask what the woods of Guiana can have to do with "Dress and Address:" but you know, that to the eyes of a philosopher nature is the same, whether in the forests of Demerara or in the drawing-rooms of Grosvenor Square; and that the wise of the world—and your contributors are necessarily the wisest of the wise—can discover coxcombry in a savage as easily as in a dandy, and illustrate the doings of a duchess even by the sayings of a squaw. During one of the excursions mentioned, a party of us were lingering in an Indian hut, the inhabitants of which were all men, women, and children, huddled together, half sitting, half lounging, in the large grass hammocks of the country, staring at us with the stupid phlegmatic stare for which the dull, but harmless Arowaque, is distinguished. Little was said on either side; and even the smile which the young girls could not altogether suppress, left the muscles of the face unmoved, and never extended beyond the eye: as to the men, I never, I think, saw an Indian smile. You thus see that even in the woods women are, as I have often told you, superior to us birds of the creation: it was a light-hearted, buoyant disposition, a natural hilarity of feeling, that made the little bronettes smile; it was dñness, mixed up perhaps with some foolish notion of dignity, that kept the men immovably grave. While thus engaged in nothing, one of the Indians, who was evidently a leading man among them, began to criticise my dress, and to point it out to his countrymen, who clearly agreed with him that it was a very stupid and useless attire. At last, examining my hat and taking hold of my jacket, he asked, through the medium of our interpreter, why I encumbered myself with all those things, and did not follow his example and grease myself over with red paint, like an Indian, and fill my hair with the blue dirt, which makes an Arowaque's head look exactly like a huge mop made of blue rags? I told him it was because our king had no taste in such matters, otherwise he would make his soldiers follow the Indian fashion, which was clearly the best. This satisfied all parties, and there the matter rested.

Some months afterwards, this same "stoic of the woods" called upon me at the fort, offering as usual Indian curiosities for sale. I was willing to pur-

chase; but it is not easy to bargain with these people, for they have no idea of relative value, and will as soon ask you for your best fifty guinea double-barrelled Manton as for a bottle of rum or a flask of gunpowder. On this occasion, however, the Indian took a fancy for the strangest decoration that was ever placed on the head of mortal man, and one that would have done honor to Grimaldi himself. At the period of which I am speaking, cocked hats were still the regulation for the infantry officer; but in the West Indies they were always consigned to the moths and the cockroaches, and rational round hats, with feathers, substituted in their stead. My best Bicknell had been punched into wadding for my gun—(I no longer approve of felt-wadding, however; it is too hard)—but, from whim or accident, it was allowed to retain its cockade, shape, and gold tassels; being, in fact, as airy and transparent a hat as if it had been made even of a fisherman's net. It attracted the Indian's notice, and he asked what it was. I put it on his head, and told him that it was the very sort of hat King George himself wore in England. This was enough for the "stoic;" he insisted on having it as part of his bargain, and was no sooner in possession of the treasure than he saluted forth with it on his head, delighted himself, and envied and admired by the whole party of his countrymen.

Now, please to admire this philosopher of the wilderness. He afflicted the greatest contempt for dress and ornament; but no sooner found the means of gratifying his fancy for show and display within reach, than he seized upon them with the utmost avidity. And so it is with a great portion of my "pensive public," who affect a stoical indifference to dress and outward appearance,—and sometimes study hard, nevertheless, to set themselves off to the best advantage,—whether by primness, plainness, slovenliness, or rags; for I have seen even rags and filthiness affected, though only by men of known fortune, who, being fools by nature, wished to be thought clever and profound by rags. The fact, is that people all wish to look well, and strive (and very properly so) to make themselves look well. The misfortune is, that few have any real taste and genius for dress; and become, therefore, the mere slaves of fashion, and follow its dictates in utter forgetfulness that the reigning fashion may not become them, may make them

look frightful, and that more fashions have really been invented for concealing the deformities of leading individuals in the world of fashion, than for the purpose of setting off personal advantages. In this respect we are, perhaps, mending a little, as fashion is now an oligarchy rather than an absolute autocracy. At one time, princes and kings sat not only on the thrones of realms, but on the throne of fashion also. George IV., when Prince of Wales, was the leader of half the tasteless fashion of his time; but being totally destitute of taste, not having one gentlemanlike feeling or sentiment about him, he not only outlived his fashions, but lived to become unfashionable himself; and though aspiring, as his greatest glory, to be thought the first gentleman of the age, is now rightly considered to have been no gentleman at all. But though fashion is no longer ruled over by an autocrat,—unless when some one starts up like Brummel, and usurps the throne by mere force of genius,—it is not more liberal and enlightened on that account; for the government is irresponsible, and, as all wish to be thought members of the executive, there is no real opposition: so that, owing to the mere necessity of submitting to the oligarchical despotism, men and women are content to disfigure and make frights of themselves, in more ways than I can stop to describe.

A pretty young girl, with a slender and youthful figure, will, of course, be pretty in almost any costume; but taken in the mass, the fair sex never appeared to so much disadvantage as in the old-fashioned grandmamma dress which they attempted to revive a few years ago. I intended to have shewn it up at the time, and had written a paper for your magazine on the very subject; but some young ladies, who had just got new dresses for a ball, bought up the article, at a price for which I should be glad to write all my life.

Of the influence of fashion on manners generally, I have often spoken before; at present, I have only to do with Dress and Address, as they ought to go together: that they form a theme more difficult than any which can be discovered in the Kantian philosophy, I need not tell you. There are at present so many middling tailors about town, that most men of any figure may obtain the appearance of being what is called "well dressed;" but, then, there is a prodigious difference between the really

and apparently well-dressed man; and though it may not be easy to make the difference intelligible by description, any judge will detect it at first sight.

• The really well-dressed man may not be dressed in the extreme of fashion, but his clothes will sit easily upon him; there will be nothing stiff, tight, or *gêne* in their make, and they will be sure to harmonise, in cut as well as in colour, with the figure, size, and complexion of the wearer. There will be an absence of show and glitter, which never can be made to suit the natural simplicity of modern costume: all attempts at finery with the present dress evince bad taste; and whenever you see a coat attract more notice than the owner, you may safely declare the whole turn-out to be a complete failure. The well-dressed man will have neither chains, rings, brooches, nor gold spangles about him; he will wear neither open-worked stockings, white satin cravats, new-fashioned frills, nor embroidered shirt-fronts—no one will call attention to his dress; but in speaking of him it will often be remarked, "That is always a well-dressed man." Some friends of mine have, I know, fine diamond brooches; and in a black satin stock I have no objection to see a fine brilliant worn, but not a fragment beyond a single stone; and even that can be tolerated only in a black satin stock, which is itself only tolerated for want of something better. I confess that, for my own part, I like to see a full quantity of white—brilliantly white—shirt displayed at the breast; but am not well satisfied with any of the modes in which it has hitherto been shewn. As to the black satin stock, it is a stiff-looking affair; and stiffness and awkwardness are necessarily synonymous. I should therefore be glad to see it altered, and think that there must be some soft, fleecy, gauzy kind of black silk, corresponding in texture to the old white India muslin cravats which George IV. patronised, and which fell, as the first victims of Brummel's revenge, when the prince offended the dandy.

The present tendency to tightness in dress is greatly objectionable, evincing a total want of taste, not to say of decency. No one who has ever been in the East, and had occasion to admire the graceful and flowing drapery of the Orientals, as it was at least before the late innovations of Sultan Mahmoud, would ever expose himself to be called "a wearer of tight breeches;" a regular

and deserved term of reproach all over the boundless East. Look at the costumes of the last half century, and see the graceless, angular, and indecent figures cut by the "bucks" of the latter years of George III., to which we are hastening back. Tailors find it easier to make tight trousers than wide flowing ones,—a snip let out the secret in taking my measure,—and they have more influence over fashion than is generally supposed; they therefore mould it to the form that suits them best, both as to profit and convenience, and the less cloth they give you the more they make by you. Besides, if you are in your tailor's debt, he is sure to give you short measure, knowing that you dare not remonstrate: if therefore you wish to be well dressed, take care to keep your tailor under command; that is, never let your bill outgrow your means of instantly discharging the rebel if he presumes to have a will or taste of his own. To be ill-dressed is not only discreditable to an individual, but, if bad taste becomes general, it casts a reflection on the age and nation to which the tasteless belong.

Go into any family portrait gallery and look at the frizzled, powdered heads; the tight silk inexpressibles, of every colour, from black and blue to pea-green and pink; the long-lapelled, embroidered waistcoats, and spangled and single-breasted coats to match,—and then compare the finical beings who thus made God's image ridiculous, with the men of the Vandyke age, and tell us what you think of the respective generations. Indeed, I have always considered the period which intervened between the last of the Christian beards,—they went out about the end of the great civil and religious wars of the seventeenth century,—down to the fall of the pigtails, that died some twenty or thirty years ago, to have been a poor and shallow one, and well represented by the costumes its heroes seem to have worn. It was a period of clever little men, but not of great men; for you hardly ever see a first-rate countenance look out from beneath the full bottomed wig of Queen Anne's time, any more than from under the powdered *toupee* of George III.'s reign. On the other hand, what splendid faces are *fortiori* rising above the beards of the olden time! Can any thing exceed the mild, beautiful, and high intellectual countenance of Shakspeare, as deli-

neated in the picture of Houbracken? And then, what a simple and elegant costume! Look at Vandyke's portrait of Wallenstein, and the greatest genius of his time and country, the man of unfathomable mind, the protector and the dread of kings, stands at once confessed to view. Turn to his great adversary, Gustavus Adolphus, painted by the same mighty master, and the chivalrous soldier, the Christian hero, honoured and admired even of his foes, is instantly recognized. The elegant attire in which our own unhappy Charles I. is painted, gives even a tinge of greatness to his handsome, pensive, but melancholy face and foredoomed look.

Now, an age should really be able to shew some faces of the kind, and properly set off by a respectable dress; but this is so far from being the case at present, that Sir Thomas Lawrence always tried to cloak his heroes, and keep them as much out of sight as possible.

Some persons like to be painted in military uniforms;—strapped, sashed, buckled, belted, into the tight ungainly regulation-coats, though these are the most unhappy and disfiguring dresses that can possibly be assumed,—for they are all glare, stare, stiffness, and angularity;—the stiff, dog-collared-encased-neck, would alone spoil an Adonis. As to the broad-topped schako, with its round apple-dumpling tuft, it is as heavy to wear as to look at; and has, besides, the double advantage of leaving the head as completely exposed to sun, wind, and rain, as to the sabres of the enemy. This theory of uniforms is rather new, you will say; but it is true nevertheless: a modern uniform will perhaps set off an insignificant-looking man, and bring him up to the level of his betters; but a really good-looking man always looks best in plain clothes. Women often desire to see you in uniform; I advise them, however, always to have a look at the dear man in plain clothes before they decide: "a word," not to the wise, "but from the wise." If uniforms do not, however, set off individuals, a sprinkling of red-coats sets off a ball-room to advantage, owing to the dark, dark, and ever dark hues of modern costume. It was to break this black spell which has come over society, that I formerly proposed that silk trousers, of whatever colour or pattern you please, should be worn as full dress in summer, having silk shawl waistcoats to match. I shall make my

appearance in the proper attire in due time. As to the present dress-coat, it is not good, but must serve till something better can be invented; for ordinary morning work, the single-breasted surtout is very well. But no schneider, except my own, has succeeded in making a proper riding-coat. I was greatly afflicted in seeing so many failures last summer, notwithstanding the particular directions I had given on the subject, and which must here be repeated. A riding-coat is single-breasted of course, has rather a large and full collar, and must be cut straight down from the throat,—mark, straight down, to the last button but one of the waistcoat; it is then cut abruptly away over the hips, like a uniform coat, being only broader at the skirts. If you have any thing of a figure, this is the dress, and should be worn with wide well-strapped-down and broad-lapped trousers. When made of cloth, trousers must always be of a very dark colour; no light-coloured trousers can possibly pass examination.

In summer, you may give the reins to fancy in this respect, though slightly, of course; taking care never to wear checked trousers—detestable things, in which no man of taste should be seen without losing caste. The proper shape of a hat is a very difficult affair, and must depend on the face and figure of the wearer; but as all the world will follow the same fashion, some must, of course, consent to be made abundantly ridiculous. The present fashion commands, that a hat shall be broad at the top and wide at the brim; and, for a guinea and a half, Williams of New Bond Street will turn out as neat an article of the kind as need be: but how will our friend Dumpkins, who only stands four feet nine inches in his high-heeled hussar boots, and whose head is large enough for a man of six feet three, look in such an unwieldy topper? And yet our unhappy friend is forced to wear one. For the general mass, the most becoming hats were those formerly known under the name of Petershams. The present hat should be called the Anglesea, for the marquess was the first who sported them; and as he has rather a small head and a good person, they suit him very well. But phrenology has put small heads out of fashion; and since we have been told that little heads indicate little brains and less knowledge, we must leave off

wearing hats that can only look well upon blockheads. I recollect an eccentric nobleman, who always made it a rule to come late to dinner parties, in order that, in passing through the hall, he might try on the hats of the different guests present, and thus ascertain what intellectual rank he would hold in the company. When this theory of the large heads was discussed in Paris, a few years ago, a philosophic hatter nearly got his own head broken for allowing his phrenological zeal so far to get the better of his patriotism, as to declare that English heads were generally larger than French heads: he had supplied some English regiments with new caps during the time of the occupation, and spoke from good measurement:—all France was indignant. The Bonapartists, also, were greatly taken aback by this new doctrine; for it proved on inspection that the cast of Napoleon's head, taken after his death at St. Helena, represented a very ordinary head indeed, bearing but feeble resemblance to the grand and magnificent head that painters, statuary, and engravers had usually bestowed upon him.

To return to hats, however. I expect that the "Sabertash" hat will eclipse both the "Petersham" and the "Anglesea;" the following is its shape. The brim is broad—broader, indeed, than usual—but departing, of course, on the height of the wearer; it is greatly bent down before and behind, but has little turn-up on the sides. The crown is not exactly low—for low crowns on tall men look ridiculous—but low enough not to appear high and heavy; instead of widening at the top, it narrows, not for the purpose of assuming a distinctly conical shape, but merely to have a light and airy look. Try this hat with the coat before described—the "Sabertash Costume," in fact; and if you are not then "the thing," give up the subject of dress altogether: for you may depend upon it, that your case is hopeless. And now, as to boots.

I never could comprehend how, in an age that pretends so much to enlightened philanthropy, the race of modern boot makers should so long have escaped extermination; for assuredly, no race, or class of men, ever inflicted so much suffering on mankind as the sons of Crispin have done. Breathes there the man, who has never suffered from the pain of a corn, or the pressure

of a boot? And yet, where is the remedy? Ask the ablest surgeon in London to relieve you from the pain of a corn, and he will tell you that he would soon be the richest man in England if he could effect such a cure. And yet the torturers are allowed to exist, and to persevere in their practice, though we pretend to have abolished torture altogether. Talk of the tortures inflicted by the Inquisition, indeed! why, the Inquisition only martyred a few individuals from time to time, to keep their hands in, whereas shoemakers torture the whole race of shoe-wearing men.

And what is the object the miscreants have in view by such conduct? Not to inflict torture, certainly, for they could gain nothing by it; besides which, some of the artists are Christians at heart. No, their sole object is to turn out a "neat article," a something that shall look well in a shop window, and captivate the fancy of some unwary passenger. As to the form and figure of a foot, they care absolutely nothing about it; and if a law, inflicting capital punishment on the offenders, cannot be obtained—the dandies in the House of Commons being mostly under the lash of their tradesmen's long bills—the tread-mill, at least, should punish every one whose customer could produce a corn; the jury in all cases to be composed of sufferers. The foot never looks so ill as when cramped into a boot or shoe that is too small; and yet the great fault of all bootmakers is, that they make boots too short, and too tight across the toes, and where the foot expands in walking. They never allow half enough for the stretching of a foot in length, and make no allowance for its stretching in breadth; still less to its form and figure, as they give to all boots and shoes exactly the same shape and proportions. Nor can you judge of the matter yourself, when you try on the boot; for your foot is then at rest, and does not expand, and you fancy that the article fits you like a glove, and only find your error after your first half-hour's walk, and when it can no longer be remedied; for Crispin tells you that he cannot take back a boot that has been worn, and which he assures you will, after a few days, fit like a silk stocking: that is after you have suffered torture for days and weeks, metamorphosed your feet into stretchers for ill-made boots, and laid the foundation for corns

that will be sure to plague you for years. And yet such criminals are allowed to escape the tread-mill! I am told that quantities of boots are now imported from France, many thousand pairs annually, and that most travelling dandies lay in a stock on leaving Paris. It may be so, but I never saw a well-made boot in France; and though French boots certainly cost less money than English ones, they are far from being cheaper in the end. No, no; gloves and silk stocks are the only articles of gentlemanlike apparel that can be obtained in France.

And now, having discoursed about Dress, let us say a word of Address,—a topic of equal importance, and certainly of equal difficulty. Half the world, I suspect, judge of the other half by their first appearance and address; and, to tell you the truth, I am not certain that it is a bad way of judging. I would strongly recommend all young ladies, who are wavering between "Yes" and "No," to recollect what they thought of the "dear fellow" the first time they saw him, before assiduity had produced any effect: let them ask themselves the question fairly, practice no self-deception upon their own hearts, and trifle with their future happiness, and they will be sure to obtain some just information. For the impression, however slight, made by a stranger on a totally unbiassed mind, will generally be a just one, and shows how important it is to have a good address. Like dress, address must in a great measure depend upon the look, figure, and character of the individual. A man of tall, stately figure, and reflective mien, would seem foolish, were he to present himself with the rolling air, smirking, knowing, half-leering look, that might become a short, fat, rubicund *bon vivant* and merry companion; even as the latter would be laughed at, were he to assume the measured step and dignified deportment of the former. The light, on-point-of-toe-advancing step, the simpering, smiling bow cast round the circle, with the half-dandy, half dancing-master air, may suit foreigners, and it is in their way; but never can become an Englishman. Whether good or bad, there is too much character about us for such display; and though I have lately seen some travelled young men of rank attempt to take up the fashion, it has always proved a failure, because there was something

of a want of dignity about it. Address is therefore a matter of tact, as dress is of taste, and cannot be taught by exact rules: we can only lay down general principles, and even their just application requires a degree of self-knowledge which we do not meet with every day.

I never, for my own part, enter a room in which a pleasant party is assembled, that I do not feel greatly disposed to bound right up to the lady of the house, to jump over chairs and tables, or any obstacles that may impede my progress, to give her a grand grenadier shake of the hand, and thank her for asking me to so charming a party; my next wish,—giving bores, vulgaritians, and affected people the cut direct in good Royal Grenadier style,—is to turn round to the prettiest girl in the room, and say as many fine things as I can possibly think of. But modern *ton* does not well admit this kind of deportment: we are bound to suppress all extreme emotions; for to display extreme pleasure and delight in the conversation of one person, or set of persons, renders the mere politeness with which we might treat others, complete rudeness by the contrast, and must therefore be carefully avoided; because, as I told you in my last, there never can be any merit in rudeness, whatever some person may think of it, for any boor can be just as rude as the most perfect exclusive in the land.

But as it is not enough to abstain from rudeness, direct or indirect, and as you cannot do the ultra-agreeable to all, because you would be laughed at by all, and voted a bore by the many; the question is how to regulate your deportment, so as to be agreeable—at least, respected by all, and disagreeable to none, except to those who may secretly envy your success with some pretty girl, or general reputation in society? This *juste milieu* line of conduct may not, perhaps, be an easy one to the multitude; but I do think it is attainable nevertheless; and if you are totally unaffected, and strive, without overdoing the thing, to please and be pleased, the chances are that you will succeed—as far, at least, as success is within your reach. Never attempt to copy the manners of another; such second-hand imitations always look foolish. Avoid affectation, as certain ruin—it is the bane of the rising generation; for, whether you affect the man of consequence—the exquisite,

exclusive, or superlative—you will be sure to appear superlatively ridiculous the moment you come within the observation of any one possessing the least knowledge of the world. As to the affectation of singularity, it is only the first step towards acting the buffoon. Try, therefore, to be polite, good-humoured, and unassuming: and if you cannot make this simple effort, you have certainly no business in society.

As to mere-manner, I should say that a certain kind of stoicism is necessary to a good and elegant address. The perfectly well-bred man suppresses all display of violent emotion, whether of pleasure or of pain; and preserves a calm, mild, tranquil, and dignified deportment, as free from stiffness as from *hauteur*: for *hauteur* and vulgar familiarity stand exactly on the same level. The man of whom we are speaking shews, without effort, his wish to please and be pleased; keeps frivolity aloof by stately and reserved politeness, while his general manner proves that, incapable of rudeness himself, he submits to none from others. With tact, good sense, and good feeling, all this is not only easy—it is perfectly natural: but the moment you allow envy or uncharitableness to get the better of you, it is not even to be acted. In the mass, women have far more elegance and agreeableness of address than men; simply, I suppose, because they have less affectation, and more cleverness and good feeling: you often see women who are less graceful, or pleasing in their manners than others, but you seldom see them absolutely ungraceful, even when a little awkward for want of practice in society; and it is rarely, indeed, that you find them absolutely rude and boorish.

This matter of Address reminds me of an anecdote I lately read in Mrs. Broughton's *Six Years' Residence at Algiers*; a very charming and delightful book, which I recommend every body to peruse without delay. In my last, you may recollect that I pointed out the want of *tact* displayed by great wits and great reviewers. Let me now shew you how a Turk can make a good speech, at proper time and place. It is not unusual, in the East, for men of high rank to keep young lions about them, as we keep terriers and Newfoundland dogs about our houses and apartments. When Col. Blankely, Mrs. Broughton's father, was consul at Algiers, the dey happened to have a

pet lion, nearly full grown, who had taken an unaccountable dislike to the colonel's red coat, which he never failed to salute with a growl and a threatening display of very fine white teeth. On entering the presence-chamber one day, the colonel found his highness reclining on a sofa, with his foot resting on the neck of this interesting favourite. The lion no sooner saw the hated red-coat than he sprung up, and, with a dreadful roar, rushed out of the apartment, overthrowing the dey by this unexpected spring, and making him roll, head over heels, from his seat of honour. The attendants stood aghast, expecting that a hundred heads at least would have to pay for the lion's indiscretion; and the colonel naturally felt uncomfortable at having caused so much confusion. The old Turk, however, restored good humour in an instant. "You see," said he, quietly resuming his seat, "that the very lions fly before the British uniform." But read Mrs. Broughton's book—it is a very charming one, of which I shall say more another time: at present, I can only add that the fates and fortunes of some of the poor Christian captives are extremely interesting, and related in a very affecting manner. To shew my critical skill, however, before *une dame aussi spirituelle que Madame Broughton*, I must observe that a lady, who writes English as well as she does, should not resort so constantly to French phrases. Besides which, I may also remark that her dedication is much too long. Dedications should, like all compliments and pretty speeches, be short and sweet. *Mais, retournons à nos moutons*, as Mrs. Broughton would say.

This want of address on the part of gentlemen renders the art of giving parties extremely difficult, and prevents strangers amalgamating properly together, even during a dinner or evening party. Except in the houses of the nobility, or of persons of high rank, where affectation is not so easily practised, you rarely see parties succeed well, unless when they are small, and composed of persons already acquainted. At all other times, a stiffness and reserve will be found to hang over the very best society, and to crush every thing like good humour, cheerfulness, and sociability. Without a formal introduction, which cannot take place in a large circle, strangers are afraid to speak to each other. Some fear to be

too condescending towards persons who may not deserve such exalted honour; while others dread to be thought intrusive, and repulsed as forward vulgarians. Now, this is downright folly; for all persons, of high or low degree, should collect that, on entering a gentleman's house, they are bound to consider his guests as their equals. If they fear the slightest contamination, they ought to stay away; but if they accept the invitation, and possess three grains of judgment, they must do their best to please and be pleased. To carry your rapid *hauteur* or affected *insouciance* into company is the very height of ill-breeding, and a direct insult offered to the host or hostess—an insult, too, resulting from gross ignorance, and from the silly belief that you are doing the thing in most exquisite style. My fashionable public, or all party-going persons, must therefore learn to consider themselves as acquaintances for the time, whenever they meet in private society. That it is not easy, at once, to start pleasant subjects of conversation with those whom you never met before,—of whose *ton*, pursuits, turn of mind, and modes of thinking, and manner of expression, you are totally ignorant, may be well understood; but you must either stay at home, or make the attempt nevertheless. If people stare at you, or respond "yes" and "no" in a manner which shews that they think you an impertinent and ill-bred fellow, submit with the easy politeness that shall convince them of their error, and perhaps make them blush for their folly. Some will say that every body knows this: if so, the greater shame is that so few practise it. I have seen both ladies and gentlemen, who had been absolutely captivating at the house of a nobleman, behave with downright rudeness,—and on the same evening too,—at the house of a commoner. This reminds me of the custom of going to several parties in the same evening. It is decidedly ill-breeding, and generally downright affectation. Accept one party, and no more, and stay as long as politeness requires. By this hurrying away from one house to another, a lady is never sure of her guests. All her invitations may have been accepted, and, by the constant coming and going, she may never, perhaps, have half a corner of her smallest drawing-room properly filled.

I understand that the fashionable world are very impatient about the appearance of my long-promised work on female education; but this only shews their folly, for such a book is not to be written off-hand like a fashionable novel. I am obliged to travel far and wide in search of information and illustrations; have to frequent ball-rooms, drawing-rooms, and watering-places; to follow a new theory up the Rhine and through the whole of a continental tour; and am often forced to test the accuracy of my own observations by engaging in flirtations, which, though intended to be only of a passing and experimental nature, lead me frequently out of my own depth, and into more difficulties than I can just now stop to describe. The late affair of the ladies of the bedchamber — of which more presently — would alone have rendered a new edition of the work indispensable. The public must, therefore, have patience, certain that when the book does come, its ordinances will be as perfect and lasting as those of the Medes and Persians. There is one point, however, on which circumstances oblige me to say a word.

I must impress upon the minds of all mothers, aunts, and lady-guardians, to pay more attention than they generally do to the society in which young ladies mix on their first coming into company. Now do not mistake me, and suppose that I intend to twaddle about the impropriety of allowing young ladies to associate with servants, grooms, butlers, coachmen, and other heroes of the shoulder-knot, or about the danger of permitting them to form intimacies with regular Lotharios, — lady-killers, not by name, but by deed; — all such lectures would be mere common-places, and those are not exactly my way. No, I mean that they should take care and not allow young ladies to form intimacies with the first-come friends, the ordinary associates of the family, however good and respectable they may be, — unless when they are in *ton*, manner, and feeling, something above the ordinary standard: polite acquaintanceship there must be, but suffer no intimacy. As the mind becomes more perfectly formed, as just and well-instilled ideas become more firmly fixed, the reins may be gradually relaxed; but at first they must be held with a firm, though, of course, as gentle a hand as possible.

I have sometimes seen young ladies who sought a kind of distinction, by boldly and roughly resisting parental rule; it is at all times a bad sign, and certain proof of great silliness, to say the least, whereas willing and graceful submission is invariably a good sign. This, however, only *en passant*.

My reason for recommending mothers to be careful about the intimacies formed by young ladies is this: — Well-educated and well-brought-up girls of sixteen or eighteen, generally possess a great deal of fine feeling, noble pride, and generosity of heart. At that early age, and before it has been coarsely breathed upon by the mean and rascally world, the female mind is indeed a brilliant gem of purest water; but it has only the brilliancy, and not the hardness of the diamond, for it is soft and yielding, and too easily receives the impressions made upon it by coarser materials. The world would hardly believe the many instances I have known of ladies being brought down, in the course of a few seasons, from a high standard of mental refinement, to the most ordinary and commonplace level. The worse remains to be told; for I must add, that I have invariably found deep sorrow and unavailing regret the final consequence of such a descent. Ill-judging friends and parents sometimes strive to undermine the high feeling of a pretty girl, in order to make her consent to a noble or wealthy marriage, from which the delicacy of her nature revolts. In nine cases out of ten, this is also attended with evil consequences; for though a marriage brought about in this manner may go on smoothly, though there may be neither *celat* nor even quarrelling, it can hardly go on happily; for the suppressed feelings will rebound at times, and then they strike with fearful violence against the heart: not to say that those may be at hand who know how and when to make them strike, and to avail themselves of the stunning consequences resulting from the blow. Here I must make an observation, which I have no time to explain at length. It is this: — ladies would often make a bad choice, if the selection of a husband were always left to their own unguided fancies. I suspect that heiresses seldom choose well, at least none of them ever had the good taste to choose me; but if the pretty dears often select foolishly enough, I believe

they are generally right when they refuse, and should not be pressed to accept any one against their inclination. To proceed, however, on the subject of intimacies.

Parents should always bear in recollection, and may rest assured of the fact, that the well-educated young ladies of whom we have been speaking are, in nine cases out of ten, vastly superior to their ordinary quadrille-dancing partners,—superior, I mean, in mind, intellect, delicacy of feeling, and what may be called general information; and for the simple reason that women are formed of a finer texture, have more quickness of apprehension than we have, and that their minds come, therefore, much sooner to maturity. Attend occasionally to the conversation between young ladies and gentlemen at a party, and you will see how superior the young girls are. From all this, you will observe that little can be gained by a close intercourse with the every-day quadrilling dandy; whereas, a great deal may be lost by bringing the finer material in contact with the coarser, particularly so as ladies have, when very young, a sort of respect for the supposed superiority of us lords of the creation: I am not sure, indeed, whether I ought to underestimate them. The truth is, that I speak feelingly on this point; for I once knew a charming, lively, accomplished, flaxen-haired thing, whose generous feeling, high and proud spirit, beamed through every glance of her large and beautiful blue eyes. She entered the world with all the sanguine hopes of youth; sung, danced, played, pleased and was pleased,—and flirted, in course. I have been the slave of as many pretty dears as any gentleman ought to be, though never more, I believe, than of this little beauty. But though she delighted me, I delighted not her, and she fell into a flirtation with another person,—a very good sort of a man, who ate his dinner according to the best-prescribed rules of the silver fork school, danced his quadrille with dull and perfect accuracy, and was what the world would call perfectly unexceptionable: his assiduity gained upon my fair friend, as the assiduity of such men will often gain upon the most superior girls. With all these excellences, however, he was a man of common mind, associated with common-minded persons,—as birds of a

feather flock together,—and brought the coarse dross of his own ideas, and of those of his companions, so constantly in contact with the brighter and finer textured mind of the lady of whom I am speaking, that the nobler polish of the softest metal was soon worn away by the ruder substance, even as the brightness of the finest gold is sure to wear away when brought into contact with the meaner metals of the mine.

The flirtation ended in nothing, as thousands do every day; nor would it deserve a word of notice, but for the singular effect it produced upon a very charming girl. Her heart was not even scratched, though her high and noble tone of feeling was so terribly defaced, that it actually ruined her beauty, which depended far more upon expression than upon feature; the main source of that lovely expression was gone, and her face was absolutely vulgarised by the change. She soon perceived the effect, and regret naturally augmented it; and though not yet twenty-five years of age, she now is only mentioned as the “remains of the beautiful Miss Plantagenet.” “The harp of Ilosa slumbers,” and the most touching voice that ever made the heart thrill to its inmost core forgets the song, and is only heard in repetition of stale, flat, and unprofitable commonplaces of every-day conversation. In a minor degree, her fate is the fate of thousands; and if few fall so far, it is because few stood on so brilliant an elevation.

And, now, as to the charming dears of the “bedchamber,” the victors of the victor of Waterloo,—“*les vainqueurs du vainqueur de la terre*.” A great deal has been said respecting the late ministerial “change and no change”—both parties being perfectly conscious that they were not speaking out when gravely talking about “precedents,” “usual custom in such cases,” “proofs of the sovereign’s confidence,” and “respect for the feelings of a young and helpless female.” All this was addressed to the marines, as sailors say; but to you and me, who understand such matters, it was “leather and prunella,” and was never intended to be any thing more. What Lord Brougham said was excellent, as far as it went; but as he knows absolutely nothing about the sex, and should never—like the other upholders of a

scandalous clause in the new Poor-law Bill—be allowed to utter one sentence respecting them, I am reluctantly obliged to enlighten the public on this, as well as on so many other important points.

What is the simple reason why Sir Robert Peel would not, and could not, accept office, so long as the female household remained unchanged? The very same which would prevent me, or any other officer of the Royal Grenadiers, from occupying a fortress which the enemy had undermined in his retreat, and the train to which he retained the means of lighting at pleasure. In such cases, all *soldados*, who have no fancy for being blown into the air at the convenience of an adversary, begin by a close inspection of the premises, and never take regular possession till they have made a complete clearance, and cut off all communication with the foe. Now, do not suppose that I intend to compare the "maids of honour" to fire-fagots and barrels of gunpowder,—far from it; they are all very charming and amiable women, and dangerous exactly in proportion to their amiability: had they been an ugly, stupid set, they might have remained in the household till doomsday. Women, and particularly married women, are the greatest political intriguers that can possibly be found. As long as the pretty dears are single, and deeply occupied with balls, parties, partners, flirtations, passing attachments, and matrimonial speculations, they are not so dangerous in this respect; but the moment they are married, and have no longer any interesting affairs of the heart to engage their attention nearer home, they immediately turn their shrewd and active minds to the most important and exciting pursuit in which they can possibly contrive to meddle; and state affairs take, of course, the lead of all others. We need not refer to history for examples of female influence, as every one who has mixed in society knows, that women of a certain age and station take far more interest in politics than in any thing else, and that it forms their principal and favourite topic of conversation,—a little pleasant and harmless scandal hardly excepted. It is not merely that they exert themselves

in favour of friends, lovers, and relatives, with a degree of zeal and perseverance which a minister is not able to resist; but it is notorious, that where they have access to the higher powers, they will interfere in the most important affairs of state: and then they do things in so graceful and winning a manner,—they have so much tact and penetration, and read the most stupid ministerial countenance with such perfect ease, that there is, in truth, no resisting them. If her majesty will only give me the nomination of her maids of honour, she may retain the ministerial appointments as long as she likes.

That these papers have entitled me to the privilege of writing maxims, none, I presume, will deny. I shall therefore begin with laying down two, which I trust will immediately be carried into law, by all who make any pretensions to *ton*, tact, and good taste.

You must never, in general society, be very assiduous to any lady in particular; you are not to be always at her elbow, keeping others aloof, and preventing her from mixing in general conversation. In the boudoir, or in a *tête-à-tête*, you may be as tender and attentive as you can; but clever women dislike to see the same dangler, however favoured, always following them in company, as if tied to their apron-strings: *écart*-seeking women only tolerate such conduct.

My next is imperative, and commands that smoking and snuff-taking shall be abolished, without respite or reprieve, as filthy and disgusting practices, injurious alike to health, elegance, and cleanliness. Cigar smoking is an acquired habit, assumed from mere affectation, after the smoker has made himself sick for weeks together, merely for the honour of making a chimney of his throat. "Oh, but we are so used to it," say the fumers, "that we cannot now leave it off." Not leave off snuff and cigars! Why, I would back a full-grown turkey-cock—a bubbley-jock, as they say in Scotland—against a whole divan of dandies, who should tell me that they could not command sufficient resolution to submit to the dictates of ordinary cleanliness.

THE TRINITY OF THE GENTILES. EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

AN ANALYTICAL ESSAY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

Και τε φως ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φασσι, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτοὺς οὐ κατέλαβεν.—ΙΩΑΝ. Α. 1.

CHAPTER I.—THE ORIGINAL DOCTRINE—ITS CERTAINTY—NECESSITY—MYTHOLOGICAL CORRUPTIONS.

CHAPTER II.—EGYPTIAN ILLUSTRATIONS AND PROOFS.

CHAPTER III.—THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS. EGYPTIAN DOCTRINES OF INCARNATION, RESURRECTION, IMMORTALITY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PYTHAGOREAN AND PLATONIC SPECULATIONS.

CHAPTER II.

Egyptian Illustrations and Proofs.

WE shall, for several reasons, direct our particular attention to the Egyptian system. In Egypt, the Jewish people grew up from a single family to become a nation; and, during the first eighty years of this period, a Jewish minister directed the affairs of that country. In Egypt, the Jewish scriptures were translated into the popular language of the Gentile world, and thence universally disseminated. Egypt is throughout the inspired writings opposed to Israel, as the most prominent anti-type, or opposite, to the chosen people and the laws of inspiration; and is hence the most obvious source for deducing the immediate corruption of those laws. Egypt was, moreover, the parent of the systems of Phœnicia and Greece, the grand sources of speculation to the learned world for the last twenty-three centuries; and, in fine, the monuments of Egypt are, at the present moment, unfolding contemporaneous information from the days of the patriarchs to those of the Roman emperors.

After a perspicuous developement of the material trinity of the Hindus—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, or the creating, preserving, and the destroying or reproducing power—and identifying these with their multifarious representatives in the Orphic fragments of Greece, our author proceeds to the Egyptian—the parent of the Orphic system—and there discovers the same personages under various names, which hieroglyphic research has condensed into those of Phtha, Kneph, and Khem (the Hephestus, Zeus, and Pan of the Greeks),—names of the attributes, or, rather, elements, of the supreme material Monad, Amon-Ra, Eicton, Ich-

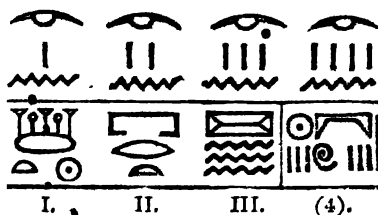
nouphis, or Amon Chnouphis,—to whom were joined the goddesses Neith, Sate, and Buto, or Minerva, Juno, and Latona,—the system requiring all its forms to be hermaphrodite.

Having ably discussed this original (we should say primary and physical, for reasons that will presently appear) trinity of the Egyptians, Mr. Cory proceeds, p. 48, to remark that, “in the classic age, the persons of the Egyptian triad became strangely confounded. As described from Herodotus to Plutarch, they consist of Osiris, Horus, Typhon,” &c. Let it, however, be noted, that these last, as described by the father of history, were worshipped, together with their female correlatives, Isis, Bubastis, and Nephthys, in every part of Egypt; whereas, the worship of the personages respectively of the former triad, was principally celebrated in the three grand divisions of that country,—that of Kneph in the Thebais, of Phtha in Middle Egypt, and that of Khem, Mandou, or Mendes, in the Delta.

We thus comment on Mr. Cory's observation, because, although the Egyptian calendar, or pantheon, became augmented by the introduction of minor divinities, we have reason to believe that the system itself never underwent any material change; and in our discussion we shall be enabled clearly to establish a second consisting Egyptian triad of great antiquity, and un contemplated by our author, in connexion with the intellectual triad of the Greek philosophers, as well as with the cosmogonic record of Moses; and to elicit several particulars in connexion with it of the last importance to mythological and historical research.

We believe, as indeed the hieroglyphic tablets of every epoch demonstrate, that the worship of Osiris, Orus,

and Typhon was no modern innovation, and was certainly as ancient as the hieroglyphic notation of the year, which has been proved in our disquisition on "the Pyramids,"* to belong to the eighteenth century before the Christian era, at the lowest; and which we here reprint, in elucidation of the present subject. The first line represents the notation of the four months of each Horus, or season, as found connected with the respective signs of the three seasons, which appear in the second line, followed by the group (4), representing the *epagomenæ*, or five days not included in the twelve months of thirty days each. It means the "celestial days," or "days of the heavens;" and is raised from one to five, by the repetition of the vertical line to the right.



This calendar identifies itself with the introduction of the *epagomenæ*, or five intercalary days, which were consecrated to the triad in question, and their female correlatives, Isis and Nephthys, according to the testimony of Diodorus and Plutarch, which there has never appeared any reason to dispute;† while the former (i. ii.) acquaints us that Osiris and Isis were among the oldest of the Egyptian gods. They are,

* Nos. XCIV., XCV., and XCVI., for October, November, and December, 1837.

† This mythus is, on the contrary, verified in the most satisfactory manner by the evidence of the monuments, notwithstanding the partial difference in the statements of Diodorus and Plutarch, who respectively give the order of the *epagomenæ*, or birthdays of the gods, as follows, viz. :—

Diodorus.	Plutarch.
1st day, Osiris	1st day, Osiris.
2d .. Isis	2d .. Aroëris, Orus, or Apollo.
3d .. Typhon.....	3rd .. Typhon.
4th .. Apollo, or Orus	4th .. Isis.
5th .. Aphrodite, or Nephthys ..	5th .. Nephthys.

Altho'ugh this variation may seem of little moment, it becomes of importance, in connection with the hieroglyphic records. On the lateral inscription accompanying the astronomical sculptures of the ceiling of the Memnonium at Thebes (see Mr. Burton's *Excerpta Hieroglyphica*, plate 59; and *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, vol. iii., part ii., the birth of Isis-Sothis is there expressly referred to the fourth of the *epagomenæ*, or "the celestial days." The mythus of the birth-days of the gods is thus confirmed by evidence of the reign of Ramses II., the Osymandias of the Greeks, who was the raiser of the Memnonium, according to both history and the hieroglyphic records, in the twelfth century before our era; while the elaborate statement in the express work of Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*, is verified rather than the concise and incidental account of Diodorus (i. 13).

With reference to the hieroglyphic name Isis-Sothis, it should be observed that Sothis, or the dog-star, was consecrated to Isis, according to Diodorus (i. 27), who in the same place acquaints us that she was educated by Hermes, or Thoth, the divinity more particularly represented by the dog-star, and who was, according to Plutarch, the father of the goddess Isis.

Let it also be noted, that on the ceiling of the Memnonium, the lateral inscription above referred to replaces the figure of the goddess, Ipe, or the heavens (whose hieroglyphic symbol is the celestial arch of the *epagomenæ*, as represented above), which environs the astronomical sculptures on the ceilings of the temple of Denderah and the tombs, and is always accompanied by emblems of the birth of a divinity: at Denderah that of Isis is commemorated; so that these sculptures reciprocally illustrate and explain each other. Reference to Dr. Young's article on Egypt, *Enc. Brit., Supplement*, 1819, p. 51, will place this question in a very clear point of view, and determine that the Memnonian lateral inscription has reference to the birth-day of the goddess Isis-Sothis, as conventionally fixed in the mythological calendar, and not to the heliacal rising of the star Sothis, on the fourth of the *epagomenæ*, which would give an astronomical date to the sculptures in which it is found, ascending to the year B.C. 1330, as inferred in a memoir by the Rev. G. Tomlinson, which accompanies the plate referred to in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*.

doubtless, as old as the time when the calendar of the gods was completed in common with that of the year,*—the months of the year and the days of the month having been invariably consecrated to their divinities, or presiding powers, in *scriem*, by the Egyptians (Herodot. ii. 82), the Chaldeans (Dan. vi. 7, 12; Diod. i.), the Persians (Plutarch and Zend-avesta), and all the other Gentile nations of the East. This is a fact not the less certain because it has been hitherto almost wholly overlooked, as we shall have occasion to prove. It will be found greatly to elucidate the system of animal avatars, and of the transmigration of souls. It will likewise explain the mystery of the *Triacontæterid* of the pillar of Rosetta, —the grand period of the *Panegyres*, or festivals of the gods, which returned each thirty years, in the same order as in the thirty days of each month. This cycle is commemorated in the hieroglyphic tablets of every age, as the grand *panegyris*. The latter is identified by M. Champollion with the *triacontæterid*, although that writer, in common with every other, has been unsuccessful in explaining the elements of this period, which are numerically expressed in the pillar of Rosetta alone. As this is a question of extreme importance to our inquiry, in connexion with the conventional systems of ancient mythology, we shall take some pains to clear up its difficulties.

"The bilingual monument of Rosetta," remarks Champollion (*Précis*, 2d ed., p. 211, *et seq.*), "makes known to us another royal title, on the precise sense of which there have only been hitherto formed conjectures more or less probable. It is comprised in the protocol of the decree which gives to King Ptolemy Epiphanes the title of 'Lord of the Period of Thirty Years, like Hephæstus the Great:' it is at least thus that we have translated the words of the Greek text,—*Κυριον τριακονταετηριδων καθαρικε ο Ηφαίστος ο μέγας*. Some have considered the word *τριακονταετηριδων* as expressive of astronomical periods, of which the duration was thirty years; but we have hitherto been unable to discover either the

meaning or elements of these periods: the real sense of this word, then, remains still very doubtful, from our inability to assign any motive whatever for the institution of such a period.—The part of the hieroglyphic text of Rosetta, answering to the words of the Greek text (as above), does not exist. It, however, probably consisted of signs similar to those which I translate by 'Lord of the Panegyries, like Phtha.'"
Champollion was aware that the thirty days of the month were consecrated to as many divinities (whose names he does not, however, appear to have ascertained); yet he overlooked this manifest key in his inquiries on the *triacontæterid*.

Mr. Wilkinson is likewise of opinion that the panegyry and *triacontæterid* may have been connected; but proceeds no further. "I do not yet understand," he observes (*Materia Hiero.*, p. 49, note), "what these years and assemblies (the panegyries) signify; but it is possible from these last the kings received the title given to Ptolemy in the Rosetta stone, 'Lord of the *Triacontæterids*.'"

Dr. Young had, however, approached the meaning very nearly, before the inquiries of either of these writers commenced. In his note on the hieroglyphic figure denoting panegyry, or assembly, he remarks (*art. Egypt. Enc. Brit., Supplement*, 1819; No. 145).^a It is by no means easy to explain why the figure like a buckle (a *litter*!), should clearly mean an *assembly*; perhaps, however, the upper part may originally have been a crescent, implying *monthly*; and the scale, or basin, below is occasionally found supporting some offerings, which are set upright in it; so that the whole may mean a monthly exhibition." Dr. Young might have added, that the figure in question occurs twice in the eleventh line of the hieroglyphic inscription of Rosetta, and on other inscriptions, in connexion with the group denoting month, or monthly, the meaning of which he was the first to recognise (No. 179). This amounts to proof that monthly assemblies, or festivals, are there intended to be expressed.

The following is one of the Rosetta

* These calendars belong to the conventional system of the Egyptians, of which their principles of mythology, science, and art, constituted inseparable and invariable elements, from ages to which history cannot penetrate, till the times of the Roman emperors.

groups alluded to, with Dr. Young's translation :—



Conjunctio omni Mensur.

The figure thus connects itself with the monthly trigesimal period, which Champollion has shewn that it expresses, without having ascertained the reason. It was, in fact, analogous to the *מועדים* *muadin*, or feasts of the new moon, among the Hebrews (*Gen. i. 14*, translated "seasons," and *S. S. passim*); and it would appear from *Psalm lxxxi. 3-5*, that this feast was instituted at the commencement of Joseph's Egyptian ministry. "Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day. For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob. This he ordained to Joseph for a testimony (witness), when he went out through the land of Egypt." This account of the institution agrees well with Mr. Cory's opinion, that Joseph was the second Egyptian Hermes—the Egyptian panegyry and the Hebrew *muad* being completely analogous. We, moreover, find the trigesimal monthly type extended to the same number of years in the prophetic months of Daniel and the Apocalypse;* and this at once gives

us a triacontaëterid, as adopted in Egypt. It is, moreover, too remarkable a circumstance to be overlooked, that from the death, and probable canonisation of Joseph among the Egyptian demigods, *B.C. 1635*, to the date of the Rosetta tablet, *B.C. 196* (*anno ix. Ptol. Epiphanis*, when that prince assumed the title of "Lord of the Triacontaëterid, like *Wutha*" (the leading divinity of the calendar), the period is 1440 Egyptian years, or 48 triacontaëterids,† precisely.

The astronomer and antiquary, M. Biot,‡ has supposed the Egyptian triacontaëterid to be a cycle, to reconcile the Egyptian erratic year of 365 days with the true solar year: it is, however, totally inappropriate for such a purpose, which, even if proved, would not connect it with the religious assemblies. But, as this period will be found clearly to explain itself, as the established cycle of the festivals of the Egyptian gods, and to elucidate every part of the system, we shall proceed with our illustrations of that subject, and others connected with it.

Manetho has prefixed to his chronicle of the Egyptian dynasties the names of the gods in their terrestrial or human characters, followed by the demigods, as the first kings of Egypt and of the world. There are seven of the former and nine of the latter. Of the first, the nomenclature is as follows:§

1. Hephestus Phtha of the Monuments,
2. Helius Kneph do.
3. Agathodæmon Khem do.
4. Chronus Sev do.
5. Osiris (and Isis) Osir do.
6. Orus, the elder Haroëri do.
7. Typhon, Apop, or Typo? Do.

This being a Memphite record, Phtha, the great god of that city, takes the lead; while Kneph, the great Theban divinity, occupies the second

place. It is evident, that in the first three we have the avatars of the physical, or celestial, triad—Eicton, Ichnouphis, or Amon-Ra, the monad

* The prophetic times of 360 years, used by Daniel (*iv. 16, 23, 25*; *vii. 25*), necessarily imply twelve months of 30 years each, in agreement with the "three times and a half," or "forty and two months," of Revelation, *xii. 6, 14*; *xiii. 5*: and the predictions of Daniel having been primarily addressed to the Chaldeans, we may be almost certain that the chronological cycle of 30 years was familiar to them, equally with that of 30 days (*Dan. vi. 7, 12*), for bringing round the festivals of their gods.

† This period, which was as common in the ancient East as the monthly festival itself, has descended to the followers of Mahomet, as their lunar cycle. Thus 30 years \times 11, the epact = 330 days \div 30 = 11 months; or, if we say more correctly, 29½ days \times 11 = 324½ days \div 30, we shall have a mean epact very near the truth, i.e. 10^d 19^h 36^m. That of our Gregorian year is 10^d 21^h 0^m.

‡ *Recherches sur l'Année vague des Egyptiens*.

§ *Ano. Frag.*, p. 92, 94.

in whom the triad is concentrated, being omitted. Were this parent divinity prefixed, we should have a tetrad, consisting of the monad and the triad.

These are followed by a second tetrad, consisting of Chronus, or *Sev*, the monad, and the parent of the second triad, Osiris, Orus, and Typhon. These two tetrads manifestly give the eight great gods of Herodotus (ii. 46), of whom he names only Pan, or Khem, and his female correlative, Latona, or Buto. The goddesses, be it remarked, take no more a separate place in the Egyptian calendar than the queens in the original dynasties of the monuments. Hence the only catalogued goddess, Isis, is, as above, classed by Manetho with Osiris.

We thus have the eight divinities, on the authority of the writer whose dynasties of the kings have been verified in so remarkable a manner by hieroglyphic discovery; yet singular to say, his statement has never, hitherto, been adopted, as exhibiting the true and only calendar of the Egyptian divinities; and even our living hieroglyphists (see *Inquiry*, p. 41, and Wilkinson's *Materia Hieroglyph.*, pp. 1-13, 58) have laboured conjecturally to fill up the vague outline of Herodotus, notwithstanding that it is not his obscure table of the kings, but Manetho's extended one, which hieroglyphic discovery has vindicated. It hence appears that the two triads—we should rather say, the two tetrads—were co-existent in the most ancient calendal system, and have been, accordingly, in their terrestrial characters, prefixed to the history, as the progenitors of the Egyptian race. But, before we enter into the distinctive marks of this double series, let us demonstrate our previous proposition, by determining the celestial and infernal gods which went to complete the thirty of which the calendar consisted,—a process which is the more necessary, because, besides confirming our second tetrad, it will clear up the hitherto unexplained difficulty in which Herodotus has left us, by alleging (lib. ii.) that Hercules, the demigod, or hero, preceded the triad of Osiris, Orus, and Typhon; and elucidate other hitherto unsettled questions.

The sixteen *terrestrial* gods and demigods only were adopted into the

chronicle of the dynasties, because the characters of the celestial and infernal series manifestly excluded them from a history of reigning monarchs. The nine demigods were, as already remarked, deified heroes or benefactors (probably including the sons of Mizraim or Menes, Gen. x. 13, 14, who gave their names to the divisions of Egypt, as Pathros, Caphtor, Noph, &c.); so that the seven celestial prototypes of the seven terrestrial divinities remain to be *prefixed*, and their seven infernal antitypes to be *affixed*, in the series of the calendar. These together will, it is evident, furnish the thirty divinities of the days of the month, and of the years of the triacontactend, viz. :—

- 7 Celestial forms of the gods.
- 7 Terrestrial forms of the gods.
- 9 Demigods.
- 7 Infernal forms of the gods.

But, fully to identify the series with the calendar, it remains to prove the first and third septenars from history.

The old Egyptian chronicle, which disposes of the prehistoric time of the great zodiacal period of 3,25 years, in which the dynasty of the twelve appropriating it to the celestial forms of the divinities, at once establishes that series, by acquainting us that first to Hephæstus or Ptah, to whom a time is assigned, reigned his son Herakles, 30,000 years, to whom succeeded Chronus, and “the rest of the twelve gods,” for 3984 years, and then the *great* demigods for 217 years, followed by the *merely* mortal kings. The names of the divinities are not further given in the fragment of this record.*

Let it be noted, that, according to Manetho's history, the seven terrestrial god-kings reigned 986 years, and the nine demigods who came next to them, 214, the sum being 1200 years. The first of these periods is clearly represented by the odd 984 years of the 3984 which the old chronicle ascribes to Chronus, and the rest of the twelve gods; while the second period of 214 years is represented by the 217 assigned to the eight demigods in the same chronicle, the sum of both being 1201 years.

But, as the last-mentioned record has eight demigods only, and not nine,

as given in the list of Manetho, it is evident that Horus the younger, the first of these, is, in the old chronicle, reckoned as *the last of the terrestrial gods*, in correspondence with the statements of Herodotus and Diodorus; this Horus being considered as the reappearance of the god Osiris. The terrestrial gods and demigods will, in the old chronicle, hence form two *ogdoads*, and not a *septenary* and *nonary*, as Manetho has them.

But, if we take the former *ogdoad* from the twelve gods of the old chronicle, consisting of the celestial Chronus and his successors, there will remain four, or the second celestial tetrad, of which Chronus was the first; and the names of the celestial Osiris, Orus the elder, and Typhon, will fill up the tetrad, which, according to the record in question, reigned 3000 years.

We have six of the celestial septenary thus determined; viz. Hephestus, Helios, Chronus, Osiris, Orus, and Typhon; while Dozenes Laetius, in his preface to the *Lives of the Philosophers*, gives the first of them in Nilus the father of Hephestus; and, moreover, chronologically establishes this, by referring Nilus to the commencement of the great tropical period of 43,863 years, already discussed in our essay on the pyramids: whereas the Hephestus of the old chronicle precedes the reduced period of 86,525 years, as above; both these cycles being reckoned upwards from the close of the Egyptian monarchy. Cicero (*De Natura Deorum*) comes also to our aid, by acquainting us that from Nilus proceeded Opas (Phtha), and from Opas, Helios.

The celestial septenary being established, in correspondence with the evidence of Diodorus, who (l. i. c. 12, 13) acquaints us that the terrestrial gods bore the same names with the physical or celestial series, let us next proceed to their infernal counterparts.

According to a passage which the author of the *Paschal Chronicle*, John

Malala, and George Cedrenus have preserved from Manetho, which has been unaccountably overlooked by learned men, after Zeus or Jupiter (the last of the nine demigods), came Hermes, who migrated into Italy, and became the Faunus or Pan of that country; then Hephestus, son of Hermes; Helios, son of Hephestus; after whom were Sosus, Osiris, Orus, and Thoulas.

Here we find a third septenary after Zeus,* the last terrestrial god-king, who immediately preceded Menes, the first mortal king, the series in question being evidently the *Nixos*, or *Manes*, or *defunct*, who are mentioned in connexion with the demigods in Manetho's record of the first mortal dynasty,† and who have been heretofore an unexplained puzzle.

Let us add this last septenary—the defunct or infernal—to those before determined, and we shall have the three septenaries of the gods in their celestial, terrestrial, and infernal forms; together with the variations in order, connected with the three regions of Egypt, in which the worship of the respective septenaries was predominant—the Thebais, the Heptanomis, or middle Egypt, and lower Egypt or the Delta—these, together with the nine demigods, making the calendrical series of thirty divinities. The analogy with the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal regions observed in the worship of upper, middle, and lower Egypt respectively, is very conspicuous; while the correspondence of the sixteen nomes into which Sesostrius is recorded to have distributed *middle Egypt*, with the number of the *terrestrial* gods and demigods, is no less remarkable.

Let us note that the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal or lower regions of the universe, are denoted by the same hieroglyphic characters as the Thebais, the Heptanomis, and the Delta. The lists will stand as follows, the monumental names being in italics:—

* It is very remarkable that this Zeus, the demigod, in the fragment just cited, takes the name of Picus—Eicton (the Egyptian particle being prefixed to *Ich*, the *spirit*)—here standing in the place of the monad Eicton, or Amon-Ra, or Zeus Amon, with reference to the infernal septenary.

† Anc. Frigm. pp. 95, 96.

Celestial Septenary worshipped in the Thebaid.		Terrestrial Septenary worshipped in the Heptanomis.		Infernal Septenary worshipped in the Delta.	
1	1	Nilus, or Kneph.	8	1	Hephæstus, or Phtha.
2	2	Hephæstus, or Phtha.	9	2	Heliu, or Kneph (form of Amon-Ra).
3	3	Heliu, or Khem.	10	3	Agathodæmon, or Khem.
4	4	Chronus, or Ser.	11	4	Chronus, or Ser.
5	5	Osiris, or Osir.	12	5	Osiris, or Osir.
6	6	Orus, or Harocri.	13	6	Orus, or Harocri.
7	7	Typhon, or Apop.	14	7	Typhon, or Apop.
		<i>Demigods.</i>		Let us add the septenary of the most conspicuous animal avatars of the deceased terrestrial gods, corresponding with the infernal septenary :— 1. The goat, Mandou. 2. The scarab. 3. The ram. 4. The bull, Mnevis. 5. The bull, Apis. 6. The lion. 7. The pig.	
		15	1		
		16	2		
		17	3		
		18	4		
		19	5		
		20	6		
		21	7		
		22	8		
		23	9		

To these if we add the epagomene, or the intercalary forms of Osiris, Orus the elder, Typhon, Isis, and Nephthys (under which forms, as not worshipped on the fixed days of the months, and hence not limited to the septenaries venerated in the three divisions of Egypt, these divinities were worshipped throughout all Egypt), we shall have the whole calendar of gods; which, together with their primary female forms, as Sate, Neith, Buto, Netpe, Isis, Bubastis, and Nephthys, &c., will explain and enable the student to classify and regulate the multifarious and chaotic series of forms in the hieroglyphic pantheons of Champollion and Wilkinson.

The series thus established will likewise explain one of the chief difficulties which has hitherto embarrassed Egyptian mythology, and to which we have already alluded. Herodotus (l. ii.) acquaints us that Hercules, the last of the twelve divinities of the second order, who followed the eight great gods, preceded Osiris, Orus, and Typhon; but, as Hercules is a recognised demigod, much labour has been vainly expended to reconcile the apparent difficulty of the precedence here assigned to that hero.

Herodotus, however, acquaints us that his Osiris was lord of the infernal regions; but, according to our series of thirty, Hercules occupies the eighteenth place, whereas the infernal forms of Osiris, Orus, and Typhon, stand the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth, although their celestial and terrestrial forms precede Hercules. Thus is the statement of Herodotus

clear and consistent with itself, and with the whole system; while if we insert the celestial and terrestrial *monads* at the beginning of each septenary, Hercules will occupy the *twentieth* place, where Herodotus has placed him—the celestial *ogdoad* representing his eight gods of the first order; and the terrestrial *ogdoad*, together with Orus, Ares, Anubis, and Hercules, representing his twelve gods of the second order; which the historian, moreover, lets us know (l. 43.) consisted originally of *eight*, and was augmented to *twelve*, at the time when Hercules was deified.

We must not pass over the consistency of our septenaries in their variations. Nilus or Kneph, takes precedence in the Theban septenary; Hephæstus or Phtha in the Memphite; and Hermes, Faunus, Pan, or Khem in that of the Delta; in correspondence with the testimony of Herodotus and the rest of antiquity, that these gods were respectively most honoured in the places mentioned. Let us also remark, that the calendar of which we are speaking presents us, in the septenaries of the Thebais and Delta, with a distinction similar to that observed by the Vaishnava and Saiva sects in India; the followers of Vishnu or Kneph, the Preserver, and those of Siva or Khem, the Destroyer and Reproducer, respectively claiming precedence for their favourite members of the triad, as explained at pp. 54, 55, by Mr. Cory, who is of opinion that the influence of the schism extended itself to Egypt and other countries.

There may be some slight difficulty in reconciling the Memphite and Lower

Egyptian Heliu8 with the Theban Kneph, when it is evident that the Theban Heliu8 answers to Khem; but the identity requisite flows from the order of the lists, and the difference may perhaps be explained by assigning to Heliu8 the universal character of the monad Amon-Ra, which will equally apply to any member of the triad proceeding from him, and represented by him. It is, at all events, an unimportant difficulty in a series so well established. It is almost needless to remark that the Agathodæmon of the Memphite or terrestrial septenary, is the Khem of the Theban or celestial series, and the Hermes, Faunus, or Pan of the infernal list — the hieroglyphic Tho8th, who is always denominated "lord of the lower regions." The winged globe, which is agreed to represent Agathodæmon, is, moreover, generally accompanied by the name of Tho8th, but never by that of *Kneph*; with whom Eusebius, followed by nearly all subsequent writers, has confounded it.

The Chronus and Typhon of the celestial and terrestrial septenaries, it will be observed, take the names of Sosus or Suchus, and Thoules, in the internal; but Sosus or Suchus,* is in the monuments Sevek, who, according to Champollion, is a form of Sev or Chronus; while, as regards Thoules, we must rest satisfied that it is one of the many names of Typhon, whose place he occupies.

Every reader conversant with Oriental history will recognise, in our present restoration of the Egyptian mythological calendar of the month, a counterpart, as to frame-work, of that which was used by the Persians, and, in earlier times, by the Chaldeans in their Sabian or astrological calendar, described in the first book of Diodorus; as well as by other Eastern people. He will recognise in the Egyptian septenaries, types of the Persian septenaries of the Amshasphands and Izeds, or the angels and saints of the calendar of Zerdhusht, as set forth in the Zend-avesta. We have already shewn the analogy between this Ethnic cycle of thirty, and the Hebrew Muadim, or feasts of the new moon, and

the prophetic months. We have yet much more to say on this question, and much more hitherto unsuspected proofs in store, but our space and time compel us to think of bringing the present chapter to a close. We shall probably continue our illustrations on another occasion.

We have, we think, demonstrated that the Egyptian calendar of divinities existed in a complete state, or in the state determined by the recurrence of the pigneries or great monthly festivals of the gods, extended to years, in every known age of history, confirmed by the worship of the individual gods depicted in the hieroglyphic records. This remounts, at least, to the eighteenth century before the Christian era; to which the astronomical calendar, with which the mythological identifies itself, demonstrably ascends. We have shewn, that the calendar thus illustrated clears up many heretofore inexplicable passages of ancient writers, independently of the demonstration it affords of the great antiquity of the triad system in Egypt. We shall next recur to the double triad, or tetrad, of which each of the septenaries of the divine forms has been proved to consist; assured that, although we may still, in some respects, have occasion to differ from our excellent text, our illustrations, combined with those which it so admirably unfolds, will be found to throw new and unexpected light on ancient criticism.

The Egyptians then unquestionably possessed two ancient triads of divinities, of which the second in order, that of Osiris, Orus, and Typhon, was the only one generally recognised before hieroglyphic discovery enabled Mr. Wilkinson to detect the primary triad of Kneph, Phtha, and Khem, in the scattered notices of antiquity; for, the Eneph, Phtha, and Heliu8 of Jamblichus,† and the three Kamephises of Hieraiscus,‡ were hardly thought of by writers whose object was to elucidate history: now, however, they become of consequence.

Eicton, Amon-Ichnouphis, or Amon-Ra, was, as before remarked, the primary physical monad, from which the physical triad of the elements — Kneph,

* We have not hesitated to give Suchus as the variation of Sosus, connecting that name with the monumental Sevek, because Pliny (xxxvi. 13.) gives us "Pete-sucus and Titheüs," instead of Sosus and Titheüs, as Manetho.

† Anc. Fragm. p. 281.

‡ Ibid. p. 324

Phtha, and Khem — originated, and which in effect represented them all, and hence does not appear separately in the calendar. Such was the primary and elementary tetrad, or triad, representing the primeval ether, or spirit of the universe, and the heavens, light, and fire, or the fecundatory powers of nature.

These are concentrated in the second monad, Chronus, or *Sev*, who, he it remarked, invariably originates a second tetrad, *i. e.* in the Sun and great objects of the universe: and from this monad proceeds the second, or moral and intellectual triad, consisting of Osiris, the representative of life and intellect, in his distinct and proper capacity; Orus the elder, or the principle of good; and Typhon, or the principle of evil and destruction. Orus the younger, or the restoring power, succeeded, but was excluded from the triad; and is hence indifferently referred to the gods and to the succeeding demigods of the terrestrial series, while he has no place in the celestial. Let it be noted that, with the Greek writers, Osiris, Orus, and Typhon, are indifferently the offspring of Chronus, or Time, or of the Sun, by whose motions time is determined.

Both triads were recognised by other nations, though in general confounded, and especially so by the Persians and Greeks; and this has been a source of the greatest confusion, from which even the writer before us is not exempt. Neither the Persians nor the Greeks ascended historically, if we may so speak, above Chronus, the second monad. With the former he was Zerovane, or "Time without limit," from whence sprang the triad, Oromazes, or light and intellect — the principle of good; Mithras, the mediator; and Arimanius, or darkness, the principle of evil. With the latter, he is the parent of Zeus and the gods.

But let us collate the Egyptian septenary system with that sacred record of events, from which, or from its patriarchal prototype, all such systems are deduced, in however divergent a state — the record which, in the words of our author, "will throw light on every part, and reduce to order every anomaly." We will take, for comparison, the order of the Memphite, or terrestrial ogdoad, or septenary, as most nearly agreeing with the Mosiac narrative. Thus:—

MOSAIC.			EGYPTIAN			
Days.			Ogdoad	Septenary	Tetrads	Triads
1.	—	The Beginning, the Divine Spirit, the Waters	1	—	1	—
2.	I.	Light	2	1	2	1
3.	II.	The Firmament, or Heaven	3	2	3	2
4.	III.	Vegetation, &c.	4	3	4	3
5.	IV.	The Sun, Moon, &c. "for signs and seasons, and days and years"	5	4	1	—
6.	V.	Animal Life	6	5	2	1
7.	VI.	Man	7	6	3	2
8.	VII.	The Serpent, and Fall.	8	7	4	3

We have, in this comparison, we think, detected the foundation from which the Egyptian (the clearest and most complete of all the heathen systems extant) was corrupted, the creature being honoured instead of the creator, and the intellectual tetrad succeeding the physical in the order of the narrative, as *materialism* could alone interpret it; while, if we compare the physical Genesis of Moses

with the spiritual Genesis of John, (i. 1-6), we may perceive the ultimate and true moral developement of the great antitype to the physical type; a developement corruptly anticipated, and inverted by the physical and moral tetrads of the Egyptian philosophers, who lived between the times of Abraham and Moses; and recorrupted and confounded from thence till the times of Zerdhusht, Pythagoras, and Plato.

"The conclusion," to repeat the forcible language of Mr. Cory, "is irresistible, that the Trinitarian doctrine was a primary revelation, and was one of the original and fundamental tenets of the patriarchal church."—P. 88.

The foregoing collation will explain why the Egyptian ogdoad becomes a septenary in the calendar, by the omission of the first monad—this monad answering to the divine *Urania*, or Spirit, whose operations precede the detail of the hexadimeron, and, consequently, anticipate the commencement of time and number.

Let us here remark on the distinction which Diodorus (l. i. c. 11, 12) has made in his celestial series of the Egyptian gods, and which has heretofore tended greatly to embarrass his statement. He first gives a confused list of the elementary divinities, male and female, viz. Osiris, Isis, Zeus, Hephaestus, Demeter, Nilus, Athena, representing the sun, the moon, the ether, fire, the earth, water, and air. He then repeats nearly the same series, as the founders of the principal cities of Egypt; and, lastly (l. 13), he mentions the terrestrial god-kings of the same names, but with little or no regard to order in any of these cases.* The distinction made in the first series has doubtless reference to the physical and intellectual tetrads; which tetrads the Egyptian system gives in the order of materialism—otherwise, in the order of creation, as above: an order which the Pythagoreans and Platonists inverted, assigning, in their *ogdoad of powers*, the priority to the intellectual, or, as the later Platonists (*Mythol. Inquiry*, p. 131, and *ante*) called them, the super-essential triads; and the second place to the essential, or physical triads, as more consistent with the relations between mind and matter. In systems admitting any physical triad, that which assigned to this triad the priority was, however, obviously the most consistent one; for matter, as a consequence, could have had no claims to divinity, which, viewed as a cause, it might be supposed to possess.

Notwithstanding the difference alluded to, in the converse order of the respective systems, nothing can be more remarkable than the analogy between the Platonic system, as detailed to our author (*Mythol. Inquiry*, p. 127, and *seq.*) from the writers of that school, by the late Mr. Thomas Taylor, the learned translator of the works of Plato, Aristotle, Proclus, &c. (a gentleman, whose extraordinary opinions rank him with the hieroglyphic records of Egypt and the Brahmins of Hindostan, as the faithful representative, in our age, of the speculations of ancient Paganism), and that of the ancient Egyptians, as we have restored it; while nothing can be more satisfactory than the corroboration and illustration which these systems reciprocally shed on each other.

That Plato either derived his ogdoad of intellectual and physical powers (the latter, in agreement with the definitions of Chæremon (*Inc. Fragm.*, p. 237), representing the sun, moon, earth, and planets), as well as his *unus maximus*, from the ogdoads of Egypt, or improved upon the Pythagorean ogdoad in that country, where he studied philosophy and the Egyptian calendar with Eudoxus,† probably under the Heliopolitan priest, Ichonuphy,‡ there cannot be a doubt. There were three Egyptian ogdoads, the celestial, the terrestrial, and the infernal, as we have already shewn; each of these being reduced to a septenary in the calendar, by the omission of the first, or physical monad, which was represented by the succeeding triad; and each containing two distinct tetrads and triads, one physical, and the other moral or intellectual.

It would appear, from Mr. Taylor's detail, that the later Platonists incorporated all these, and represented the chain of being by a single ogdoad, consisting of two monads and six triads of powers—making a separate triad out of the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal forms of each divinity. This will be evident from the following tabular comparison:—

* This history of the gods is followed by an account of the expeditions and travels of Osiris, to subdue and civilise the world. The demigods are introduced as the companions, generals, &c. of Osiris; and the list of these is equally confused with that of the gods: whereas both are sufficiently like the statement of Manetho, to shew that the statement of Diodorus is a careless transcript from the Egyptian calendar.

† Strabo, xvii.

‡ Diog. Laert., in Vit. Eudor.

PLATONISTS.	EGYPTIAN (ORDER OF TETRADS INVERTED).	
<i>Intelligible, Super-essential, Ideal.</i> 1. Monad of the Intelligible Universe. 2. Intelligible Triad. 3. Intelligible and Intellectual Triad. 4. Intellectual Triad.	<i>Moral, or Intellectual.</i> 1. Chronus, or Sev, the father of the Moral Triad. 2. Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Forms of Osiris. 3. Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Forms of Aroëris, or Orus, sen. 4. Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Forms of Typhon.	The concentrated Elements. Life. Intellect. Principle of Good. Principle of Evil.
<i>Mundane, Essential, Sensible, Material.</i> 1. Monad of the sensible World. The demurgus Jupiter, the last of the Intellectual. 2. Super-mundane Triad. 3. Liberated Triad. 4. Mundane Triad.	<i>Physical.</i> 1. Elcton, Amon-Ra, or Jupiter Amon-Icnouphis. The first Material Exemplar. 2. Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Forms of Kneph. 3. Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Forms of Phtha. 4. Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Forms of Khem.	The primeval Æther. Air. Light. Fire, Heat.
<i>"Inferior orders of Demons, Heroes, Men, Animals, Plants, Mineral Species, and formless Matter." "Chaos."</i>	Demigods, Men, Animals, Sacred Plants, Stones, &c.	

Here the analogy is so complete, that it is needless further to impress on the reader the illustration and corroboration which it affords to all that has been advanced in these pages. It will be perceived that Mr. Taylor has not even forgotten the heroes, or demigods, which are interposed between the terrestrial and infernal orders of the Egyptians, and appear in the dynasties as the predecessors of the mortal rulers of Egypt; nor the inferior orders of existence, which were esteemed sacred in that country.

The system of the modern Platonists is obviously that of their master, brought out according to the Oriental system, from which it was originally derived;* while the Pythagorean and Platonic principles are preserved in the inverted order of the physical and moral tetrads, or triads: the distinct recognition of which in the first ages, which we have insisted on, is thus rendered incontrovertible, notwithstanding the manner in which they were confounded in the physico-metaphysical triads of the Orphic philosophers.

It is almost superfluous to suggest how clearly and effectually these analogies explain and account for the ex-

tensive use which the writers of the Platonic school made of the Hermæic books of the Egyptians; or to insist on the augmented claims to authenticity which the Hermæic fragments, preserved by Jamblichus, Damascus, and other writers of that school, derive from the comparison.

Let it be observed how well the completion of the Egyptian calendal system, which we have described, quadrates with the epoch of Joseph's ministry, towards the end of the eighteenth century B.C. (to which century we have shewn that this system ascends), when the priests might have equally profited by the triacontactrid (the *muad*) of Joseph, and by the true cosmogonic data.

We must further remark, that although in the second, or moral triad, Typhon replaces the Khem of the first Theban triad, we cannot agree with Mr. Cory that the former is a mere representative of the latter, and that the productive and destroying powers were personified by the same divinity in the Egyptian system. The distinct characters of both, we apprehend, we have clearly identified; the productive, or rather the generative powers, attributed by our author to Typhon, being

* Whether this was primarily that of the Chaldeans or Egyptians is of little consequence. These were fundamentally the same, as already shewn. We have the Egyptian completely before us, to institute the comparison; while the subordinate particulars of that of the Chaldeans are lost. We, however, know that the sect of Platonists, calling themselves Chaldeans, had likewise an ogdoad of powers, consisting of the same number of monads and triads (Psellus. *Anc. Frag.*, p. 217, and *seq. notes*). This seems to point to the system of the ancient Chaldeans, through Pythagoras.

in reality those of Horus the younger, the mythological destroyer of Typhon the destroyer. Had our enlightened companion, and in many respects our guide, in the present disquisition, contemplated the existence of a double Gentile tetrad and triad, he would not have made the second a deterioration of the first, nor have identified their respective attributes; nor would he have viewed the principle of evil, connected with the third personage of the moral Gentile trinity, as a modern innovation, or addition to the characters of the third of the physical triad. It was as old as the serpent in Paradise, and never lost sight of by the race of Adam. It was, moreover, as distinct from the physical triad, as the events of the Fall are from those of the third day of the hexaëmeron.

It would appear, from what precedes, that the second tetrad, or triad, was, in its intellectual or moral character only, admitted into the trigesimal series of the divinities; and this immediately directs us to the character in which it became the universal worship of Egypt, representing both triads, and all the forms of the gods, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal; viz. the epagomenate, i.e. as the gods of the five days which formed no part of the month, or of the

old solar year, as Diodorus and Plutarch acquaint us. Hence all the differences of opinion about the worship of Osiris, Orus, Typhon, and their female correlatives, and the confusion which prevails in the mythological system, adverted to by our author at p. 56; whereas, by reference to our restored trigesimal calendar, every attribute becomes classified, and every statement of antiquity reduced to order and consistency.

Let us conclude this part of our observations, by remarking that the first and second tetrads, or triads, being distinguished as above, the terrestrial avatars of both, which are prefixed to the dynasties of Egypt, may be equally distinguished by supposing them to represent the first and second fathers of mankind (both of whom were prominent types of Him who was to come, and, in common with the physical types, identified by Paganism with the antitype), together with the three sons of each. In agreement with this, the Phœnician record of Sanchoniatho clearly identifies Chronus, the monad of the second tetrad, with Noah; and so does the fragment of Eupolemus (see *Anc. Frag.*, 2d edit., p. 10, *et seq.*, and p. 58).

HERMOGENES.

THE PARIS REBELS OF THE TWELFTH OF MAY.

Paris, 8th July, 1839.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Here I am at the Luxembourg—the palace of Mary de Medicis—the residence of Gaston de France—then the property of the Duchess de Montpensier—afterwards the dwelling of the eldest brother of Louis XVI.—subsequently the state-prison of the revolution in which our own countrymen, and countrywomen, too, were incarcerated by the demons of a pretended popular and national government—then the palace of the Directory—then of the Consulate—afterwards of the “Sénat Conservateur”—and, finally, of the Chamber of Peers, and now of the Court of Peers, as well as of the Chamber, convoked in its semicircular court to judge the rebels of the 12th of May.

I am in front of the peers; the nineteen rebels are seated before me. On one side of me is a shorthand-writer of the *Moniteur*, who knows every peer, his history, his private and public life, his family, his principles; on my other side is the brother of Martin Bernard, one of the chiefs of the republican rebellion. He is writing on his knees a half-hour's bulletin to his aged mother, whilst her son Martin is under trial for his life. He is a quiet, gentlemanly person, and says that his brother is an “extravagantly-minded man,” who fears not death, nor even feels for his present position; but who loves his family, and deplotes their sorrow. The two brothers looked kindly at each other as Martin passed by just now in the custody of the municipal guard; the brother on my right coughing that he might obtain a look of recognition; and the prisoner shewing, by his pale face and haggard eye, that he was no stranger to the sorrows of his mother and his brethren. That was a fraternal look of gratitude given by the republican rebel to the compassionate assiduity of his anxious brother.

The Court of Peers is the old Salle des Séances—heavy, dark, hot, and dull. The only thing lively about it is the red collar of the president, and the scarlet gowns of the public prosecutors. The building is semicircular, and its diameter is seventy-seven feet. The old Corinthian columns, in stucco, are adorned by the statues of the legis-

lators of antiquity; and Solon, Aristides, Scipio Africanus, Demosthenes, Cicero, Lycurgus, Cincinnatus, Cato, Pericles, and Leonidas, contrast singularly with the common, vulgar, everyday appearance of the life-peers of the revolution of 1830.

There are about twenty gentlemen who are members of the Court of Peers, and not more than a dozen were present. The rest are French bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and *soi-disant* professors, made peers by Louis Philippe to reward them for having been rejected by the electoral body from the lower house. Then there are two or three respectable old admirals; a host of coarse, common generals of the empire, chemists, doctors, and doctrinaires; with here and there a face denoting that, in times of yore, its great-grandfathers were much greater men than its descendants. Count Mole looks grave and quiet. The Duke de Broglie feels all the weight and responsibility of his office as judge. For three hours he has not removed his opera-glass from his eyes, but remains fixed and immovable whilst the counsel for the rebels are pleading either the innocence of their clients, or in mitigation of their punishment. Baron Segur, the president of the Royal Court, looks as insolent and as vulgar as usual. He has a sadly sardonic smile; and, when in good society, is as little at his ease as is John Cam Hobhouse. Count d'Argout is there, with his long nose and his old clothesmanlike appearance, making notes of all that is passing; and Count Roy, one of the wealthiest of the French peers, reminds me of a man who is a judge against his will, and who has brought up his duty, and not his taste or inclination, to the sticking point. Poor Cousin, the German neologist (for he is nothing better), eyes Count Roy most covetously, and longs to exchange his philosophy for the count's *billets de banque*. I never could make out what Mrs. Austin could discover so wonderful in Philosopher Cousin, except his dirt and his dowliness; but they are great cronies, and he swears by her moustaches, as she does by his philosophy. Their attachment is like her story, “without an end.” Count Simeon has a head as

white as Mont Blanc, or the Jung-frau when the sun shines upon it on a clear spring morning; but with this exception, that the whiteness of the Jung-frau's head is all *nature*, and that of Count Simeon is all *art*, for it is powder. M. Simeon is no ordinary man. As an octogenarian, he has witnessed "many strange sights," and has himself been often the victim of revolutionary conflicts and reactions. He dared, however, to refuse to take the oath to the Talleyrand civil constitution of the clergy, had the honour of being banished by Robespierre, and was comprised in the list of proscriptions of the 18th Fructidor.

Henry IV. said, "*Que le plus beau titre d'un roi de France était d'être le chef de la noblesse du royaume.*" Thus, my dear Fraser, was a good many years ago, when France had nobles, chateaus, castles, lordly baronies, and fine parked estates; but you may search for them now in vain. The peerage is a life-peerage; the old families, with but very few exceptions, refuse to recognise the reigning dynasty. The peers created by Charles X. were deprived of their titles and honours by the revolution of 1830; and as I look on the peers before me, I see, as it were, printed on their foreheads the epochs to which they respectively belong.

There sits Barthe, the carbonaro; he swore "death to kings" on the point of a pommel. He was one of those who organised that tremendously revolutionary secret society. He is a vulgar, wretched-looking person, with a large white face, and looks as awkward in his peer's embroidered coat as an elephant in an opera dress. Barthe is a successful conspirator; he would have been a beggar without conspiring.

Barbes is an unsuccessful rebel; but he has an income of 600*l.* a-year, all of which he has hazarded in defending his opinions.

And there is young Montebello (the son of Lannes), whose mission to Switzerland had well-nigh been fatal to the peace of France, and to the repose of the west of Europe. He is saucy, pragmatical, and talks loudly and foolishly before his betters. He affects an impartiality he does not feel, and throws himself into attitudes for the sake of effect.

The Duke Decazes is a wonderful man. You may like him or hate him,

scold him or praise him, according to your taste; but he is, after all, a wonderful man. Whether as magistrate, counsellor to Louis Bonaparte the king of Holland, or as secretary to Madame Mère; whether as commander of a company of volunteers on 20th March, 1815, when he separated himself from the family of Napoleon and read the proclamation of Louis XVIII.; or as prefect of police of Paris in July of the same year, even before the return of the king to his capital; or as member of the Chamber of Deputies; or as minister of police in the place of Fouché; or as minister of state in times of vast difficulty and danger; or as ambassador to the court of St. James's; or as peer of France; or as grand referendary of the chamber of which he is a member;—in each and all of these positions he has proved himself to be an extraordinary man, and continues to exercise vast influence, both in the upper house and at the palace of his king.

But I must not continue my sketches of the peerage, or I shall forget my subject. Still, Baron Pasquier I must introduce to your notice, as he is the president, the chancellor, the every thing, both in the chamber and the court, whose sittings he regulates, and whose proceedings he conducts.

So Baron Pasquier is bowing most politely to Barbes, who tells him that he has no right to judge him, and looking most graciously at Bernard, who refuses to answer him a word; but Dupont, the republican barrister, is treated far differently. He dares to discuss a principle; he dares to go back to history; he dares to refer to the revolution of 1789, to its divisions, to Baboux, to the division of property, to the political tenets of his clients, and to what he calls the mighty "problem" of the best means of ameliorating the condition of the mass of the people. "It is no problem," cries Pasquier, "and I will not suffer it to be called one. That problem is resolved by the King of the French, by the laws, by the charta, by the institutions of the country." In vain did Dupont try to convince him that the problem was to be resolved pacifically. "No—no—it is no problem!" ejaculated the president, and Dupont closed his harangue. It is not surprising that Baron Pasquier has a horror of popular movements, *émeutes*, insurrections, and

revolutions. His father perished on a revolutionary scaffold, and he has preserved, as fresh and as strong as ever, his horror of the hydra of factions. The baron commenced his public life under the empire, as auditor to the council of state; in 1810 he was named master of requests, and shortly afterwards prefect of police at Paris in the place of Dubois, who had fallen into disgrace in consequence of the deplorable accidents which had taken place at the fete of the Prince de Schwartzberg. Whilst prefect of police, poor Baron Pasquier was served a most deplorable trick, which he can never forget, nor forgive. General Mallet made a most audacious attack on the prefect in 1812, during the Russian campaign; and, in execution of his plot, actually arrested the baron, and transferred him to the prison of La Force, though that prison was one under his own orders. The prefect, of course, was soon liberated; but this arrest and imprisonment tended to confirm him in his hatred of all insurrectionists and of all insurrectionists.

In 1814, Baron Pasquier was named member of the council of state; and, on the return of the Bourbons to Paris after the hundred days, was appointed minister of justice. He was subsequently selected by Louis XVIII. as judge-commissioner for the liquidation of debts due by France to the subjects of foreign powers. In 1816, he was president of the Chamber of Deputies; and, in 1817, minister of justice. During the stormy years of 1815 to 1819, he remained faithful to the king and the rights of the throne; and in the latter year he prepared his celebrated "Mémoire" on the state of Europe and France, and which led to his appointment to the yet higher post of minister of foreign affairs. So long as he remained minister, he continued faithful to his trust as guardian of the rights of the throne; but he joined the opposition in the House of Peers against the Polignac ministry, and accelerated the revolution of July.

But no one can love Pasquier. He is irritable to excess; he is passionate to an absurdity; he cannot endure contradiction, and he cannot be too much flattered or too highly praised. He is not dignified in his manner, or elevated in his gestures. He is the cock of the walk, and he crows loud, long, and often enough to be heard by

all; but it is always in the same note, and it irritates and annoys you. He examines witnesses with rapidity, puts words into their mouths, assists them in helping to convict, and confounds and confuses them when they attempt to aid the accused. And yet I declare to you again that he is not a bad-hearted man; but he has a horror of insurrections, a hatred to revolt: and a mere suspicion that a man is an insurrectionist, is, with him, sufficient proof that he does not deserve to live. Yet this very Pasquier tried Prince Polignac, and condemned him, having first conspired against him in the chamber, where he was afterwards judge.

As the court is a demi-circle, with a recess in the middle of the axis of the semi-circle, where, on ordinary occasions, when the chamber is sitting and not the court, are placed the seats of the president and secretaries, the prisoners were arranged on seats in this recess, so that they faced the whole of the peers. Towards the right extremity of the demi-circle sat the president, on a raised bench. The peers were dressed in their costume — a dark blue coat with standing-up collar, trimmed with lace, and with swords on their sides, and their crosses of the Legion of Honour on their breasts. The procureur-general, with his two assistants, sat on the opposite side of the court, facing the president, and also on a raised platform. His name is Franck Carré; he is "an out-and-out Orleanist;" he hates all those who differ from him on any one topic, and his aversion to the republicans is boundless.

"You are not a politician," he said to Barbes; "you are a murderer, an assassin, a friend of Fieschi, and must be treated as such."

Barbes smiled, as Satan may be supposed to smile when damned spirits reproach him with their fate. His lips quivered with rage, and a flush just tinged his pale cheek; but he replied not a word, merely reserving to himself the right of a fierce and bitter phrase at the end of the process. It was bitter enough.

"The young virgins who were ravished by the orders of Tiberius before they were given over to the executioner, did not die the less pure. I have no other reflection to make."

Franck Carré looked confounded.

"I must have their heads," said

Franck Carré, when he saw Barbes, Bernard, and Mialon; and he fought hard for them to the last. His assistants, or substitutes, are aspirants to office. One of them was the editor of a journal; he will soon be a judge.

Let us turn to the prisoners. Each one is guarded by a civic soldier; they are all seated; there are no chains, no handcuffs, each has his perfect liberty; but, on entering and leaving the court, the soldier simply takes hold of his prisoner by his arm. What a group! Barbes has a face which alarms, not interests you; eyes which pierce you, not fix your attention or sympathies; a mouth made to utter curses; and a beard which gives a superhuman character to his visage. Sternness, inflexibility, indifference to all but the object he pursues, scorn and contempt for his opponents; these are the features of his very expressive, but sadly disconcerting physiognomy. He would have made an admirable judge in the revolutionary tribunals.

Bernard is a young man of thirty years of age—tall, pale, thin, with a character of obstinate adhesion to an opinion, and yet of ardour for his object. It is seldom that a choleric man is an obstinate one, but he unites the two failings. He has preserved a silence more absolute than even that of Barbes. He was a chief, active and vigorous, and was convinced that his duty and his patriotism required him to arm against Louis Philippe. "Your king is only a usurper," said Bernard, as the guards conducted him to prison. He is a member of the secret society of the Four Seasons, and one of its chiefs. He believes in the necessity not merely for overthrowing king, peers, and deputies, but likewise for destroying the present arrangements and classifications of human society, as well in France as elsewhere; and is a stickler for the doctrine of distributing, in equal shares and proportions, the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of all who possess any, amongst those who possess little or none.

The old *terrassier* Mialon, the oldest of the accused (fifty-six years of age), reminded me for all the world of "a frozen-cut gardener!" "On the faith and honour of Mialon, as I am a Christian, and as I hope to be saved," cried this veteran rebel, in worn-out velvet jacket and trousers, "I was not even in the direction of the revolt;

how then could I have murdered Jonas?" Franck Carré smiled at the oath of Mialon; Barbes, who knew his man, bit his lip, and no doubt muttered, "He's afraid to die;" and Mialon's counsel hung down his head with shame. Mialon was an old thief! Oh, how Baron Pasquier's lips smacked with joy as he put the question, "You have been condemned for robbery, and sentenced to five years' solitary confinement; have you not?" asked the baron, of the prisoner.

"Yes," was his reply. This was the first question, and the first answer. How could he get over that? But, to fix his fate still more certainly, the president continued:—

"And you had no work on the 12th of May?"

"None, sir," was the reply. So here was Mialon at once condemned without a trial. "An old thief, out of work, and out of prison." There was no escaping from this conclusion, that no man was so likely to have been an insurgent. Still even this was not enough to satisfy the baron's passion for convicting prisoners, and he followed up the previous questions by a third one.

"And yet, Mialon, though you were without work, they found twenty-five francs in your pocket when you were arrested!" Mialon insisted that they were the *savings* of himself and his wife; but his declaration went but little way against the three oppressive facts, that he had been a convicted thief, was out of work, and yet had twenty-five francs. From that moment his cause was lost, and Baron Pasquier knew it.

The prisoners, with but four exceptions, belonged to the working classes. One was a journeyman umbrella-maker; another, a journeyman boot-maker; a third, a journeyman bandbox-maker, and so on. The youngest of the nineteen prisoners was Pierné, only eighteen; the eldest was the unfortunate Mialon, who was fifty-six. There were two only nineteen, and the rest varied from twenty-three to thirty. The average of the ages of the nineteen prisoners was twenty-nine years.

Pierné is a mere boy; he heard the firing of musketry, and longed to follow to the field his "brave fellow-citizens." "But you have been condemned to two months' correctional imprisonment?" said Baron Pasquier.

The poor lad looked ashamed. "I have, sir, for disobedience to my father."

"Do you belong to any secret society?" asked the president.

"To none, sir," replied Pierné.

The case of Nougues was of a much graver character. He is twenty-three years of age. He avowed himself one of the heroes of the barricades, and the following letter to his mistress is a specimen of the impetuosity of his character:—

"My charming Queen,—Up to this moment no evil has happened to me . . . We fought all yesterday, but we hope to recommence this evening . . . Pray for me; and, if I escape, you shall be my wife. May we meet again; I kiss you a thousand times.

(Signed) THY HUSBAND."

But Nougues was a lady's man, and appears to have had more charming queens than Miss Reine Morel; for another letter, signed by him to Miss Rose Daniel, is worth preserving:—

"My dear Rose,—I rely on thy secrecy, thy faith, and thy love. I am about to combat for the sacred cause of liberty and my country. But before I do this, in conjunction with Martin, we must pay our debts: they are few; but we may fall, and our honour must remain unimpeached. We apply, then, to you, to lend us one hundred francs; it will suffice to clear us from our debts. Before we sacrifice ourselves, we must take care of our honour, and no one can be more anxious for its preservation than thyself, dear Rose. I embrace you with my heart.

"Thine, N—."

"What was the object of your conspiracy?" asked Baron Pasquier, with all the *naïveté* of a child, more than with the gravity of a judge. Nougues did not hesitate in his reply.

"The object was clear and natural," said the prisoner; "and you must know what it was, after all the examinations which have been made, and the inquiries which have been instituted:—it was to establish a republic."

"Not minding by what means," said the president; "and in spite of all the blood shed, and that which must still be shed, to accomplish such an object!"

"The blood was shed in fighting," replied Nougues; "and, as I am no prophet, I could not predict how much more might be shed to effect our purpose."

"Your principles are anti-social," cried Baron Pasquier. "Your defence would go to establish a state of savage life."

Barbes sprang on his legs. "One word, M. President," said this iron-lipped rebel. "You have no right to speak." "One word only." "No," said Baron Pasquier; but Barbes paid no attention. He had said the previous day,

"I do not pretend to discuss with you, peers of France, our political situations. My system is to imitate the Indian, who, when the fortunes of war turn against him, and he falls into the hands of his enemies, does not have recourse to idle and useless explanations to avert the penalty of death. He presents his head to the scalping knife. I simply imitate the Indian."

Barbes had heard in his prison that this declaration was calculated to injure his republican cause, since it would be inferred, that were republicanism to be established in France, a state of mere physical force would take the place of laws and legal institutions.

"I merely wish to say one word," said Barbes, "as to that term *savage* which you have just made use of. I told you yesterday that I would present you my head to scalp; but I did not by that declaration intend to establish the principles of savage society. That is all."

"The peers looked at each other with astonishment. Barbes was evidently an enthusiast; but he was sincere and certain."

Nougues was not a member of the secret society of the *Quatre Saisons*; but, though not a member, he was initiated in most of their secrets. When Nougues heard that Bernard had been arrested, and was to be brought to trial, he sought to save the rebel chief, and yet not to "compromise his own honour;" and so he resorted to the following expedient.

"I said that I saw Martin Bernard in the first mob which took place in the Rue Bourg l'Abbé," said Nougues; "because I thought he was dead. I was told he had been killed; and I thought, therefore that my declaration would be of no importance; and as you insisted on the fact of Bernard being there, I admitted it, *just to please you*."

The president was annoyed. "How could he be *pleased* at the admission of the fact by Nougues? Ought such an

admission to please him? Baron Pasquier felt all his character compromised; and he ordered the registrar of the court to read Nougues's former voluntary declaration. It was as follows:—

"I know that, in the Rue Bourg l'Abbe several individuals approached Martin Bernard, and asked him who were the members of the council,—who were to direct the affairs of the republic? And Martin Bernard replied, 'There is no council. The council! it is ourselves.'"

Louis XIV. said, "L'état—c'est moi." This has always been cited as a proof of the absolutism of his government, and of the despotism of his power. But in 1839, a journeyman printer speaks in the name of the French republic (to be), and says, "The council—why, it is ourselves!!" How are the mighty fallen!!

The secret societies of France are too numerous and too varied to be described, even in a volume; but Nougues has supplied us with the following description of the one of which Barbes and Martin Bernard were members:—

"The smallest subdivision of the society is composed of six men and a chief, who form a week; the chief of the week is called Sunday. Four weeks united under a chief compose a month, of 28 men, or 29 with the chief. The chief of this faction is called July. Three months form a season, commanded by a chief, who is named Spring. With the chief, a season consists of 88 men. Finally, the largest division, and the last, is composed of the four seasons united, forming a year; the chief of the year is called a revolutionary agent. I should think, that in the society to which Barbes and Bernard belonged there were not more than 3 years, or 1059 members."

The Société des Saisons is the successor to the Société des Familles, of which Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey, were members. The members swear fidelity on the point of a poniard, as Barthe and Merillon did, both now peers, against the benevolent and paternal government of Charles X.

"What have you, Barbes, and you, Bernard, got to say to these declarations of Nougues?" asked Baron Pasquier.

Barbes looked angry at being disturbed in his reveries. "You know I

do not defend myself," he replied, without raising his head.

Bernard was also bitter. "I have nothing to say to you, sir," was his only answer.

"Then you acknowledge by your silence that these facts are true?" said the president.

"I recognise no such thing," replied Bernard. "I cannot do more than repeat to you, that I have nothing to say to you."

Bonnet is an engraver; he was born at Geneva, is twenty-eight years of age, and has a head of hair so long and so striking, that it would be difficult to mistake him for another. He considers himself a victim; and if he be not one, at least he plays his part well, and few would doubt his innocence. There can be no doubt, however, that if the rebellion succeeded, Monsieur Bonnet would have solicited the post of engraver to the president of the republic, besides the decoration of the Legion of Honour. But the plot failed, and Bonnet now swore he was a victim. Victim as he was, he ran about everywhere, however, to see the state of affairs during the battle; and deplored in no measured terms the failure of the patriots!

"If what you say is true," exclaimed Baron Pasquier, "it is very unfortunate for you that you were acquainted with such men as Mcillard."

Bonnet's advocate looked radiant. It was a ray of hope for his client. Baron Pasquier is not in the habit of speaking thus compassionately to either a legitimist or a republican.

"Are you a republican?" asked the baron.

"I belong to no party," replied Bonnet; "I am an engraver."

This was cool and capital; and Pasquier looked delighted. The president would acquit him, if he could, and, at any rate, will vote in his favour.

Rondil is nineteen years of age, a coarse, vulgar fellow, who mends old umbrellas—not to keep out the wet, but to sell.

Rondil happened, on the 12th of May, to be passing in the Rue Bourg l'Abbe when the chiefs of the republic and the executive council happened to be pillaging a gunsmith's premises. There he happened to learn all that was passing—happened to catch the eye of one of the chiefs—happened to receive a gun, and to hear it said,—

"Take, bold citizen,—here is a gun for you."

When first interrogated before Baron Pasquier, he declared that he was "forced" to do every thing; but now, in full court, he says all he did was voluntary, but was not the result of premeditation, but of accident.

The peers look rather doubtful, and Baron Pasquier does not believe a word of his story. But then he declares he is no republican, and no member of secret societies.

"Why did you march with the insurgents?" asks the president. "I really cannot tell," replies Rondil; "it was a sort of fatality." Yes, and such a fatality as may terminate most fatally for him.

Guilbert is a currier, 37 years of age, stout and steady. He declares that for the present he belongs to no political party; but will not say whether he is in heart a republican. Being accidentally in a street in the very heart of the revolt, he accidentally met a band of the insurgents; and one of the chiefs accidentally saw him, and as accidentally said of him,—"There's a good strapping fellow, who will be of use to us."

Delsade is quite of a different calibre. He is 32 years of age, member of secret societies, a pronounced opponent of Louis Philippe, and a noted republican. On one occasion, when a friend offended him, he declared,—"Si on vient à tirer des coups de fusil dans Paris, je vous en tirerai un;" in other words, an amiable promise to shoot his friend at the then next anticipated *émeute*. His brother-in-law declares that he is a "most frenzied republican;" and the president shivered again as he heard the declaration. Baron Pasquier looked at him with horror.

"But I am a hero of July 1830, and I received from the hands of the king of the French the cross of July," exclaimed Delsade.

How deplorable! In July 1830, this fellow was rewarded for having revolted against his king and government. In July 1839, he is tried for his life, for having once more put into practice the principles he was then applauded for professing. What means this difference? Let Delsade explain it.

"In 1830 I was with the majority; in 1839 I am with the minority."

Austen is twenty-three years of age, with long light hair, flaxen, and abundant; a Dane by birth, and a goose by nature. He makes and mends boots, and is a silly fellow. But, though silly, he said two or three monstrous good things, which are well worth recording.

When accused by the president of having forfeited the right to French hospitality, by meddling with the affairs and concerns of a country to which he did not belong, he replied,—

"I have done nothing which should deprive me of French hospitality; I have sometimes, indeed, sung the Marseillaise, which I have since been told has given offence; but I did not think there was any harm in singing that, when I heard Louis Philippe join in the chorus more than once at the Tuileries."

The peers tittered. M. Bertin Devaux, the proprietor of the *Journal des Dits*, looked grave. And well he might! A German bootmaker learnt to sing the revolutionary Marseillaise of the king of the French!

Austen declares that he was compelled by the insurgents to take a gun; and that they threatened to shoot the square-headed German, if he refused. He got rid of his gun in very quick time, and was about to make a retreat, when the municipal guards attacked him, wounded him, and cut him down.

Lemière, nicknamed Albert, is twenty-three years of age; and, when he does not make *émeutes* and revolutions, his business is to make *boreds*.

Thanks to Lemière, the police is now aware of another secret society, entitled, *Société de la Liberté de la Presse*. He refused to become a member of that, and of other societies, not because he disapproved their principles, or was an anti-republican; by no means; but only because he was too young.

But what is the secret of this man's history? He has told us in a few words. "I and my father could not agree. He was an old soldier. I felt myself something superior to the rank of a mere workman; I wished to be something better. My father made me a box and cabinet-maker. He did not understand my character."

"Ah," cried M. Pasquier, "your father, prisoner, is an honourable man, and an old soldier; and you belong to a respectable family. Reflect on your position."

Lemière wept. "My father did not understand my character," he sobbed out with emotion; and the president ordered him to be seated.

Lemière is accused of great activity during the insurrection; of having aided to construct barricades, and of having fired from behind them. He denies almost all; but he had a gun, a sabre, shots, and powder; and these are no very essential parts of a cabinet-maker or box-maker's tools.

"I wished to leave the insurgents," muttered Lemière.

"Then why did you not enter the door that was opened to you?" asked Pasquier.

Mark how the republican box-maker replied to the president of the Court of Peers.

"Because, as in 1834, in the Rue Transnonain, the soldiery massacred and strangled innocent people, when an innocent was suspected of being there, I determined not to go in, since the soldiers saw me, and would have repeated the scenes of murder of the Rue Transnonain."

"You are so great a liar, that no one can believe you," said the president.

Lemière looked ferocious at that moment, and muttered, "Je vous remercie pour votre impartialité envers un accusé."

Walsch is a carpenter; he comes from the country of the Upper Rhine, lives in Paris, and his age is twenty-seven. He declares most heartily that he is neither a republican nor an insurgent; and that he is as innocent of all offence as the angel Gabriel.

Philippet is a mechanic. He looks for all the world like a Scotchman. His hair, face, high cheekbones, are all sandy and Scotch. He is foreman at a large manufactory; and exercised no small influence over the minds of those who were subject to his authority. As a red-hot republican, he talks on all occasions to the journeymen whom he surveys; and even pretty Rosalie he promised a cross to when the new order of the republic should be established. To pretty Rosalie he also shewed the republican flag, or its model, and which was crowned by the Phrygian cap of liberty. Lint and bands in a box he also displayed to the terrified maiden, and told her that the lint and the bands would be required to dress the wounds of the patriots on the following Monday.

The president required him to give an account of his manner of spending every hour of the fatal 12th of May. He did so, with true Scotch precision; but he took care during the hours of fighting to be in quarters where no one saw him, and where he saw no one; so that he has no witness to prove an *alibi*. The workmen under his authority, declared, one after the other, that they were witnesses of his firing behind barricades, and in various directions; but Philippet insisted that he was either visiting the tomb of his first wife, or the public expositions of the manufactures of France, the whole morning and afternoon. But Walsch and Lebarzic, two of his co-rebels, related scores of facts in opposition to Philippet's assertions; and no one was more active or violent than this individual during the rebellion of the 12th of May.

Lebarzic was in the same manufactory as Walsch and Philippet. To look heroic, he once wore moustaches; but since his arrest he has cut them off, being assured that moustaches are republican.

Baron Pasquier has a bit of a leaning towards Lebarzic, because he cut off his moustaches, denounced Philippet, and begs for mercy. If not acquitted, at least his punishment will be a slight one.

Dugast was once a municipal guard, and wore in his button-hole the decoration of July 1830. This is the second hero of former days transformed into a state prisoner.

The evidence against Dugast was most equivocal; and his counsel conjured the peers to remember, that they were to judge his client not for his opinions, but for his conduct.

The public prosecutor felt the force of this appeal, and abandoned the charges against this hero of July. He was the only one whose conviction was not demanded by the servant of the crown.

Longuet is a commercial traveller, twenty-three years of age, belonging to a respectable family at St. Quentin, and travelling for the house in which he is a partner. Curiosity conducted him, not on the 12th, but on the 13th, to witness a barricade, its defence, and capture. The friend who accompanied him left him; he was surrounded by the insurgents; he fought at their request, more from shame than from

courage, and was more their dupe than their chief.

Martin is a maker of pasteboard and pasteboard-boxes. He is but a lad of nineteen; and looked thoroughly ashamed of himself at the court of peers. Passionate and ignorant, he was persuaded very easily to put powder in his pocket, and a gun on his shoulder; and when once his finger was wounded by a shot from the troops, he fired away like a madman.

"But why did you fight, and what for?"

"Because they shot at me."

"But why did you go where they could shoot you?"

"From mere curiosity, and to see what was going on."

"But when you saw what was going on, why did you not withdraw?"

"I participated in the events of the 12th from a sort of convulsive movement; for when one has done no harm to any individual, and one suddenly finds oneself wounded in the hand, who would not return the compliment?"

"Give up your gun directly," cried a police agent, as Martin fled for safety.

"I will only resign it with my life," retorted this pasteboard hero; and he was arrested.

Martin was an unlucky dog. He had been taken for a spy by the republicans, and for a republican by the police.

Mareschal has lived to thirty-three, and yet is as curious and as boyish as a lad of half his age. He gains his bread by decorating apartments; and the town of Caen had the honour of giving him birth. Mareschal is no revolutionist. His love of novelty attracted him to the scene of combat; and his unlucky star would have it that he should be arrested. Mareschal knew something of prisons, for he had been an *employé* of the police; and he was recognised by the insurgents as having been a provisional *surveillant* at the Conciergerie. Mareschal was arrested, conducted to the same prison where he had once been a keeper; and was brought before the peers to account for his conduct.

Grégoire, the last and the least of the offenders, was born at St. Cloud, has seen forty summers and winters over his sorrowing head, and is a maker of door-mats and rush-carpets.

His usual ill fortune led him to the scene of action; and worse than ill luck secured for him many a ball and a stab from the muskets and bayonets of the municipal and national guards of Paris. He was treated with much severity, and no little brutality, by the shopkeeping soldiers; and poor Grégoire is so great a sufferer, that he fainted away in court.

Baron Pasquier threw himself back into his chair, and smiled with delight. The examinations were over, the interrogatories were concluded; nothing remained but to hear the charge and the defence—the counsel for the crown, and those of the accused—and then to pronounce on their fate. The eighth days' trial was at an end.

Barbes and Martin Bernard were the chiefs of the insurrection. They were also chiefs of the *Société des Sansons*.

What says Barbes? You have already had a specimen of his language and his feelings; but that specimen is not sufficient.

Barbes. "I do not rise to reply to the questions of the president. It is not my intention to answer any one of them. If I alone were interested in this affair, I should not even rise to protest in a few words against your judicial pretensions. I should call on your consciences, and you would yourselves acknowledge that you are not here in the capacity of judges come to try offenders, but that you are political men who are here to decide on the fate of your political enemies. But as the events of the 12th May have placed many prisoners in your hands, as some of them are on each side of me, and as the greater part are reserved by you in custody to be tried in other batches, I have a duty to perform towards them, and I shall fulfil it.

"I declare, then, that all these citizens, on the 12th May, at three o'clock, were ignorant of our project to attack your government. They had been convoked by the committee, without being informed beforehand of the motive of the convocation, believing that they were simply to be reviewed. It was only when they arrived on the ground, to which we had taken care to convey the ammunition, and where we knew where to find arms, that I placed those arms in their hands, and that I gave them orders to march. These citizens were then led on in spite of themselves, and forced, by a sort of moral violence

exercised over them, to obey my orders. In my opinion, they are innocent.

"I think that this declaration ought to have some weight with you; for, as to myself, I do not desire to profit by it. I declare that I was one of the chiefs of the association; I declare that it was myself who prepared the combat, and that I also arranged all the means of execution. I declare that I took part, and that I fought against your troops; but if I accept for myself the full and entire responsibility of all the general facts, I ought also to decline the responsibility of certain acts that I neither counselled, ordained, nor approved. I refer in what I say to certain acts of cruelty which morality condemns, and which are pointed out in the indictment. Amongst these acts I cite the death inflicted on the Lieut. Drouineau.

"In making this declaration, I do not so make it for your sakes, or to influence you. You are not disposed to believe me, for you are my enemies. I make it for the sake of my country, and that all France may hear me. This murder of Drouineau was an act of which I neither am guilty, nor capable of perpetrating. If I had killed this officer, I should have done so in an equal combat, with equal arms, with an equal portion of the field of conflict for us both, and with the sun shining on our combat. I did not assassinate him. It is a calumny, with which it is hoped to ruin the character of a soldier of the popular cause. On this point, it is all I have to say. I did not kill the Lieutenant Drouineau.

"I have still another declaration to make, which is, that in the indictment the publication of the *Moniteur Republicain* has been incorrectly ascribed to the association.

"One word more. Bonnet was not a member of the association. Nongues was not a member of the association. It results, from this fact, that many of the individuals arrested were far from belonging to our association. I have nothing to add to this declaration."

Barbes sat down, and the peers looked aghast.

Baron Pasquier was disappointed. He has a partiality for interrogating both prisoners and witnesses. What was to be done? He could not consent to be thus deprived of his enjoyments. So he proceeded.

President. "But this declaration

cannot relieve you from the necessity of replying to my questions."

Barbes. "I shall not reply to any of your questions. I have told you all that I have to say. My head will answer for the rest. It is useless, then, to ask me questions. When a man declares that he was the chief of an insurrection, when he declares that he prepared and combined the means of attack, that he fought with arms against the government, and fired on the troops, it appears to me that such a declaration ought to be sufficient."

President. "You say that you deny a portion of the charges brought against you,—the portion relative to the murder of Lieutenant Drouineau. It is my duty, then, to make you feel that you ought, in your own interest, at least to submit to be interrogated as to that fact."

Barbes. "In order to answer any questions as to that fact, it would be necessary for me to enter into an explanation of particular incidents. I have protested against the murder of Lieutenant Drouineau, because it was a fact which injured my character. I did not do so in order to defend myself before judges, for I do not recognise you as my judges. You are my enemies; and I deliver to you my head."

All the efforts of the president were useless; to all his questions he received no reply. "I have reflected," said Barbes, "on the line of conduct most fit to be adopted. I am before my political enemies. I feel it to be my duty not to defend myself, and I shall act accordingly."

Martin Bernard was as silent as the grave. During the whole of this long and wearisome trial, scarcely a word escaped his lips.

"I declare to the president of the Court of Peers, that I do not intend to reply to any of his questions," was his declaration at the commencement of the trial, and he kept his word most religiously. Nothing could tempt him to utter a word.

In the criminal courts of Great Britain, Bernard would have been acquitted. The only declaration of any weight against him was made by Nongues, his fellow-prisoner. But in France, hearsay evidence is sufficient to ensure condemnation.

When the witnesses had all been examined, Martin Bernard broke his

silence ; but it was only for a moment. He rose and said : " When I was interrogated by your president, I thought fit not to reply, reserving to myself the right of contesting the evidence which should be produced against me. More than two hundred witnesses have entered this building, and not one has said that he saw me—not even that he thought he had seen me."

This is a fact ; and yet the public prosecutor required that Martin Bernard should be *guillotined*. This is the deplorable character of French criminal law.

Franch Carré, the procureur-general, occupied one day with his long and vehement address.

Young Arago, the republican sort of the republican astronomer, was one of the counsel for Barbes. Short, thick-lipped, dull, prosy, conceited, he mouthed and mouthed, in a twang peculiar to his party, by the hour together, to convince the court that Barbes did not murder Drouineau with his own hands.

Young Arago's defence of Bernard was better managed, and not badly put.

Dupont, the republican barrister, who was suspended from the exercise of his functions for two years, for his violent language as an advocate in favour of a republican cause, inflicted on the court, for two hours, another defence of Barbes and of Bernard.

At length the president asked each prisoner, and each counsel, if they had any more to add to their explanations or their pleadings. None replied ;—for one minute there was the silence of death.

" The trial is closed," exclaimed Baron Pasquier : " the court will deliberate." That was a moment of joy to the baron. Another of these state trials was over ; and he was " cock of the walk " to the last.

The court was soon cleared ; the prisoners, well guarded, were removed back to their cells ; and the peers met three days to consider their verdict.

Right joyous and gay, the veteran president of the Court of Peers proceeded, on the very same evening that the trial had closed (the 8th July), to the Château of Neuilly, to communicate to the King of the French the important news that the defence had been closed, and that the sentence had alone to be pronounced. " Mon cher

Pasquier" was, as usual, received with delight ; and a quiet game of chess closed the festivities of the evening. Louis Philippe is fond of no other game, and Soult or Pasquier are chosen rivals.

For four long days, in the hottest month of the year, did the peers debate, during six and seven hours each day, the guilt and innocence of the accused ; when at last the verdict was prepared, of which the following is an analysis :

Barbes, death.

Bernard, transportation for life.

Mintou, the galleries for life.

Delsade and Philippet, fifteen years' detention, and to remain the whole of their lives under the surveillance of the police.

Nongues and Martin, six years' detention, and to life-surveillance.

Guilbert, Rondil, and Lemiere, five years' detention, and to life-surveillance.

Longue and Mareschal, three years' detention, and political surveillance for ten years.

Walsch and Pierre, two years' detention, and ten years' surveillance.

Bonnet, Lebarzac, Dugas, and Grégoire, were acquitted.

When the judgment was pronounced, the prisoners were *not* present,—a custom which has something of the Star Chamber or Inquisition about it. The hall was half lighted—the peers had dined sumptuously with the Duke Decazes—the heat was intense—the public were silent and anxious—the Baron Pasquier looked alive and relieved, and read, with more of pleasure than of sadness, the severe judgment of the court. The instant it was read a buzzing commenced in court, and the name of Barbes was often pronounced. The president looked uneasy. Instead of directing the public to retire, he ordered it to remain until the peers had escaped ; and during twenty minutes the persons present at the audience were made prisoners. At length the doors were opened. The sentence soon became known in the environs of the Luxembourg. Up went every shutter, and closed was every shop ; and the inhabitants of the Rue de Tournon expected an *émeute*. Baron Pasquier again set off for Neuilly, to inform the king of the decision of the peers ; and again a game of chess terminated the state trial.

" Barbes is to die," was whispered about Paris. " Then there will be an insurrection," said the prefect of police.

What was to be done? The relatives of the victims of the rebellion of 12th May demanded an act of vengeance. The peers "thought it was useless to continue their jurisdiction, if their sentences were not executed." The staff of the National Guards "was sure that the *rappel* might be beat in vain on any future occasion, if the chief of the last rebellion should not ascend the scaffold." But the "movement party" set all its organs to work. Two thousand five hundred students marched, in order of battle, to the Chancellerie. Six hundred workmen paraded, in front of the Chamber of Deputies, their banners, with "Abolition of the penalty of Death" inscribed on them. A deputation of the Gauche and Extreme Gauche deputies waited on the minister of justice. The inhabitants of Guadalupe, the native country of Barbes, who were present at Paris, assembled and presented an address to the king. The sister and mother of Barbes, and his brother-in-law, proceeded to the foot of the throne, and humbly supplicated mercy for him, who refused to ask it for himself. And the ministers were convoked to decide on the question of commutation.

Barbes was alone unmoved. "Death has no horrors for me," said the chief of the insurrection. "I should glory in ascending the scaffold, and laying my young head upon the block, for the cause I support, and for the country I love." "....." "I should prefer to die; and thus to die alone." He said little else. The peers were his political enemies! The king was the chief of an usurpation! "Aristocrats were his abhorrence!" Arago and Dupont, his brother, and his sister, pleaded with him in vain. "He scorned to ask a favour of a prince whose throne he desired to overthrow." "....." "He preferred death to ignominy;" and "would never put his name to a petition to the occupier of the throne of July." What was to be done? The public mind became agitated. Tens of thousands of silent but observing workmen walked in the quarters most conspicuous in Paris during times of revolution. "The blade and the guillotine are removed to the Conciergerie," said some; and a "secret execution" was stated to be the intention of the government. It had never been dreamed of. But what was to be done? It was

Saturday afternoon. On Monday the execution was to take place. The cabinet was divided. The king held out hopes of mercy to the sister of Barbes; but his ministers were relentless. Marshal Soult felt for the army, of which he was the chief, after the king his master. The officers and soldiers of the army had been decimated in the rebellion. Drouneau had been murdered. Jonas had been basely assassinated. The fidelity of the army would be weakened by the mitigation of the punishment of Barbes. The minister of justice feared that the peers would cease to decide with firmness against political criminals. But the minister of the interior pleaded for peace, for order, and against civil war. He pleaded in vain. The council decided that Barbes had been guilty of a double crime, that of murder and that of treason; and Marshal Soult informed the king that Barbes must die. "No, he shall not die!" said the king; "though the consequence of his crime was a murder, his original offence was political." Louis Philippe persisted in making use of the right he possessed of shewing mercy; and Barbes, like Mialon, was sentenced to the galleys for life. By this decision, death for treason is abolished. Is this wise? Who can answer this question, in such a country as France?

But as Paris must have its *fêtes* as well as its insurrections, we are on the eve of the ninth anniversary of the "glorious days of July;" after which (as the manager announces at the theatre), his majesty's servants, the peers of France, will commence another state trial for the rebellion of the 12th May. There are two hundred in custody at the Luxembourg; but, before they are either liberated or condemned, the dance must be danced in the Champs Elysées; the "Marseillaise" must be sung at the Tuileries; the *drapeau tricolore* must float in the Place Louis XVI.; the column of July must be inaugurated at the Place de la Bastille; and rockets and Roman candles must explode by the thousand, to the delight and amusement of the gaping *gamins* of revolutionary Paris.

This is France? No wonder, then, that she cannot obtain the confidence or the love of my dear Fraser.

YOU KNOW WHO.

Paris, July 15, 1839.

CATHERINE : A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR.

CHAP. VII.

Which embraces a period of seven years.

THE recovery of so considerable a portion of his property from the clutches of Brock, was, as may be imagined, no trifling source of joy to that excellent young man, Count Gustavus Adolphus de Galgenstein ; and he was often known to say, with much archness, and a proper feeling of gratitude to the Fate which had ordained things so, that the robbery was, in reality, one of the best things that could have happened to him,—for, whereas, in event of Mr. Brock's *not* stealing the money, his excellency the count would have had to pay the whole to the Warwickshire squire, who had won it from him at play. He was enabled, in the present instance, to plead his notorious poverty as an excuse ; and the Warwickshire conqueror got off with nothing, except a very badly written autograph of the count's, simply acknowledging the debt.

This point his excellency conceded with the greatest candour, but (as, doubtless, the reader may have remarked in the course of his experience) to owe is not quite the same thing as to pay ; and from the day of his winning the money until the day of his death, the Warwickshire squire did never, by any chance, touch a single bob, tizzy, tester, moidore, maravedi, doubloon, tomann, or rupee, of the sum which Monsieur de Galgenstein had lost to him.

That young nobleman was, as Mr. Brock hinted in the little autobiographical sketch which we gave in the last number of this Magazine, incarcerated for a certain period, and for certain other debts, in the donjons of Warwick ; but he released himself from them, by that noble and consolatory remedy of white-washing, which the law has provided for gentlemen in his oppressed condition ; and had not been a week in London, when he fell in with, and overcame, or put to flight, Captain Wood, *alias* Brock, and immediately seized upon the remainder of his property. After receiving which, we count, with commendable discretion, disappeared from England altogether for a while ; nor are we at all

authorised to state that any of his debts to his tradesmen were discharged, any more than his debts of honour, as they are pleasantly called.

Having thus settled with his creditors, the gallant count had interest enough with some of the greater folk to procure for himself a post abroad, and was absent in Holland for some time. It was here that he became acquainted with the lovely Madam Silverkoop, the widow of a deceased gentleman of Leyden ; and although the lady was not at that age at which tender passions are usually inspired—being sixty ; and though she could not, like Mademoiselle Ninon de l'Enclos, then at Paris, boast of charms which defied the progress of time,—for Mrs. Silverkoop was as red as a boiled lobster, and as unwieldy as a porpoise ; and although her mental attractions did by no means make up for her personal deficiencies,—for she was jealous, violent, vulgar, drunken, and stingy to a miracle ; yet her charms had an immediate effect on Monsieur de Galgenstein ; and hence, perhaps, the reader (the reader ! how well he knows the world !), will be led to conclude that the honest widow was *rich*.

Such, indeed, she was ; and Count Gustavus, despising the difference between his twenty quarterings and her twenty thousand pounds, laid the most desperate siege, and finished, by causing her to capitulate,—as I do believe, after a reasonable degree of pressing, any woman will do to any man ; such, at least, has been *my* experience in the matter.

The count then married ; and it was curious to see how he, who, as we have seen in the case of Mrs. Cat, had been as great a tiger and domestic bully as any extant, now, by degrees, fell into a quiet submission towards his enormous countess, who ordered him up and down as a lady orders her footman, who permitted him speedily not to have a will of his own, and who did not allow him a shilling of her money, without receiving for the same an accurate account.

How was it that he, the abject slave of Madam Silverkoop, had been victorious over Mrs. Cat ? The first

blow is, I believe, the decisive one in these cases, and the countess had stricken it a week after their marriage,—establishing a supremacy which the count never afterwards attempted to question.

We have alluded to his excellency's marriage, as in duty bound, because it will be necessary to account for his appearance hereafter in a more splendid fashion than that under which he has hitherto been known to us ; and just comforting the reader by the knowledge, that the union, though prosperous in a worldly point of view, was, in reality, extremely unhappy, we must say no more from this time forth of the fat and legitimate Madame de Galgenstein. Our darling is Mrs. Catherine, who had formerly acted in her stead ; and only in so much as the fat countess did influence in any way the destinies of our heroine, or those wise and virtuous persons who have appeared, and are to follow her to her end, shall we in any degree allow her name to figure here. It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does, when the time is past, of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of *l'uni-* and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance, or on the turning of a street, or on somebody else turning of a street, or of somebody else's doing of something else in Downing Street or in Timbuctoo, now or a thousand years ago ; thus, for instance, if Miss Poots, in the year 1693, had never been the lovely inmate of a *spiel-haus*, at Amsterdam, Mr. Van Silverkoop would never have seen her ; if the day had not been extraordinarily hot, the worthy merchant would never have gone thither ; if he had not been fond of Rhemish wine and sugar, he never would have called for any such delicacies ; if he had not called for them, Miss Ottilia Poots would never have brought them, and partaken of them ; if he had not been rich, she would certainly have rejected all the advances made to her by Silverkoop ; if he had not been so fond of Rhemish and sugar, he never would have died ; and Mrs. Silverkoop would have been neither rich, nor a widow, nor a wife to Count von Galgenstein ; nay, nor would this history have ever been written ; for if Count Galgenstein had not married the rich widow, Mrs. Catherine would never have

Oh, my dear Madam ! you thought we were going to tell you. Pooh ! nonsense,—no such thing ; not for two or three and forty or fifty numbers, or so. • We know when we have got a good thing as well as our neighbours ; and Mr. Fraser says this tale is to continue until the year 44, when, perhaps, you may know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done.

The reader will remember, in the second part of these Memoirs, the announcement that Mrs. Catherine had given to the world a child, who might bear, if he chose, the arms of Galgenstein, with the further adornment of a bar-sinister. This child had been put out to nurse at the time of its mother's elopement with the count ; and as that nobleman was in funds at the time (having had that success at play which we duly chronicled), he paid a sum of no less than twenty guineas, which was to be the yearly reward of the nurse into whose charge the boy was put. The woman grew fond of the brat ; and when, after the first year, she had no further news or remittances from father or mother, she determined for a while, at least, to maintain the infant at her own expense ; for, when rebuked by her neighbours on this score, she stoutly swore that no parents could ever desert their children, and that some day or other she should not fail to be rewarded for her trouble with this one.

Under this strange mental hallucination poor Goody Billings, who had five children and a husband of her own, continued to give food and shelter to little Tom for a period of no less than seven years ; and though it must be acknowledged that the young gentleman did not in the slightest degree merit the kindnesses shewn to him, Goody Billings, who was of a very soft and pitiable disposition, continued to bestow them upon him, because, she said, he was lonely and unprotected, and deserved them more than other children who had fathers and mothers to look after them. If, then, any difference was made between Tom's treatment and that of her own brood, it was considerably in favour of the former, to whom the largest proportions of treacle were allotted for his bread, and the handsomest supplies of hasty pudding. Besides, to do Mrs. Billings justice, there was a party against him, and that consisted not only of her husband and

her five children, but of every single person in the neighbourhood who had an opportunity of seeing and becoming acquainted with Master Tom.

A celebrated philosopher, I think Miss Edgeworth, has broached the consolatory doctrine, that in intellect and disposition all human beings are entirely equal, and that circumstance and education are the causes of the distinctions and divisions which afterwards unhappily take place among them. Not to argue this question, which places Jack Howard and Jack Thurtell on an exact level,—which would have us to believe that Lord Melbourne is by natural gifts and excellences a man as honest, brave, and far-sighted as the Duke of Wellington,—which would make out that Lord Brougham is, in point of principle, eloquence, and political honesty, no better than Mr. O'Connell,—not, I say, arguing this doctrine, let us simply state that Master Thomas Billings (for, having no other, he took the name of the worthy people who adopted him) was in his long coats fearfully passionate, screaming and roaring perpetually, and shewing all the ill that he could shew. At the age of two, when his strength enabled him to toddle abroad, his favourite resort was the coal-hole, or the dunghheap : his roarings had not diminished in the least, and he had added to his former virtues two new ones,—a love of fighting and stealing, both which amiable qualities he had many opportunities of exercising every day. He fought his little adoptive brothers and sisters ; he kicked and cuffed his father and mother ; he fought the cat, stamped upon the kittens, was worsted in a severe battle with the hen in the back-yard ; but, in revenge, nearly beat a little sucking-pig to death, whom he caught alone, and rambling near his favourite haunt, the dunghill. As for stealing, he stole the eggs, which he perforated and emptied ; the butter, which he ate with or without bread, as he could find it ; the sugar, which he cunningly secreted in the leaves of a Baker's *Chronicle*, that nobody in the establishment could read ; and thus from the pages of history he used to suck in all he knew—thieving and lying namely, in which for his years he made wonderful progress. If any followers of Miss Edgeworth and the philosophers are inclined to disbelieve this statement, or to set it down

as overcharged and distorted, let them be assured that just this very picture was, of all pictures in the world, taken from nature. I, Ikey Solomons, once had a dear little brother who could steal before he could walk (and this not from encouragement,—for, if you know the world, you must know that in families of our profession the point of honour is sacred at home,—but from pure nature)—who could steal, I say, before he could walk, and lie before he could speak ; and who, at four and a half years of age, having attacked my sister Rebecca on some question of lollypops, and smitten her on the elbow with a fire-shovel, apologised to us, by saying, simply, “ D— her, I wish it had been her head ! ” Dear, dear Ammadab ! I think of you, and laugh these philosophers to scorn. Nature made you for that career which you fulfilled ; you were from your birth to your dying a scoundrel ; you *couldn't* have been any thing else, however your lot was cast ; and blessed it was that you were born among the pigs,—for had you been of any other profession, alas ! alas ! what ills might you have done. As I have heard the author of *Richelinu, Natural Odes, Samson Tunes*, &c., say, “ *Poeta nascitur non fit*,” which means, that though he had tried ever so much to be a poet, it was all moonshine ; in the like manner I say, “ *Rogus nascitur non fit*.” We have it from nature, and so a fig for Miss Edgeworth.

In this manner, then, while his father, blessed with a wealthy wife, was leading, in a fine house, the life of a galley-slave ; while his mother, married to Mr. Hayes, and made an honest woman of, as the saying is, was passing her time respectably in Warwickshire, Mr. Thomas Billings was inhabiting the same county, not cared for by either of them, but ordained by Fate to join them one day, and have a mighty influence upon the fortunes of both. For, as it has often happened to the traveller in the York or the Exeter coach to fall snugly asleep in his corner, and on awaking suddenly to find himself sixty or seventy miles from the place where Somnus first visited him ; as, we say, although you sit still, Time, poor wretch, keeps perpetually running on, and so must run day and night, with never a pause or a halt of five minutes to get a drink, until his dying day, let the reader

imagine that, since he left Mrs. Hayes, and all the other worthy personages of this history, in the July number of this Magazine, seven years have sped away in the interval; during which, all our heroes and heroines have been accomplishing their destinies.

Seven years of country carpentering, or other trading, on the part of a husband, of ceaseless scolding, violence, and discontent, on the part of a wife, are not pleasant to describe, so we shall omit altogether any account of the early married life of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes. The *Newgate Calendar* (to which excellent compilation we and the other popular novelists of the day can never be sufficiently grateful) states that Hayes left his house three or four times during this period, and, urged by the restless humours of his wife, tried several professions; returning, however, as he grew weary of each, to his wife and his paternal home. After a certain time his parents died, and by their demise he succeeded to a small property, and the carpentering business, which he for some time followed.

What, then, in the meanwhile, had become of Captain Wood, or Brock, and Ensign Macshane? the only persons now to be accounted for in our catalogue. For about six months after their capture and release of Mr. Hayes, those noble gentlemen had followed, with much prudence and success, that trade which the celebrated and polite Duval, the ingenious Sheppard, the dauntless Turpin, and, indeed, many other heroes of our most popular novels, had pursued, or were pursuing, in their time. And so considerable were said to be Captain Wood's gains, that reports were abroad of his having somewhere a buried treasure; to which he might have added more, had not Fate suddenly cut short his career as a prig. He and the ensign were—shame to say—transported for stealing three pewter pots off a railing at Exeter; and not being known in the town, which they had only reached that morning, they were detained by no further charges, but simply condemned on this one. For this misdemeanour, her majesty's government vindictively sent them for seven years beyond the sea; and, as the fashion then was, sold the use of their bodies to Virginian planters during that space of time. It is thus, alas! that the strong are always used to deal

with the weak; and many an honest fellow has been led to rue his unfortunate difference with the law.

Thus, then, we have settled all scores. The count is in Holland with his wife; Mrs. Cat, in Warwickshire, along with her excellent husband; Master Thomas Billings, with his adoptive parents, in the same county; and the two military gentlemen watching the progress and cultivation of the tobacco and cotton plant in the New World. All these things having passed between the acts, dingaring-a-dingaring-a-dingledingle-ding, the drop draws up, and the next act begins. By the way, the play ends with a drop; but that is neither here nor there.

*[Here, as in a theatre, the orchestra is supposed to play something melodious. The people get up, shake themselves, yawn, and settle down in their seats again. "Porter, ale, ginger-beer, cider," comes round, squeezing through the legs of the gentlemen in the pit. Nobody takes any thing, as usual; and, lo! the curtain rises again. "Sh, shsh, shsh-shhh! Hats off!" says every body.]

Mrs. Hayes had now been for six years the adored wife of Mr. Hayes, and no offspring had arisen to bless their loves and perpetuate their name. She had obtained a complete mastery over her lord and master; and having had, as far as was in that gentleman's power, every single wish gratified that she could demand, in the way of dress, treats to Coventry and Birmingham, drink, and what not—for, though a hard man, John Hayes had learned to spend his money pretty freely on himself and her—having had all her wishes gratified, it was natural that she should begin to find out some more; and the next whim she hit upon was to be restored to her child. It may be as well to state, that she had never informed her husband of the existence of that phenomenon, although he was aware of his wife's former connexion with the count,—Mrs. Hayes, in their matrimonial quarrels, invariably taunting him with accounts of her former splendour and happiness, and with his own meanness of taste in condescending to take up with his excellency's leavings.

She determined, then (but as yet

had not confided her determination to her husband), she would have her boy, although in her seven years' residence within twenty miles of him she had never once thought of seeing him; and the kind reader knows that when his excellent lady determines on a thing—a shawl, or an opera-box, or a new carriage, or twenty-four singing lessons from Tamburini, or a night at the Eagle Tavern, City Road, or a ride in a buss to Richmond, and tea and brandy-and-water at Rose Cottage Hotel—the reader, high or low, knows that when Mrs. Reader desires a thing, have it she will; you may just as well talk of avoiding her as of avoiding gout, biles, or gray hairs—and that you know is impossible. I, for my part, have had all three—ay, and a wife too. But away with egotism and talk of one's own sorrows: my Lord Byron, and my friend the member for Lincoln, have drained such subjects dry.

I say that when a woman is resolved on a thing, happen it will—if husbands refuse, Fate will interfere (*Flectere si nequeo, &c.*, but quotations are odious). And some hidden power was working in the case of Mrs. Hayes, and, for its own awful purposes, leading her to aid.

• Who has not felt how he works, the dreadful, conquering Spirit of Ill? Who cannot see, in the circle of his own society, the fated and foredoomed to woe and evil? Some call the doctrine of destiny a dark creed; but, for me, I would fain try and think it a consolatory one. It is better, with all one's sins upon one's head, to deem oneself in the hands of fate, than to think, with our fierce passions and weak repentances, with our resolves so loud, so vain, so ludicrously, despicably weak and frail, with our dim, wavering, wretched conceits about virtue, and our irresistible propensity to wrong, that we are the workers of our future sorrow or happiness. If we depend on our strength, what is it against mighty circumstance? If we look to ourselves, what hope have we? Look back at the whole of your life, and see how Fate has mastered you and it. Think of your disappointments and your successes. Has your striving influenced one or the other? A fit of indigestion puts itself between you and honours and reputation; an apple plops on your nose, and makes you a world's wonder and glory; a fit of poverty makes a rascal of you, who were, and

are still, an honest man; clubs, trumps, or six lucky mains at dice, make an honest man for life of you, who ever were, will be, and are a rascal. Who sends the illness? who causes the apple to fall? who deprives you of your worldly goods? or who shuffles the cards, and brings trumps, honour, virtue, and prosperity back again? You call it chance; ay, and so it is chance, that when the floor gives way, and the rope stretches tight, the poor wretch before St. Sepulchre's clock dies. Only with us, clear-sighted mortals as we are, we can't see the rope by which we hang, and know not when or how the drop may fall.

But, *revenons à nos moutons*, let us return to that sweet lamb, Master Thomas, and the milk-white ewe, Mrs. Cat. Seven years had passed away, and she begun to think that she should very much like to see her child once more. It was written that she should; and you shall hear how, soon after, without any great exertions of hers, back he came to her.

In the month of July, in the year 1715, there came down a road, about ten miles from the city of Worcester, two gentlemen, not mounted, Templar-like, upon one horse, but having a horse between them—a sorry bay, with a sorry saddle, and a large pack behind it; on which each by turn took a ride. Of the two, one was a man of excessive stature, with red hair, a very prominent nose, and a faded military dress; while the other, an old weather-beaten, sober-looking personage, wore the costume of a civilian—both man and dress appearing to have reached the autumnal, or seedy state. However, the pair seemed, in spite of their apparent poverty, to be passably merry. The old gentleman rode the horse; and had, in the course of their journey, ridden him two miles at least in every three. The tall one walked with immense strides by his side; and seemed, indeed, as if he could have quickly outstripped the four-footed animal, had he chosen to exert his speed, or had not affection for his comrade retained him at his stirrup.

A short time previously the horse had cast a shoe; and thus the tall man on foot had gathered up, and was holding in his hand, it having been voted that the first blacksmith to whose shop they should come should be called upon to fit it again upon the bay horse.

"Do you remimber this counthry, meejor?" said the tall man, who was looking about him very much pleased, and sucking a flower. "I think thim green corn-fields is prettier-looking at than the d— tobacky out yondther, and bad luck to it!"

"I recollect the place right well, and some queer pranks we played here seven years ago," responded the gentleman addressed as major. "You remember that man and his wife, whom we took in pawn at the Three Crows?"

"And the landlady only hung last Michaelmas?" said the tall man, parenthetically.

"Hang the landlady!—we've got all we ever would out of *her*, you know. But about the man and woman. You went after the chap's mother, and, like a jackass, as you are, let him loose. Well, the woman was that Catherine that you've often heard me talk about. I like the wench,—her, for I almost brought her up; and she was for a year or two doing with that scoundrel Calenstein, who has been the cause of my ruin."

"The infernal blackguard and ruffian!" said the tall man, who, with his companion, has no doubt been recognised by the reader.

"Well, this Catherine had a child by Calenstein; and somewhere here had by the woman lived to whom we carried the brat to nurse. She was the wife of a blacksmith, one Billings: it won't be out of the way to get our horse shod at his house, if he is alive still, and we may learn something about the little beast. I should be glad to see the mother well enough."

"Do I remember her?" said the ensign; "do I remember whisky? Sure I do, and the snivelling sneak her husband, and the stout old lady her mother-in-law, and the dirty one-eyed ruffian who sold me the parson's hat, that had so nearly brought me into trouble. O but it was a rare rise we got out of them chaps, and the old landlady that's hanged too!" And here both Ensign Macshane and Major Brock, or Wood, grinned, and shewed much satisfaction.

It will be necessary to explain the reason of it. We gave the British public to understand, that the landlady of the Three Rooks, at Worcester, was a notorious fence, or banker of thieves; that is, a purchaser of their merchandise.

In her hands Mr. Brock and his companion had left property to the amount of sixty or seventy pounds, which was secreted in a cunning recess in a chamber of the Three Rooks, known only to the landlady and the gentlemen who backed with her; and in this place, Mr. Cyclop, the one-eyed man who had joined in the Hayes adventure, his comrade, and one or two of the topping prigs of the county, were free. Mr. Cyclop had been shot dead in a night attack near Bath; the landlady had been suddenly hanged, as an accomplice in another case of robbery; and when, on their return from Virginia, our two heroes, whose hopes of livelihood depended upon it, had bent their steps towards Worcester, they were not a little frightened to hear of the cruel fate of the hostess and many of the amiable frequenters of the Three Rooks. All the goodly company were separated; the house was no longer an inn. Was the money gone too? At least it was worth while to look, which Messrs. Brock and Macshane determined to do.

The house being now a private one, Mr. Brock, with a genius that was above his station, visited its owner, with a huge portfolio under his arm, and, in the character of a painter, requested permission to take a particular sketch from a particular window. The ensign followed with the artist's materials (consisting simply of a screw-driver and a crow-bar); and it is hardly necessary to say that, when admission was granted to them, they opened the well-known door, and to their inexpressible satisfaction discovered, not their own peculiar savings exactly, for these had been appropriated instantly on hearing of their transportation, but stores of money and goods to the amount of near three hundred pounds; to which Mr. Macshane said they had as just and honourable right as any body else. And so they had as just a right as any body—except the original owners; but who was to discover them?

With this booty they set out on their journey—any where, for they knew not whither; and it so chanced that when their horse's shoe came off, they were within a few furlongs of the cottage of Mr. Billings, the blacksmith. As they came near, they were saluted by tremendous roars issuing from the smithy. A small boy was held across the bel-

lows, two or three children of smaller and larger growth were holding him down, and many others of the village were gazing in at the window, while a man, half-naked, was lashing the little boy with a whip, and occasioning the cries heard by the travellers. As the horse drew up, the operator looked at the new-comers for a moment, and then proceeded incontinently with his work, belabouring the child more fiercely than ever.

When he had done, he turned round to the new-comers and asked, how he could serve them? whereupon Mr. Wood (for such was the name he adopted, and by such we shall call him to the end) wittily remarked that however he might wish to serve *them*, he seemed mightily inclined to serve that young gentleman first.

"It's no joking matter," said the blacksmith; "if I don't serve him so now, he'll be worse off in his old age. He'll come to the gallows, as sure as his name is Bill. Never mind what his name is," and so saying, or *soi disant*, as Bulwer says, he gave the urchin another cut, which elicited, of course, another scream.

"Oh! his name is Bill!" said Captain Wood.

"His name's not Bill!" said the blacksmith, sulkily. "He's no name, and no heart, neither. My wife took the brat in, seven years ago, from a beggarly French chap to nurse, and she kept him, for she was a good soul (here his eyes began to wink), and she's—she's gone now (here he began fairly to blubber); and, d—him, out of love for her, I kept him too, and the scoundrel is a liar and a thief; and this blessed day, merely to vex me and my boys here, he spoke ill of her, he did, and I'll—cut—his—(—) life—out—I—will!" and with each word honest Mulciber applied a whack on the body of little Tom Billings, who, by sprill shrieks, and oaths in treble, acknowledged the receipt of the blows.

"Come, come," said Mr. Wood, "set the boy down, and the bellows a-going; my horse wants shoeing, and the poor lad has had strapping enough."

The blacksmith obeyed, and cast poor Master Thomas loose; as he staggered away and looked back at his tormentor, his countenance assumed an expression, which made Mr. Wood say, grasping hold of Macshane's arm,

"It's the boy, it's the boy! when his mother gave Galgenstein the laudanum, she had the self-same look with her!"

"Had she really now?" said Mr. Macshane; "and pree, meejor, who was his mother?"

"Mrs. Cat, you fool!" answered Wood.

"Then, upon my sacred word of honour, she's a mighty fine kitten any how, my dear, aha!"

"They don't drown such kittens," said Mr. Wood, archly; and Macshane, taking the allusion, clapped his finger to his nose in token of perfect approbation of his commander's sentiment.

While the blacksmith was shoeing the horse, Mr. Wood asked him many questions concerning the lad whom he had been just chastising, and succeeded, beyond a doubt, in establishing his identity with the child whom Catherine Hall had brought into the world seven years since. Billings told him of all the virtues of his wife, and the manifold crimes of the lad; how he stole, and fought, and lied, and swore; and though the youngest under his roof, exercised the most baneful influence over all the rest of his family. He was determined at last, he said, to put him to the parish, for he did not dare to keep him.

"He's a fine whelp, and would fetch ten pices in Virginia," sighed the ensign.

"Crimp, of Bristol, would give five for him," said Mr. Wood, ruminating.

"Why not take him?" said the ensign.

"Faith, why not?" said Mr. Wood. "His keep, meanwhile, will not be sixpence a-day." Then turning round to the carpenter, "Mr. Billings," said he, "you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I know every thing regarding that poor lad's history. His mother was an unfortunate lady of high family, now no more; his father a German nobleman, Count de Galgenstein by name."

"The very man!" said Billings; "a young, fair-haired man, who came here with the child, and a dragoon serjeant."

"Count de Galgenstein by name, who, on the point of death, recommended the infant to me."

"And did he pay you seven years' boarding?" said Mr. Billings, who was quite alive at the very idea.

"Alas, sir, not a jot! he died, sir,

six hundred pounds in my debt, did n't he, ensign?"

"Six hundred, upon my sacred honour! I remember when he got into the house along with the poli——"

"Psha! what matters it!" here broke out Mr. Wood, looking fiercely at the ensign. "Six hundred pounds he owes me, how was he to pay you? But he told me to take charge of this boy, if I found him; and found him I have, and will take charge of him, if you will hand him over."

"Send our Tom!" cried Billings; and when that youth appeared, scowling, and yet trembling, and prepared, as it seemed, for another castigation, his father, to his surprise, asked him if he was willing to go along with those gentlemen, or whether he would be a good lad and stay with him.

Mr. Tom replied immediately, "I won't be a good lad, and I'd rather go to ——, than stay with you!"

"Will you leave your brothers and sisters?" said Billings, looking very dismal.

"Hah! leave 'em any!"

"But you had a good mother, had n't you, Tom?"

Tom paused for a moment.

"Mother's gone," said he, "and you flog me, and I'll go with these fellows."

"Well, then, go thy ways," said Billings, starting up in a passion; "go thy ways for a graceless reprobate; and if this gentleman will take you, he may so."

After some further parly, the conversation ended, and the next morning Mr. Wood's party consisted of three, a little boy being mounted upon the bay horse in addition to the ensign or himself, and the whole company went journeying towards Bristol.

We have said that Mrs. Hayes had, on a sudden, taken a fit of maternal affection, and was bent upon being restored to her child; and that benign destiny, which watched over the life of this lucky lady, instantly set about gratifying her wish; and, without cost to herself of coach-hire or saddle-horse, sent the young gentleman very quickly to her arms. The village in which the Hayes's dwelt was but a very few miles out of the road from Bristol, whither, on the benevolent mission above hinted

at, our party of worthies were bound; and coming, towards the afternoon, in sight of the house of that very Justice Ballance who had been so nearly the ruin of Ensign Macshane, that officer narrated, for the hundredth time, and with much glee, the circumstances which had then befallen him, and the manner in which Mrs. Hayes, the elder, had come forward to his rescue.

"Suppose we go and see the old girl?" suggested Mr. Wood; "no harm can come to us now." And his comrade always assenting, they wound their way towards, and reached it as the evening came on. In the public-house where they rested, Wood made inquiries concerning the Hayes's family, was informed of the death of the old couple, of the establishment of John Hayes and his wife in their place, and of the kind of life that these latter led together. When all these points had been imparted to him, he ruminated much; an expression of sublime triumph and exultation at length lighted up his features. "I think, Tim," said he at last, "that we can make more than five pieces of that boy."

"Oh, in, coorse!" said Timothy Macshane, Esq., who always agreed with his "meejor."

"In coorse, you fool! and how? I'll tell you how. This Hayes is well to do in the world, and ——"

"And we'll nab him again, ha, ha!" roared out Macshane. "By my sacred honour, meejor, there never was a gerneral like you at a strathjyam!"

"Peace, you bellowing donkey, and don't wake the child. The man is well to do, his wife rules him, and they have no children. Now, either she will be very glad to have the boy back again, and pay for the finding of him; or else she has said nothing about him, and will pay us for being silent too; or, at any rate, Hayes himself will be ashamed at finding his wife the mother of a child a year older than his marriage, and will pay for the keeping of the brat away. There's profit, my dear, in any one of the cases, or my name's not Peter Brock."

When the ensign understood this wondrous argument, he would fain have fallen on his knees and worshipped his friend and guide. They began operations almost immediately, by an attack on Mrs. Hayes. On hearing, as she did in private interview with the ex-corporal the next morning, that

her son was found, she was agitated by both of the passions which Wood attributed to her. She longed to have the boy back, and would give any reasonable sum to see him; and she dreaded exposure, and would pay equally to avoid that. How could she gain the one point, and escape the other?

Mrs. Hayes hit upon an expedient which, I am given to understand, is not uncommon nowadays. She suddenly discovered that she had a dear brother, who had been obliged to fly the country in consequence of having joined the Pretender, and had died in France, leaving behind him an only son. This boy her brother had, with his last breath, recommended to her protection, and had confided him to the charge of a brother-officer who was now in the country, and would speedily make his appearance; and, to put the story beyond a doubt, Mr. Wood wrote the letter from her brother stating all these particulars, and Ensign Macshane received full instructions how to perform the part of the brother-officer. What consideration Mr. Wood received for his services, we cannot say; only it is well known that Mr. Hayes caused to be committed to gaol a young apprentice in his service, charged with having broken open a cupboard in which Mr. Hayes had forty guineas in gold and silver, and to which none but he and his wife had access.

Having made these arrangements, the corporal and his little party decamped to a short distance, and Mrs. Catherine was left to prepare her husband for a speedy addition to his family, in the shape of this darling nephew. John Hayes received the news with any thing but pleasure. He had never heard of any brother of Catherine's; she had been bred at the workhouse,

and nobody ever hinted that she had relatives: but it is easy for a lady of moderate genius to invent circumstances; and with lies, tears, threats, coaxings, oaths, and other blandishments, she compelled him to submit.

Two days afterwards, as Mr. Hayes was working in his shop and his lady seated beside him, the trampling of a horse was heard in his court-yard, and a gentleman, of huge stature, descended from it, and strode into the shop. His figure was wrapped in a large cloak, but Mr. Hayes could not help fancying that he had somewhere seen his face before.

"This, I preshoom," said the gentleman, "is Misther Hayes, that I have come so many miles to see, and this is his amiable lady? I was the most intimate frind, madam, of your laminted brother, whq died in King Lewis's service, and whose last touching letters I despatched to you two days ago. I have with me a further precious token of my dear friend, Captain Hall—it is *here*."

And so saying, the military gentleman, with one arm, removed his cloak, and stretching forward the other into Hayes's face almost, stretched likewise forward a little boy, grinning and sprawling in the air, and prevented only from falling to the ground by the hold which the ensign kept of the waistband of his little coat and breeches.

"Isn't he a pretty boy?" said Mrs. Hayes, sidling up to her husband tenderly, and pressing one of Mr. Hayes's hands.

About the lad's beauty it is needless to say what the carpenter thought; but that night, and for many, many nights after, the lad stayed at Mr. Hayes's.

SYDNEY SMITH, JOHN STYLES, AND GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

THIRTY years ago, Sydney Smith thought proper, in the *Edinburgh Review*, to attack Methodism and Missions, and he was replied to by Mr. John Styles. This reply drew forth a retort from the reverend reviewer, which he has republished in his collected works,* vol. i. pp. 185-201. It is as witty as Smith's articles usually were in those days; and succeeded in demolishing, for a while, the "sacred and silly gentleman," who exposed himself to the caustic pen of the droll divine. A specimen of the manner in which Styles was dealt with may divert our readers:—

"We are a good deal amused, indeed, with the extreme disrelish which Mr. John Styles exhibits to the humour and pleasantry with which he admits the Methodists to have been attacked; but Mr. John Styles should remember, that it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a reto upon the weapons used against them. If that were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin boasting small-tooth combs; another protesting against mouse-traps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; and a fourth exclaiming against the interference of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must all be caught, killed, and cracked, in the manner, and by the instruments which are found most efficacious to their destruction, and the more they cry out, the greater plainly is the skill used against them. We are convinced a little laughter will do them more harm than all the arguments in the world. Such men as the author before us cannot understand when they are outargued; but he has given us a specimen, from his irritability, that he fully comprehends when he has become the object of universal contempt and derision. We agree with him, that ridicule is not exactly the weapon to be used in matters of religion, but the use of it is excusable when there is no other which can make fools tremble. Besides, he should remember the particular sort of ridicule we have used, which is nothing more than accurate quotation from the Methodists themselves. It is true, that this is the most severe and cutting ridicule to which we could have had recourse; but whose fault is that?

"Nothing can be more disingenuous

than the attacks Mr. Styles has made upon us for our use of Scripture language. *Light and grace* are certainly terms of Scripture. It is not to the words themselves that any ridicule can ever attach. It is from the preposterous application of those words, in the mouths of the most arrogant and ignorant of human beings;—it is from their use in the most trivial, low, and familiar scenes of life;—it is from the illiterate and ungrammatical prelacy of Mr. John Styles, that any tinge of ridicule ever is or ever can be imparted to the sacred language of Scripture.

"We admit also, with this gentleman, that it would certainly evince the most vulgar and contracted heart to ridicule any religious opinions, methodistical or otherwise, because they were the opinions of the poor, and were conveyed in the language of the poor. But are we to respect the poor, when they wish to step out of their province, and become the teachers of the land!—when men, whose proper talk is of bullocks, pretend to have wisdom and understanding, is it not lawful to tell them they have none? An ironmonger is a very respectable man, so long as he is merely an ironmonger,—an admirable man if he is a religious ironmonger; but a great blockhead, if he sets up for a bishop or a dean, and lectures upon theology. It is not the poor we have attacked,—but the writing poor, the publishing poor,—the limited arrogance which mistakes its own trumpery sect for the world: nor have we attacked them for want of talent, but for want of modesty, want of sense, and want of true rational religion,—for every fault which Mr. John Styles defends and exemplifies."

Again:—

"It is not true, as this bad writer is perpetually saying, that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety, which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others, and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety;—they hate canting and hypocrisy;—they hate advertisers and quacks in piety;—they do not choose to be insulted;—they love to tear folly and imprudence from that altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.

* The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, in 3 vols. London: Longman, and Co., 1839. 8vo. pp. 1256. Perhaps we may give these volumes hereafter a separate notice.

"Having concluded his defence of Methodism, this fanatical writer opens upon us his Missionary battery, firing away with the most incessant fury, and calling names, all the time, as loud as lungs accustomed to the eloquence of the tub usually vociferate. In speaking of the cruelties which their religion entails upon the Hindoos, Mr. Styles is peculiarly severe upon us for not being more shocked at their piercing their limbs with *kumes*. This is rather an unfair mode of alarming his readers with the idea of some unknown instrument. He represents himself as having paid considerable attention to the manners and customs of the Hindoos; and, therefore, the peculiar stress he lays upon this instrument is naturally calculated to produce, in the minds of the humane, a great degree of mysterious terror. A drawing of the *kume* was imperiously called for; and the want of it is a subtle erasion, for which Mr. Styles is fairly accountable. As he has been silent on this subject, it is for us to explain the plan and nature of this terrible and unknown piece of mechanism. A *kume*, then, is neither more nor less than a false print in the *Edinburgh Review* for a knife; and from this blunder of the printer has Mr. Styles manufactured this Dædalean instrument of torture, called a *kume*! We were at first nearly persuaded by his arguments against *kumes*:—we grew frightened;—we stated to ourselves the horror of not sending missionaries to a nation which used *kumes*;—we were struck with the nice and accurate information of the Tabernacle upon this important subject:—but we looked in the errata, and found Mr. Styles to be always Mr. Styles,—always cut off from every hope of mercy, and remaining for ever himself."

After amusing himself some time longer with this comical mistake, Smith concludes his article by stating, that Mr. Styles had destroyed himself with a *kume*.

In this, however, the wit was mistaken. Mr. Styles is still, in 1839, writing, as vigorously and as busily as in 1809—and he does not remain for ever Mr. Styles. He is now Dr. Styles; the D. D.ism being granted by the grace of an American manufactory of degrees. Being, as every body knows, no admirers of free trade, and anxious that our native workmen should have a preference over foreigners, we are

happy to say, that the Americans are nearly put out of this branch of business—degrees being now made up as good and cheap for the supply of the home market, by the celebrated factory in Goyer Street, yeleft the London University; as well as by the British College of Health in the New Road, where Dr. Morison, the illustrious hygeist, dispenses diplomas at easy rates, for doctoring all the people in the world, and helping a good many out of it, by the Union, which, however, is no living, of turpentine-*cum*-gamboge. It is not merely in the literal appendage to his name that Mr. Styles has altered. With his transatlantic degree, he mounted a cisatlantic hat, and looked as grand as any bishop on the bench. Nor did he become episcopal merely in appearance. Though once a keen, though rather occult, advocate of the voluntary system, he conformed so much to the church as to use her liturgy. Sailing in a dissenting bottom, he hoisted episcopal colours. He flushed the symphonies of independent voices, by the introduction of what the sterner dissenters of former days called, "the kist fu' o' whistles, that mak sic a cleero;" sported a splendid gown and cassock; and, to complete the whole, upraised a belfry, hanging therein a church-bell with as bishoplike an intonation as ever fell from cathedral or university. All this was done to decoy unwary churchmen from the parish church to Holland Chapel; and it is even said that the doctor, on being asked why he, a staunch and sturdy Independent, adopted all the forms of the church (save ordination), replied quietly, "to gammon the flats,"—a classical expression, which he perhaps picked up in the course of his travels through Smithfield, knackers'-yard, butcher's shambles, cock-pit, &c., which he was compelled to visit, in order to qualify himself for writing his *Essay on the Animal Creation*.*

Sorry are we to have it to relate, that the speculation was a failure. The flat fishery was not successful. Pockets were closed as eyes were opened; pew-rents became greater strangers than even the visits of pew-holders; collec-

* The *Animal Creation*, its claims on our humanity stated and enforced, by the Rev. John Styles, D. D. Dedicated to the Queen, as patroness of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A Prize Essay. London: Ward, and Co., 8vo. pp. 357.

tions degenerated into coppers, and sixpences, with silver sound, were, like those of angels, far between. The bell tolled a funeral dirge, the organ played not a voluntary but an involuntary requiem, and Holland Chapel passed over to the Church of England in good faith, leaving the doctor to pass away any where else he listed.

What private anecdotes were connected with his departure from the ominous vicinity of Brixton, we have not time to inquire; but with his abandonment of the Holland Chapel, it would appear, that he divested himself for a while of the strictly clerical character, and took occasion to represent himself, in a journal of great authority, published on Tuesdays and Fridays, as a "Lodging-house-keeper." On investigation, it appeared, that he resembled the apostles, in having neither silver nor gold; and yet to his oppressors, who were many in number, and large in demand, he gave as much as the whole world was made of—nothing. Struck with his meritorious career, and abhorring the cruelty of his enemies, some non-con. preachers, looking upon him as a martyr, have clubbed to build him another chapel, where, no doubt, he will flourish as before. In the meantime, not having any opportunity of preaching, he has turned his hand to book-making, and published, besides the essay we are about to notice, *The Mammon of Unrighteousness, a Discourse suggested by the Funeral of N. M. Rothschild, Esq.*,—which we have never seen, and therefore cannot say whether or not he designates the buried banker, the pillar of the Exchange, as that "least erected spirit that fell;"—*The Book of the Denominations*,—which has nothing to do with Boyle's *Court Guide*, or the *Post-Office Directory*, being an account of "the churches and sects of Christendom in the nineteenth century;"—*Pulpit Studies, or Aids to Preaching and Meditation*;—and *The Stage, its Character and Influence*, which has reached its fourth edition.

This last work was, we believe, published five-and-twenty years ago, at which time Styles was a regular playgoer—on compulsion. When called to account for this carnal indulgence, he very properly answered, that he went to theatres to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the evils of the theatrical system. In like

manner, we take it for granted, when he assumed the pen to expose the enormities of bull-baiting, badger-drawing, cat-hunting, cock-fighting, dog-worrying, and so forth, he must have shewn his reverend and rubicund visage brimful of spirit and indignation, over ring, hole, and pit. We do not know how else he could have obtained the copious and minute mass of information which he has accumulated, and which has obtained a prize for his essay, "published under the auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and with the special sanction of her majesty's name," laid as a dainty dish before the queen.

It grieves us to be compelled to state that there are people in the world uncharitable enough not to scruple to say, that prize-essays given by societies of the cruelty-to-animals kind are what the profane call "humbug." These people maintain that no secrecy is kept on such occasions; that those who write the essays (if there be more than one, which is not usual) are perfectly well known; that the prize is assigned, beforehand, to the great literary gun of the society, who generally has suggested it; that any body who enters the list against him is as shallow a flat as ever was gammoned; and that the essay predestined for the prize is either written smack out, and in existence beforehand, or else concocted from old material lying up, vamped sermons, articles rejected by the magazines, or the refuse scissors-and-paste work of the commonplace-book. We fear that an examination of Dr. Styles's prize essay will tend much to confirm these sceptical personages in their unhappy belief, for he has made it up exactly after the recipe we have just given.

Thirty-four essays, however, it seems, were presented on this occasion; the three-and-thirty rejected of which must have been curious specimens. "The adjudicators were the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M.P.;" and, under the sanction of these names, Styles makes his appearance before "the candour of the public." Let it not, however, be imagined that these unfortunate gentlemen were doomed to read the thirty-four essays. That would be such a cruelty to animals as the records of their own Society never presented. Lord Car-

narvon is on the continent, and we take it for granted saw not a line of the lot. Sergeant Talfourd surely has quite enough to do between pleas and plays, Tindal and Macready; and we doubt not that he took his brief from Baptist Noel, a gentleman whose literary tastes and ecclesiastical sympathies would lead him to do ample justice to the merits of Dr. Styles. The prize was one hundred pounds, which was handed to the doctor, and the doctor handed over the copyright of the essay to the Society: in vulgar transactions, it would be said he sold his book for a hundred pounds. We are happy to learn from him that the Society has derived considerable pecuniary advantage: which delights us not a little, because we differ from the learned adjudicator, Talfourd, in thinking that the bookseller who buys a manuscript has a right to some profit, as well as the author who sells it.

And yet, on looking over it, we should rather have thought giving a hundred pounds for the copyright was a hazardous speculation. Styles tells us, that "as on several occasions he had opened his mouth for the dumb" [to eat them at dinner-time, we presume], "he was happy to employ his pen in their service." Two-thirds of the essay is no more to their service, than a pen in Smithfield. The first part is something to the purpose, though not much; but the second is a twaddling and prosy dissertation, to prove what the veriest cad to a cockpit would not dispute,—that religion, morality, decency, common sense, and common feeling, forbid cruelty to inferior creatures, inflicted for the sake of cruelty, from the impulse of rage, or the caprice of tyranny. That is not the question—*ce n'est pas là que gît la lievre*. What, for instance, is the following extract, from some often-preached sermon, to the purpose?

"It is of importance to remark, that the abolition of the unjust laws and inhuman customs, which were the greatest barriers to the full civilisation of the ancient world, was effected by Christian princes and Christian legislators. With respect to paternal power, the first Christian emperor, in order to prevent the destruction of grown children by their fathers (a practice at that time too frequent), very wisely and humanely ordained that the public should maintain the children of those who were unable to provide for them. In the year 319, he put an effectual stop to this horrible practice, by

making it a capital offence, and even affixing to it the punishment denounced against parricides. The exposure of infants, however, still prevailed; this he also restrained by an edict in the year 331: and under the Emperors Valentinian, Valens, and Gratian, this crime was made a capital offence. Another branch of domestic tyranny, perpetual servitude, was greatly discountenanced by the Christian religion; and about the twelfth or thirteenth century, when ecclesiastical legislation was at its height, is dated the extinction of slavery in Europe. The first edict against gladiatorial shows was by a Christian emperor: and Honorius afterwards completed what Constantine had begun. This horrid exhibition was by his laws finally abolished. To this we may add, that the savage punishment of crucifixion was also terminated by Constantine. In these instances, and more might be produced, we see that some of the greatest miseries which oppress mankind in the heathen world, were actually removed by the laws and edicts of Christian rulers. Here, then, there can be no doubt, that the happy effects of these laws are to be ascribed solely and exclusively to the beneficent spirit of that heavenly religion, which ameliorated the heart and humanised the dispositions of those who made them. And we are therefore warranted in concluding, that many of the other great improvements in civil, social and domestic life, which render our situation so infinitely superior to that of the ancient, as well as to the modern pagan world, are to be attributed to the operation of the same powerful cause. The ferocity of war has likewise been softened, and philosophy has condescended to learn virtue and humanity from Jesus of Nazareth."

By the time that the mission of our Saviour is completely fulfilled, it will have sanctified all the earth. It has done already what Dr. Styles here enumerates, and much more besides. Let us suggest to him, however, that Constantine abolished crucifixion, not because it was savage, for he suffered many a savage punishment to remain, but because he did not think it fitting that the instrument rendered holy and honoured in all Christian feelings and recollections should, in a Christian empire, be made use for the torture and punishment of felons, who should look to "the cross of Christ" as their hope of redemption. But without dwelling upon this, may we not ask, Is not this piece of eloquent demi-divinity quite as much out of place here, as Ephraim

Jenkinson's learned dissertation on the cosmogony, or creation of the world, in the bargain and sale of Dr. Primrose's horse? Who denies one single sentence of Dr. Styles's long-thumbed commonplace of his "Part Second," stretching its wearisome line from p. 108 to p. 301? That we have no right to be cruel to animals is admitted on all hands; and the emptying of Styles's commonplace-book will neither strengthen nor weaken the admission. Indeed, we suspect that this second section formed no part of the essay at all, but was tacked on to make the proper bulk of a *justum volumen*, according to a well-understood "trick of the trade."

The first part is divided into two sections. In the former of these, we have little more than a *preludio* on the misfortunes of animals in general, introduced by an extract from Dr. Chalmers, which we notice, especially as it will serve to introduce to our readers, not for the first time, the Hon. Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M.P.,* who has taken up the cudgels against Dr. Styles, in a pamphlet addressed to the sportsmen of the empire. Dr. Chalmers, in his usual strain of impassioned eloquence, is pleading that the beasts of the field are not so many automata, without sensation, but subject to pain, like human beings:

"These poor animals just look and tremble, and give forth the very indication of suffering as we do. There is the distinct cry of pain, there is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just effects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours; they have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours; they sicken and they grow feeble with age, and finally they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings, and what exposes them to like sufferings from another quarter, they possess the same instinct with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps, causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the pro-

clamation of her wrongs, or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of the deepest pathos. All this is palpable to the general and unlearned eye," &c.

This is quoted by Styles as a most affecting and a "painfully eloquent description." Accordingly, his antagonist [G. Berkeley] selects it to destroy, as thus:

"It appears, then, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered a premium of one hundred pounds for 'the best essay on the obligations of humanity, as due to the brute creation;' that Doctor Styles became a competitor for the prize, and that, out of thirty-four essays, his, in the judgment of Lord Carnarvon, Mr. B. W. Noel, and Sergeant Talfourd, was the one most entitled to the reward. Without pausing to inquire of what on earth the rest of the essays could have been composed, and without wishing the adjudicators other punishment for having awarded any prize at all, than that of having been obliged to look through the trash offered for their decision, I will at once proceed to p. 5 in the work before me.

"We have here a translation from Dr. Chalmers, designated by Dr. Styles as 'most affecting;' an analogy is drawn as to the reciprocity of feeling in cases of bodily pain or mental affliction, between man and the beasts and birds of the field; a bird is thus described:—'whose little household has been stolen, as filling and saddening all the grove with melodies of the deepest pathos.' Now this may be all very pretty, and 'most affecting,' if it were true; but Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Styles, either by ocular or auricular demonstration, have been led into an amusing error in natural history, and seem to have formed their conclusion from the opera, or some other similarly dramatic representation; for there only, with the exception of the fabulous story of the dying swan, do creatures sing when on the eve of death, or under the oppression of grief and desolation. Othello, intending to murder Desdemona secretly and in her sleep, is made to indulge in the loudest strains; while she, having been awakened from her rest, sings beneath the armed hand which is about to deprive her of existence. This may be very harmonious in dramatic spectacles; but if you carry forth the custom into the wilds of nature, the

* A Pamphlet, dedicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Sportsmen of England, Ireland, and Scotland, by the Hon. Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M.P.; in Reply to a Prize Essay by the Rev. John Styles, D.D., on the Claims of the Animal Creation to the humanity of Man. London. Ridgway. 8vo. Pp. 50.

discord becomes obvious. If the nest of a bird is robbed, the one that most deplores the loss of the eggs is the hen; but deep as her dismay may be, any man who has made zoology his study, well knows that the hen bird *cannot* sing, and that the only means she has of 'sadden[ing] the grove with melody,' is by uttering a short, sharp—and, nine times out of ten—harsh cry of distress; while the cock bird, who *can* sing (with the exception of the robin, who sings in winter), will not sing, but will only exert his powers when the sun is bright or the air bland, and when decked in the full plumage of procreation, the breast and brain of the bird are teeming with that natural gratitude so mysteriously and beautifully engrafted in the heart of Heaven's meanest creature."

Without examining the wit or wisdom of Mr. Berkeley's theatrical criticism, it is manifest that he has this time hit the doctor, and that palpably. But do *all* birds sing *only* when the sun is bright, &c.? We thought there was such a bird as the nightingale, which, whether its note be most musical, most melancholy, as Milton describes it, or gay and cheerful, as some critics maintain, with Charles James Fox among them, "tunes *nightly* her [or *his*] love-laboured song." At all events, the pathos of Drs. Chalmers and Styles is quietly and effectually knocked on the head by Mr. Berkeley.

He has a better hit immediately after.

"After this zoological specimen of ignorance, and to prepare a point for the weapon of his charge against the sportsman, for being the sole creature addicted to wanton or unnecessary cruelty, we have the following passage in p. 9:—

"Secondly, those creatures which prey upon each other obey an instinct which destroys the life of their victim at the least possible expense of pain. It is usually in the night-time, and in the hour of sleep, that they sink under the fangs and teeth of their destroyers. Twenty strokes sent home in an instant to the sources of life afford no leisure to reflect that they are about to lose it. That fatal moment is not embittered to them by any of the feelings which render it so painful to most of the human race—regret for the past, and solicitude about futurity. They feel the pang of nature, but not of mind; it is momentary, and then follows the undisturbed repose, the slumber of eternal rest."

"Now, here again we have presented before us, in a lofty strain, the grossest ignorance, or else the most wilful perversion of a common and well-authenticated fact. *All* beasts of prey, ranking under the numerous species distinguished by the name of the feline—and extending from the royal tiger down to the domestic cat—are by nature addicted to the unnecessarily prolonged tormenting of the victim captured, as well for their amusement as food. Let us, with the wand of a conjuror, transform Dr. Styles into a mouse, or at least place him in the position of one; the simile is singularly fitted, as well to the illustration of the subject, as to Dr. Styles's labour. Suppose him then to be captured by some monster of the feline species, at the moment of his egress from his door, for the purpose of a constitutional walk in aid of his mental and prize-essay structures on the characters and merciful inclinations of his neighbours. We behold him caught, carried into the middle of the square or street, or other locality, in which his domicile may be situated, care having been taken not to cripple him in any of his limbs, and in sight of his invitingly open door, Dr. Styles being deficient in that elongation of person natural to most animals, the uneasy claws of his persecutor detain him by his coat-tails. Here his powers of activity are miserably tested; he is permitted to run, but pounced upon ere he reaches his place of security. His hat, his umbrella, his gloves, his shoes, are curiously played with till, in the absence of fur, the rending of his garments beneath the teeth and nails of persecution, reduces him to a fit state for mastication, and the mind of the tyrant monster having been sufficiently amused with Dr. Styles's unwonted activity, the savage appetite becomes satiated with his bones. Could the bones of Dr. Styles be thus picked, and were he subjected to this common mouse-and-cat test, and then rescued from the belly of his devourer, he would scarcely advance the assertion that *man* was *inferior* to *beast* in his *merciful* disposition, or that the bowels of compassion, so large a share of which Dr. Styles assumes to himself, were wanting only in those men who partake of the healthful and manly exercise afforded by the field and forest."

A "zoological specimen of ignorance" is a queer phrase, and might be interpreted to mean something very different from what Mr. Berkeley intends. But we must not be more particular than Sir Hugh Evans' with

Master Slender: "It is a very discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely; the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely: his meaning is good." So Mr. Berkeley's meaning is good. He meant to say, "a specimen of zoological ignorance;" and he has not only exposed one, but made a very good piece of fun of Styles. If he had known that Styles had been strongly suspected of being a *rat*, he might have mended his joke about the *mouse*.

He passes by another "zoological specimen of ignorance" unnoticed.

"Why," asks Styles, "the lives of animals are not protracted to the longevity of man, may be satisfactorily explained. God, who does nothing in vain, permits man alone to complete his career of life, extending beyond the limits of a single generation, because his old age alone can be useful to his fellow-creatures. What purpose would be served among the brute creation by grandsons, without reflection, continuing to interfere with the wants and enjoyments of a progeny which needs not their experience, and which they cannot benefit? Or what assistance would decrepit parents find among children which abandon them the instant they had learnt to swim, to fly, or to walk? Old age would be to them a burden, from which they are delivered by their ferocious brethren of another species. This idea is further illustrated by Lord Erskine, in his early advocacy of humanity towards the inferior creatures. If left to themselves, without the intervention of destroyers from various tribes which prey upon each other, how great would be their sufferings? 'Old age, even amongst men, is but a rare blessing; amongst brutes, perhaps, never.'"

Erskine's own life was prolonged until he made a most remarkable old fool of himself, as if to confirm his opinion of the "misfortune of too long a life." Where did Styles find that man is the most long-lived of animals? What is the age of fish? of birds? of insects? of toads? The longevity of the crow is proverbial—so is that of the stag. We must leave to our author to inquire of Providence what is the purpose to be served by these "grand-sires without reflection." The next time he undertakes "to vindicate the ways of God to man," we recommend him to be sure what these ways may really be.

We must give him another bit of Berkeley:

"Having treated of the kennel of hounds, Doctor Styles, in page 43, assails the greyhounds. He again asserts, with as much truth as generally appears through the rest of his sallies,—'That the greyhound has instincts which must be entirely overruled by a barbarous process of cruelty before he can be fitted for the inhuman sport in which it is customary to employ him.' He continues,—'Willis's *Pencilings by the Way* furnish the following illustrative and confounding fact. On a visit to the Duke of G——, in Scotland, his curiosity led him to inspect the magnificent kennel of his grace. The greyhounds were the chief hunters which attracted his notice. 'I never have seen,' he observes, 'such perfect creatures.' 'Dinna, tak' pains to caress 'em, sir,' said the huntsman; 'they'll only be hangit for it.' I asked for an explanation, and the man, with an air as if I was uncommonly ignorant (not in the least to be wondered at), told me, that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to any one, or in any way shewed signs of superior sagacity! In *coureing* the hare, for instance, if the dog abandoned the scent to cut across and intercept the poor animal, he was considered as spoiling the sport. Greyhounds are valuable only as they obey their more natural instinct, and if they leave the track of the hare, either in their own sagacity or to follow their master in intercepting it, they spoil the pack, and are hung without mercy. It is an object, of course, to preserve them what they usually are, the greatest fools as well as the handsomest of the canine species, and on the first sign of attachment to their master, their death-warrant is signed. They are too sensible to live! The duchess told me afterwards, that she had the greatest difficulty in saving the life of the finest hound in the pack, who had committed the sin of shewing pleasure once or twice when she appeared.'

"Now as to the information which Doctor Styles thus obtains from the *Pencilings* of Mr. Willis, I must declare, that though I am bound to believe the reliance of the latter gentleman in the truth of his own observations, nevertheless I can assure the public, that is not the usual course adopted in the management of greyhounds. For the truth of my statement, I would refer those who may be curious in this matter to the kennels of Lords Stradbroke, Talbot, Messrs. Goodlake, Biggs, Cripps, Morant, &c. &c., or to any approved courser in the kingdom. Mr. Willis's information on the nature and treatment of the greyhound is as erroneous as the terms he applies to their establishment, and

which I have marked in italics. When a greyhound courses a hare, he does *not run her scent*, and therefore cannot *'abandon it.'* Greyhounds are *not hunters*; they do not run in packs, and they have *no huntsman*. They are not more deficient than other dogs in their sagacity; but the nature of the amusement in which they are cautiously and sparingly used, affords no scope or exercise for the mind. The hare greyhound is possessed of as much sagacity as the common run of dogs; while the deer greyhound is gifted with an infinitely larger share. The *'natural instinct'* of the greyhound is to run fairly at a hare; cutting off corners or running foul, or cunning, as it is termed, arises from too much practice and acute observation, the offspring of any thing rather than the brain of *'a fool.'*

"As to their being hung for forming an attachment to their masters, the idea is so ridiculous as scarce to be worth a contradiction. A dog of any sort cannot be kept in a kennel without forming an attachment to his attendant man; so beautifully disposed by nature for the reception of affectionate influences is the heart of a dog, that mere attention to his general comfort, and his every-day presence of its distributor, is sufficient to engender an attachment, the single-purposed fidelity of which, man, in his boasted superiority, has it not in his power to surpass.

"The only way in which satisfactorily to account for the erroneous information quoted from Mr. Willis, is to suppose, that the canny Scotsman, who shewed him the kennel was, as his countrymen often are, waggishly inclined to cut a quiet joke on any man whose sort of mind was easily susceptible of funny impressions. He might have been aware, too, that Mr. Willis was *'pencilling by the way,'* and therefore wished to put him in the way of something marvelously entertaining. There seems also to have been some little crudity in the remarks of the canny Scot; at least his observation, that *'the greyhounds would be hung if their visitor caressed them,'* requires some explanation to remove a certain unpleasant flavour arising from so mysterious an idea. However, without stopping further to analyse the motives of the Scotsman, my present object is to place all mischievous and false impressions in their proper light. A greyhound may be drafted for running cunning, if kept for public meetings, and to compete for prizes, such false footing unfits him for that particular purpose; but I will venture unconditionally to deny, that any owner of a greyhound drafted from his kennel or service a dog simply on the score of personal affection. To hang

an animal for the exercise of the most generous feelings of its nature, solely for the existence of that which ought to be regarded with gratitude, and which *never could be deemed an error*, at all interfering with the use which that animal was put to, is a position so abominable that I scout the idea of its being made available even to the appetite for the defamation of the sportsman's character, entertained throughout the work of Dr. Styles. To those who knew the noble duke alluded to by Mr. Willis (the Duke of Gordon), I appeal for the likelihood of the truth of Mr. Willis's information. Those who have had the means of judging of his grace's character, by his acts and inclinations, by his love of the noble animal, and by the general humanity of his nature in all the circumstances of life, will know that he was incapable of heartless or wanton cruelty. Those who did not know him, I leave to the communion of their own conscience, and to judge the actions of the past and present, as they could judge themselves. If men wish to write on the occurrences of the day, whether of more or less import, let them seek the *best sources* of information, let them go at once to the fountain-head, where the water is sure to rise pure and unpolluted by the meaner and more vulgar springs which join in its course through the land below. And if men will write on the sports of the field, and management of the kennel, let them not seek at the sink the picture of the lodging-house, or apply to the servant, when the master himself is willing to afford the *every information.*"

Here Styles is rightly served for having taken the slightest information, even respecting hounds, from such a bound as Willis; and Mr. Berkeley has passed an eulogium on the late Duke of Gordon, which will be echoed by all who had the honour of knowing his grace, ever so slightly: but this nonsense is not the only piece of paltry folly perpetrated by Willis in his *Pencilings*. We confess, however, that we are not sorry, in general, when our aristocracy and gentry suffer the punishment which they deserve for admitting into their houses foreign adventurers, of a rank far inferior to those of their own countrymen, whom they carefully exclude, and who (the foreigners, we mean) enter them solely to make money, in one way or another, of what they can pick up and carry off.

Mr. Berkeley soon diverges, to draw pictures of the angelic life of man and beast at Berkeley Castle (p. 20). We

know that this is a favourite topic of his pamphlet; and there we leave him for a while, without further disturbance: and we shall soon leave Styles too, only observing that—

1. When he tells us that the fall of man "disturbed that beautiful order and amity which Eden exhibited, when hostility was unknown to its harmless tenants, who, awed by the presence of their great superior and lord," &c. (p. 17), he is quoting, not Moses, but Milton. It is in *Paradise Lost*, we find—

"Sporting the lion ramped, and in his
paw
Dandled the kid"

—not in Genesis. If the inferior animals precreated according to Styles's own tables and calculations, how could the world contain them? Or if there was to be no death or pain among them, how could they be *awed* by man? Let him also read his Bible, to convince him that he mistakes when he says (p. 18) that the inspired historian *repeatedly* affirms that the world was filled with violence just before the flood; and we recommend him to consult some commentators on Leviathan, who, again, "lies floating many a rood," not in Job, or Ezekiel, but in Milton.

2. We recommend him not to trust to the practical expediency in his principle, "that all animals in their natural state feel his [man's] superiority, and either approach him with love, or fly from him in terror," the next time that he meets a rattlesnake or boa constrictor in their natural state.

3. We request him to believe that there is some error in stating, p. 79, that Dr. Marsh is the present Bishop of Cloyne. The bishopric of Cloyne was suppressed, as a separate see, by the church-loving Greys, and its last bishop was one who would have honoured any episcopate,—Brinkley, the great astronomer. Of him, indeed, we might say, with a small change of name in Pope's compliment to his famous predecessor, Bishop Berkeley—

"To Brinkley, every virtue under
heaven."

It is now united with Cloyne and Ross, and right worthily and learnedly presided over by Bishop Kyle. Where Styles picked up Marsh, we know not.

4. He frequently quotes eloquent articles from *Blackwood's Magazine*,

which he, truly or untruly we do not pretend to say, attributes to Professor Wilson, in reprobation of field-sports. Elsewhere, p. 90, he talks of a journal that poured forth its ridicule against the late Dick Martin, for his "benevolent, though somewhat eccentric, exertions in the cause of humanity." In Dr. Styles's next edition, we request him to extract that ridicule, and accompany it with the history of Dick Martin's after-proceedings on the occasion. If he can find them out—Dowling, we think, could assist him—it will tend to augment the jocularity of the volume.

5thly, and lastly, we beg his attention to the following:

"I am inclined," says Mr. Batson, in the speech already quoted, 'to attribute a great deal of the cruelty at present practised to the poverty of the people, and to the competition which exists in every quarter. Owing to this competition, poor people are driven to make greater exertions to earn a subsistence, and these exertions are principally obtained from the animals under their charge.'"

Let Dr. Styles, then, extend his compassion from quadrupeds to bipeds, and try to get up associations to relieve the poverty of the people, which he admits is the cause of the cruelty that so much afflicts him. If he do not, we may be apt to believe that, when he says—

"You do not apply to him [the fox-hunter] to lend the aid of his bounty to any institution that has for its first object the intellectual and moral improvement of the community; with him religion is cant, and all who exhibit its spirit, and obey its precepts, are enthusiasts or hypocrites:"

—his wrath against the followers of field-sports arises from some motive, not more honourable than the difficulty of procuring their subscriptions to some quack institutions, or for the support of some canting conventicle.

Enough of Styles. He has not touched the difficulty of the debate. Animals are intended for food, but the trade of a butcher is detestable. Are we, then, to eat them alive? Vermin and wild beasts are to be extirpated, but hunting or shooting is horrible. Will they, then, come to us to be killed? A very different essay, indeed, should be written on the subject. The law will always do its best to put down brutalities; but the

proper remedy to cure such things must be in public opinion, not in statute law. The question of making sport of animal suffering, Styles has scarcely touched at all; but as both he and his antagonist,

Mr. Berkeley, are particularly severe on fly-fishing, we help them to the opinions of Sir Humphry Davy, extracted from his *Salmonia*, pp. 2-13, which will be found in a note.*

* "*Phys.* There is another celebrated man, however, who has abused thus your patriarch, Lord Byron, and that in terms not very qualified. He calls him, as well as I can recollect, 'A quaint, old, cruel coxcomb.' I must say, a practice of this great fisherman, where he recommends you to pass the hook through the body of a frog with care, as though you loved him, in order to keep him alive longer, cannot but be considered as cruel.

"*Hal.* I do not justify either the expression or the practice of Walton in this instance; but remember I fish only with inanimate baits, or imitations of them; and I will not exult or expose the ashes of the dead, nor vindicate the memory of Walton, at the expense of Byron, who, like Johnson, was no fisherman; but the moral and religious habits of Walton, his simplicity of manners, and his well-spent life, exonerate him from the charge of cruelty; and the hook of a coxcomb would not have been so great a favourite with most persons of refined taste. If you require a poetical authority against that of Lord Byron, I mention the philosophical and powerful poet of the lakes, and the author of

'An Orphic tale indeed,—
A tale divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted,'—

who is a lover both of fly-fishing and fly-fishermen. Gay's poem you know, and his passionate fondness for the amusement, which was his principal occupation in the summer, at Amesbury; and the late excellent John Tobin, author of the *Honeymoon*, was an ardent angler.

"*Phys.* I am satisfied with your poetical authorities.

"*Hal.* Nay, I can find authorities of all kinds,—statesmen, heroes, and philosophers. I can go back to Trajan, who was fond of angling. Nelson was a good fly-fisher; and, as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand. Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement,—so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good-humour, 'My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over;' as if this were a business of his life. And I am rather reserved in introducing living characters, or I could give a list of the highest names in Britain, belonging to modern times, in science, letters, arts, and arms, who are ornaments of this fraternity, to use the expression borrowed from the freemasonry of our forefathers.

"*Phys.* I do not find much difficulty in understanding why warriors, and even statesmen, fishers of men, many of whom I have known particularly fond of hunting and shooting, should likewise be attached to angling; but I own I am at a loss to find reasons for a love of this pursuit amongst philosophers and poets.

"*Hal.* The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage, in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same: but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterise man in his highest, or intellectual, state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then, as to its philosophical tendency; it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings,—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon; and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather, and its changes; the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relation, it carries us

* * From *Don Juan*, canto xiii., stanza 106.

'And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.'

[This, by the way, Styles, p. 50, quotes from *Childe Harold*.]

We must have a few words at parting with Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He dedicates his pamphlet to the sports-

men of the country—to men who, we presume, love fair play. He tells Styles that—

into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature, amongst the mountain lakes and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled as it were with the primrose and the daisy,—to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee,—and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies, sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below,—to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily,—and, as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend as it were for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are solemned by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine.

"*Phys.* All these enjoyments might be obtained without the necessity of torturing and destroying an unfortunate animal, that the true lover of nature would wish to see happy in a scene of loveliness.

"*Hal.* If all men were Pythagoreans, and professed the Brahmin's creed, it would undoubtedly be cruel to destroy any form of animated life; but if fish are to be eaten, I see no more harm in capturing them by skill and ingenuity, with an artificial fly, than in pulling them out of the water by main force with the net; and in general, when taken by the common fishermen, fish are permitted to die slowly, and to suffer in the air from the want of their natural element; whereas, every good angler, as soon as his fish is landed, either destroys his life immediately, if he is wanted for food, or returns him into the water.

"*Phys.* But do you think nothing of the torture of the hook, and the fear of capture, and the misery of struggling against the powerful rod?

"*Hal.* I have already admitted the danger of analysing too closely the moral character of any of our field-sports, yet I think it cannot be doubted, that the nervous system of fish, and cold-blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals. The hook usually is fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great, is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape, with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened, having, apparently, learnt only from the experiment, that the artificial fly is not proper food. And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seemed to have had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind.

"*Phys.* Fishes are mute, and cannot plead, even in the way that birds and quadrupeds do, their own cause; yet the instances you quote only prove the intense character of these appetites, which seem not so moderate as Whiston imagined, in his strange philosophical romance on the Deluge, in which he supposes, that in the antediluvian world the heat was much greater than in this, and that all terrestrial and aerial animals had their passions so exalted by this high temperature, that they were lost in sin, and destroyed for their crimes; but that fish, living in a cooler element, were more correct in their lives, and were therefore spared from the destruction of the primitive world. You have proved by your examples the intensity of the appetite of hunger in fishes; Spulanzani has given us another proof of the violence of a different appetite, or instinct, in a cold-blooded animal that has most of the habits of the genus—the frog; which, in the breeding season, remains attached to the female, though a limb or even his head is removed from the body.

"*Hal.* This is likewise in favour of my argument, that the sensibility of this class of animals to physical pain is comparatively small.

"*Phys.* The advocates for a favourite pursuit never want sophisms to defend it. I have even heard it asserted, that a hare enjoys being hunted; yet I will allow that fly-fishing, after your vindication, appears amongst the least cruel of field-sports: I can go no further; as I have never thought of trying it, I can say nothing of its agreeableness as an amusement, compared with hunting and shooting."

"Without some inducement to the field, without some excitement necessary to call the high spirit, daring nerve, and muscular power into action, man would dwindle away into an effeminate course of life, in which the noblest energies of his nature might sink beneath the vicious inclination of mind induced by an inert frame. In the cities men would become, as alluded to in the old song, the 'sportsmen of the town,' and I would advise Dr. Styles to take care how, in the removal of one thing which he may consider as an abuse, he makes room for a greater and more sinful abomination. In his advice as to the reformation of men and manners, he reminds me forcibly of the *unsafe* line pursued by some of the politicians of the day. He recommends an alteration in that which has stood the test of years, and beneath which ordination, talent, and virtue, have been enabled to mature and raise their exalted fronts above the weights and oppressions which must ever exist in the inferior state of mankind, without fairly considering the evils which *may* arise from the want of the institutions he removes, or be introduced by untried, and therefore uncertain, measures. Without the sports of the field what would become of the breed of horses, which have made our cavalry superior to that of other nations? What would become of the marksmen, and the state of perfection to which the weapon of his use has arrived? Unless muscular display and the rivalry of gallant sports were encouraged, the limbs and hearts of the sons of England would fail when in front of the foreign foe, and the established religion itself be lost, and that from remote causes, originating in the sickly assertions and erroneous doctrines of men affecting to be the healthy physicians and saviours of the soul." [What sad cant!]

Field-sports, then, preserve those who follow them from low town debauchery, fills them with gallantry and courage, and makes them excellent marksmen! Without referring to any thing but the last point, we must observe that Professor Wilson—we quote from Styles—does not seem enamoured of the skill of those crackshots.

"We say further, that the pigeon-shooting, in which half a hundred or half a thousand of those creatures are killed merely to shew the dexterity of some 'crack shot,' and to make money by wagers on the numbers knocked dead or mutilated, is at once scandalous to a

civilised country, and totally repulsive to humanity."

Without going as far as our friend Colonel Mitchell, in maintaining that musketry is of no great advantage in battle, experience will bear us out in asserting, that a crackshot against a bird is not an infallible marksman against a man; and as to our cavalry being superior to that of other nations, we fear that the historian of the last war will be obliged to admit the contrary. The race-horse gamblers *spoil*, not *improve*, our cattle, for actual service in the field. We appeal to Nimrod.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley winds up his pamphlet by the following sentences:

"For myself, I confess that I am favourably inclined to all old English games and recreations,—to the forest, the field, turf, moor, and river, the ring, the stage, and the honest interchange of blows, whether of the glove, the foil, the quarterstaff, or singletuck. I admire indomitable gallantry, wherever I see it displayed. In man, beast, or bird, the quality to me is ever estimable. I except only the baiting of animals, coerced or confined, and without the option of surrender.

"Having ventured upon these remarks, I will now, gentlemen, conclude my letter, greatly doubting whether it would not have been conducive to the prosperity of your society, and more in accordance with the meaning of those acts under which you profess to lift your banner, if you had declined to enter the *private premises* of Mr. Powell, or to interfere with recreations, for the unobtrusive quietness of which his well-known respectability would have been a guarantee.

"Assuring you that I still respect the original intention of your society, and that I am inclined to support the use of its power, but not its abuse.

"I remain your most obedient,

"GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY."

This is addressed to the Committee of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, Exeter Hall. The circumstances which called it forth, arose out of some blackguard cock-fighting affair at Hillingdon, for which all the parties were properly fined by the Middlesex magistrates. As people might perhaps think us partial critics, we take leave to quote the opinion of the "*Cheltenham Free Press*," a Whig or liberal journal, of extremely anti-Tory opinions,* published in the very centre of the Berkeley influence.

* *Ex. gr.* The very Number from which the above is quoted, that of June 29, commences its leading article thus:—

"There is a cloven-footedness and donkey-doggedness about the Tory resistance to

"*The Hon. Grantley Berkeley and the Hillingden Cock-fight.*—There are two sorts of fame—celebrity and notoriety;—the taste for the latter is often gratified by sacrificing what the right-minded portion of society most highly esteem. It is fame in a bad sense. The celebrated and the notorious may, at the commencement of their career, have uttered the same aspiration—'What shall I do to be for ever known?' But here all similarity between them ceases, and they exhibit all the difference between an enviable and an unenviable distinction. Two men may write for fame; one may produce *Paradise Lost*, another, *Berkeley Castle*. Two men may be peers of the realm; the one may wield the destinies of his country, and his name will be pronounced with honour by a grateful posterity,—the other may be notorious for herding with blacklegs and swindlers, breaking the heads of watchmen and constables, and having his own broken in return one may be seated on the bench, and the other made to stand at the bar.

"We have been led into this train of reflection by reading the letter of the Honourable Grantley Berkeley, M.P., addressed to the Committee of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, Exeter Hall. The transactions out of which this letter arose are well-known to the public. The honourable senator and magistrate was fined in common with some 'fellows of the baser sort,' for a breach of the law, at the instance of the secretary of the above society. The object of his letter is to vindicate his conduct, to defend cock-fighting, and to express his determination to persevere in thus violating the principles of humanity and the law of the land. 'The old English nobleman and gentleman of former days did not refuse to witness a main of cocks, neither will I in the present hour.' Magnanimously resolved! Whether the noblemen and gentlemen of the olden time would have thought it politic and wise to set the laws at defiance, and to encourage the populace to follow their example,—this honourable maker of our laws has not deigned to inform us. There are two or three points in this letter published in the *Gloucester Journal* of Saturday last, which we shall briefly notice. The first is the large concession which the writer has made to the claims of hu-

manity. He reprobates horse-racing and fishing;—whether for the sake of being a little facetious at the expense of the society, and that he might have an opportunity of serving up a stale joke, or whether from the real conviction that the cruelties implied in these pursuits call upon the public to discontinue them, we leave our readers, who are no strangers to the newspaper reports from Epsom and Ascot, to determine. There does, however, appear some earnestness—something like sincerity, in the following—and we give it for what it is worth. 'Let the Society confine its endeavours to the protection of domestic animals, and to the suppression of cruelty disgustingly practised in the open streets and markets, upon maimed and worn-out horses, or wretched dogs tied against all nature to heavy trucks and burrows, and to the death-doomed, over-driven, and savagely goaded cattle. Let them strive to abate those cowardly and uncalled-for nuisances, which have their origin rather in the want of courage than in its display: let them take care that the timid and compassionate heart of woman and child be freed from the forced observance of these enormities, and there is not a gentleman in the land who will not uphold the interests of a society so laudably employed.' In all this we agree—except that we do not think the Society should confine itself to these objects. That they occupy its unremitting attention we have the best means of knowing, and refer with confidence to its annual reports.

"The second point in Mr. Berkeley's letter which requires animadversion, is his imputation on the society and the magistrates on account of their proceedings in his case.—He says 'that personal animosity and political bias have not been altogether unmixed with this matter.' He charges the former with going 'out of its way to punish an unobtrusive amusement privately arranged, when there are so many public and obvious calls upon its legitimate interference;' and he arraigns the wisdom and good taste of the latter for inflicting 'the highest penalty on the entrapped and poorer classes, refusing to those whom they could not convict their fair expenses.' If Mr. Berkeley will take the trouble to look into the list of the members and patrons of the society, he will find, that though opposed to him in political principle,

perfect education, which singularly illustrate the character of that party. * * * There is another object, and that object is the ascendancy of the political power of Churchism—that base and pharisaical alloy which has been in all ages the dross of Christianity. * * * If any one doubts that the real motive of the Tory opposition to National Education is not one of religious principle; let him ask himself this simple question. * * * Oh, there is much hypocrisy abroad; it is a monster of rapid growth, and urgently it is needed that it be well exposed and thoroughly beaten."

they are much too high in rank and character to justify the slightest suspicion that they could allow political feeling to influence them in such a case; that in fact there was no partiality—for that the officers of the society fined as many of the delinquents as they could obtain warrants against sustained by sufficient evidence; nor could personal animosity have prompted the society to take any steps in the affair. As guardians of the laws prohibiting cruelty and its attendant vices in the cock-pit, they acted on the intelligence they received; and proceeded impartially against all the offenders. If members of parliament will associate with the lowest blackguards and gamblers in breaking the laws, they have no right to complain when they are compelled to pay the penalty. As to the amusement being *unobtrusive* and *privately arranged*, if it be criminal and barbarous, these are reasons why it should be sought out, especially when it is known that it seeks privacy for the very purpose of evading the law;—and is *unobtrusive* only because the voice of public opinion has pronounced it to be *contra bonos mores*. The hand that finds out and grasps a nest of iniquity before the birds are flown, however they may have been plucked, confers a benefit upon society. That the magistrates should inflict the highest penalty in a case so flagrant, even upon the poor entrapped innocents brought together to assist such patrons as Mr. Grantley Berkeley in their 'pious orgies,' is to be sure not a little provoking—because if the poor cannot pay, their patrons must.

"The chivalrous defence of cock-fighting must not pass without a remark or two, backed as it is by the following confession:—'I confess that I am favourably inclined to all old English games and recreations. In the forest, the field, the turf, moor, and river; the ring, the stage, and the honest interchange of blows, whether of the glove, the foil, the quorum staff, or singletick. I admire indomitable gallantry wherever I see it displayed: in man, beast, or bird, the quality to me is ever estimable; I except only the baiting of animals, coerced or confined, and without the option of surrender.' Mr. Berkeley ventures the gratuitous assertion that, 'of all combats between animals, that of the game-cock is the fairest and less cruel, and the most independent of the interference of man.' These combats do not arise from the mere natural courage of the bird, nor from his natural excitement as connected with his harm, and his own and their defence. But advantage is taken of his surprising courage, and the ferocity which springs out of affection to his kind is stimulated by human barbarity, for the purpose of

maintaining conflicts to gratify the worst passions that can corrupt or deprave the human heart. These birds possess the courage with which they are endowed for self-defence, and not for mutual destruction; and we may observe, that all animals that destroy each other for the sport and amusement of man have had their instincts perverted by his act; and without training, without man's perpetual interference, dogs would not pursue in the chase, horses would not run on the course, and cocks would not be trimmed, and armed, and placed in circumstances where they inflict death upon each other, and a host of stamping, clapping, shouting, eagerly betting, or horribly cursing spectators. 'Independent of the interference of man.' Why it is from first to last his work; and that there may be fair play, and good sport, and a sufficient stimulus to the spirit of gambling, 'they are matched to the weight of an ounce, and equally armed, with weapons tending to procure a speedy result to the conflict, which otherwise would be protracted, and productive of a lingering death.' Here is humanity! It is the conflict of death, got up solely for amusement, and Mr. Berkeley says that it 'is independent of the interference of man.' Nature prompts them to engage, and he is pleased with the indomitable courage displayed, and it is not only in the conflict of birds he delights—provided means and appliances be equal—he is transported with the honest interchange of blows, and cock-fighting would lose much of its charms, if care were not taken to 'match them to the weight of an ounce.' Oh, this high-minded gentleman of England! But away with cant. Mr. Berkeley has furnished a practical commentary on his verbal commendation of 'the honest interchange of blows' and 'equality of weight,' whether in animal or human combats. Our readers cannot have forgotten a certain memorable trial, FRASER against BERKELEY and another, when it was proved in evidence, that Mr. Grantley Berkeley, a man of remarkable stature and strength, attacked Mr. Fraser, a slenderly made and weakly man, by striking him a blow which knocked him down; and having got him down, laid hold of his collar with his left hand, and with his right clenched fist beat him about the head and face while on the ground, as hard as his strength would allow; he then proceeded to take a heavy whip, such an one as was used by the rough riders in the army, while breaking in horses; he took it just by the small end, and with the heavy loaded end struck Mr. Fraser (still on the ground) about the shoulders, back, and head, where the blows had done very considerable

hurt. Our hearts sickened while transcribing what we have written, and we cannot trust ourselves to give all the disgusting exhibition of cowardly cruelty which this trial discloses. But it is probably what might be naturally expected from the advocate of a sport so cruel and so morally degrading as cock-fighting. We perfectly concur with a modern writer, when he says, 'Cruel pastimes will make cruel members of society:' and, whoever may be inclined to dispute the truth of the maxim, we are quite sure that Mr. Fraser will agree with us. The same writer observes, and with the quotation we conclude: 'The doctrine has long been exploded, that savage and brutal amusements are essential to the courage of a people. Nothing but moral courage, the courage which springs from knowledge and principle, can save a nation in the hour of its peril. The courage that is fostered by cruelty, is courage to be an assassin or a regicide, the pit and the bull-ring, and the concealed haunts of dog and cock-fighting, are not the schools

of patriotism. There vice is associated with brutality. The only heroism cherished in these dens of depravity, is that which braves the opinions of the virtuous, and that seeks destruction from the hand of the executioner."

Sportsmen of England! This is the friend of fair play! of the honest interchange of blows—of indomitable gallantry—the enemy of intrusion into private premises, and of taking foul advantage! We quote his character from a Whig.

Is not the champion well chosen? He may pair off with his selected antagonist, Dr. Styles. The doctor ought to feel obliged, that such a mark for an unanswerable *argumentum ad hominem* is supplied him by the uncalled-for appearance of Mr. Grantley Berkeley as the advocate of cock-fighting, &c., on the ground of fair play, and manly bearing.

THE PROGRESS OF DISORGANISATION.

THE complaint of the want of a government grows stale and tiresome. In fact, men have left off repeating it. But the evil is not gone, although we may get tired of talking of it. On the contrary, it becomes of more real weight and pressure with each revolving moon; and that which we laughed at, half-jest, half-earnest, three years since,—now makes itself felt, at home, abroad, in the palace, in parliament, and in the treasury, with a reality which puts all merriment quite out of our thoughts.

We are now in the ninth year of the Whig dominion. The professions with which the Whigs assumed office have surely, then, had a fair trial. If, in nine years, promises of this sort cannot be fulfilled, then, assuredly, they cannot be worth either asking or receiving. It will surely be allowed, that when these people, in 1830, promised us a vastly improved system of government, they were fairly taken to mean something which should shortly be seen and felt,—not something which *might* arrive in the days of our grandchildren.

We have a right, then, to ask, Whether there has been any realisation of those splendid hopes, which, on the accession of these gentlemen to office, were confidently and unhesitatingly excited, by speech, by journal, and by

pamphlet, throughout the kingdom? The hopes and professions in question were very commonly classed under three heads,—PEACE; REFORM; and RETRENCHMENT. Let us inquire, for a few moments, how the pledges involved in the continual use of these words have been redeemed.

PEACE.—Under this head, the Whigs could not, indeed, hold out any hope of improvement; inasmuch as England had enjoyed a state of almost unbroken tranquillity for the previous fifteen years. They could only, therefore, assert their determination to maintain, as far as possible, that quiescent condition, and to preserve the empire from the dangers and the burdens of war; without, however, subjecting her to insult or to injury by their peaceable demeanour.

Has this promise been kept? To the outward appearance, perhaps, but no further. England has possessed two sources of strength, which so far commanded the respect of surrounding nations, as to render it a comparative easy task to maintain friendly relations with them. She has had the reputation of containing within her the sinews of war; and she has still owned the presence of the mind and the heart of Wellington. It would require no or-

dinary degree of temerity in the foreign statesman, be he Russian or New Yorker, to provoke to deadly strife the realm, whose coffers were still the general resort of the civilised world, and whose senate was guided by the hero of Waterloo.

With these obvious advantages on his side, it were small credit to any British statesman, *not* to have plunged the nation into war. Rather let us say, that to have committed so gratuitous a fault, would have deserved the heaviest punishment the nation could award.

But, although so monstrous a fault has not been committed, how far short of it have our Whig negotiators come? *Foreign affairs*, in the proper meaning of the term, embrace all those relations which lie beyond the circuit of the British seas. Taken in this acceptation, in what sort of a predicament are the foreign affairs of England at this moment?

In Europe, have we a single sincere friend? France, at this moment, systematically insults our flag, and counterworks our policy. Austria is too remote to affect us either for good or evil. Holland and Prussia preserve a resentful and distant silence; Russia makes no secret of her designs upon the East; Spain and Portugal have been thrown, partly by our absurd interference, into such a state of external misery and confusion, as to be utterly powerless either for aid or for harm; and, in fact, careless of all, except of the chance of getting a little more of our money.

But in the other quarters of the globe, what a spectacle everywhere meets the eye. Canada, India, the West Indies, Newfoundland;—here, indeed, the inevitable results of *the want of a government* at home are abundantly manifest, turn which way we will.

For a long series of years, now, has Canada been in a predicament which urgently demanded a bold and statesmanlike course of proceeding; instead of which, what have we seen? First, a board of three commissioners, accumulating piles of reports, expending large sums of the public money, but *doing nothing*. Then a single commissioner, who has just followed in the same course; expending money

faster than ever, but doing less even than his predecessors; but as for a remedy—a system of policy—of that there is not even a hope. All that our Downing Street gentry can venture to attempt is, a bill to *continue* the present no-system and no-constitution, for another two or three years!

Just of a piece is the progress of affairs in several other of our colonies; in short, although an empire like that of Great Britain cannot easily be destroyed, in time of peace and without an enemy, in a few months or years, our present managers have unquestionably contrived, in a very moderate space of time, to place nearly every great section of our foreign possessions in some kind of jeopardy or other.

PEACE, then, which we possessed before the Whigs took the reins, we do, indeed, in some sort, possess still; but our tranquillity is less unbroken, and our prospects less unclouded.

REFORM was the second promise made; and *reform*, as far as *words* go, we have certainly obtained. But will a phrase fulfil a pledge? Was there not, under all the excitement of 1831, something more in contemplation than the mere carrying a certain "scheme"? Had not all classes—and there were many—who sincerely desired "reform," some practical object in view, the achievement of which was the real motive for all their efforts? Ask, then, all these parties at the present moment, whether they have realised what they sought, or whether they have not been universally deceived?

If the British empire were polled at the present moment, on the simple question, "The Reform-bill, has it succeeded, or failed?" what would be the proportion of approvers to the immediate majority which would announce its condemnation?

The whole Conservative body, now returning nearly one-half of the House of Commons, would unanimously agree that the measure is a failure. The greater part of the Conservatives would admit now, as they did in 1830, that a reform-bill was needed; but they would point to the glaring fact, that in seven years after the constitution of the reformed parliament, a measure* in favour of which only *ninety* petitions were presented, and against which,

three thousand four hundred, was yet carried by a majority in the House of Commons; and they would say, without hesitation, "Who can doubt, after such a vote, that, as far as it was wished to make this house a fair representation of the people, the act of 1831 is a failure!"

The entire Radical array would join in this opinion. In fact, the whole "Liberal" press of London, from the *Morning Chronicle* down to the *Chartist*, has already, without reserve, pronounced the Reform-bill to be an utter failure.

And where is the residue then, whose votes we may expect on the other side? The House of Commons gives too favourable a view of their numbers. In that assembly there are 317 Conservatives, and at least 150 Radicals, who would unhesitatingly declare, that, except carried much further, the bill of 1831 was an useless abortion. This would leave about 190 Whigs, who would probably vote that the Reform-bill, on the whole, had succeeded. But in the country at large, the preponderance on the negative side would be much larger. The strength of Whiggism among the people is perfectly contemptible. Set up, in Marylebone or in Finsbury, a Conservative candidate, a Radical candidate, and a poor Whig, and let only single votes be given; we would venture long odds, that if the battle were fairly fought, and the Whig stood on the distinct ground of the Reform-bill as it is, and the Radical, as the champion of a new Reform-bill,—the votes for the Whig would not number *one-seventh* of the whole amount polled! And in this belief we say, that in the matter of *reform*, also, the Whig ministries of the last nine years have signally failed.

RETRENCHMENT, or economy, was the third, and not the least important, of their pledges. How has it been redeemed? Let a few plain facts answer this question.

The last budget brought before parliament by a Conservative chancellor of the exchequer was that of 1830. It was thus summed up by Mr. Goulburn, when laying it before the House of Commons:—

"Thus the total amount of the public charge for the present year will be 47,812,000*l.*; leaving a clear surplus of 2,667,000*l.* to be appropriated to the payment of debt."

Such was the point from which the Whigs started. It was from an expenditure of 47,812,000*l.* that they were pledged to make reductions. And, beyond all doubt, reductions they did make. Very little difficulty was found in dismissing some hundreds of clerks and petty officers, *who were no friends of theirs*, and in cutting down various places, in all departments, which *were not held by Whigs*; and in this way, for a year or two, a great shew of economy and retrenchment was made. But it was nothing more than a *shew*. Very soon did it become apparent that new boards would be needed to do the work that the abolished boards had previously done; and that, in many cases, it might be convenient to issue a "commission" of five or six lawyers, to do what had previously been done by a single clerk. And in this way, having dismissed, without rhyme or reason, some 3000 or 4000 Tory clerks and placemen, in the first two years of "economy and retrenchment," the last five years have been occupied in the pleasant employment of distributing to some 8000 or 4000 Whigs the employments which were thus vacated, or made necessary.

And the general result of the whole seven years is thus shewn in Mr. Spring Rice's budget of the present session, which he sums up with these words,—

"Making a total expenditure of 47,988,000*l.*, shewing a surplus, which I am sorry to say is but small, of 140,000*l.* But this makes no provision for the 1,000,000*l.* of extra expenses required for Canada."

So that, adding this million, Mr. Goulburn's expenditure of 47,812,000*l.* will be augmented to 48,988,000*l.*; and the surplus of income over expenditure, which in 1830 was 2,667,000*l.*, is now changed into an actual *deficiency* of 860,000*l.* And thus is *fulfilled* the third of the Whig pledges,—that of reduced expenditure and lightened taxation. And, to make the picture complete, while all idea of a surplus, to be appropriated to the reduction of debt, seems at an end; and instead thereof we have a positive deficiency, to be made good by Exchequer-bills, thus working an increase of debt; while we are thus getting deeper and deeper into debt, year by year, we have the further comfort of perceiving that the whole of the last nine years has been entirely

lost, as far as reduction of debt is concerned; and that the annual charge upon the country for interest is greater now than it was nine years ago.

In Mr. Goulburn's budget, he set down for the interest of the funded and unfunded debt, 29,049,000*l.* But then he provided a surplus of 2,677,000*l.* for the reduction of debt. Had such a surplus been maintained, it would, in nine years, have reduced more than *twenty-four millions* of debt,—even throwing all calculations of compound interest out of view. This reduction of the capital would have reduced the annual charge, reckoned at 3½ per cent, not less than 840,000*l.* a year. It ought at least to have countervailed the 20,000,000*l.* given to the West Indian proprietors, and something more. Allowing for the interest on this new debt, it ought to have reduced the charge of 1830 to the sum of 28,900,000*l.* per annum. Instead of which, Mr. Rice coolly informs us, that the expenditure on account of the debt, funded and unfunded, last year, was 29,427,000*l.* This is a good *half-million* per annum more than ~~thought~~ ^{ought} to have been, and more than it would have been, had Mr. Goulburn remained chancellor of the exchequer. And in saying this, we allow for the West Indian bonus. If that grant of twenty millions had never been made, and if Mr. Goulburn's surplus of 2,677,000*l.* had been allowed to operate, the total annual charge for the debt in the present year would have been 28,209,000*l.* Instead of which, Mr. Rice makes it 29,427,000*l.* And such is the progress that we have made, in the course of nine years of Whig mismanagement, in that great matter of national concern, the reduction of our debt!

What can our verdict be, then, on all these three heads? Have the Whigs maintained for us an honourable peace? Have they not, rather, so contrived matters as to involve us, whether with the European powers or with our own colonies, in just that state of bad feeling and discontent, which has nearly all the evils of war, without any of its gains or its honours? Have they given us, under the name of Reform, a representative system which commends itself to the general approval, as an unquestionable change for the better? Or have they not rather set up a system

which neither Conservatives nor Radicals can tolerate; and which none but Whigs, who constitute less than one-tenth of the population, are contented with? While, on the last point, they have advanced an annual expenditure of 47,812,000*l.* to one of 48,988,000*l.*; they have changed a surplus of income of 2,677,000*l.* into a deficiency of 840,000*l.*; and have raised the annual charge on our debt from 29,049,000*l.* to 29,427,000*l.* On the whole, then, it must stand admitted, as defying all contradiction, that on all these three heads, upon which their continuance in office was voluntarily rested,—their pledges have been violated, their professions utterly forgotten.

Well, but, it may be asked, to what end is all this? We know that these people are a set of drivellers and coxcombs; that they have done nothing, that they undertook to do, and every thing that they ought not to have done. But what then? People are really tired of saying this, and of hearing one another say it. What induces you, at this time of day, to retread a path so beaten and footworn?

Our answer is, that our thoughts were driven back upon this subject, tiresome as we know it to be, by a few moments' contemplation of the predicament in which the country now stands, and of the difficulties which seem to be thickening around us. We observe that the army, which, in 1830, cost 6,991,163*l.*, in 1839 cost 7,201,000*l.*; and within these few days we have heard Lord John Russell propose suddenly to add another 5000 men; and, besides this, to authorise the levy of a further force, in blue coats, called "County Police," of probably a further 10,000 or 20,000 men. We see all this going on, in the ninth year of a "Reform government," of a Liberal administration," of a cabinet professing to rest solely on the popular opinion; and we are driven to ask ourselves, How is all this?

And thus it is that we are forced back on the oft-repeated task, of retracing the faults and blunders of the Whig administration. Why is it that the peace of the country is perilled, and a perpetually increasing force of soldiery and police required, to keep down the masses? Simply, *because the government is not respected*. Even under a firm and powerful tyranny would

there be, in all probability, greater internal peace than we now enjoy. Nothing incites to insurrection so powerfully as a wide-spread opinion of the weakness of the government. And never, assuredly, in modern times, had England a government so universally despised, as that under which we are now living.

We can easily believe that some persons may, at first sight, think this language too strong. But it is not so. Could any proof more convincing be given of the utter want of support to the present government, throughout the country, than the ridiculously abortive attempt lately made to get up addresses to the throne, on Lord Melbourne's resumption of office? Two or three dozen of such documents were indeed easily obtained, from the little knots of Whig-Radicals who have been lifted into a momentary importance, in the borough towns, by the Whig Municipal Reform. But wherever the poor ministerialists ventured out into open day, and called a public meeting, they were, in almost every case, either outvoted by the Conservatives, or out-clamoured by the Radicals, or left in the silent stillness of contempt by the whole public. A call, a loud and vehement cry, was made to the people to "support their queen;" and the response which, had the call been a legitimate one, would have arisen from the hands and hearts of millions, was not joined in by a thousand men, reckoning the whole kingdom! A failure so utter, so ludicrous, was certainly never before witnessed.

But the evidence of the utter contempt into which the government of England has fallen, need not be drawn from one circumstance or event; it surrounds us on every side. That government has a *policy*, or something which it calls by that name. Where, amidst the whole press of England, excepting the organ of the Foreign Office (the *Globe*), has that "policy" a single defender? We know of none. The *Morning Chronicle* eschews it; the *Advertiser* and the *Sun* cannot tolerate it; nay, even the crawling *Courier* itself rebels against the ignominy of avouching such a system. What, then, can be expected from a government which persists in holding office, and administering the public affairs, with no support whatever from either the press or the people? It is

utterly impossible that any results can flow from such an attempt, but increasing anarchy and disorder.

This is so obvious, that we cannot help believing that, in the quiet reflection which the coming recess will bring, some of the less guilty and perverse of our present misgovernors will become conscious of their dangerous and disgraceful predicament. They will perceive that, by any longer perseverance in the hopeless struggle, they will be betraying the safety and the honour of their too-confiding sovereign. Already has the monarchical principle been put to a severe test; another year or two's pertinacity would produce more serious consequences, than the National Petition or the Birmingham outbreak. We profess not even to surmise in what shape the evil would approach; but sure we are, that a government wholly destitute of public support or public confidence, is now, in England, impossible; and equally certain are we, that if there were called forth from the people of England, all who disapprove of the present government as too Radical, and all who disapprove of it as too Conservative, there would not be left, to support the Melbourne cabinet, enough men, having any political opinion, to fill Westminster Hall!

We know, indeed, that some of their professional advocates have argued, that, as standing between the Radicals on the one side, and the Conservatives on the other, they may be held to have found the true *via media*, the nearest approach to perfection. This may be an admirable theory, but it works very ill in practice. The truth is, that these two great parties, the Radicals and the Conservatives, have now drawn into their ranks the whole of those classes of the people of England, who take any interest in political matters. Among the mass of the population, there are none — beyond a few Whig placemen, and a stray man or two, a mere oddity, here and there, to support the Melbourneites in their middle course. It comes, therefore, to this, Whether the government can be carried on in a line of policy having no supporters outside the walls of parliament? We believe that it cannot; and we believe, also, that the attempt to carry it on after this fashion, is bringing the monarchy and the other institutions of the country into very serious jeopardy.

We shall only add, that in speaking of the voluntary retirement of the present ministry as a thing to be desired, we speak with a degree of doubt and hesitation. We can have no personal advantage from a change; we look to such a circumstance merely as a matter of public concern; and we confess that, if the Whigs would conduct themselves somewhat better than they do, we could be well content to leave the Conservatives on the Speaker's left hand for a few months longer. The purer and more bracing air of the opposition benches is working a visible improvement. Mr. Gibson (miserable man!) remarked this at the Ipswich election. He remarked truly, and we are delighted to admit the fact, that the Conservative party were actually retrograding, and becoming less and less "liberal" every hour. He might have said the same thing of the country in general. The fact is, that in the conflict now going on, principles of *right* and *wrong* are involved; and, in the course of argument, multitudes, both in parliament and out of it, are learning the truth and importance of many things which, erewhile, they thought doubtful or *immaterial*. Hence it is, that in what Mr. Gibson and his new friends call "bigotry," both the country at large and its representatives are rapidly increasing; and the longer the struggle continues, the more will this be the case. And it is because we could be well content to see the Conservative leaders still better schooled in the lessons of "bigotry," that we should not greatly regret their continuance on the opposition benches for some time longer.

But the general interests, and more especially the safety of the monarchy, seem to forbid this. By their various quackeries, the idiots now in power have brought society to the very verge

of dissolution. They raised the masses into a state of dangerous and unnatural excitement, in order, by their aid, to carry the Reform-bill; which Reform-bill, they flattered themselves, would make them ministers for life. To pander to the same popular lust of power, they added the further boon of a Municipal Reform, of the most democratic character. By these devices and gifts they have kept up a hope, for seven years past, which they never intended to gratify. But in the end, the millions, whom they have been leading to expect some great gain from all these changes, now begin to find out that they have been utterly and grossly deceived. They are wroth; the Whigs, their deceivers, know not what to do with them. In fact, the Whigs have no fair answer to their clamorous demands. The masses are only acting out the lesson which they have been taught; and it is not for those who taught them to punish them for carrying out the instruction.

Such is the state of things at home, and abroad, as we have already observed, every thing wears a gloomy aspect. That last and poorest resort to which the Whigs have fled for the two years past—the favour of the court—has now been tried to the utmost,—tried, in fact, so far as to bring the youthful sovereign herself into a degree of distress. This fund, also, is quite expended; and the Whigs have none other to which to fly. A company more utterly bankrupt of all character, and of all resources, it is impossible to conceive. Their predicament would be ludicrous, were it not that *their* weakness, while at the helm, is the weakness of the kingdom; and their failure, if their temerity holds out much longer, may involve higher and dearer interests than theirs in one common wreck.

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EPISTLES OF THE LITERATI.

No. XII. •

DR. MARTIN TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ., ON "FARMER'S ESSAY ON SHAKSPERE."

DEAR SIR,—As there appears to be a revived zeal for commentatorship on Shakspeare, I may be perhaps allowed to roll my tub among the rest; and the first service I wish to perform is to rid, or at least to give some reasons for ridding, all future editors of a superfluous swelling in the shape of Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, which has long been a regular encumbrance on the variorum editions. In the subjoined letter, if you will be so good to print it, your readers, who I hope are in number equal to the whole reading public of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Colonies,

—"From sunny Indus to the Pole,—

will find my reasons for not thinking highly of the Master of Emmanuel, or his Shakspearian labours. The critical clique to which he belonged was peculiarly absurd; and we have only to cast a glance upon his face, as preserved in an engraving by Harding, to see that the feeble smirk of fat-headed and scornful block-headism self-satisfied, with that peddling pedantry of the smallest order, which entitled its possessor to look down with patronizing pity on the loftiest genius, is its prevailing feature. Perhaps somebody may think it worth while to contradict this assertion by a host of collegiate opinions in his favour, backed by a list of superlative panegyrics on his learning, and excellence of wisdom and wit, culled from various quarters; and I shall not dispute their justice, or undervalue their merit. I am only dealing with the *Essay* before me; and with his picture, as I find it in the splendid Cracherode copy of Steevens (a presentation one) in the British Museum.

Let me ask the favour of a couple of dozen lines before I close my note; and they are intended to say that Charles Knight's *Shakspeare* (or as he thinks proper, "after much consideration," to spell the word *Shaksperc*—he might as well spell his own name *Night*) is, in its conception and management, one of the most valuable presents made, not merely to Shakspearian, but to general antiquarian literature. I know that there are many more famous, elaborate, deeply pondered, and technical repertories of antiquarian lore. I know also that there have been criticisms of high pretence, and, in some instances, of far higher genius, upon these illustrious dramas, than what we have in the brief notes which he is publishing; but taking the combination of graphic

exhibition by admirably executed woodcuts (in most cases, worth a wagonload of comment) of objects now to be traced by poring research, but so familiar as to be made matter of trite allusion in the days of Elizabeth, with fairly-digested and well condensed *scholia*, meeting all the ordinary difficulties, and explaining the ordinary puzzles of the sadly mangled text, I do not know where to find a book in which poetry is so aided by antiquarian knowledge and pictorial skill. All this, however, will not allow me to say that the text still does not want a revision much more searchingly careful than that which Hemmings and Condell gave it, or that with which the successors of these gentlemen have been satisfied.

Permit me to subscribe myself, with great respect,

Dear Mr. YORKE,

faithfully yours,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

[It gives us great pleasure to print Dr. Maginn's letter; but we are not answerable for any of its statements or arguments. We must divide his communication into two parts. "Let us ask the favour," to use his own phrase, of saying that Tyas's *Illustrated Shakspeare* is a highly creditable publication, containing occasionally excellent observations, handsomely illustrated, and what in these days ought to be not forgotten, when "Exchange-bills are such a price," as the song says, marvellously cheap.—O. Y.]

DR. FARMER'S ESSAY ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE • CONSIDERED.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ., LL.D.

I have always considered Dr. Farmer's "celebrated Essay," as Stevens calls it, on the Learning of Shakspeare, as a piece of pedantic impertinence, not pardoned in literature. The very style and manner in which this third or fourth-rate scholar, undistinguished by any work of reputation whatever, speaks of "the old bard," as he usually entitles Shakspeare, are as disgusting as the smirking complacency with which he regards his own petty labours. "The rage of parallelisms," he says in his preface, "is almost over; and, in truth, nothing can be more absurd. This was stolen from *one* classic, THAT from *another*; and, had I not stepped in to his rescue, poor Shakspeare had been stripped as naked of ornament as when he first held horses at the door of the playhouse." His having ever held horses at the door of the playhouse is an idle fiction, which the slightest consideration bestowed on the career of his fortunes in London would suffice to dispel; but it is introduced here to serve the purpose of suggesting to Farmer's readers that the original condition of Shakspeare was menial, and therefore that it is improbable he had received

an education fitting him to acquire a knowledge of ancient or foreign learning.

"Had I not come to his rescue," says Dr. Farmer, "poor Shakspeare would have been strangled here." &c. Passing the insolence and self-conceit of this assertion, may we not ask from whom was Shakspeare to be rescued? From some zealous commentators, it appears, who indulged in a rage for collecting parallelisms, *i.e.* passages in the classical authors, in which they thought they found resemblances to passages in Shakspeare. In this task they sometimes were fanciful, and saw likenesses where none existed, but not one of them accused Shakspeare of theft. There is a vast difference between a thief and an imitator. Who has ever accused Milton or Virgil of stealing from Homer? Who is so insane as to think that *Paradise Lost* or the *Æneid* stand in need of "a rescue" from the annotators who point out the passages of the *Iliad*, or other poems, from which many of the most beautiful and majestic ornaments of the more modern great epics are derived? Nobody, of the most common sense, can imagine that illustrations of this kind strip the poets

naked, or call for the assistance of such rescuers as Farmer.

Elsewhere he says, —

"These critics" (those who maintain Shakspeare's claims on learning), "and many others, their coadjutors, have supposed themselves able to trace Shakspeare in the writings of the ancients, and have sometimes persuaded us of their own learning, whatever became of their author's. Plagiarisms have been discovered in every natural description, and every moral sentiment. Indeed, by the kind assistance of the various *Excerpta*, *Sententia*, and *Flores*, this business may be effected with very little expense of time or sagacity, as Addison hath demonstrated in his comment on *Cherry Chase*, and Wagstaff on *Tom Thumb*; and I myself will engage to give you quotations from the elder English writers (for, to own the truth, I was once idle enough to collect such), which shall carry with them at least an equal degree of similarity. But there can be no occasion of wasting any future time in this department: the world is now in possession of much of imitation."

No doubt the world does possess the work, and equally is it doubtless that the world has totally forgotten the boon. A more worthless piece of trumpet criticism, empty parade, and shallow reading, does not exist than this extolled composition of Bo. Hund, and therefore it is justly entitled to the laboriously time compliment here paid it by Farmer (*).

It would, indeed, be wandering far away from the question which I intend to discuss, if I were to enter upon the distinction between imitation and plagiarism, or attempt to define the line at which one begins and the other ends; but it is not going out of the way to pronounce the sentences just quoted very absurd. *Excerpta*, *Sententia*, *Flores*, will give but little assistance in tracing out imitations; for these compilations are in general nothing more than collections of *commonplaces*, which suggest themselves to reflective or poetic minds in all ages and countries pretty much in the same manner. We must adopt a very different course of reading if we wish to shew, from the *peculiarities* of thought or expression which are to be found in one poet, whether he has or has not suggested the phrase or the idea to a successor. When this is judiciously done, it reflects honour on the taste

and the reading of the critic. If the execution of such task be ridiculous, as sometimes it will be, the ridicule surely ought to attach to the commentator, not to the author. Shakspeare is not to be esteemed unlearned, because Upton has sometimes been preposterous; and yet that is the argument which runs through-out this "celebrated Essay."

Addison's critique on *Cherry Chase*, whether intended as jest or earnest, is in neither department very successful. The ballad poetry of England was, in his time, matter of mock to "the town," the sparkish Templar, the wits of the coffeehouses, and the men of *mode*; and those who, like Thomas Hearne, applied themselves to the antiquities of English literature, were especial butts of scorn. Addison, deeply imbued with this spirit, determined to be patronising at the expense of the old ballad; but not being altogether delivered over to the demon of *gout*, he could not refrain from expressing, now and then, genuine admiration of the picturesque touches in *Cherry Chase*, for some of which he found resemblances in the battle-poems of antiquity. Those resemblances are, in fact, unavoidable; for the poetic incidents of war, either in action or passion, are so few and so prominently striking, that they must occur to every poet, particularly to those who live among the scenes of which they sing: but, on the whole, so little was Addison qualified to perform the task of judging of the merits of the subject he selected for his criticism, that he took as his text, not the real *Cherry Chase* of Richard Sheale, in the time of Henry VI.—that which stirred the heart of Sir Philip Sidney as with a trumpet—but a modern *rivuccimento*, made, in all probability, not fifty years before Addison was born, in every respect miserably inferior to the original, and in which are to be found these passages and expressions which excite the merriment of the jocular. He could not have bestowed much attention on our ballad lore, and, consequently, not critically known any thing of its spirit; for if he had, he might have found, as well as Hearne, that the true ballad was "The Persé owt of Northumberlande."

As for Wagstaff's *Tom Thumb*, that is an avowed joke upon Addison's critique on *Cherry Chase*, and in many

parts amusingly executed, to the discomfiture of the *Spectator*. It is full of the then fashionable fooleries about Bentley; and the author, being a medical man, could not avoid having a fling at brother-doctors: it is now hardly remembered.* If, instead of quizzing Addison for his critique on *Cherry Chase*, and selecting the old ballad of *Tom Thumb* as his theme, the facetious physician could have made the *Tom Thumb* of Fielding, familiarised to us in Kane O'Hara's version, the object of his comment, then, as that renowned drama was originally written as a parody on the favourite tragedies of the day, it would be easy seriously to trace the remote original of the parodist in the direct original of the burlesqued tragedian. If we could prove, for instance, that Thomson was indebted to any prior dramatist for

"O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!" that writer might claim the corresponding exclamation in *Tom Thumb*:—

"O Huncamunca! Huncamunca, O!" as his original property; and the simi-

larity of imitation insinuated by Farmer might be understood.

But these are not cases in point: nor would Farmer's own collection of passages, in which the writers of antiquity might be supposed to supply resemblances to what we find in English writers, affect the question in the least degree; for if by these writers he means Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Surrey, Wyatt, Skelton, &c., they were all men of extensive reading in various languages, and had ample knowledge of preceding authors, and sufficient access for the purpose of borrowing, or imitating, or stealing, if they pleased. In making his collection, though Farmer designates it idleness, he might have been profitably employed; for he was a man of extensive and desultory reading, with the advantage of having a great library at his service, being the principal librarian of the University of Cambridge;—he was idly employed, indeed, when he took upon himself the office of "rescuing" Shakspeare.

There is, however, in his *Essay* an amusing proof that he was practically acquainted with the art of plagiarism.

* *Fraser*.—"The following Part of this Canto (the old ballad of *Tom Thumb*) is the Relation of our Hero's being put into a Pudding, and conveyed away in a Tinker's Budget; which is designed by our Author to prove, if it is understood literally, That the greatest Men are subject to Misfortunes. But it is thought by Dr. B—— that he all Mythology, and to contain the Doctrine of the Transmutation of Metals, and is designed to shew that all Matter is the same, though differently Modified. He tells me he intends to publish a distinct Treatise on this Canto, and I don't question, but he'll manage the Dispute with the same Learning, Conduct, and good Manners, he has done others, and as Dr. Salmon uses in his corrections of Dr. Sydenham and the Dispensatory. The next Canto is the story of *Tom Thumb's* being swallowed by a Cow, and his Deliverance out of her, which is treated of at large by *Giordano Bruno*, in his *Spaccio de la Bestia trionfante*; which book, though very scarce, yet a certain Gentleman, who has it in his possession, has been so obliging us to let every Body know where to meet with it. After this you find him carried off by a Raven, and swallowed by a Giant; and 'tis almost the same story as that of *Ganimede* and the Eagle, in *Ovid*.—

'Now by a Raven of strength,
Away poor Tom was borne.

'Nec moras percusso mendacibus æve pennis
Abripit Ituden."

A Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb. London, 1711. P. 13.

There are some pretty fair jokes in pp. 11–15, 18, &c. Wagstaffe did not know how near the truth his jest lay, when he attributes the origin of the fable to antiquity as remote as that of the Druids. P. 5. The conclusion of his pamphlet is amusing now. "If," continues my bookseller, "you have a mind that it should turn to advantage with treason or heresy, get censured by the parliament or convocation, and condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, and you can't fail having a multitude of readers, by the same reason *A notorious rogue has such a number of followers to the gallows*," p. 24. It is now hard to say what is, or is not, treason. Heresy is not worth sixpence in the book-market. There is no convocation practically existing; the literary hangman, like the schoolmaster, has gone abroad; and as for the censure of parliament, since that assembly has been reformed, it would not influence the sale of a copy more or less of a two-penny tract, or a five-pound folio.

Shakspeare, he informs us, came out of the hand of Nature, "as some one else expresses it, like Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature." Well did he know who this *some one else* was, for he quotes elsewhere "the preface to his" (that *some one else's*) "elegant translation of Terence." This is to be applauded; for it is one of the best and most approved tricks of the plagiarism trade to puff with an appearance of candour, which gives the contrabandist all the credit of the appropriated passage with those who know not whence it comes, leaving him at the same time a loophole of retreat when detected, by pointing out how he had disclaimed its originality. But the *some one else*, who happened to be George Colman the elder, was not the kind of person to submit in silence; and, accordingly, in the next edition of his Terence, he claims his "thunder" as zealously as Demis himself. "It is whimsical enough," he observes, "that this *some one else*, whose expression is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakspeare's want of literature, should be no other than myself. Mr. Farmer does not choose to mention where he met with the expression of *some one else*; and *some one else* does not choose to mention where he dropped it." This is very lofty on the part of Colman. I do not know that any one has taken the trouble of seeking where he dropped it, but an anonymous critic [*Ed. Variorum*, Shakspeare of 1813, p. 41, vol. ii.] has shewn us where he found it; namely, in Dr. Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition*. "An adult genius comes out of Nature's hands, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature. Shakspeare's genius was of this kind." It is excessively diverting to find Farmer puffing from Colman, and Colman claiming the stolen property only to be convicted that he had himself stolen it from Young. I have noticed this trifle principally to illustrate the difference between literary imitation and literary thieving. To any one acquainted with classical mythology, the idea of comparing original genius starting into the world at once in full vigour of strength and beauty, without the tedious process of infant care and culture, to the Goddess of Wisdom bursting full armed from the brain of Jupiter, might readily occur. Two people, or two hundred and fifty-two people, might think of

the same thing; and yet he who came second, or two hundred and fifty-second, be as original as the man who came first. This would be a case of coincidence. If a verse-maker had seen the sentence of Young, and turned it into metre as thus—

As from the forehead of the Olympian
king
Sprang Pallas armed, so full grown
and mature
Adult from Nature's hand does Genius
spring,
No tedious hours of nurture to en-
dure,

it would be a case of imitation. The verse-maker has contributed something in the shape of labour, at least, to the composition as he exhibits it; if not "the vision and the faculty divine," yet "the single, double, and the triple rhymes;" but if we find not merely the obvious idea, but the peculiar phraseology, as "coming out of Nature's hand;" as "Pallas [not *Minerva*] out of Jove's [not *Jupiter's*] head;" as "at full growth and mature;" and these phrases applied not to genius in general, but to the particular genius which was originally designated; without any alteration of form, or any acknowledgement of the author in whom the borrower found it; then it is a direct case of literary theft: or, if it be more polite so to style it, a case of plagiarism.

Enough of this. The principle of Farmer's *Essay* is, that because injudicious commentators thought they found in the classics what Shakspeare had not found there, the "old bard" never could have consulted the classics at all. By such a process, the same case could be proved against Milton himself. P. Hume discovers, for example, that *amerced* in the line,—

"Millions of spirits for his fault *amerced*
Of heaven,"—(*Par. Lost*, l. 609.)

has "a strange affinity with the Greek *ἀμερδω*, to deprive, to take away," as Homer has used it, much to our purpose, *Odys.* viii. 64:

Ὀφθαλμοῖν μὲν ἈΜΕΡΔΕ, δίδου δ' ἠδ' αἶψα
ᾠοῖσιν —

"The muse *amerced* him of his eyes, but gave him the faculty of singing sweetly;" *amerced* being, in fact, a technical word of our law, derived to us from the Norman-French *amercier*. Newton is of opinion that, in *Comus*,

Milton, by his use of the word *gazed*, in the line,

"This nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks, — (*Comus*, v. 51.)

deduced it from *ἀσέμει* — gaze being a Saxon word of old Teutonic root, *Ge-sean* (*contentis oculis aspicere*, says Skinner). It would be easy to give other examples, but let these suffice. Some future Farmer may adduce, as a proof of the ignorance or folly of those who were preposterously determined to prove that Milton had read Homer, that they found it necessary to press words derived from our Saxon or Norman ancestors into their service, as coming from the Greek, which *therefore* Milton did not understand. Or again, when Bentley remarks that

"Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth," (*Par. Lost*, i. 619.)

is suggested by Ovid's

"*Ter conata loqui, ter fluthus ora rigabat,*" (*Metam.* xl. 419.)

the doctor has pointed out the wrong authority; because as we find that Sackville, in his *Induction of the Mirror for Magistrates*, last stanza, has

"*Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thryse the sighs did swallow up his voice.*"

it must have been not to Ovid, but to Sackville, Milton is indebted. Or, finally (for it is not worth while to waste time on suppositions so ridiculous) when Addison assures us that *miscreated, embryo*, and other words, are coined by Milton, appropriately referring to a nonsensical "discourse in Plutarch, which shews us how frequently Homer made use of the same liberty" [well, indeed, was Plutarch qualified to judge of the *sources* of the language of Homer!]; while, on the contrary, we find these words common in Spenser, Sylvester, Donne, Massinger, Browne, and others, who long precede the *Paradise Lost*: are we to come forward to the rescue of Milton, and defend him from the charge of coining and uttering words not duly licensed, because Addison happened not to have read or remembered the translation of Du Bartas, the

plays of Massinger, the poems of Donne, the *British Pastorals*, or the *Lucru Quene*? On Farmer's principle, that the author is responsible for the ignorance or folly of his critic, all this should be.

He commences by adducing what external testimony he can gather, to prove Shakspeare's want of learning. His witnesses are—I take them as he sets them down—

1. Ben Jonson's often-quoted line, about Shakspeare's small Latin and less Greek; which Farmer takes care to tell us was quoted more than a century before his time—in 1651—as small Latin, and no Greek, by W. Towers, in a panegyric on Cartwright; "whether an error or not," the candid critic will not undertake to decide.

2. Drayton, the countryman and acquaintance of Shakspeare, determining his excellence by his *naturall brain* only.

3. Digges, a wit of the town, before our poet left the stage, is very strong on the point:

"Nature only helpt him, for looke thou
This whole book,* thou shalt find he doth
not borrow

One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines
mutate,

Nor once from vulgar languages trans-
late."

4. Suckling opposed his *cask* *straw* to the *sweet* of the learned Jonson.

5. Denham assures us that all he had was from *old mother-wit*.

6. Every body remembers Milton's celebration of his *nature wood-notes* *wild*.

7. Dryden observes, prettily enough, that "he wanted not the spectacles of books to read nature."

8. The ever-memorable Hales, of Eton, had too great a knowledge, both of Shakspeare and the ancients, to allow much acquaintance between them; and urged very justly, on the part of genius, in opposition to pedantry, that "if he had not read the ancients, he had not stolen from them;" and if any topic was produced from a poet of antiquity, he would undertake to shew somewhat on the same subject, at least as well written by Shakspeare.

9. Fuller declares positively that his learning was very little—*nature* was

* The first folio to which the poem in which these lines occur was to have been prefixed.

all the *art* used upon him, as *he himself*, if alive, would confess.

10. Shakspeare has in fact confessed it, when he apologised for his *untutored lines* to the Earl of Southampton.

11. "This list of witnesses," says Farmer, triumphantly summing up, "might be easily enlarged, but I flatter myself I shall stand in no need of such evidence."

Taking them *seriatim*, the first is the only one worthy of the slightest attention. Ben Jonson knew Shakspeare intimately, and was in every way qualified to offer an opinion on his learning. All the silly surmises of his hostility or jealousy towards Shakspeare, with which Steevens, and other critics of the same calibre, cram their notes, have been demonstrated to be mere trash, undeserving of a moment's notice. Ben had a warm-hearted affection, a deeply grateful feeling, and a profound admiration for Shakspeare, which he displayed during the life and after the death of his illustrious friend. It is a most unfair and unjust calumny on so eminent an ornament of our literature, or any literature, as Ben Jonson, to assert, or insinuate the contrary. Jealousy or envy could have had no part in his appreciation of Shakspeare's learning: and this dictum proves nothing, until we can determine what is the quantity of either, which Ben Jonson would have characterised as much Latin or Greek. So practised and exact a scholar would estimate but cheaply any thing short of a very considerable quantity of both. If Bentley were to speak of Farmer, or any other man of similar pretensions to classical knowledge, it is highly probable the unsparing doctor would have said that such people knew nothing at all of either Greek or Latin; and yet the Master of Emmanuel must have been tolerably well versed in both, even if thus disparaged by the Master of Trinity. The *criticorum longe maximus* would have intended nothing more, than that scholars of inferior grade were not to be compared with those *viri clarissimi atque eruditissimi*, among whom *Bentleius doctissimus* was himself so eminent. In like manner Jonson, in this oft-quoted line, only meant to say that Shakspeare's acquirements in the learned languages were small in comparison with those of professed scholars of scholastic fame. But surely it is not neces-

sary to consider that, because Shakspeare was not as erudite as Casaubon, he must be set down as totally ignorant? In fact, we ought to quote Jonson as an authority on the side opposed to that espoused by Farmer: for the possession of any Greek knowledge at all in the days of Elizabeth argues a very respectable knowledge of Latin; because, at that time, it was only through Latin, and by means of no small acquaintance with its literature, the Greek language could be ever so slightly studied.

2. Drayton's compliment to Shakspeare's natural brain—

3. Digges's assurance that Nature only helped him—

4. Suckling's preference of his easier strain to the learned sweat of Jonson—

5. Denham's assertion, that all he had was from old mother-wit—

6. [I pass Milton for a moment.] Dryden's pretty remark on the spectacles of art, &c.—

7. [I postpone Hales.] Fuller's positive declaration about art and nature, &c.: all these intend the one thing, that the genius of Shakspeare, his natural brain, his old mother-wit, is the gift which, by fastening him upon the thoughts and feelings of mankind, has rendered him immortal. Had he possessed all the learning of the Scaligers, would not such acquirements, and the fame attendant, have been matters altogether of no consideration, compared with *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo*—any of his plays? In these hunted-up opinions, all of them hastily thrown out, there runs the false and foolish distinction between nature and art in works of genius. The great masters in any of the elevating branches of human thought exceed inferior spirits, as much in the art of composition, in critical arrangement of detail, in the due keeping of minor parts, in exactness as well as in delicacy of taste, as they do in the grander powers that awaken terror or pity, amazement or admiration. Sure I am, that true criticism would detect more material sins against taste and art, the favorite topics of the school of *goût*, in any one of the tragedies of Corneille, Voltaire, or Racine, great as the talents of their authors unquestionably were, than hypercriticism could venture to point out as such in all the tragedies of Shakspeare. Men, however, who are full of the idea that there is something opposed to each other in poetical art and poetical nature, may justly imagine

that, where they see the latter so transcendent, there is a necessary absence of the former. Suckling, for example, when he prefers the easier strain of Shakspeare to the learned sweat of Jonson, implies an opinion that the sweat was owing to an abundance of learning, and the easiness, therefore, to a want of it. He need not have looked further than the *Cowys* of his own contemporary to find that grace, airiness, and elegance, almost rivalling the easiest parts of the *As you Like It* of Shakspeare, may abound in a mask written by one more learned still than Jonson.

8. What the ever-memorable Hales of Eton [who, notwithstanding his epithet, Farmer says, "is, I fear, almost forgotten;" i.e. in the time of his *Essay*; in our time he is wholly so] maintained is true enough, but nothing to the point. From Shakspeare, passages on any given subject can no doubt be produced, rivalling the noblest of the ancient authors, and surpassing most of them; and he has others peculiar to himself, in paths not before trodden. How does this prove that he had never read the classics? If the prayer of Milton to Urania, that she would assist him in soaring above the Aonian mount, above the flight of Pegasus wing, were granted, does it therefore follow that he had never visited the mountain of the Muses, or fled with the steed of Pagan poesy? Or when Lucretius boasts—
"Avia Pæridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo,"—(*De Rer. Nat.* l. vi. 1.)

are we to imagine that he never was in company with those who travelled with the Pierides, and had trodden in their habitual paths?

9. Milton's *wood-notes wild* are, indeed, familiar to every one; but the reference to them here proves only that Farmer misunderstood what the poet meant. The passage in which they occur is

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poet's dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,"—
(*L'Allegro*, 115-134.)

i.e., the mirthful man desires to see

at court *masks*, in which Ben Jonson excelled, and in the theatre his learned comedies. And as the courtly pageantry summons before him romantic visions, then to the stage he goes to see those poetic *dreams on summer eves* embodied by the fanciful creations of Shakspeare, sweetly singing free forest ditties, warbling, without any other source of inspiration but the sylvan scene around, notes native to himself, and equally native to the wood—the "*boscæresce inculte avenæ*" of Tasso.—*Gier. Lib.* c. vii. 6. The reference in *L'Allegro* is almost by name to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and has nothing to do with the general question of Shakspeare's learning. If we wished to be critical in Farmer-like fashion, we might observe, that the title which Milton borrows from *Love's Labour's Lost*, to apply to the poet himself, belongs in the original to a character precisely the reverse of being unlearned,—

"This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many
a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's
debate,"

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, act. 1. sc. 1.)

—one who for himself would prefer to use *veni, vidi, vici*; but, for information of the "base and obscure vulgar," condescends to "anatomise" it into English (act iv. sc. 1.); who is described by Holofernes (act v. sc. 1) as too peregrinate,—a racker of orthography, and so forth; and who concludes the play by a duet ("When daisies pied," &c.) between Hiems and Ver, whom he stoops to inform us to be Winter and Spring.

10. The poet's own declaration to his noble patron, that his lines are *untutored*, is, it seems, a proof of his want of learning. With such critics we must, indeed, talk by the card. Are we to take it for granted that Horace, whose boast in his *Odes* is that,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"
(*Od. lib.* iii. od. 30.)

wishes us to believe him at his word, when he tells us, in his *Satires*, l. iv. 42, that we are not to consider him a poet? that Persius really thought himself a "semipaganus," prol. ver. 6? that Juvenal was in earnest when he classed himself with a ridiculous versifier? I take these at random, merely because

I happen to have a collection of Latin poetry lying before me; for hundreds of other specimens of this mock-modesty might be collected in every literature. Are we to believe Shakspeare himself, for example, when he makes his chorus tell us, at the end of *Henry V.*, that the play which contains "O! for a muse of fire!"—the exhortations of Archbishop Chichely,—the commonwealth of the bees,—Henry's reflections on ceremony,—his glorious speeches, urging the attack on Harfleur, and rousing to the battle of St. Crispin's day,—the chorus descriptive of the eve of Agincourt,—and many other passages of poetic thought and brilliancy, were written "with rough, and all unble pen," or suppose with the chorus at its beginning, that it was dictated by a "flat, unraised spirit?" We must take these things not merely with a grain, but a handful of salt. Farmer himself, if he had had the fortune of being elected a bishop, would, I venture to say, have thought it an extremely harsh construction of the text, if the chapter had construed his "*Nolo Episcopatu*" as literally as he here construes Shakspeare's confession of his being *untutored*.

11. There only remains of the cloud of witnesses Farmer's own testimony that the number might easily be enlarged. This is a figure of rhetoric of which I know not the name; but it is of frequent use in courts and parliaments, when the speaker, having said every thing he could think of, concludes by, "I shall say no more;" and that precisely because he has no more to say. Farmer had exhausted every authority that he could gather; and the sum of his labours is, that Jonson, in the pride of his own erudition, thought little of the classical attainments of Shakspeare; that Hales asserted, and truly, that he could find parallel passages to the best things in the classics in our own poet; that Milton admired the wild and native forest poetry of *Midsommer Night's Dream*; and that readers in general, who do not take the trouble of critically examining the writings they enthusiastically admire, are so struck with the original genius of the author, that they deem it unnecessary to suppose him in any considerable degree indebted to the ordinary aids of learning and scholarship. Be it observed, that not one of them except Ben Jonson

had better opportunities of forming a judgment than ourselves. Digges would find himself much puzzled to prove, that in the whole folio of the plays there is not one phrase imitated from Greek and Latin, or a single translation. Fuller, who says, that if the author were alive he would confess his learning to have been little, knew scarcely any thing about him, as his few trifling, vague, and erroneous anecdotes prove. Denham may assure us Shakspeare was indebted merely to his old mother-wit; but who assured Denham? In fact, the ignorance of every thing connected with Shakspeare, displayed by wits and critics of the days of Charles II., is absolutely wonderful, and not at all creditable to the mob of gentlemen who writ with ease.

A lamer case than Farmer's, was in fact never exhibited, so far as evidence is considered. Such, however, was not his own opinion; for, having generously left some testimony behind, as unnecessary, he proceeds to go through the various critics and commentators who have held different opinions on the question. Gildon, whom, of course, he insults, because he was insulted in the *Dunciad*; Sewall; Upton, declare absolutely for the learning of Shakspeare. Pope thinks there is but little ground for the common opinion of his want of learning; Theobald is unwilling to believe him to be so poor a scholar as many have laboured to represent him, but will not be too positive; Dr. Grey thinks his knowledge of Greek and Latin cannot be reasonably called in question; Dr. Dodd considers it proved that he was not such a novice in learning as some people pretend; and Mr. Whalley—But I must transcribe this passage from Farmer:—"Mr. Whalley, the ingenious editor of Jonson, hath written a piece expressly on this side of the question; perhaps from a very excusable partiality he was willing to draw Shakspeare from the field of nature to classic ground, where alone he knew his author could possibly cope with him." I must transcribe this, I say, because it is a beautiful specimen of that style of fine writing, and elegant turn of compliment, which must have been irresistible in a common room. Warburton exposes the weakness of some arguments from suspected imitations, but offers others which Farmer supposes he could

have as easily refuted. And Dennis, who is slandered from the same motive as that which dictated the insult to Gildon, declares, that "he who allows Shakspeare had learning, and a learning with the ancients, ought to be looked upon as a detractor from the glory of Great Britain,"—a subject which very much disturbed Pope's unlucky victim.

Farmer's principal quarrel seems to be with Upton, whom he treats most unfairly. Of him he says, "He, like the learned knight, at every anomaly of grammar or metre,

'Hath hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rule he did it by.'

How would the old bard have been astonished to have found that he had very skilfully given the *trochaic dimeter brachycatalectic*, commonly called the *thyphallic*, measure to the witches of *Macbeth*; and that now and then a halting verse afforded a most beautiful instance of the *pes proceleusmaticus*! I have followed the typography of Farmer, because in that seems to me to lie all his jest. What Shakspeare's knowledge of Greek and Latin prosody, if any, might have been, we cannot tell; and perhaps he neither knew

nor cared for the technical names given by then prosodians to feet and verses; nor shall I, in this inappropriate place, be tempted to inquire whether these names are at all applicable to English verse. Perhaps they are not, and yet nobody objects to calling our ordinary heroic verse, iambic. Bentley, I know, maintains, in the preface to his edition of Terence, that, "ut Latini omnia metrorum genera de Græcis acceperunt, ita uos trates sua de Latinis;" and makes it, in his own energetic way, "matter of complaint and indignation [*dolendum atque indignandum*], that from the time of the revival of letters, liberally educated boys should be driven by the ferula and the birch [*ferula scuticaque coegi*] to learn dactylic metres, which the genius of our native language does not admit; while, through the fault of their masters, they are wholly ignorant of the Terentian metres, which, nevertheless, they are continually singing, without knowing it, at home and in the streets." Bentley proceeds to give examples, one of which is,—
"Quin et Iambeus ille *æπαιετός*,
Terentio multum et merito amatus
apud nostros quoque in magna gratia
est:—

' Nam si remit-	-tent quippam	Phalunienam	dolores,
He's decently	run through the lungs	and there's an end	o' bully."

Now, certainly the author of this elegant English line—it looks like one of Tom D'Urfey's—would be much astonished to be told he had written an iambic tetrameter catalectic; and yet, on Bentley's principle, nothing could be more true. Admit that the Greek and Latin method of scansion is applicable to English verse, and what

Farmer sneers at in Upton is indisputably correct. "Shakspeare," says the learned prebendary, in his *Critical Observations*, p. 340, "uses not only the iambic, but the trochaic measure: as, for example, the trochaic dimeter brachycatalectic, commonly called the thyphallic, consisting of three trochees.

" Bæcchē	Bæcchē	Bæccl.ē.
Where hast	thou been,	sister?"— <i>Macb.</i>

Upton says not a word of Shakspeare's *skilful* use of this metre; and "the commonly called," which excites the typographic merriment of Farmer, is but the ordinary phraseology of the prosodians. "*Metrum est trochaicum brachycatalecticum, vulgo thyphallicum*," i.e. commonly so called by the people who wrote it or sang it; not, of course, commonly by another people among whom it can be known only to laborious scholars. If we described a particular measure, as "the octosyllabic metre, commonly called Hudibrastic," the phrase would sound strange

and pedantic to those who had never heard of Hudibras. The *pes proceleusmaticus*, Upton truly observes, sometimes of itself constitutes an anapaestic line. If, then, we call such verses as "over park, over pale," anapaestic, we must admit that Shakspeare uses occasionally the license of the ancients in introducing spondees and dactyles in the metre:—

" Through bush	through briar,
Through flood	through fire,"

are Upton's instances, p. 343. He does not represent them as *beautiful* examples

of the *pes procelusmaticus*; and I cannot see that there is any thing halting in their versification. Shakspeare, admitting Bentley's theory to be correct, and the ordinary nomenclature of prosodians applicable to English verse, wrote iambs, trochees, anapæstics, in all the varieties of monometer, dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, catalectic, acatalectic, brachycatalectic, and other species and genera of metre designated by epithets of learned sound, just as M. Jourdain spoke prose all his life without knowing it; or as in Ireland, the finest peasantry under the sun (when they can get them) feast upon *solana tuberosa* condimented with *muricæ of soda*, which, to their unenlightened minds, appear to be nothing more than potatoes and salt. Yet you would not laugh at the botanist or chemist who gave these substances their scientific names. Why then think it ridiculous that the prosodist should make use of the phraseology of his art? But suppose him perfectly absurd in this, as well as in considering the English words *haver* and *having*, Greek expressions derived from *ἔχειν* and *ἔχειν τοῖς ἔχοντα*; in deriving *Truepenny* from *τρουπέννι*; in referring the gravedigger's speech, "Ay, tell me that and *unyoke*," to the *βουλόμενος* of the Greeks; or in describing the "orphan ben of fixed destiny" as an elegant Grecism, *ἑσπερας* ab *ἑσπρας*, acting in darkness and obscurity; all of which, being precisely the most ridiculous things in Upton, Farmer has carefully picked out; what is it to Shakspeare? How does it promote Farmer's argument?

It promotes not his argument at all; but it is of this dishonest use, that readers, whose minds are not generally turned to classical or etymological criticism, on seeing these things heaped together in jest, as ridiculously applied to an author so vernacularly popular as their familiar and national dramatist, are led to think that *all* disquisitions of the kind are equally laughable; and that he who imagines Shakspeare to have known any thing whatever of a species of erudition exhibited to them in so absurd a form, must be nothing better than a peddling pedant, unworthy of being attended to. It being considered in the highest degree improbable that Shakspeare purposely wrote "Where hast thou been, sister?" as a trochaic dimeter brachy-

catalectic; and something rather comical to find *Truepenny* derived from the *τρουπέννι* of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, with the learned interpretation of his scholast annexed; it is easy for such logicians as Dr. Farmer to conclude that if such be the shifts necessary to give "the old bard" a reputation for learning, the cause must be desperate indeed. It is, however, incumbent on them to shew that they *are* necessary, and that Shakspeare is to be answerable for the etymological crotchets of Upton. Before we part with him, let me say that there is a considerable quantity of valuably directed reading in Upton's observations, and occasionally a display of good sense and sound criticism. He must not be judged by the appearance he makes in Farmer's pamphlet. Being a venturesome etymologist, he indulges sometimes in whimsical escapades—as which of the tribe does not!—sometimes more and sometimes less laughable than those of his brethren. He has nothing, for example, so wonderful as Menage's derivation of the French word *chez* from the Latin *apud*; and yet it would require much hardihood of ignorance to laugh at Menage.

Dismissing, therefore, Dr. Farmer's war upon Upton, let us come to his main charges affecting Shakspeare.

1. He first addresses himself to *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the third act of which Octavius says,—

— "Unto her

He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt;
made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, *Lydia*,
Absolute queen."

Lydia, says the critic, should be *Libya*, as in Plutarch *πρωτην μιν ἀπὸ φωνῆς Κλισιοπατραν βασιλισσαν* . . . *Λιβύης*, κ. τ. λ. Retain the reading *Lydia*, says Farmer; for Shakspeare took it not from the Greek of Plutarch, but the English of Sir Thomas North. "First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the Lower Syria."

2. Again in the fourth act:—

"My messenger

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to
personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian
know
I have many other ways to die; mean-
time
Laugh at his challenge."

This is altered by I pton into

' Let the old ruffian know

He hath many other ways to die, meantime,

I laugh at his challenge."

This relieves Augustus from admitting his inferiority in personal combat to Antony, and is exactly what we find in Plutarch. Retain the reading, however, replies Farmer; because Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old translation. "Antonus sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him, Cæsar answered, That he had many other ways to die than so."

3 In the third act of *Julius Cæsar*, Antony, reading the will, says,—

"More over, he hath left you all his walks

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards

On this side Tiber."

Read, says Theobald, on *that* side Tiber

"*Traus Liberum, propriæ Cæsaris hortos,*

and Plutarch *τὴν τοῦ ποταμοῦ, πέραν τῆς Τιβέρος*. Retain the text, says Farmer; for we find in North, "He left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber."

4 "Hence," &c. from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, proceeds the Essay, "had our author his characteristic knowledge of Brutus and Antony, upon which much argumentation for his learning hath been founded, and hence, *literatim*, the epitaph on Tunon, which it was once resumed he had corrected from the blunders of the Latin version by his own superior knowledge of the original."

5. Pope says, "The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline* of Ben Jonson." To confute this opinion, Dr. Farmer extracts, at length, the famous speech of Volturnus.—

' Should we be silent and not speak, our argument

And state of bodies would bewray what life

We've led since thy exile," &c.,

which he contrasts with the same speech in North's *Plutarch*, also transcribed at length "If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speeke, the state of our poor bodies

and poorest sight of our rayment would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad," &c. It certainly is indisputable that Shakspeare has done very little more than to throw North's prose into blank verse.

These are all the passages from Plutarch. "I could furnish you," says Farmer, "with many more instances, but these are as good as a thousand." On this figure of speech I have remarked already. Farmer brought all he thought of any value to his argument, and ceased furnishing more when he had no more to furnish. Let us now consider what he *has* furnished.

1. That in Shakspeare Antony is made to give Cleopatra *Lydia*, when in Plutarch, and in fact, he gave her *Lilya* is perfectly true. It is true, also, that the mistake occurs in Sir Thomas North; but an exact hunter after these *choses de niant* ought to have looked somewhat further. North avowedly translated not from the original, but from the French of Amyot. Farmer quotes the epigram about it:—

"'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made;

That Latin, French, that French to English strayed," &c.

And in Amyot (*b*) we find "qu'il établissoit premièrement Cleopatra, Reyne d'Egypte, de Cypre, de Lybie, et de la basse Syrie," p. 1132, ed. 1579. Was Shakspeare, if he hunted at all for an authority (which, of course, he did not), bound to hunt further than his original's original?

2. In the repartee of Octavius, the point is this: "I decline Antonius's challenge, because *he* has many other ways to die [public execution, suicide, &c.], besides being killed in duel with me, which will be the certain consequence if I meet him." As it appears in the received text of Shakspeare, it implies, "I decline the challenge, because *I* have many other ways to die, besides that arising from the chance of throwing away my life in a brawl with an old ruffian." This hardly implies a confession of inferiority, although it is not the original repartee. But I am not quite so sure that Shakspeare wrote it as we have it. It appears thus:

"Let the old ruffian know

I have many other ways to die; meantime, Laugh at his challenge.

Mecenas. Cæsar must know," &c.

The last line being unmetrical, is mended by inserting *needs* :

"Laugh at his challenge — *Cæsar needs must know.*"

Taking the repartee *literally* as it appears in North, Shakspeare's ordinary practice may afford a better reading :

"Let the old ruffian know
He hath many other ways to die than so.
Meantime, I laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæsar must know."

Now, where we find certain proofs of negligent editing, we have a right to give our suspicions of incorrectness fuller scope. May not this passage have been amended by the player-editors, or the printers ? Is it any very violent conjecture to imagine that Shakspeare had seized the spirit of Plutarch, and written,

"He hath many other ways to die than so,"

being the exact words of North, without alteration of a letter, except the necessary change of *hath* for *had*, and that some printing or editorial blundering has jumbled the pronouns. The supposition is in complete conformity with Shakspeare's practice ; and it removes the metrical difficulty.

3. It is true that Cæsar bequeathed to the Roman people his gardens on that side Tiber. *Ἰπὸν τοῦ αἰώνου*, as Plutarch translates *trans Tiberim*. North, followed by Shakspeare, gives it on *this* side. The mistake, again, is to be referred to Amyot — *au deçà* for *au delà*. And I repeat my former question, Was Shakspeare bound to look further ?

4. From North, Shakspeare had his characteristic knowledge of Brutus and Antony ! Were it said that Plutarch, either in Greek or Latin, French or English, supplied Shakspeare with his materials for drawing those characters, nobody would demur : but I should be surprised, indeed, if any one maintained that in the dry bones of the old Bæotian there could be found any thing more than the skeletons of the living men called out of the valley of Jehoshaphat by Shakspeare. Plutarch or North gave him the characters of his Greek or Roman heroes, just as much as Holinshed and Hall gave him those of Henry V. or Richard III. ; as *Saxo Grammaticus*, or the *Tragedie of Hamblet*, supplied him with Hamlet the Dane ; as Fordun or Buchanan, or

the English chroniclers, helped him to create Macbeth ; or the *old Tragical History of Romens and Juliet* furnished him with the characters, grave and gay, brilliant and tragic, which fill the scene of that "story of such wo." This will not pass. The epitaph on Timon is certainly to be found in North — so minute a critic as Farmer ought not to have said *literatim*, because more than a letter, a whole word, consisting of eight letters, "*wretches*," is altered into another word of eight letters also, but for the most part different, "*caitives* ;" or, perhaps, even of nine, if, *more majorem*, you spell it "*caitiffes*."

5. I have already admitted that Volumentia's speech, in *Coriolanus*, is nothing more than a transposition, as Bayes would call it, of North's prose into blank verse. It is, therefore, clearly proved that Shakspeare used Sir Thomas's translation as the text-book of *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus* ; that in *three*, or, if my reading be admitted, *two* passages, it misled him ; and that in a fourth he merely versified its prose. I protest, however, against being supposed to admit, that in North or in Plutarch he found his Greek and Roman characters. How does all this trumpety prove that he *could* not have read Plutarch in the original ?

In this manner, it will be replied : — If he had read the original, he would not have made the blunders of *Lydia* for *Libya*, or "*on this side Tiber*" for "*on that side Tiber*." This is petty criticism indeed. Did any one ever imagine that it was the duty of Shakspeare to turn verbal critic, and correct the blunders of the versions of North or Amyot by his own superior Greek erudition ? and the answer will be, "Yes, Theobald."

A worse-used man does not exist in our literature than this same poor Theobald. He was, in truth, the first useful commentator on Shakspeare, Rowe and Pope having done little or nothing more than adorn the art of editorship with their names. It is the commentary of Theobald that guides all his successors, including those who most insult him. His reading, though ill digested, was multifarious, and his skill in conjectural criticism of no mean order. That he was full of self-conceit, and inspired by a jealous dislike of Pope, which tinged his notes with unpleasant acer-

ilities, and crowds them with disproportionately triumphant swellings over the detection of real or supposed errors in the merest trifles, is not to be denied. Pope, he thought, and with some justice, had treated him unfairly, in deviating from the paths of poetry, to intrude into the walks of commentatorship, especially as it was known that Theobald had been long engaged upon Shakspeare, before the booksellers enlisted Pope. It was hard, he felt, that a great name should be called in to blight the labours of his life; and he was determined to shew that, however great that name might be in its proper region, it was small enough when it wandered elsewhere. He might fairly complain against the literary ambition, which, not satisfied with its triumphs in the *Essay on Man*, in *Abelard and Eloisa*, in the translation of Homer, in the *Rape of the Lock*, in epic and pastoral, wit and satire, was resolved to crush an humbler votary of letters, whose highest pretension was not loftier than to shew as a scholiast. Ahab, when not content with governing the kingdom of Israel he coveted Naboth's poor garden of herbs, and obtained it through the owner's destruction, could not have appeared more atrocious than Pope in the eyes of Theobald; and having found his enemy where he had him at some advantage, he resolved to shew no mercy.

It will be admitted, also, that his notes are often of an unconscionable length—a fault which he shares with the classical commentators. His contemporary, Hemsterhusius, for example, so much admired by his brother critics [*at quantus vir!* is the enthusiastic exclamation of Ilgen, on the mention of his name], is thrice as prosy. Theobald had vowed to treat Shakspeare as a classic, and therefore bestowed his tediousness upon him with as much good-will and generosity, as his more erudite fellow-labourers did upon the authors of Greece and Rome. But with all these defects, it was he who set the example of a proper collation of the original editions—for as to his predecessors, Rome did not collate at all, and Pope's collations are so slight and careless as to be scarcely worth notice—he examined the text with minute accuracy—he read much of that reading, which Pope—who as a poet and a man of taste was perfectly

right in despising, but as an editor equally wrong in neglecting—stigmatised, because he was too lazy to consult, as being never read, alluding (in the *Dunciad*) to the very case of Theobald, and thereby threw much light upon the meaning of his author; while, by pointing out the path to other commentators, he was the indirect cause of throwing much more; and, on the whole, he must be considered as one of the most useful pioneers in Shakspearian commentatorship. He did not aspire to much higher glory.

I am dwelling on Theobald, because I find him occupying so much attention in this pamphlet of Farmer's. Independently of fifty sneers directed against him for his edition of Shakspeare, the doctor goes out of his way to discuss at much length the authenticity of the *Double Falsehood*, "which Mr. Theobald was desirous of palming on the world as a posthumous play of Shakspeare." If this be an error, as undoubtedly it is, it is almost shared by Pope, who, as Farmer himself remarks, refers it to the Shakspearean age. With great sagacity, the pamphlet proceeds to shew that the accounting of *aspet* in the modern manner, instead of *aspet* in the more ancient, detects the later date of the play. This is followed by a discussion on its pronunciation in Milton, with the accustomed snipe on "such commentators"—one of them being Bentley. Then comes his opinion that the play was written by Shirley; wound up by a couple of passages from that dramatist and Donne, to which Farmer thinks Milton was indebted in his *Paradise Lost*. All this needless digression is introduced merely to have a fling at Theobald, for having wished to appropriate to himself some lines, which it seems were particularly admired—I know not by whom—from the *Double Falsehood*, which, "after all, is superior to Theobald" (c).

As it is no very remarkable crime to be a bad editor of Shakspeare, we might wonder why this poor devil of a critic was so rancorously hunted, did we not find the cause in his having incurred the hostility of Pope in the plenitude of the poet's power and popularity, and enjoyed the friendship of Warburton, at the period of the embryo bishop's poverty. Pope having made him the hero of the *Dunciad*, it was necessary that Warburton should

for ever disclaim all association with his quondam brother in Grub Street, and shew, by a perpetual strain of insult, that nothing beyond a slight and contemptuous approach towards the relation of patron and dependent ever existed between them. Hence his studied confusion, in the shape of an antithesis, between his "accidental connexions" with Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer. "The one was recommended to me as a poor man, the other as a poor critic; and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own advantage," &c. This is pitiful work. Warburton was just as poor as Theobald when he pretends he patronised him; and it will be seen by Nichols's *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Nineteenth Century*, that they were on such terms of critical intimacy as to make it as likely that Theobald assisted Warburton in such matters as Warburton Theobald. It was in after-years, when the fame of the bishop was at its zenith, that the accidental discovery of a letter from him to Concanen,—who is abused in the *Dunciad* for no earthly reason but that, being a small political writer, he was connected with some ephemeral publications which provoked Pope, and is consequently "whipt at the cart's tail" in Warburton's notes,—proved that he had, in the commencement of his literary career, been intimately connected with "the Dunces." This discovery made a great noise, as if it had been a matter of the slightest importance, which indeed it was not, except for the purpose of annoying the Warburtonians (*d*)—as it did in no small degree—and the letter, with the history of its detection, is duly printed in Malone's edition of Shakspeare, among other irrelevant matter, to the needless swelling of that *crecens cadaver*, and made the subject of various sagacious remarks and expressions of wonder,—so great was the impression of awe produced by the satires of Pope. The *Dunciad* is now forgotten; and, but for the surrounding matter of the poems it accompanies, would never be reprinted. As it is Pope's, it must make part of every edition of his works; for, as some of his happiest lines tell us,—

"Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or
worms!

The things, we know, are neither rich
nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got
there."

But it was once esteemed quite as rich and rare as the amber in which it is now preserved, and nothing was considered more scandalous than to refrain from insulting its victims. Mallet, for example, a paltry creature, thought he said something very witty and wise, as well as tending to bow his way up in the world, when, in his *Verbal Criticism*, he vented such a distich as (I quote from memory; it is not worth while verifying such things)—

"But not a sprig of laurel graced these
ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling
Tibbalds."

And Farmer, in the pamphlet I am following, appends a note, to inform us that Dennis was expelled his college for attempting to stab a man in the back. "Pope," he adds, "would have been glad of this anecdote." Perhaps he might; for, with all his genius, he was in his personal spite small-minded. But what has it to do in an *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*? Exactly this. To those with whom Shakspeare was an old bard, the *Dunciad* was an immortal poem, as worthy of finding its scholiasts as Aristophanes; and Farmer wished to assist with his bit of knowledge. To quit Theobald, however, let me remark, that a satire in which Defoe appears only as a pilloried pamphleteer; Cibber as a dull dunce; Mrs. Centlivre as a cook's wife; Bentley as a letter-quibbling blockhead; Burnet as a hack paragraph-writer; and so forth, cannot be applauded for its justice. It is really a pity to see so much mastery of language and harmony of verse wasted on purposes so unworthy; and I have often thought it still more matter of regret that Johnson himself, ragged of knee, and gobbling broken meat behind a screen in St. John's Gate, cheered by the applause of Walter Harte, admitted to the honour of being dinner-companion of his peddling employer (if the story be true, which, however, may be doubted)—that Johnson, tattered in attire by the tailoring, and half-starved by the dinnering, of Cave, should have followed the fashion in

"speaking hardly of an unfortunate wight already blasted by lightnings flung by the *dei majorem* among the literature of the day.

We have now got very nearly through half Doctor Farmer's pamphlet, and the main fact as yet established is, that Shakspeare used North's translation of Plutarch. All the Greek that remains to be disposed of is :—

1. The passage in *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. iii :—

"The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea. The moon 's an arrant thief," &c.,

is generally referred to Anacreon's nineteenth ode, *ἡ γὰρ μέλαινα νύξ, α. τ. 2*. And some one [name not quoted] imagines that it would be puzzling to prove that there was a Latin translation of Anacreon at the time Shakspeare wrote his *Timon of Athens*. "This challenge," replies Farmer, "is peculiarly unhappy; for I do not at present recollect any other *classical* (if, indeed, with great deference to Myndus De Pauw—this is wit—"Anacreon may be numbered among them) that was originally published with two Latin translations." And what of that? It may shew the bibliographical ignorance of the anonymous some one, and the bibliographical knowledge of Farmer; but how does it affect Shakspeare? At first sight, we should suppose that some concession to his "small Latin" was here intended; that if the "old bard" could not be allowed to understand the Greek of Anacreon, he might be deemed sufficiently learned to read the Latin of Stephanus or Andrews. But no. Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poetry*, quotes some one of a reasonable good facility in translation, who had translated certain of Anacreon's odes from the translation of Ronsard, the French poet. Now, continues Farmer, this identical ode is to be met in Ronsard; and, in compassion to the ignorance of his readers, he transcribes it :—

"La terre les eaux va boivant
L'arbre la boit par sa racine," &c.

Now I continue, as Farmer had not seen the book referred to by Puttenham, and could not therefore know that it contained a version of this ode from Ronsard, he was at least hardy in his reference to it. The plagiarist cen-

sured by Puttenham was John Southern; and it is nothing to Farmer's purpose, if we find the identical Anacreontic in Ronsard, if it is not in Southern also. If it happens, that it is not one of the stolen odes—i. e. if they were stolen, which, with deference to Puttenham, does not appear so very clear—in Southern's collection, Farmer's argument falls to the ground. But suppose it there, and in the most prominent place, what then? If Mr. Millman wrote a tragedy now, and introduced into it an imitation of Anacreon, are we, therefore to contend that he was indebted for it to Mr. Moore, and could not consult the original Greek. The argument is, that whatever an English translation of a classic could be found, no matter how worthless or obscure, we are to presume that Shakspeare made *that* his study, from inability to read any other language. Verily, this is begging the question. I think it highly probable that Shakspeare had the idea from Ronsard, whose popularity had not been effaced in his time; but, really, it is not so wonderful a feat to master the Greek of Anacreon as to make me consider it impossible that he drew it from the fountain head. At all events, we may contend that he did not draw it from the source indicated by Farmer, until it is proved that it is there to draw (c).

2. Mrs. Lenox maintains, that in *Troilus and Cressida*, when Achilles is roused to battle by the death of Patroclus, Shakspeare must have had the *Iliad* itself in view, as the incident is not to be found in the old story—the *Retiæl of the Histories of Troy*.

3. Mr. Upton is positive the *suave obliuious antulote* required after by Macbeth could be nothing but the nepenthe described in the *Odyssæy*.

Νηπενθὶς τ' ἔχεται τι, κακῶν ἰλάνθων
ἀπάρεται.

There is, contends Dr. Farmer, no necessity of sending us to the *Iliad* or the *Odyssæy*; for the circumstance of Patroclus might be learnt from Alexander Barclay's *Ship of Fools*: "Who list the story of Patroclus to read," &c.; and nepenthe more fully from Spenser than from Homer himself. Certainly more fully; for Homer dismisses it in six or seven lines. *Od.* 3. 220-226. but Spenser does not give one remarkable word which Homer

supplies, and of which we find the equivalent in Shakspeare. I copy what Farmer quotes from the *Fœnic Queenæ*, b. iv. c. iii. st. 43:—

"Nepenthe is a drinck of soveraigne grace,
Devised by the gods, for to asswage
Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to
chace;
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-
age,
It doth establish in the troubled mind,"
&c.

This is unquestionably a fine poetical amplification of Homer, but it misses the word *επιληθες*—*oblivious*. Where did Shakspeare find this? Perhaps in the Latin translation—"maiorum oblivionem inducens omnium." Perhaps in Virgil's "*longa oblivio potant*." Certainly not in Spenser. It is fair to Upton to remark, that he is not positive on the point; nor does he say the antidote could be nothing else but the nepenthe described in the *Odyssey*. He quotes the passage from *Macbeth*, and then in a note (*Crit. Obs.* p. 56) merely says, "Alluding to the nepenthe, a certain mixture, of which, perhaps, opium was one of the ingredients. Homer's *Odyssey*, l. 221, *Νεπενθε*," &c. There is no positiveness here; the allusion to the nepenthe is plain, no matter whence Shakspeare derived it, and Upton merely indicates the source from which it must have originally been derived. I think a critical examination of the passages would lead to a strong suspicion that Shakspeare had Homer in his eye. The medicinal thing into the bowl by Helen to cheer her guests, was *ἀχολον*—anger-banishing, one that could "minister to a mind diseased;" *νηπινη*, generally interpreted as sorrow-chasing, that could "pluck from the memory a deep-rooted sorrow;" *κακων επιληθες ἀπαισιων*—oblivion-causing of all troubles; that would "raze out the written troubles of the brain." "Give me the sweet oblivious antidote," says Macbeth, "that would cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart;" it is here, says Homer, this nepenthe would check the tear from flowing, even if father, brother, mother, or son, were slaughtered before the eyes of him who drinks the *φαρμακον επιληθον*, the oblivious antidote,—

"That nepenthes, which the wife of
Thone,
In Egypt, gave to Jove-born Helena."*

The coincidence of the passages is so striking, that I think it impossible that Shakspeare should not have read this part of Homer, at least, in the original or translation. There was, in spite of Farmer's affected doubt, no Chapman when *Macbeth* was written to assist him; but there were some curious French translations, and no lack of versions into the Latin. With respect to the incident of Patroclus, he might certainly have found it in Barclay; but he also might have found it in Homer, and I much prefer the latter supposition. *Troilus and Cressida* seems, indeed, written as an antagonism of the Homeric characters, so marked and peculiar, as to leave a strong impression that the originals were studied. It would appear as if Shakspeare was trying his strength against Homer; as if he said, "The world has, for centuries, rung with the fame of your Ulysses; well! here stands mine." He has, accordingly, produced a character, comparable only with that depicted by the great master himself, and far surpassing the conceptions of the Greek dramatists and Ovid, by all of whom Ulysses is degraded. Both in Shakspeare and Homer he is eminently wise; but in the former he appears, as Dr. Johnson calls him, the *calm* Ulysses; in the latter, ever active: the one is grave and cautious; the other ready to embark in any adventure, in undoubting reliance on his readiness of expedient: the eloquence of the one is didactic, as becomes a speaker in a drama; of the other, narrative, as suited to the epic; the one is prescient, providing against difficulties; the other *πολυτροπος*, certain to overcome them when they arrive. Shakspeare could not have written

"The glorious tale to King Alcinous
told,"

and he therefore did not attempt it. Homer, if he had made the attempt, could not have surpassed the wisdom and the poetry of such speeches as those in the third scene of the first act of *Troilus and Cressida*; such as "The specialty of rule hath been neglected" [how politically applicable to the events.

of the last few years!]; in the third scene of the third act, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back;" or, indeed, throughout the whole play. It appears, I repeat, to be a studied antagonism; and, at all events, I think it would not be far short of a miracle if Shakspeare had not read in some language the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*,—"the tale of Troy divine," as told by him who, alone of the uninspired sons of song, was his equal or superior.

4. "But whence have we the plot of *Timon*, except from the Greek of Lucian?" Farmer ridicules this fancy; and I do not know who ever asserted it. In the first place, it need not have been derived from the Greek of Lucian; for Erasmus had translated *Timon* into Latin many a year before Shakspeare was born. In the second place, those who have read the two *Timons* will know that, except in the one circumstance of Timon's being a misanthrope, who fled from society to the woods, and there found some gold while digging, there is nothing in common between them. As for the conception of the characters, they are distinct as the poles asunder. The misanthrope of Lucian is such as might be expected from the pen of a smart, sarcastic *littérateur*, occupied with the petty cares, and satirising the petty follies, of a small prating circle, cooped up in a literary town, reading over and over again the one set of poets, or philosophers, or orators; continually commenting, criticising, quibbling, jostling, wrangling, parodying, and never casting an eye beyond their own clique, the gossiping affairs of which they deemed of prime importance. Accordingly, the Greek Timon opens his imprecation to Jupiter with a beauroil of poetical epithets, and a sneer at the contrivances of metre-mongers; and continues, in a strain of sarcasm directed as much against the mythological fables, in Lucian's day falling every where into disrepute, as against mankind. Much time is then spent in witty dialogues between Jupiter, Mercury, and Pluto, on the difficulty of acquiring or retaining wealth, and its unequal distribution, written in the manner of gay comedy. When Timon is again invested with riches, he fulminates a misanthropical decree against the human race; but his curses are little more than a somewhat extravagant *badinage*. His very first words betoken the

author; they are parodies on the poets, things uppermost in the mind of the rhetorician, the lecturer, and the reviewer; but which certainly would not occur to the mind of a man stung to madness by his injuries,—*μίσω γὰρ ἅπαντας τοὺς κύνες*, as he himself says, and rejoicing in the name of hater of man (*καὶ ὄνομα μὲν ἐστὶν ἡ ΜΙΣΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΟΣ ἰδιότης*); though he tells us that he is to look upon men but as statues of stone or brass, which cannot be objects of hatred. He is to feast by himself, to sacrifice by himself, to put the funeral crown upon himself after he is dead. These mere jocularities are cast in the appropriate form of a mock-decree. He is then visited by a trencher-friend, who had deserted him when he could keep no table; and an ungrateful fellow, whom he had assisted in affluence, and who neglected him in poverty. These, surely, are no uncommon cases; and they are treated in a sketchy, light, bouffon manner, probably with some real individuals in view. Then for the constant objects of Lucianic satire must come at last) appear an orator, with a farcical decree; and a philosopher, with a parody on a philosophical lecture. These were the classes of mankind great in Lucian's eyes, and on them he always expends the utmost vigour of his satiric rage. Timon very properly kicks all these people out, and sounds the *petite comédie*.

It answered, I suppose, the purpose for which its author intended it. The priests were no doubt angry or amused; they had a more dangerous and deadly foe at hand, in the restless march of Christianity, to be seriously annoyed by mere squibs. The orators and philosophers, sketched under the names of Demetrius and Thrasycles (the latter is evidently drawn from the latter), and the real persons (if any) who were intended by Gnathomachus and Philades, were in all probability as indignant on the appearance of the lively lampoon, and complained as bitterly of the licentiousness of libellous MSS., as the victims of witty newspapers or magazines in our own days inveigh against the licentiousness of a libellous press. The style is gay and sprightly; its observations, shrewd and pleasant; and the sketches, graphic and close to life. But what have they in common with the harrowing creation of the Shakspearian Timon? What are Lucian's angriest denunciations but childish

trifling, compared with the curse upon Athens with which the fourth act of the English misanthrope opens!—the desperate prayer, that matrons should be unchaste, children disobedient, authority spurned, virginity turned to filth and shamelessness, poverty scoffed at, murder, theft, pillage, made the regular order of human conduct!

—“Maid, to thy master’s bed;
Thy mistress is o’ the brothel!—son of sixteen,
Pluck the h’m’d crutch from the old limping sire;
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trade,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!”

Shakspeare did not find any thing like this in jesting Lucian. Again, compare the Greek Timon’s exclamation on finding the gold, with the parallel passage in Shakspeare, or contrast the visitors sent to each. I have already enumerated those of Lucian—triflers all. To the other Timon come the broken, military adventurer, at war with his country; and he is counselled to spare none—not age, sex, youth, fancy, holiness, wickedness, all being equally infamous and detestable; and that task done, having made

“Large confusion, and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself!”

—the abandoned woman, strongly advised to ply her profligate trade so as to spread misery and disease;—the rascal thief, whose profession is justified on the ground that he is only doing openly what all the rest of mankind practises under seemingly covers of hypocritical observance:

“The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck’d theft. Love not yourselves: away!
Rob one another. There’s more gold.
Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens,
go,
Break open shops. [for] nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less,
for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen.”

Shakspeare found all this in Lucian, just as much as he found it in another of Dr. Farmer’s authorities, *Jack Drum’s Entertainment*. There is no need for contrasting the characters any further. I am very much of opinion, from Farmer’s suggesting the similarity at all, that whether Shakspeare was indebted to Lucian or not, the doctor had never read the Greek dialogist—at least, with any thing like attention.

Such, then, detailed at length, with all its examples, is Dr. Farmer’s argument to prove that Shakspeare was ignorant of Greek. Briefly summed up, the whole will amount to this: That some critics, especially Upton, have been overzealous in tracing resemblances of passages or phrases in Greek to what we find in Shakspeare, which certainly is no fault of the “old bard;” that, in constructing his classical plays, instead of reading the Greek of Plutarch,—of which there might, perhaps, have been a hundred copies in England, during his life,—he consulted the English translation of Sir Thomas North, who, having copied the blunders of Claude Amyot, was thereby the means of transferring a couple of trifling errors to *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*; that because an invisible poet, named Southern, had translated Ronsard, who had translated Anaereon, Shakspeare could not read even the Latin translation of the Teian odes; that because in the *Ship of Fools* is to be found an incident referred to in the *Iliad*, and in the *Faerie Queene*, a description of the Nepenthe of the *Odyssey*, Shakspeare could not have known any thing of Homer; and, finally, that as Lucian had written a light comedy on Timon, those who supposed the deep tragedy on the same subject in English was dictated by the Greek, were very much mistaken. And this is the pamphlet which has, in the opinion of competent critics, “settled the question for ever!” It has settled one question for ever,—that the mass of conceited ignorance among the reading public and

the ordinary critical rabble of the middle of the last century was profusely abundant.

Having dismissed the details of the Greek question, I shall proceed to

consider the *proofs* of Shakspeare's ignorance of other languages. And, first,—

[Dr. Maginn must stop here for this month.—O. Y.]

NOTES.

(a) There is one piece of literary imitation or plagiarism, which Hurd would not have remarked, if he had known of its existence. As it is somewhat curious, and as relevant to Shakspeare as at least nine-tenths of the commentaries upon him, I extract a notice of it from a literary paper now extinct [*Fraser's Literary Chronicle*, p. 265.]

"Steevens remarked, that nothing short of an act of parliament could compel any one to read the sonnets of Shakspeare; a declaration highly to the credit of his taste, and quite decisive as to his capability of properly editing the plays. It is certain, however, that the sonnets are not very generally read, and the same fate has befallen the prose works of Milton. Of this I cannot produce a more extraordinary proof than what I find in D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors*. He has been speaking of the celebrated controversy between Warburton and Lowth, and subjoins this note:—

"The correct and elegant taste of Lowth, with great humour, detected the wretched taste in which Warburton's prose style was composed; he did nothing more than print the last sentence of the *Inquiry on Prodiges* in measured lines, without, however, changing the place of a single word, and thus produced some of the most turgid blank verse; Lowth describes it as the *maea pedestris* got on horseback in high prancing style. I shall give a few lines only of the final sentence in this essay:—

'Methinks I see her, like the mighty eagle
Renewing her immortal youth, and purging
Her opening sight at the unobstructed beams
Of our benign meridian sun, &c.'

All this will, as many other lines, stand word for word in the original prose of our tasteless writer; but to shew his utter want of even one imagination, his translations of *imitation of Milton's style*, are precisely like this ridiculous prose.

"We thought that the most famous passage in Milton's most famous English prose work, the *Areopagitica*, must have been known to all readers of our language. 'Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance.' &c. &c.; and yet here we find Warburton pillaging without any acknowledgment, as if he were safe in its obscurity; and the 'correct and elegant' Lowth treating it as wretched, turgid, and unharmonious bombast. Lowth, too, he it remarked, was a grammarian of our language by profession! And to wind up all, here we have Warburton's plagiarism passed unknown, and Lowth's critique adopted with due panegyric, by a painstaking and generally correct explorer of our antiquities and our literary history—whose studies have, moreover, led him to the most careful perusal of the literature and politics of the days of Charles I., to which he has devoted so much historical attention."

(b) In Amyot it was at first probably only a misprint, but I find it is continued even in the editions of An. X. and XL. In Leonard Aretin, from whom he probably translated, the word is correctly *Libye*, as it appears in the edition of Gemusæus, Lugdun. 1552, vol. iii. p. 635. There might have been an earlier edition; for Gemusæus says, in his dedication, that he presents Plutarch "*civitate Romana non quidem nunc primo donatum, sed, Græcorum collatione exemplarium, mendis quænerant permultæ, et valde graves detorsis mirifice restitutum.*" This was the kind of work which Farmer and critics of his caste seem to have expected from Shakspeare—that he was to present North "*Græcorum collatione exemplarium—mirifice restitutum.*"

(c) "After all, *The Double Falsehood* is superior to Theobald. One passage, and one only, in the whole play, he pretended to have written:

—— 'Strike up my masters;
But touch the strings with a religious softness;
Teach Sound to languish through the night's dull ear,
Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,
And Carelessness grow convert to Attention.'

These lines were particularly admired ; and his vanity could not resist the opportunity of claiming them ; but his claim had been more easily allowed to any other part of the performance."—FARMER. The poetry appears to me to be as dull as the wit of the doctor. I subjoin Farmer's illustration of Milton from Donne, to shew that if he had pleased to question Milton's learning, he might have done it in the same way that he has questioned Shakspeare's. " You must not think me infected with the spirit of Lauder, if I give you another of Milton's imitations :—

• ——— ' The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings manœuvring proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.'"—Book vii. v. 430, &c.

" The ancient poets," says Mr. Richardson, " have not hit upon this beauty : so lavish have they been of the beauty of the swan. Homer calls the swan *long-necked*, *δελφύχολος* ; but how much more *pittoresque* if he had *arched* this length of neck." For *this beauty*, however, Milton was beholden to Donne ; whose name, I believe, at present, is better known than his writings :—

———— " Like a ship in her full trim,
A *swan*, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,
Glided along ; and as he glided watch'd,
And with his *arched neck* this poore fish catch'd." •
Progresse of the Soul, st. xxiv.

The arching of the neck is unquestionably to be found in Donne, but *rowing the oary feet* comes from Silius Italicus :—

" Haud secus Eridani stagnis, ripæve Caystri
Innata albus olor, pronoque immobile corpus
Dat fluvio, et pedibus tacta, renigat undas."

In the Farmer style of argument it would be easy to prove that Milton had never read Silius, because he might have read Donne.

(a) Warburton was dead about a year before Malone ventured on any thing so desperate as publishing the letter, though it had been found several years previously, and then he prefaced it with a whining apology. See the history of the whole affair in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 534 ; and Nichols's *Illustrations of Literary History*, vol. ii. p. 195, where will be found a most extended correspondence of Warburton, Theobald and Concanen. The sycophancy of Hurd to Warburton, *Lit. Anec.* p. 535, on the subject of his former acquaintance with Concanen is sickening. I wish somebody would arrange these books of Nichols's, they are full of the most valuable matter, but presented in a manner so confused, as to render consulting them a work of no small puzzle.

(c) The only notice I know of Southern is in the *European Magazine* for June 1788, where, as the writer, though he must have known of Farmer's pamphlet, says nothing of this translation of Ronsard, or Anacreon, it is probable that it does not exist.

A RAMBLE IN ST. JAMES'S BAZAR ;

OF, COMMENTS ON THE DESIGNS FOR THE NELSON MONUMENT.

"BENEATH the azure vault of Nature's vast *châtrée* dome, of colossean form visible to myriads of lesser breathing mortals, scattered around o'er hill and dale), stands the sculptured representative to unborn ages of the person, the most glorious of the greatest maritime naval heroes,

"NELSON!"

So says, or rather so sings, Mr. Gavey, in the printed description of his design for what he calls a Nelson "Commemorial;" and such is the poetic *afflatus*, the *orgasm* manifested in that composition, that, had the contest been a poetical, instead of an architectural one, the first premium would doubtless have been awarded to the author of it. Such not being the case, Mr. Gavey's "colossean" muse "towers above her sex," like Marcia, and above most persons' comprehension also, to very little purpose, except it be to illustrate the vulgar proverb of "Fair words butter no parsnips;" for, notwithstanding all his magnificent array of language, his pomp of imagery, and his lofty lyrical flights, he shews himself a most unimaginative mortal with his pencil and compasses. He may, to use an expression of his own, be "lion-skin habillimented;" but then the lion's hide conceals what is very much like a donkey. To say the truth, we suspect his big words to be mere bravado, intended to keep up his own courage, and that he himself is perfectly innocent of any thing like a poetical idea.

In this latter respect, he has many associates among his fellow-competitors. Nay, monstrous as his own production is, there are several others still more so—things that exhibit stronger degree of insanity. Now, a little touch of madness in art may be excusable: the freaks of over-excited enthusiasm, of over-heated imagination, may have in them much to excite our admiration, if not to command our praise. Nat Lee was mad, but his madness vented itself in something better than drivelling dulness; Bortolotti was mad, but there was a certain gusto and grandeur in his architectural frenzies. The people to whom we al-

lude, and who have been suffered to expose themselves and their works at the St. James's Bazar, are not so much bedlamites as idiots—most confirmed and deplorable ones. We had no idea so many *imbeciles* could have been found willing to parade themselves in fool's caps before the public; exhibiting wretched scrawls, that chiefly prove them to be worthy of becoming members of St. Luke's—not of the academy, but of the hospital under the patronage of that saint.

If it be asked why we bestow any notice at all upon such disgraceful productions—and disgraceful they would be to the veriest tyro who had just entered an architect's office—our reply is, that they are of a kind of demerit which it is impossible not to take notice of, or to refrain from expressing our astonishment at. Who would not be startled at seeing a beggar, a coal-heaver, or a chimney-sweep, in a room filled with well-dressed people? Would not the appearance of such a figure, in such a place, unavoidably excite a buzz of astonishment and inquiry among all present? Most undoubtedly. Nor do we see wherefore it should be quietly regarded as a matter of course, when we meet with such execrably mis-scratchings and scrawlings, received and hung up, as we here do, on an occasion demanding the exertion of the highest talent. If this circumstance be not a moral phenomenon, we know not what is, for it is one that we should have pronounced beforehand to be an utter impossibility. We did anticipate a good deal of decent dulness, of clever commonplace, of hackneyed allegorical conceit, of enigmatical allusions in sculpture, of puerile whim, and of wild extravagance, nor have we been disappointed; but for such abominations, as are some dozen of the things that have been sent in, we were altogether unprepared. It is true they proceed from persons wholly unknown; and who are not only unpractised in design, but utterly destitute of the slightest notion of what it is; not only ignorant of the very first principles of manual drawing, but so profoundly ignorant, both of them and every thing else, as to be blind to the awful ex-

tent of their own incapacity. We will not say that this proves any thing against the state of art in this country, as far as artists themselves are concerned; yet it does, in our opinion, prove a good deal as to the very low ebb of the acquaintance with, and appreciation of, art on the part of the public—unless we choose to imagine that the parties who have come forward as volunteers on this occasion are very many degrees behind the public generally. Such may possibly be the case: yet, supposing it to be so, it rather increases our wonder than the contrary; for we think that no parallel instance of sheer fatuity could by any possibility occur on any other occasion. Quackery, effrontery, humbug, we can understand—and can understand how mediocrity, or even absurdity, may be crined up and puffed off as talent or as genius: but, in the present instance, we must confess ourselves to be altogether puzzled; for, in the things alluded to, we perceive nothing but palpable, unsophisticated, barefaced mediocrity.

It is true the competition was a perfectly open one—every body that pleased might send in a design: still it was no more than reasonable to suppose that no one would do so without some kind of pretension. In all other matters, that sort of instinct called common sense generally prevents people from making fools of themselves to the nonce. A man who has neither any notion of singing nor any voice, or one who, having made the experiment, does not know whether he has either, is not likely to volunteer a song for the amusement of a company. He who never took pen in hand before, would hardly think of doing so in a competition for a prize poem or essay, more especially if also ignorant of spelling and the commonest rules of grammar: neither would a man in his senses think of sending a half-starved donkey to a show of prize cattle, except it were out of joke. It is possible, indeed, barely possible, yet exceedingly improbable—that the miserable drawings hung up over the stairs at the east end of the room in St. James's Bazar may have been sent

in out of joke, and might therefore very fairly have been rejected without ceremony, as *mauvaises plaisanteries*, if not insults. The committee would have been justified in doing so; and to suppose that they could not discern their detestable vileness at a glance, is nothing less than presuming that they are utterly unqualified for their office, and unworthy to be allowed to make any choice at all. Still, the dismissing them would have been an act of mercy towards the offenders; the exposure of whose egregious silliness is perhaps the best and most wholesome chastisement that could be inflicted upon them. Nevertheless, although we do not regret that such "scarecrow" performances should be hung up in *terrorem*, in order to make others shy for the future of risking the chance of cutting a similar figure on a similar occasion, we cannot at the same time help feeling that it tends to throw a sort of disagreeable ridicule upon the whole affair. Should any foreigners happen to have visited the exhibition of the models and drawings, what would be their impression when they beheld things of that description seriously sent in, and seriously received, as designs upon such an important occasion? The most charitable construction they could put upon it would be that

"Fools rush in where artists fear to tread."

And it must be acknowledged that comparatively few of our more distinguished artists—at least, among the architectural ones—entered the lists. Indeed, with the exception of Sidney Smnke, Robinson, Fowler, and one or two others, there is scarcely a name of any note among all the competitors of this class; which, however strange it may appear to others, does not cause us any very great surprise. The truth is, although the subject appears at first to be one which allows great scope to invention and design, it is one attended with unusual difficulties: nor were they diminished by every one being left to follow his own ideas, without any limitation at all—consequently, without any guidance as to general form, size, or any thing else, beyond

* In themselves, they admit of no description; nor can any idea be conveyed of them, except by saying that, in comparison with them, a penny valentine is a *chef d'œuvre* of execution, and King's Cross a classical monument of architecture and sculpture.

the understanding that the estimate was not to exceed 30,000*l.*; which condition, by the by, appears, by their own descriptions, to have been most scrupulously complied with, notwithstanding that, of the designs thus pledged to be executed for the same sum, several appeared greatly more expensive than others. We shall not, however, allow such apparent contradiction to detain us by any comments on it; neither shall we stop to ask how it is possible to erect, for the sum specified, some of those complex and profusely ornamented designs, when that exceedingly plain stone post, yeilded the York Column, without any other addition than what is almost a pigmy statue, in comparison with several of those now projected, cost 25,000*l.*

It is no easy problem to devise any kind of structure in which architecture should predominate, and sculpture be treated as subservient to it, that should be strikingly expressive of its peculiar purpose as a national triumphal memorial dedicated to Nelson; more particularly when, besides being an imposing object in itself, it should be well adapted to its particular situation, and not cause any of the buildings now erected to appear to greater disadvantage. Not only is any thing of a mausoleum character out of the question for such purpose, but scarcely any kind of inclosed structure can be rendered suitable; because, however it may be decorated externally, it would indicate that it contains as much, or more, within it, that is shut out from public view. All that is ornamental ought to be made to display itself from without—no portion of it should be lost; whereas, in such case, either the edifice would be an empty shell, quite useless, and devoid of motive as a building, or much must be retrenched from the exterior, in order to bestow, together with decoration, adequate importance and interest upon the interior. Again, unless on such a scale as to have an air of spaciousness, and that kind of imposing effect arising from size, the interior would look petty and confined for that, not only of a public, but a national edifice, intended to commemorate our naval victories generally, as well as the individual hero himself. Yet, setting all other difficulties aside—pecuniary ones among the rest—any plan, upon a satisfactory

scale for such a purpose, is attended with the fatal objection, that while the exterior must in some degree be accommodated to it, so as to denote that there is some hall or apartment within, and consequently assume the appearance of such edifice, instead of shewing itself to be merely a monumental erection, it would, as a building, look small and low, in comparison with those around it—little better than a miniature piece of architecture. Nor is the objection to be got over by saying,—Let the funds be increased, and a building reared, which, if not as colossal as the fame of Nelson, shall yet be imposing for the grandeur of its dimensions, as well as the dignified style of its decorations. Nothing is easier than to say this; the puzzle is to find out *how* it is to be accomplished. Were any thing of the kind to be erected that would shew itself as a map-steeple, adieu to Trafalgar Square; for, instead of an embellishment, it would prove annihilation to it. The character of the *locale* would be entirely changed; what is now an open space better covered by another public building, that would shut out the view of the National Gallery from Charing Cross.

For this reason is it that we entirely disapprove of Mr. Haydon's design; which, though it would not actually destroy Trafalgar Square, would contribute nothing towards the embellishment of the central area, but merely inclose it by the addition of a fourth range of building on its south side. In regard to the design itself, there is nothing whatever remarkable in it, it being nothing more than a simple Grecian Doric edifice, having its principal front, to which there would be an hexastyle portico, towards Charing Cross, whereas the contrary side seems the one better adapted for the entrance. Hardly is it worth while, however, to make many objections of this kind, since the whole has the air of being a public building, but without any thing in its general character to announce distinctly and immediately to the eye its peculiar destination; for it would be equally applicable to the purposes of a library, museum, or any thing of the kind, for which it would generally be taken. In fact, it would be little more or less than a picture-gallery; for, adopting the "nothing-like-leather" maxim, Mr. Haydon proposes that the interior should be devoted to the recep-

tion of six large historical paintings. Equally unsuitable—we may say, still more preposterous—was the design to which the names of Britton and Hosking were attached; it being in the Gothic style, and in general form and character bearing a strong resemblance to the chapter-house of a cathedral, within which very odd kind of box, in the centre of the square, a statue of Nelson would have been safely imprisoned from the contamination of public gaze. In both these instances, therefore, the design consisted chiefly in providing a case to cover up that which ought to be rendered as conspicuous as possible; so as, whether purposely looked at or not, to be visible to every passer-by. It should be added, however, that the latter of these two designs was withdrawn after the first competition; but the other was sent in again without having been altered. And as it has just now come to our knowledge that the competition is finally terminated by a decision having been made in favour of Mr. Railton's design—the one which, greatly to the astonishment of most persons, obtained the first premium—instead of continuing to speak as if the matter was undetermined, and there was still room for taking into consideration all the points that deserved to be well weighed and deliberated upon beforehand, we shall proceed to comment upon the matter as it actually stands; that is, as regards selection, not prospectively, but retrospectively.

Looking at the models and drawings themselves, we had all along considered that the choice would be attended with very considerable difficulties; contrary to which, the committee have made such very short work of it, that we must needs suppose they found it one attended by no perplexities. It does, however, strike us as not a little extraordinary, that after so far yielding to the public opinion, and the general dissatisfaction expressed at the first premium being awarded to Mr. Railton, for his drawing of a Corinthian column, as to reopen the competition, and allow fresh designs to be sent in, and the former ones altered; they should afterwards shew such appearance of liberality to have been delusive, by repeating their former sentence. One would imagine, that if they found themselves absolutely driven into that position, by discovering that no better, nor

equally good, selection could be made, they would, on this second occasion, have at least so far deferred again to the public voice, as to state distinctly their reasons in favour of a column, and of Mr. Railton's in preference to every other design of the same kind. Instead of which, all that is, or is likely ever to be, known is, that that design obtained a majority of votes,—for even by how many is left to conjecture. Whether Mr. Railton himself is to be congratulated is also matter of doubt, the probability being that, if not his brother architects generally, his brother competitors will now scan his merits rather closely, and inquire what there was in his design for the new houses of parliament to entitle it to one of the premiums; as well as what there is in his present one, to recommend it so strongly, in spite of the utter absence of originality and invention! A similar question will recur with regard to his design for the episcopal palace attached to the new see of Ripon, which is now in progress, and of which there is a drawing in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy; for it is certainly tame enough, both in the general idea and the treatment of the style, not only plain almost to bareness, but without any of those traits which mark the productions of a real artist, let his particular sphere be what it may. Further than these three specimens, we are not acquainted with any others by which we can form any judgment of Mr. Railton's abilities; and although, as far as two of them are concerned, we cannot now particularise their deficiencies, we can say, that every one of them has left a very unfavourable impression upon our minds, though assuredly not in consequence of prejudice against their author.

Something may be urged in favour of a column, as being, while a lofty and conspicuous object, one which would not intercept the view of other buildings; still admitting this in all its force, by no means does it follow that such lofty and towering shaft should, in its different members and ornamental details, be a close imitation, much less a facsimile of one which, instead of forming an independent structure, is no more than one of the supports of a larger structure, with regard to which it is as much a member as its own base or capital is but a mere portion of itself, and devoid of meaning when separated

from it. However striking it may be on account of its size, a colossal column standing by itself is not very much better than a colossal arm or leg would be apart from the rest of the statue to which it would seem to belong. As a fragment of such statue that had actually existed, a single gigantic limb of the kind would undoubtedly be interesting as a curiosity; but for a sculptor to form one would be an arrant absurdity, and both figuratively and literally a very great solecism in taste. Whenever, therefore, something bearing a general resemblance to the form and proportions of a column is desired for the purpose of a monumental or historical record, it is desirable that the form and ornamental parts should be modified accordingly, so as to avoid, as far as possible, the idea of direct imitation, when such imitation involves impropriety. We do not say that this was sufficiently attended to in any one of the designs for columns; still there were several which deserved to take precedence of the one that has been selected,—for they manifested much greater invention, if not in the mere column itself, at least in the accessories. On this account, we should greatly have preferred either Granville's design, or that by Case; for, although in both of them the column itself was allowed to retain too much of the prototype—that is of a pillar similar to those employed in supporting an entablature, instead of being moulded into something of a distinct character—the additions made were considerable in themselves, and had much to recommend them. The first-mentioned of these designs was altered greatly for the better in the second edition,—the substructure, or basement, being augmented, and converted into something altogether different from a mere pedestal, standing upon which is an insulated column. Some spreading out immediately upon the ground is required, in order to shew there a foundation proportionate to the loftiness of the structure: instead, therefore, of being expressly adhered to, the ordinary pedestal form ought rather to be disguised on such occasions, when it becomes a substructure to what is not so much a column as an edifice assuming the proportions of one,—which, among other modes, might be accomplished by making minor pedestals, for supporting statues or groups of sculpture, to pro-

ject out diagonally from the principal one, thereby imparting play and variety to the plan, and giving increased strength, and the expression of it, to the angles of such basement or substructure to the column.

Like Railton's, both Granville's and Case's column had a Corinthian capital, though of different design from his in its details,—that of the one being from the Jupiter Stator example, of the other from the order of the monument of Lysicrates; which last is of greater amplitude and volume than either of the former, its depth being nearly half as much again, in proportion to its diameter, consequently giving a greater extent of embellishment at the summit. Yet, although, as far as quantity and general expression go, the Corinthian afforded a good prototype for the purpose; instead of resorting to any one extant example as an express model, it surely would have been better to treat that part of the column as one affording scope for originality of composition, introducing forms more significant and more appropriate to the actual or casual than mere foliage. In cases of this kind, invention is not only perfectly allowable, but ought to be considered as absolutely demanded; and when the whole forms an exception to the application of a column, to adhere to precedent in any of the parts rather increases than diminishes whatever incongruity there may be in converting a mere adjective or adjunct into an architectural substantive. As an aim at something more than a mere Corinthian capital, Mr. Thrupp's design (No. 117) deserves to be mentioned with commendation, notwithstanding that there was room in it for improvement. The four angles of the abacus were supported by as many Victories,—an idea not perfectly original, because instances of figures, both human and animal, similarly placed, occur in ancient capitals which have come down to us either as fragments, or by having been made use of in other buildings; and so employed, it may be observed, they do not produce much effect as sculptures, being, when upon a moderate scale, scarcely distinguishable from the usual ornamental details: but such would not be the case in a single colossal capital, which would be a marked object to the eye. Provided, therefore, they were of dimensions proportioned to the height at which they would be

elevated, statues so introduced could not fail to attract notice, and would carry with them a certain emphasis of meaning, and stamp the whole legibly as a triumphal monument. In the present case, we should have preferred a triangular abacus (one of its points being made to face towards Charing Cross), supported at its angles by three figures personifying the victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, with some corresponding arrangement for the plan of the basement, or pedestal; when, perhaps, instead of placing the statue of the hero on the summit, it might be introduced with effect below, a little in advance of the shaft of the pillar on the side towards Parliament Street; so as to mark that angle as the principal one, or front of the monument, with regard to the great line of thoroughfare from the Strand to Pall Mall. It appears to us that such degree of irregularity, though otherwise liable to objection, would have the merit of being in conformity with that of the site, and would so far tend to reconcile the eye to the defects of the latter. Were Trafalgar Square a regular four-sided inclosure, the case would be different; but it has no buildings forming a south side, it being there open to the triangular embouchure into Parliament Street; besides which, the east side is not, as it certainly ought to have been, parallel with the opposite one. A statue of Nelson, about twenty feet high, on the same level as the base of the column, would form a far more imposing object than a figure of the same, or even greater dimensions, elevated on the top of the column, while the latter would serve to announce it from a distance, and would impart to it greater importance than even such colossal figure would possess if standing by itself; because it would still appear so gigantic in its dimensions, in comparison with a column, however lofty, that the other would look only as a striking architectural accompaniment to it, secondary in interest and importance, though surpassing it in actual size.

This idea was partly carried out in Kelsey and Nixon's model, proposing a colossal statue of Nelson placed before a column, designed after Pompey's Pillar. Nor can we help being of opinion, that such combination would be greatly preferable to the usual one of a

statue placed upon a column, where, owing to the height at which it is elevated, and the consequent foreshortening, much both of the importance and effect of the figure is lost; nor can its dimensions be allowed to exceed those which belong to it, as an addition to the column itself: whereas, according to the other mode, the size of the latter does not so strictly dictate that of the figure. By uniting the separate advantages of a monumental statue and column, that mode again may be allowed to be likely to prove more generally satisfactory than either would do alone. Most of the perspective drawings served to shew, that what would be lofty as a mass of sculpture, or else as a mere ornamental building, would not have sufficient consequence as a central object in such an area,—in fact, be not much more striking in a general view than Pitt's statue in Hanover Square. We do not recollect what were the proposed dimensions of Messrs. Fowler and Sievier's model; but were it to have been executed on such a scale as to be a commanding object in the open space, we apprehend that it would have had a heavy look, and tended to overpower the architecture around it,—else would have had the look of a rather toylike fabric. A column, or something of that description, accompanied with sculpture on a majestic scale—that is, with a colossal figure of Nelson in front, and secondary ones on other parts of the base—would, perhaps, be found to obviate most objections, and reconcile most advantages, inasmuch as there would be a lofty architectural object for the eye to rest on, and which would give increased importance to the principal statue, proudly distinguishing it from all other public monuments of a like kind. Whether there be actual precedent—supposing precedent to be requisite—for such combination, we are not prepared to say; but, as far as the idea goes, it may be found in one of Schinkel's designs for a monument in honour of Frederick the Great, which shews a colossal equestrian statue of that monarch placed on a lofty pedestal in front of another of the same height, supporting a square pillar, each of whose sides is decorated with seven bas-relief panels, and whose capital is surmounted by a figure of Victory.

Schinkel is now, we presume, a name as familiar in this country as that

of Schiller, and his works in almost every architectural library; therefore, by referring to the plate alluded to, it will be seen how infinitely more picturesque in composition, more monumental in its aspect, and at the same time more intelligible in itself, as well as original in its idea, is that design than the mere shaft of a column, upon which a portrait statue is raised out of sight. To say the truth, postlike erections of the latter description have now lost even the attraction of novelty, so many are the things of the kind which have been stuck up in various parts of the country of late years. Edinburgh has its Melville column; Glasgow, its Sir Walter Scott column; Newcastle, its Grey column; Shrewsbury, its Hill column; not to mention the one at Devonport, or the Nelson column at Yarmouth (where Wilkins has shewn more design than is to be found in all the others put together); besides several whose names do not at this moment occur to us. Something more, we conceive, than the having a statue on top of it is requisite for an historic column, both in order that it may acquire a suitable character of its own, and may get rid of that which belongs to it as the mere part of an edifice. Yet, so far from any effort having been made to accomplish this, as far as the column itself is concerned, almost the only pretension to novelty in the designs of this class, was the adoption of the Corinthian shaft and capital. One drawing, however, there was, which, though it seems to have been overlooked—for we have not met with any mention of it—was, in our opinion, far more deserving of attention than many of those whose merits have been canvassed,—we mean No. 59, which bore only the modest motto of “*Provero*”; although, let him be as modest as he may, its author must now be aware that he might very safely have published his name, unless, indeed, he did not visit the exhibition: in which case, the silence which has been observed with regard to his drawing may have caused him to congratulate himself in withholding it. We ourselves will not be quite sure that its anonymousness was not the main cause of its having obtained no notice from the critics who have spoken of the exhibition; for, in matters of architecture at least, a name goes a great way towards helping them

to an opinion, especially if there be any thing unusual in the design itself, which there certainly was in the one we are alluding to. The lower part consisted of a Grecian Doric structure, presenting an octastyle on each of its four fronts, and its walls richly decorated with sculptures. Above the architectural basement thus formed were two upper terraces, giving somewhat of pyramidal outline to that part of the composition; and on the second of these was a lofty historic column, of Doric character and proportions, whose shaft was encircled by reliefs not distorted by being made to wind spirally from the base to the capital, but dividing it into so many distinct zones of sculpture. The column seemed to rear itself proudly upon the outspreading architectural mass, to which it served as a central tower, encircled and “*stayed*” by reliefs. The *ensemble* was happily composed for general effect; and, without being a copy or plagiarism, the design shewed that its author was not unacquainted with those of Schinkel’s, to which we have referred above. Still highly as we think of its general merit, and of the originality manifested in it—in which respect it was far superior to almost every other of the designs which aimed at novelty of architectural composition, still, we say, we question whether it would have been found altogether suitable to the locality: although it had certainly this very great advantage over the other *projects* for any isolated building in the centre of Trafalgar Square, that though the lower colonnades had been kept of very moderate height in comparison with the National Gallery and other edifices, the central column or tower would have sufficiently counteracted such deficiency of size, and have rendered the whole an imposing and dignified pile, wherein the attractions, both of architecture and of sculpture, would have been happily combined, and in greater degree than in almost any other of the designs submitted on the occasion. Most assuredly the sculptors would have had no reason to complain, had the choice fallen upon “*Provero*,” for that design would have afforded occupation to more than one of them.

If novelty, strangeness, oddity, whim, be originality, many of the designs were most egregiously original. In more than one, a mere tall pole, in-

tended to express the mast of a ship, and thereby symbolise naval enterprise and conquest, was the leading idea; which, whatever value it might have on the score of significance alone, did not make much provision for beauty of form or richness of embellishment; and was, in some instances, so far from being at all improved upon, as to be rendered a meaner and uglier object than there was any occasion for. Those by the two Foggos were so far remarkable and conspicuous enough,—as unartist-like in every respect as can well be imagined; so much so, that one would have taken them for the productions, not of painters, but of ship-carpenters. Not very much better was Pistrucci's conceit of a gigantic trident stuck in the port-hole of a sphere, with a gap cut out of the latter on one side for the purpose of putting there some figures and an inscription. That it would, if erected, have instantly been nicknamed the Trafalgar Toasting-fork, there can be no doubt; and although we hold such nicknames and comparisons in contempt (for what they chiefly prove is the vulgar association of ideas in those who indulge in them), we must own that in this instance the comparison would have been almost inevitable: the form selected too undesignedly resembling, or rather being identical with, that of the undignified domestic implement just named. No art could possibly enable it, or overcome its inspidity and triviality; on the contrary, positive magnitude would merely serve to render the original littleness of the thing so magnified all the more striking and conspicuous. On occasions of this kind, what is pertinent as a poetical metaphor, is apt to prove a very impertinent will-o'-the-wisp to an artist. Significancy of meaning is insufficient: excellent as it is in itself, it is too dearly purchased if it can be expressed only by what is itself insignificant as to form. After all, too, a trident is only a conventional sign, a sort of hieroglyphic, adumbrating as a mere type naval and maritime supremacy. Where symbols of this sort can be introduced so as to be ornamental accessories, gratifying both the eye and the imagination, their value is unquestionably very great; that huge trident, on the contrary, would have been a mere hieroglyphic

character in the eyes of John Bull, who would, probably, have fanned its real meaning to be, that Nelson ought to be the standing toast of his countrymen.

Marochetti, the other Italian who entered the competition, was both less ambitious of originality, and less insane, by some degrees, in his ideas. We did not sufficiently notice his model at our first visit to be able now to say, whether his rostrated Corinthian column differed materially from the other designs of that class; for what most attracted our attention to it then was, the odd appearance of the four animals at the angles—intended, we believe, to represent leopards—in the act of leaping, or else hanging down from the pedestal. At our next visit, we found that it had been removed, and afterwards learnt that it was broken in pieces by the artist himself, in the coach in which he conveyed it away. So far the signore set an example that ought to have been followed by many others, who had infinitely greater cause to be disgusted with their own performances; for though the story may not have been true in all its particulars, it being possible that the model may have been broken either by the jolting of the carriage, or some other accident, certain it is that it was taken away after being exhibited for a few days. In excuse of most of those who suffered their designs to remain in the exhibition to its very close, although so very inferior to the one just mentioned, and as hardly to deserve being mentioned in the same breath with it,—all that can be said is, that they had no reputation whatever to lose. Among other things of that kind was a model for a column, not inserted in the catalogue, nor placed with those in the room, but thrust into what appears to have been the condemned cell for reprobates and malefactors—it being turned out upon the stairs at the further end of the room, where it “wasted its sweetness on the desert air;” and sweetness certainly appeared to have one of its qualities, the only good one that could be attributed to it, for it looked as if composed of the same material as those twisted sticks of pink sugar that are to be seen at confectioners' shops. Whether that hue, relieved by cabbage-green capital and ornaments, was intended to signify that its *artistic* considered it a *pink* of a model,



we undertake not to declare; it might be so, and there might also be some profound meaning or other in the inclination of its head, which distinguished this column from every other in the room.

But the *facile princeps* in absurdity and madness, was an assemblage of loose sheets of paper just pasted together at their edges, and which had so strange and wild a look, that they might have passed for veritable sibylline leaves, brought to light for the important occasion; more especially as the lines traced on them bore a greater resemblance to mystic characters employed in necromancy than to any kind of architectural plan. A plan, however, it professed to be; and one, moreover, for something so stupendous that it would infallibly have rendered London the envy of every other capital, and would have eclipsed the proudest monuments of ancient Rome. Its author—and a most consummate original he was, quite as stupendous a character as was his own design—admitted that he had not considered more than the mere ground-plan, but that was quite sufficient to guide the committee, and enable them to see what a magnificent structure could be reared upon it. “The idea, you know, is every thing,” observed this notable projector to the individual who related to us the conversation he happened to have with him. “Of course, there must be some other kind of drawing before the thing can be executed; but any one can be got to do that. All that I want is something tasty and grand, with plenty of columns, but they can easily be had out of books: I am not particular as to them, so that they be but uncommon tasty, and grand. I can meet with a clever hand, I dare say, who will knock me off something of the kind in a couple of days, or so, when I explain my notions of what would be stylish and proper. I was prodigiously afraid the exhibition would be over, but am all in good time, I find.—See nothing here to be afraid of; all poor, little, puny things; nothing on half so grand a scale as this; every bit on’t my own, too, I assure you, upon honour.”

That the reader will here suspect we are only attempting to bamboozle him, is no more than we expect: such, however, is not the case, for we have merely

repeated what has been reported to us; and, we think, without any invention on the part of our informant. In fact, the “design” itself, displayed at the exhibition, leaves no room for questioning any other absurdity on the part of its author, as at all unlikely; for he who could have the courage to unfurl that flag of insanity before the public, must have been capable of freely giving vent to the most preposterous extravagance and rhodomontade in speech.

For having bestowed so much notice on the above, and one or two other egregious monstrosities, while we have not even mentioned several models that were really praiseworthy, we deserve the thanks of the committee, if not of the sculptors—Barry, Woodrington, Nixon, Pitts, and Longh—because the less that is now said respecting them designs the better. In fact, after the whole business has been treated very much like a joke, we feel ourselves in no humour to give it that serious attention we otherwise might have done. The decision that has been passed, is now irrevoable; the bat has gone north; Mr. Raikes’s designs is to be carried into execution: not, having plainly shown to the contrary, do we say that it was the very worst, though we certainly are of opinion that there were several, even of the same kind, greatly superior to it. We are, also, willing to allow that it was an exceedingly difficult matter to make a selection of any single one out of so perplexing an assemblage of designs; more especially as, owing to gross oversight in the instructions, they were not all made to one uniform scale. Still we must protest against the very summary mode of proceeding at last adopted; the very strange off-hand way in which, after so much procrastination, the matter was finally settled. The precipitancy, and also the kind of secrecy, on that occasion, were any thing but satisfactory, or calculated to assure the public that the choice of the committee was the result of that reflection and deliberation which it called for; as it appears that they were at last chiefly anxious to get rid, as speedily as possible, of what they found to be a very troublesome task. Surely the better and safer mode would have been to have selected, in the first instance, a certain number of the designs—say

a dozen, and then, discarding all the rest, to have set in judgment upon them,* aided by the opinions of professional men, and others, who might very properly have been called upon for their evidence; which evidence should, of course, have been taken down. If, by such mode of examination, the opinions of such men as Chantrey, Barry, Wilkins, and others of high standing in the arts, whether as professional men or amateurs, had been elicited and carefully compared, there can be little doubt that if not a very different, a more satisfactory conclusion, would have been arrived at. Various considerations, which have now, perhaps, been entirely overlooked, would inevitably have been forced upon the attention of the committee; while, as these consultations and examinations must have been held at different meetings, at each of which one or more of the designs might have been thrown out, time would have been saved for considering the arguments that had been brought forward. Lastly, it would have been desirable that each member of the committee should have given his vote openly, and thereby have been responsible for it to the public. Instead of this, or any thing like such mode of proceeding, how was our business managed? Why, in about a couple of hours, and by ballot! Besides the mere fact that Mr. Raiton's design obtained a majority of votes in its favour, all is mystery. The public know neither the amount of that majority, nor who were the ayes, who the noes. Surely this should not have been, at least not after the committee had so far conceded to public opinion as to rescind the first decision, and allow a second competition to take place. If they really found themselves at last compelled to confirm their first judgment, and make a choice which they already knew had excited no little astonishment and dissatisfaction; all the more necessary was it that it should be supported by valid reasons, at any

rate by reasons of some kind. To that they had, in a manner, bound themselves. Why else did they consent to a second competition at all? Wherefore, by so doing, pledge themselves to act with greater deliberation the next time? We must suppose them to have been in earnest; for otherwise, not only was the fresh competition a mere delusion, but a piece of pre-meditated mockery. Yet, although they have been forced into their former position; or rather, the old position altered materially for the worse, no explanation has been given, no justification of such a singular turn of the affair offered. We ourselves certainly do not think that the second exhibition at all tended to reconcile the public to Mr. Raiton's design, or obtain for it a greater number of popular suffrages than it had in the first instance. On the contrary, there were several of the new designs that threw it more than ever into the shade. From all that we have been able to learn, it had rather lost than gained in public estimation; nevertheless, it is now peremptorily fixed upon by the committee, without a syllable from them to inform the public upon what grounds that final decision rests. Perhaps it ought to satisfy us that it rests upon the result of the balloting; and it must be acknowledged, that the idea of deciding such a question by such a process was most ingenious—one worthy of the philosophers of Laputa. What a world of botheration, and of prosing attempts at arguments, must that simple device have spared! We are of opinion, however, that it would be a very great improvement were decision by lottery to be substituted for it, in all future competitions. No other would be so expeditious, no other equally fair; it would effectually relieve committees from all responsibility; nor should we hear those numerous complaints of favouritism, intrigue, and jobbing, which every competition for a building is now sure to produce. That for the

* By an advertisement in the papers, we perceive that this course has been adopted by the committee for building St. George's Hall at Liverpool; they having, out of seventy-five designs sent for competition, selected ten in the first instance as those most worthy of being deliberately reconsidered, and carefully examined and scrutinised. This certainly looks well; at all events, it indicates a proper degree of caution, and an earnest wish to adopt that design which, after scrupulous investigation, shall be found to possess most merit and greatest number of advantages with the fewest defects. So far, the committee have set a precedent that ought to be followed on all similar occasions; and we have only to hope that their ultimate choice will be such as to shew very strikingly how beneficial is the measure they have adopted.

Royal Exchange is now coming on, and we earnestly recommend that it should be so decided; more especially as a great many very ugly rumours are flying about, which the announcement of such novel mode of decision would at once contradict. As to the decision of the Nelson committee, we regard it as immaterial, except as far as appearances go, because we see no danger

whatever of Mr. Railton's column ever being erected in Trafalgar Square. Not above half the requisite funds are in hand; the question, therefore, is, Will Mr. Railton's patrons and admirers make up the deficiency? We very much doubt it; and should they refuse, good-by now to the scheme altogether.

THE DEVIL'S DIARY; OR, TEMPTATIONS.

SECOND PART.

Most splendid preparations were making for the marriage ceremony between Eva, baroness Seagonvold, and my half-brother Albert, now bearing the name and title of Waldorf, the fortieth Baron Von L.—. It was to take place at my father's chateau, or castle, in England; and Theresa, the duchess of St. Almar, the wife by the left hand of the Emperor of Austria, had obtained permission from him, who could refuse her nothing that she asked, to accompany Eva, the future bride, her friend and *protégée*, to that country, and to be present at the nuptials.

"You will miss the company of your little friend and favour to much on your return to Germany, my Theresa," said the emperor, after having granted, with some reluctance, her request, as he could not endure the thought of her absence from him so long a time. "You have imagined this affair very foolishly, my lady—no. Why did you not give Eva to that bold-faced, dark-eyed, illegitimate half-brother of this Englishman with a German name,—this Baron Von L.—, who has never deigned it seems, to pay his respects to me, although his father was my liege subject? What sort of a mongrel animal is this Waldorf, who has thus bewitched our little Seagonvold?"

"He does not much resemble his bold-faced brother, Leopold," answered Theresa, deeply blushing, and covered with confusion, lest the emperor should demand to see him, and thereby Albert's powerful likeness to herself be immediately discovered.

"He came to Germany when I was on a visit to Bavaria, I think you said? This match seems strangely hurried up, methinks! I should have liked to have given away this little Eva to her future husband with my own hand," said the

emperor. "There seems to me some strange mystery about this half-English, half-German baron. Report assures me he is gitted with *second-sight*. He may see *too much*, Theresa, for the happiness of this poor child you are so fond of. I suppose my new-made Colonel Richestera, to whom I gave a sword the other day, and also a name (seeing that he had no other one), but Albert will accompany you still. By my father's bones, this ducky-eyed youth admires thee so much, my fair duchess, and so daintily doth the same even to ourselves, that I am much in perplexity how to go so far to fondle it! But our child Theresa, Leopold, thy child and mine, shall go also, and he will remind thee of the play of his father."

"I need no remembrance of thy goodness and thy kindness, my sovereign and husband, whilst I am away," said the duchess, tenderly; "yet should I like much my little Leopold to visit England, for I have there, my lord, still living, as I believe you know, my father," and Theresa looked quite confused, and hesitated.

"And you would like to shew him his daughter's child, and also that of the emperor," interrupted her kind sovereign, embracing her. "It is a very natural wish, my love, and it reconciles me in some measure to thy absence. Take handsome presents with thee for the old man, and if he will consent to return with thee, he shall not want rank or favour. Shall we not see this Waldorf at our court before he runs away with all my treasures?"

"He is shy, my lord, and not in health. You know these Englishmen—and he was born there—have much reserve," said the duchess, again feeling some alarm. "Perhaps he will bring his

bride another year to pay her duty to her gracious king; but, at present, Eva is so deeply enamoured of this pale, retreating Waldorf, that the sooner the union is completed, I think, the better."

And the king sat down to play at chess with the duchess, whilst their child, a lovely little boy of four years old, was playing at their feet with a small spaniel the emperor had purchased for him, remarkable for its beauty, and the amusing tricks it had been taught to do.

"I shall call you *Albert*," said the little boy, caressing his dog.

"Only hear him!" said the emperor. "But now I recollect, the child was in the room when I presented this Waldorf's brother Albert with my sword. What a memory the little creature has! Theresa, your queen, my love, is in check."

"How courteous you are to tell me of it," said the duchess, trembling from head to foot, lest something should come out from the boy, respecting her other son, that would displease his father. "Go, Leopold," said she, "and take your dog to yonder sofa: I forget every move, my lord, when his sweet face is so near me."

"In truth, he is a pretty child," said the emperor, fondly. "What a picture he would make at this moment! Theresa, I will get Vermet, the French artist, now he is here, to take our boy in that very attitude. You shall place Theresa, my love, between the Emperor of Austria and a certain lady for whom, it is thought, he bears some slight degree of affection.—There, I take this look!"

"And thus endanger your knight. See, I hear him on this!"

"You make sad havoc amongst the belts and spurs, Theresa. Here goes your bishop in revenge, which opens check to your white king," exclaimed the emperor.

"Lie down, you naughty Albert!" cried the child, who had not removed from the carpet near his mother's feet; "lie down, or I'll kill you with Waldorf's sword,—the one that my papa gave him."

"What knows *he* of Waldorf?" inquired the king, leaving off the game, and looking steadfastly on the child.

"You forget, my lord," answered the duchess, with a trembling lip, "that it was at Eva's château that the child first saw this Englishman; and he has

confused the persons of the brothers, I suppose, respecting the sword that you presented to Albert."

"Papa did not give Albert the *fine* sword, mamma," said the child, boldly; "it was to Waldorf—to him who has such nice black hair. Albert is like mamma."

"Who told you so, young sir?" inquired the emperor, with an anxious and uneasy tone, his eye glancing suspicion on the duchess, and pushing aside the chess-board.

"He told me so himself," said the child, "as he shewed the sword to his brother Albert."

"You mean that Albert shewed it to his brother Waldorf!" cried the emperor, with a penetrating look.

"Mamma, this naughty dog has bit my finger," cried the child; and it had just drawn blood. Both the parents lost, in alarm for the precious life of their child, dreading lest the dog should be rabid, all further thoughts respecting the identity of the two brothers. The court-surgeon was immediately summoned; the finger cauterised; the dog carefully examined; all was confusion in the palace; the child had an opiate administered; the mother was in tears; the ladies of the bed-chamber were wringing their hands; and the emperor himself sat by the bed-side of his little son, holding the hand of Theresa, and comforting her. By this timely snap of the court spaniel, it is more than probable that a disclosure was prevented that might have brought down disgrace, perhaps, on the head of the Duchess St. Almar, and the banishment from his sight and favour of the little beautiful child that had unconsciously produced all this confusion by his innocent prattling to his canine favourite.

In about a fortnight after this, the brothers departed for England, to superintend the final preparations for the marriage there; and Theresa, duchess of St. Almar, Eva, baroness Scagonvold, a retinue of great number and magnificence, attended by a physician and three or four nurses for the child, set off a few days afterwards, the emperor himself going several miles with them as their escort. A most tender farewell took he of them all, not forgetting to make the destined bride presents befitting his own rank and the favour in which she stood with his adored Theresa.

The whole of the preceding scene, the great risk of detection in which we all were placed through the means of the little boy, I plainly saw by my wondrous faculty of second-sight. I described it all most accurately to Albert, and repeated to him, word by word, the whole of the conversation, as we sat in our inn at Calais, on our route.

"My mother must return to Germany no more," said he, musingly, after listening to my account of the emperor's latent suspicions about herself, and that he had been trifled with respecting Theresa's eldest son and myself. "She will be safer far with us, my brother, in England; and in the company of her much-loved Eva, her child (her children, I should rather say), and yourself, dear Waldorf, she will, I trust, find content."

"Can she forget the splendours of the Austrian court?" I asked, in return: "the affections of her royal master, the interests of her younger child, and remain with us in England? I doubt it much. — But, there stands Siward, Albert,—your aged grandfather! I see him palpably there by the door, as if it were his actual flesh and blood: he is reading Albert, and in an old book of strange and unholy characters! I like not the expression of his eye,—it is dark and malign! He eyes me with peculiar dislike and loathing; can he see me as I see him?—No. And yet, when I was a child, how I did like that man! It was he who first told me I should be endowed with this extra faculty of beholding objects hundreds of miles away from the powers of my corporeal vision."

"Has that knowledge given thee happiness, my brother?" asked Albert, with a look of painful meaning. "Alas, no! On me, too, he has given wondrous powers; but they have as yet done me no good. I fear other machinations are working against us both; for is not my grandfather a servant of him whose 'Diary' you possess a fragment of? Oh, that we were both in peace!—our work on earth accomplished: for my mind misgives me, Waldorf, that we have much warfare yet to undergo."

Thus spoke Albert: but my eyes were riveted upon the scene before me.

"He is unfolding a parchment now, as he sits nearly double in his black elbow-chair," said I, so intent upon

old Siward's actions that I scarcely attended to the melancholy forebodings of him who was proceeding on to England as the expectant bridegroom, I believed, of one of the finest and most fascinating of earthly creatures — of one who *said* she loved him, in return for his ardent affection, more than words can say. And yet I doubted it: something still told me she preferred myself.

"If I had but courage to approach that phantom, Albert," said I, "perhaps I should be enabled to read over his shoulder what that parchment means he now has in his hand. Ever and anon he lifts his eyes from it, and their threatening glances fall on me. Think you that it is possible that he can behold me even as I now gaze on him?"

"I know not what he can behold," said Albert, sighing; "but, indeed, Waldorf, I have an oppression of the heart that I cannot account for, it seems like one of those threatening calms that precede a tempest. Why do you not approach the figure, and gain some information respecting what he is studying? Oh, that I could do it for you! Why not go near him?"

"Because I have ever, as now, an awe of these unearthly apparitions," I replied, "a reluctance to be near them. I cannot describe to you the shuddering that I feel at this moment whilst he—the mere shadowy resemblance of old Siward—sits thus so mysteriously before my eyes. Yet I will be courageous, I will go nearer to him. I will walk round and round him at a distance, every time making the circuit narrower and narrower, until gradually I am within a foot or two of him. Hark, he speaks! be silent, Albert!—interrupt him not! But I forget:—he, the actual man, is hundreds of miles from us."

"This document must be destroyed," said the phantom; "the real will of that old German sinner, Waldorf, late Baron L—, must not be in existence longer: for, should I die suddenly, my grandchild will lose the large estates and this high-sounding title. Dexterously did I convey another will into its place after his death, which has disinherited that dreaming fool, his lawful heir! This is some weak revenge against the seducer of my child, the matchless Theresa, whose beauty was obtained by means so dangerous, and which ought to have gained

her a real crown. Now she lives in constant dread lest her early fall should be known! Then what disgrace would follow! How have I toiled in forbidden studies to exalt this daughter! and, afterwards, to prevent the misery of exposure to my peerless Theresa! This parchment burnt, will at least secure fortune and title to my grandchild, Albert, who, wayward and intractable as he is, and has been, from a sense of what he calls virtue, still is dear to me, for he possesses all that transcendent beauty which I endangered my soul to procure for my posterity, no matter by what means; but especially for his matchless mother, now the consort to the Emperor of Austria—yet not his queen!—no, not so high as that! But for thee, accused Waldorf! sleeping now in your marble mausoleum, by the side of thy dowdy, English wife, whom thou marriedst for a few broad acres, instead of her thou pollutedst with thy touch, she had been now the proud empress of thy country, Germany. But I have reached thee! I plugged thy boat, deceiver! and filled in the holes with mortal made of sugar, salt, and gum. The water of the lake melted such frail plaster, and thou and thy plain English wife perished together!—Ha, ha! there was some delight in that! Now, to burn this stupid baron's will and testament!"

"Albert," cried I, "assist me to prevent this sacrifice. The candle burns upon his table, and he is going to destroy my father's will! I will arrest thy hand, Siward! I cannot grasp it! Albert, blow out the candle, I charge thee! Alas, thou seest nothing, and I catch only at empty air! It has caught light!—it burns, it burns! and in my presence! What value is all my boasted power, when I cannot hinder this vile old man from destroying the title to my just inheritance, even whilst I am looking on? Hark! I hear the crackling of the parchment, as it crisps up and falls to powder. The seals are melting now!—the signature of my father is now consuming!—all, all is gone!" And I turned with sarcastic bitterness to my unoffending brother, exclaiming, as I waved my hand in mock reverence before him, "I give you joy, Waldorf, fortieth baron of Von L——! Now, indeed, I do feel disinherited, and must, of necessity, do homage to my more for-

tunate brother. Fortunate indeed! possessing wealth, rank,—and, far dearer privilege, he will have the hand of Eva of Seagonvold, the only thing I envy thee!" Whilst I spoke the apparition vanished.

"Thank Heaven!" answered my brother Albert, pale as a statue, and casting up his celestial eyes with a mournful, yet divine expression, which made him resemble an angelic being more than an inhabitant of earth; "Thank Heaven, I have known Waldorf's real sentiments before it is too late! Yet do I grieve, my beloved brother, that you set such high estimation on mere outward glitter, the trappings of false conventional life. You have deceived me, Waldorf—perhaps deceived yourself. Pride and ambition have only slumbered in your heart—they are not dead within you. As for wealth, you knew, you must have felt—indeed I see you do—that all your father had, is, and ever has been, at your own disposal. I have not even calculated the amount. All, all is yours; take it, and use it as you will. But you still covet Eva!"

"With regard to title, Waldorf," he continued, "I could smile to hear you name it. Title! To what? As if a certain form of words, prefixed before the name of Albert, could add to Albert's dignity and worth! Vain, vain distinction! more paltry than the feather which the soldier wears, but which he owns can never give him valour. Did Homer need a title? Would Socrates and Plato have accepted one? What additional honour would it have conferred on Shakspeare or on Milton, if one of them had been dubbed 'lord duke,' the other made 'a most noble marquess?' Nothing can bestow lasting honour, imperishable fame, but sublime and unflinching virtue! Hear this, dear Waldorf, for I speak not long.

"With regard to Eva, baroness of Seagonvold, I have, I own it with tears of shame, been weak and erring. I have attempted to play the hero, and have failed, most miserably failed! You, Waldorf, have been equally unsuccessful. You imagined that you could give that fair, seductive girl up to me, because you fancied that she preferred me. Alas, my brother, I have many doubts that Eva is sincere. Women are ambitious. I was to her rich and titled, as they call it. You

were, to all appearance, a soldier of fortune only, without any wealth, save the sword her sovereign had presented you. Let our station be reversed, my brother, and Eva of Scagonvold might (so it seems to me) give the preference to Waldorf."

"Could I think so!" I muttered, half aloud. "Could she ——" and all my selfishness prevailed.

"It shall be tried, my brother!" exclaimed poor Albert, with a countenance lighting up for a moment with hope and affection. "She is coming to our home. Let us assure her, of what is indeed the truth, that I am portionless and illegitimate—that we changed characters only to accomplish a great design, which has been realised, for my mother has been saved from infamy. Then let us see, my Waldorf, fairly, whether she will prefer."

Struck as I was with the matchless greatness of this offer, yet was I not noble enough to resist the cravings of my own selfish nature, which was constantly presenting to my imagination the youthful charms and graces of Eva. "Let him keep the title and estates," I argued, mentally, "but give me, at least, a chance of calling the loveliest girl in Europe my own."

When once selfish thoughts gain possession of us, as "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," they permeate and engross the whole being. I had fallen down, during this last conversation with my brother from a state of moral beatitude to one of degradation. From the angel, I had become somewhat of the devil; for I thought more of my own low, animal gratification, than of my heroic brother's happiness.

Theresa, duchess of St. Almar, travelled from Germany *incog.*; yet such was the splendour of her suite, and the magnificence of her liveries, that all who saw them in England knew she must be some personage of great rank. Then the extreme beauty of her person, as well as the more youthful loveliness of Eva of Scagonvold, drew all eyes upon them. They were to rest a few days in London, at the Clarendon Hotel, before they proceeded on to my domain; mine by right of inheritance, though nominally belonging now to Albert. We joined them there; making our headquarters, however, for propriety's sake, at Mivart's, in Brook Street.

What a sensation was made in Hyde Park, as Theresa and the young ba-

roness, escorted by Albert, myself, and the numerous attendants who accompanied them, passed slowly in the drive, and then returned. We had much difficulty in repressing the staring, admiring, young equestrians, who surrounded the carriage, within the rules of decorum: all wished to get a full survey of the fair features and forms of the stranger ladies.

A gentleman belonging to the Austrian embassy soon recognised the person of Theresa, as the favourite and wife by the left hand of his sovereign; but etiquette prevented him from saluting her as such. Still he whispered his knowledge to the officers and noblemen who were of his party. They communicated it *confidentially* to others; the ladies were told of it by their husbands, brothers, lovers, and acquaintance: every one knew, by six o'clock that evening, who were the distinguished guests of the Clarendon Hotel. On the morrow, there lay above a hundred cards of visitation on the table, in the ladies' apartments, from the most noble families in England. But as I was lounging about the room, or hanging enamoured over the beauties of Eva, who seemed now much puzzled to know which of the brothers was to be her future bridegroom, from the great change of manners that had taken place in us both; he retiring as I advanced; he, silent, abstracted, melancholy; I, bold, insinuating, full of anticipated happiness, yet still delaying all explanation with the young baroness, for the present leaving her to surmise whatever she chose—as I was thus lounging about the ottoman where Eva reposed, my eyes were caught by the name of "Siward, count Wolfbach," amongst the cards; and, without knowing why, for at the moment I had no clear idea why I selected that particular one, I singled it out, and read it aloud.

"Is it true!" exclaimed Theresa, thrown suddenly off her guard, that "my father, then, has resumed his name, and acknowledges me again as his child! Where, Waldorf, is his address? I must instantly go and throw myself at his feet."

I felt my heart beat tumultuously, as I read, at the bottom of this card, "Mivart's Hotel." Siward, then, the old seer and chronicler, the dependant as I thought upon my father's bounty, turned out to be a man of high rank; and was actually now located under

the same roof with myself, though he had, as I had lately seen, so basely plotted against me, and robbed me of my patrimony—the murderer, too, of my parents—under the same room with Albert, his own grandson, whom he had so basely invested with my name and fortune!

"They are all collegued against me," thought I, mentally. "This diabolic old man will now prevent my trying this scheme that we proposed on Eva: he will, of course, contradict all my statements to her, supposing that Albert would be true to his promise. I shall lose her, and the base-born son of my father will riot in my wealth, my titles, and my bride."

My brother, I thought, looked most uneasy on hearing that his grandfather was in London, and with the name of count prefixed to that of Siward. His eye gazed mournfully upon the face and form of his mother, and tearfully on Eva likewise. "Let us depart immediately," said he; "when once a bridal is intended, the sooner it is celebrated the better."

Eva Seagovold looked up astonished at the seeming ardour of her lover; but his whole countenance belied his speech. Sad and passionless he sat, awaiting the reply of the duchess.

"I must pay my respects first to my father, dearest Albert," said she, "and then this impatience on your part shall be indulged. How far is it to his hotel?"

"As far as *perdition*, madam!" replied her son, respectfully kissing her hand, as if to atone for his vehemence of expression. "Let me conjure you to depart immediately."

I added my persuasions; but from what different motives than those sublime ones that guided my brother Albert, who differed ever so widely from myself, that we might well be said to shadow forth the two antagonist principles of good and evil,—he pure, high-minded, free from selfishness, loving, constant—I self-willed, capricious, proud, suspicious, and full of animal propensities; yet kept in check, in some degree, by the diviner nature of my brother, and an indefinite dread of offending Him who had the power, I knew, of heaping chastisements on the head of those who violated his laws. But I obeyed from fear, not love.

How can I better describe the dispositions of Albert and myself, than

by saying I personified the intellect, he the moral attributes, in man. I, with my extraordinary gifts that I possessed, might be described as Light, or Knowledge; he, my tender, impassioned brother, with his magnetic sympathies, and total disregard to self, as the higher and more deified principle of Divine Love. Why should these bright attributes ever have been separated? The primeval fall of man was not in eating of the forbidden tree—or, in other words, seeking for forbidden knowledge—but when the male, or intellectual part of man, lost, in his own person, the feminine, the moral, and the loving, by his separation from his own fair Eve.

Let not my readers here close the book, and say, in angry disappointment, "Oh, then, this story of 'The Devil's Diary' is nothing but an allegory, after all!—a tinsel gilding to the pill they design to make us swallow."

Whatever may be my design—and it has been my scrupulous wish, throughout this narrative, that you should not find it out, at least until the end—yet, dear and courteous reader, accompany me to it. Let me, just to put you in a good humour with me, if it be possible, give you a few lines from your favourite poet, Ovid, describing so beautifully the restless state of mind of Adam, our great progenitor, before this first fall I have been speaking of; when he, in the dignity of his comprehensive nature, walked alone in the flowery fields of Paradise, yet became discontented with his self-union, if such I may be allowed to call his "single blessedness," and pined away, under the illustration of Narcissus, in contemplating his own bright image in the mirrored fountain.

Thus goes the truth-declaring allegory, an emblem of the primeval state of man, ere Eve was separated from him:—

"There stands a fountain in a darksome
wood,
Not stain'd with falling leaves or rising
mud;
High bowers of shady trees about it grow,
And rising grass, and cheerful green
below;
Pleased with the form and coolness of
the place,
And overheated with the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy margin lies,
And fixes on the stream his listless eyes:

But when his own bright image he survey'd,

He fell in love with the fantastic shade ;
Pleased o'er the beauteous form he hung
unmoved,

Nor knew—fond youth !—it was himself
he loved.

Till death shuts up those self-admiring
eyes,

For him the nymphs and blue-eyed
Nereids mourn ;

And, gemm'd with tears, prepare the
funeral urn :

But, looking for his corse, they only found
A rising flower, with yellow blossoms
crown'd !”

It is true that old father Adam would not have many nymphs and nereids to mourn over his first moral death, seeing that they had not yet been called into being by the magic wand of the poet, the mighty enchanter of the world ; and it is equally true, that something a little more corporeal than “ a bright yellow flower ” is left of our Eden-Narcissus, when “ the deep sleep fell upon him ;” and Madam Eve walked forth, from the niche she had so quietly possessed within his side, with such demure looks of

“ Softness, and of sweet attractive grace,”

that Adam little suspected “ he had caught a Tartar.”

Think not that Cain was the first-born of this fair vision, woman, or “ the Eve.” No. Another English poet has, under the form of Venus, thus described her :—

“ Her turtles fann'd the fragrant air
above,

And by his mother stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledged ; his eyes were
banded o'er ;

His hand a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright, a keen and
deadly store !”

Or, as Camoens has it—

“ Her radiant eyes such living splendour
cast,

The sparkling stars were brightened as
she past ;

Bright as the blushes of the crimson
morn,

New blooming tints her glowing cheeks
adorn ;

And soft compassion to her speaking
eyes,

A milder charm, a tenderer grace, supplies.”

Well might she look with compassion

on her enamoured victim, Adam, seeing at what a price he had purchased her.

There is nothing like throwing out “ a tub to a whale,” just to amuse him a while. Now I trust we are both of us refreshed, gentle reader—I with giving, you with taking, a *bait*, upon our journey. Let us on, then, and in perfect good humour with each other.

We prevailed upon the Duchess St. Almar by our joint entreaties, amounting to almost agony on the part of Albert ; and on we proceeded, without another day's delay, to the far northern province in which my father's property and noble castle were situated. As the young child, Leopold, could not endure long journeys, we were obliged to sleep often on the road ; and it was nearly midnight when we reached our place of destination. The castle had been newly done up, in honour of the approaching nuptials ; costly, modern furniture, adorned every chamber. We had sent a courier on before us, to have every thing in readiness for our arrival. The domestics, in fresh liveries, were ranged in order to receive us ; but what was my extreme surprise, and Albert's grief and dismay, on seeing, seated in the chair of state in the old baronial hall, the ancient man, Siward, who now called himself “ Count Wolfbach.”

“ Welcome to England, my fair daughter !” said the venerable man, extending his arms to receive the form of Theresa in his embrace, whilst his eyes shot forth a most peculiar glance, of almost sardonic expression, upon his grandson, Albert, and myself. “ I called upon you in London, lady ; but it is no wonder that my card should pass unheeded, amidst the numbers that were there sent in. Welcome, young scion of a royal race ! Let me peruse thy features, little grandson. They speak, methinks, more of the line of Wolfbach than of Austria. Daughter, I thank thee for these two goodly branches of our noble house ;” and he turned to me and Leopold. “ Waldorf, thou art slow in paying thy respects to Siward, thy father's ancient pensioner,” he added, significantly, to Albert, who stood biting his lip in vexation. “ And thou too, my elder grandson,” he said, sarcastically, “ thou seemest to have forgotten the years thou livedst in old Siward's cot-

tage, little dreaming it was a count's château."

I could contain myself no longer, for second sight gave me now power over him.

"Villain," said I, "thou hast deceived thyself! I witnessed thee burning my father's will; I marked the progress of the flames. In that very chair didst thou perpetrate that defrauding action, to give thy grandson here my just inheritance; but know, thou art detected—foiled! Even now, old man, my father and my mother are in this very room; there, just beside thee, proclaiming to me where lies concealed another will, the duplicate of that which thou hast burnt. I call in the whole of my father's household to testify to the validity of this hidden document; and thus do I assert my rights!"

Siward trembled as the dependants of the late baron crowded round him; and I, stamping upon the ground at his very feet, touched a secret spring, where, in an inlaid cabinet, or box of ebony and brass, I drew forth, as I was commanded to do, a parchment; and, in an authoritative voice, I desired the steward to read it aloud, and to preserve it from the fate of the other will, executed at the same time.

"The true will has been proved, and this is but a counterfeit," said Siward; but his voice trembled, and his lips were very pale.

"This signature is mine!" said the steward, regarding the parchment; "I swear to my own name as witness, and to this also of my late master's."

"What are the contents?" inquired Theresa, with an anxious voice, looking on her son, Albert, with pitying eyes; but he thought not of fortune, his looks were on me and the young Eva of Scagonvold, as he sought to penetrate into her mind and mine during this stirring scene. Nor was I indifferent; I watched her countenance well as the steward read the undoubted testimony, that I, Waldorf, the baron's only legitimate son, whose very person he described, was heir to all his property, both in Germany and England; but that he left a certain youth, named Albert, who had some claims upon him, wholly dependant upon my brotherly affection, in case he had not been contaminated by the counsels and society of "that worker in secret mischief;" that inveterate foe of him and his unhappy

son, Waldorf, whom his arts had already driven to madness and to exile; that pretended rustic, living near his castle, but in reality a German noble and a dark magician, named "Siward, count Wolfbach."

"Now, plotter," said I, exultingly, "I have overthrown thee!"

"Waldorf, it is sufficient," interposed the gentle voice of Albert, with a mournful tone of remonstrance; "exult not over the fallen; respect the feelings of a prostrate enemy; bear meekly thy success; another turn of Fortune's wheel, and thou mayst be again overthrown. There is no certainty, my brother, in sublunary things; even woman, the loveliest and best of all below, changes as the rest;" and a deep sigh came from his bosom, for he saw, at a single glance, the wonderful effect which had been produced upon the versatile and vernal mind of the young baroness, who was now regarding me with looks of open admiration, and even saying aloud to her patroness, the duchess, who was not an uninterested spectatress of the scene,—

"Fear not, madam, the noble Waldorf will provide for his half-brother; who, no doubt, was innocent with regard to this vile fraud. Poor young man! from my very soul I pity him; for he has lost all at one fell swoop!"

"No, madam," answered Albert, with becoming spirit, "the truly virtuous man, who acts only by the Divine will, can never lose all. The dross and glitter, the false and unstable circumstances, like these in which I have lately stood, may be swept away as the wind carries off the gossamer's slight web; but there is left him the still good and true, all that is worth preserving—consciousness of well-doing, and the unchanging favour of the Divinity! Waldorf—brother! I congratulate you upon your second conquest of this fair lady, Eva of Scagonvold; I relinquish all claim upon her hand!"

"Claim!" repeated Eva of Scagonvold, contemptuously; "what claim can the base-born son of the late Baron von S— have to the favour of the Baroness of Scagonvold?"

"You had no objection to such offer, madam, a few months back," said Albert, calmly, "when I was presumptuous enough in such capacity to propose our union."

"The case was far different with

"*Baron Waldorf*," said the young beauty, with a depreciating tone of voice, turning to me; "you were then in high and growing favour with the Emperor of Austria; he had presented you a sword from his own person, and made you a colonel. You had not a countenance so marked, that it made it dangerous for you to be seen at our court; besides, my heart had a secret leaning towards you."

"Oh, woman, woman!" cried I, emphatically, and quite disgusted with the heartlessness and subtleness of Eva, and, for the moment, inspired by the example of Albert, ever my better angel; "oh, woman, when didst thou ever want excuse for thine own inconstancy? Lady, thou art beautiful enough, 'tis true, to ensnare a thousand hearts, but thou hast not yet learned the nobler task of keeping them. Give me the woman who, like the sunflower, will turn to the god of her idolatry, even when his setting rays can scarcely witness her devotion."

Albert, at this, became suddenly agitated, and burst into tears.

"Rightly art thou served, young baroness!" exclaimed the duchess, deeply offended, as seemed to me, at the treatment her darling son, Albert, had received so unblushingly from her favourite Eva. "Thou must return to Germany unmarried then, it seems, for the noble Waldorf renounces thee!"

"Perhaps not, madam," answered Eva, with much petulance; "I have an offer here that you know not of, from an English noble, that may prevent, perchance, such disgrace. I made the conquest, Cæsar-like, in riding through Hyde Park; and my new admirer has been most prompt you see, in laying his fortune and his title at my feet. I only waited to ascertain which of my late proposers was most worthy of my acceptance, before I answered my new admirer: now I have decided."

"From what a cold, calculating being, have we both been saved!" said I, in a low voice, to Albert.

"Yes," said he, in return, with a burst of ecstatic delight, "this is one of the fierce temptations mentioned in the '*Devil's Diary*.' Thank Heaven, we have both escaped it!"

"I know not how to apologise to you, beloved lady of my royal master," cried I, bending my knee before the Duchess Theresa. "This is strange

hospitality, methinks, to the brightest beauty in the land; but private matters have broken in so suddenly upon me, that I have forgotten my duty here. Welcome! most welcome to my castle; welcome, beloved brother! and welcome, also, fair Eva of Scagonvold! And as for thee, old Siward ——" and I advanced threateningly towards him.

"He is thy guest also, Waldorf," interposed the truly angelic Albert, "and he is a vanquished foe; give him thy hand. Is he not my grandfather?"

"And my father!" said Theresa, imploringly.

"Be it so," said I. "Count Wolfback, all is forgotten; accept hospitality here as long as it pleaseth thee."

"Curses on ye all!" loudly exclaimed the old man, rising from his chair. "On thee, Theresa, for thou hast fixed an indelible stain upon my noble line of ancestry, never to be washed away; upon thy fair-faced elder son, if such he be, for he is the first proof of its disgrace; upon this second-sighted dreamer, Waldorf, for he has circumvented me; upon yon sleeping child, son of the emperor —— No, I cannot curse a sleeping child! He is in the arms of the Deity, now that he is slumbering, and therefore guarded from all injury: but on thee, young faithless one — with an angel's face, a demon's heart, with all the frigid calculation of old age and avarice, in a bosom of such snowy whiteness — on thee, Eva of Scagonvold, rest the bitterest curse I can leave thee, the full completion of thine own most mercenary desires! Thou shalt marry thy English noble. So farewell; I go to my own cottage, and may find a way yet to reach you all!"

"Father," cried Theresa, "go not to-night!" but he was gone ere she could repeat her entreaty.

"Waldorf," said the duchess to me a few days afterwards, "this late explanation has placed me in a very awkward situation with regard to my sovereign. He has permitted me, much against his inclination, to accompany Eva to England, that I might be present at her nuptials. What can I say to him on my return? How account for the sudden breaking off of this match?"

"There seems to me no difficulty, dear lady," I answered. "The baroness has selected another husband; his

majesty must know that women are sometimes capricious. Let her have her English nobleman, and Leopold will be fully satisfied: beautiful as she is, I reject her!"

"But how can that be done, my lord?" said the duchess. "We are your guests; she is the guest of one who might have wedded her, if so it had pleased him: she cannot be allowed by you to reside under this roof to celebrate a marriage with another!"

"And why not, your grace?" inquired I. "Allow me to act as if I were the brother to this fair young lady, although her apathy and cold calculation has taken from me all wish to bear a dearer title. Invite Lord Preston hither, if she approve; and the preparations that have been made on account of Albert and herself, can serve to honour her nuptials with her new lover."

"What a strange changing world this is!" said Theresa. "But be it as you recommend, all will be for the best."

Lord Preston, who had been so suddenly struck with the extreme loveliness of Eva in the Park, was a man full forty-five years of age, and not of very prepossessing appearance; but then he had twenty thousand a-year, and promised handsome settlements. He talked, too, of the diamonds in his family, that were equal, at least, to the queen-dowager's; so not much time was lost in the arrangements. The lawyers soon completed their task, and I had the honour, with an unchanging countenance, of giving away the hand of Eva, baroness Scagonvold, in my own private chapel, to Lord Preston; yet experiencing, all the while, the most complicated sensations. Her extreme beauty on this day made me feel somewhat of regret; then there was some share of resentment, that she could so easily relinquish all chance of my own hand when my anger was passed away; and there was a secret dread that I might even yet be subjected to severe temptations with regard to this witching, but most fickle girl. I remembered what I had read, and trembled; I really felt relief when, after a most splendid banquet, to which all the neighbouring gentry were invited, I saw her drive off, most elegantly attired, in her carriage-and-four, by the side of her not youthful but ill-favoured bridegroom. That

night I read, for more than four hours, in the "Devil's Diary," to take off part of the *ennui* I endured; for, in spite of my reason and my principal, the remembrance of the young Eva clung round my senses. "I might have married her," I said, megalitally, "but, from high chivalric notions, I have rejected her. Who has thanked me for the sacrifice? Not Albert; so simple-minded and so pure is he, that he gave no praise to what he considered the straightforward course of my own natural delicacy and propriety. I had found a flaw in my jewel, and it was prized no longer. I had discovered her unworthiness, and had dismissed her from my heart. He knew not, he could not imagine, the coarse propensities of my inferior nature, the mere animal grossness that pervaded the being of his brother."

Thus did I read during the night after Eva's departure, for Albert was invisible—shut up in his own apartment. It was the sequel of the story of a young monk named Thomaso, I had begun before, famous all his life for his piety, chastity, and excessive learning—the Catholic saint of that name.

* * * *

"He had retired to the monastery of Le Trappe to shield himself, he thought, from my temptations. He had submitted, without a murmur, to the severe rules of that brotherhood;—silence, abstinence, nightly watching, and self-flagellation, had been imposed upon him; his shirt was of horse-hair, bristling and tormenting; his couch hard, his drink only water, his occupation digging his own grave; yet even there, within it, with his spade and mattock in his hand, did I suggest to him the thoughts of one he had before seen; the image of Victorine di Sarsi, such as she appeared to him the evening before he had taken his vows.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" exclaimed Thomaso, forgetting his vow of silence as the beautiful idea grew upon him; and he sat himself down in the bottom of that grave he was digging, to try to forget that fair young girl, with alabaster bosom and bright hair, that still pervaded his fancy.

"Is it a sin to think upon an angel?" argued Thomaso with himself; or, rather, I gave him the notion thus to excuse himself for dwelling on the fascinating remembrance.

"Why were these feelings given to us," continued Thomaso, "if they are thus to be bruised and annihilated? Annihilate! impossible. Whilst I live, that fair and lovely form will pursue me! She had such melting eyes; such a downcast, modest look; yet her blushes spoke so plainly, that she could have loved me!

"Could!" continued Thomaso, musing, and plunging into deeper abstraction; "there could be no mistake in those soft, stolen glances. Victorine di Sarsi does love Thomaso!

"Why did I complete my vows with this conviction?" still pondered the youthful monk, in the half-excavated grave; and the evening vesper-bell was not heard by Thomaso; he had given way, and lost ground every moment.

Search was made by the brotherhood, and severe penalty adjudged to him for the omission. He cared not for the punishment, he thought only of the cause of it.

"You must go to-morrow and fetch bread for the community," said the superior to Thomaso. He inclined his head, and the next day set off; an ass, with empty panniers, accompanied him, and a purse of gold was put into his girdle.

"How far can an ass travel in a day?" said Thomaso to himself, as he journeyed on towards the nearest town. "If I could but see her once more, I should be content for life! What falsehood can I invent as an excuse for going to B——, instead of the town of S——? Oh, that can soon be settled on my return!" and Thomaso made the ass gallop all the way to B——, an obscure village in the middle of the Alps: the father of Victorine was the pastor there.

Victorine di Sarsi was milking her goats in a little pasture as he arrived: she was pale and pensive.

"Stand still, Thomaso — beloved Thomaso!" said she to the goat she then sat near. "Will you, too, leave me?"

In a moment she was in Thomaso's arms; but the poor girl knew her lover was now a monk; that he had just professed, and therefore she did her best to avoid him.

"Victorine, I love you to madness!" said the monk.

"Ah, why did you not tell me so before?" said the pure and simple-

hearted girl. "Why did you fly from the lawful dictates of nature, to shut up yourself in a monastery? Now it is sinful even for you to think of me. Leave me, Thomaso — leave me; it is sinful!"

"Sinful!" cried Thomaso, clasping the struggling maiden in his athletic arms; "who can dream of sin in thy presence?"

"Thomaso, dear Thomaso! you cannot marry me! you have put an everlasting barrier between us; you surely would not deprive me of my innocence? Have mercy on me!" And the illfated Victorine fainted in his arms.

The excited monk bore his victim to a distant cavern, and there perpetrated a dreadful crime against the vows of his order, and the helpless victim of his brutal passion. The ass was forgotten during this scene, and found its way back to the monastery of Le Trappe, where, like the one belonging to the prophet Balaam in old time, it brayed at the convent-gate, and told the porter thereof that he was returned alone, that his panniers were empty, and that the young recluse, Thomaso, was missing. Immediate search was made all round that quarter of the Alps for their absent brother by the sorrowing monks, for he whom they now mourned was esteemed the ornament of their order from his apparent sanctity and rigid attention to the rules of the establishment. Then he had endowed the convent with his large possessions, and would, from his high connexions and exemplary conduct (to the outward eye) rise, no doubt, one day to be their superior. He had been a hypocrite from his boyhood, and this I, the prince of darkness, knew full well. There are many such!

Pitiful was it to hear the moans of the hapless Victorine; her former love for Thomaso was turned into the deepest hatred for the injuries he had heaped upon her. She refused to be comforted, would neither eat nor drink, though her cruel lover had, with the money that was in his girdle to purchase necessities for the convent, gone secretly at night to procure for her use the whitest cakes, the purest milk, and grapes of the finest flavour. She turned from them and him with loathing.

"Perjured one, give me back my innocence!" was all that came from

her lips, as, like a bruised lily, she lay at the extremity of the cavern, her long, bright hair, concealing her face, and outraged, agonised bosom.

"What can be done with this wretched girl?" murmured Thomaso to himself; "her reproaches cut me to the heart; I cannot endure to look upon her misery; I feel that I have offended her past forgiveness; her pure love is turned into the most inextinguishable hate. Can I leave her to perish here alone?"

It was now again my time to whisper another suggestion in the ears of the ravisher, and sophistry is ever at my command.

"Her happiness is gone for ever," I whispered into the deep recesses of his soul; "she hates, she loathes thee! She will denounce thee if she lives; thou wilt be execrated and buried alive for thy crime towards her in the face of all thy brothers, and for what purpose? Thy victim can no longer have a moment's peace, or shew her dishonoured face again amongst her companions. It is better for her that *she should die*, than live unhappy and disgraced; then, Thomaso, when she is gone, thy reputation will be saved! Thou canst return to thy convent, invent some plausible excuse of having had a trance of high beatitude, or vision worthy to be recorded in the archives of thy house. Thou wilt be made the abbot, and perhaps be canonised!"

* * * * *

"Take this bunch of purple grapes, dear Victorine," said Thomaso, approaching with a stealthy step the unfortunate beauty extended on the ground. Near her was an opening to a sullen, subterraneous stream; it seemed a pit dark and unwholesome, only shewing here and there glimpses of its nearly stagnant waters, and then disappearing under rocks and mountains.

"You must be faint, dear love," he continued; drink of this goat's-milk, it came from thy father's flock."

"Then curses on you for offering it to me, base ravisher!" exclaimed Victorine, raising for a moment her head from the dust, irritated to frenzy by his naming her father, and her own dear goats, whilst she felt so humiliated, so debased. "Add not insult to my wrongs! Leave me here to die! I wish, I long to be at peace."

"Dost thou really wish it?" inquired Thomaso, with a sardonic tone

of voice; "*then have thy wish!*" and, seizing the slender, yet rounded form, of the hapless Victorine in his powerful arms, he dropped her down into the black waters of that unsearchable and underground river. One feeble shriek was all that met his ears, and all was silent; she was borne along by the slow, dark current, beneath the giant rocks and mountains through which that sullen stream had found itself a way. Thomaso watched the last float of her drapery, as she disappeared,—the last ringlet of her long fair hair, as he faintly perceived it borne along by the unpying tide!

"It is most horrible!" exclaimed the young monk, sinking upon the ground; "but it was a necessary deed! She is now at rest —"

"*What thou wilt never be!*" I instantly said, from the secret depths within his bosom; and the groan that came instantly from Thomaso was as the sweetest music to my own most wretched being. I had another partner in undying misery, and I had assisted in his fall!

A sound of voices was heard without the cavern. Some of the monks had traced footsteps to the cavern; they were those of a man with wooden sandals: no woman's track was there, —for Victorine had been carried thither. They explored it, and, lying on the margin of that haunted stream, they discovered the object of their search lying inanimate,—for sense had failed him at the first sting of his awakened conscience. The monks perceived not the grapes, the bread, the milk; they only saw Thomaso, as they thought expiring, and they bore him home, and attended to him with the greatest care. He recovered, and very shortly was elected their superior,—for he related to them, by my aid, such wonders of what he had beheld during his absence from the convent, such visions and such prophecies, that the pope, on hearing them, sent for him, and soon allowed to him the honours of a saint. He was afterwards made a cardinal, and would have arisen to the papal dignity, but that he beheld at church that day a fair woman, with long hair, who opposed his progress, and he died in a fit, on the steps of the altar, that very hour.

* * * * *

As I finished this extract from "*The Devil's Diary*," my thoughts wandered

incessantly to Eva, the new-made bride of that old and unpleasant-looking English noble. Instead of feeling disgust and abomination at the depravity of the monk Thomaso, my imagination dwelt only on the success of his brutal passion. Instead of mourning over the fate of the ill-treated and murdered Victorine, I felt, I am ashamed to say it, a sort of joy that the perpetrator of such crimes had escaped with impunity, and had assumed the cardinal's hat and the highest honours.

"I have no doubt he was no worse than his fellows," argued I. "Who is there that can judge of the iniquity that is performed in secret by those who appear to walk the earth as angels? To keep a fair outside is all that can be expected of us poor frail and erring-creatures." This Lord Preston, now the legal possessor of one of the loveliest female forms that ever bore the name of woman, would not be injured, I argued, by suffering me to share his privileges, supposing that he knew it not,—that the world stigmatised him not with a term of ridicule! "He deserves his fate for presuming to appropriate to himself a being so supremely beautiful; he must feel he has no right by nature to such transcendent charms. They might have been my own, but for my stupid fastidiousness! She looked at me as she never looked at him: she may still be mine."

"I want to see Eva, mamma, my own dear Eva," said the child Leopold to Theresa, a few days after the union of the young baroness with Lord Preston. "She used to play with me, and sing to me pretty songs, and let me twist about her pretty hair, just as I liked. When will Eva come home?"

"She is gone to her home, Leopold," answered his mother, taking him on her knee; "she will never return to you and me."

"Then I will go to her," promptly exclaimed the boy; "I know she will be glad to see me. I can ride there like a man, and Waldorf shall go too; he will take care of me."

"Undoubtedly I will," said I, with much animation; for I was delighted with the thought of making the child an excuse for my paying an immediate visit to Lord and Lady Preston, even in the midst of their honeymoon.

"Beware, Waldorf!" whispered Albert to me, struck with my excited manner, and anxious desire to follow

Eva to her husband's country residence. "Resist temptation," my beloved brother! she is unworthy of us both. Banish her beauties from your thought; seek a mistress who loves you for yourself alone, and not your gold and acres. Let me not have to mourn over your fall from virtue, which is beyond all price. She is the wife of another; invade not another's rights."

"When shall we set off, dear Waldorf?" persisted the child. "Mamma, may I not go and see dear Eva?"

"Yes, certainly, if Waldorf will accompany you," said his mother. "It is too soon for me to intrude upon her after her marriage."

"Let me take my little brother, then," urged Albert vehemently, even with tears. Of course, my mother will think him safe with me. Waldorf, do not go!"

"Settle it between yourselves," said the duchess, smiling; "but I suppose this little fond creature must be indulged by one of you."

"Waldorf shall go," said Leopold, seizing my hand, "because he loves Eva best."

There was a look of inexpressible agony passed over the countenance of Albert as the child said this; and I thought, but I deceived myself, that I could well interpret its meaning. I recollected that my brother had once before nearly perished, from his concealed passion to that seductive, yet light-minded girl. Instead of pity for him, I felt angry that Albert should dare to retain his love for one now the object of my unhallowed thoughts. "The tempter" was, indeed, most powerfully at work within me.

"Go not near Eva more!" urged the plaintive voice of Albert; "you will repent it with bitter anguish!"

I stood a moment irresolute; there was a warning voice within me which seconded that of my brother's. "You will repent it with bitter anguish!" was echoed again and again to me from the chambers of the mind; but "the tempter" was too powerful. "I will see her once more," thought I, "and then accompany the duchess and her youngest son to Germany. Albert shall be nominal master here, and enjoy my property; but I will not give up this opportunity of seeing this bewitching girl once more;" and, hardening myself against the appealing looks of my brother, I set off the next morning

in my carriage with the child,—it being too far for him to ride on horseback, as he asked to do; we had a distance to go of nearly fifty miles.

When we arrived at his seat, we heard that Lord Preston was out hunting with his own fine pack of foxhounds; indeed we often had heard them baying as we approached, and once caught a sight of the whole gay equestrians in their scarlet coats, and the numerous farmers and the boors who had fallen in in the chase of the unfortunate fox, who had ran to cover; but we were not near enough to discern the person of the lordly master of those hounds, now in full cry, with the whipper-in, and grooms at their rear.

Lady Preston, the bride, they informed us, was in the grounds, walking alone; she had taken out a book and a beautiful Italian greyhound for her companions. They directed us towards a hermitage, which they said was a favourite retreat of their lady. Leopold and I set off in search of her.

"Let us surprise her, if we can," said I, softly, to the child, when we perceived her white drapery enter the hermitage at a distance. "Let us go round, and then, Leopold, you shall creep slyly in by the side of the grotto, as she is reading, whilst I stay concealed without; if you can, reach her very feet before you speak to her. The boy laughed, and promised compliance to my little device, and I stationed myself amongst some shrubs at the entrance of the grotto.

"This is sad work!" exclaimed Eva to herself, sighing, and throwing aside her book. "I can never long endure this life! A bridegroom of a week or so, leaving his lady alone to follow the hounds! I might have known my fate in marrying an Englishman. Heigho! I have played my cards amiss, in suffering the young and handsome Waldorf to slip through my fingers. Even his pale and sentimental brother, were he what he appears to be, would have been better than this Nimrod. Blessed Virgin! from whence came this beloved child? Leopold, my heart's darling! how came you here?"

"I wanted to see you, Eva," cried the lovely boy, throwing his arms round her neck. "Why did you leave me and my beautiful mamma, to go off with that ugly English lord? Do come home again."

"I wish I could, dear, Leopold! But who brought you here? Is the duchess, my royal mistress, come also?"

"Only Waldorf, who loves you so very dearly!" said the child; "he longs to see you, so I would make him come. Albert tried to prevent him,—but——"

"Is the baron here, then?" said Eva, colouring very high, and looking around.

"Yes, beloved one!" answered I, "and at your feet." For a few moments, she suffered me to embrace her knees, and press her hands in mine, regardless of the presence of the child. I, too, forgot all but her surprising loveliness.

"Are you happy, Eva?" asked I, tenderly looking up into her bewitching eyes, kneeling before her.

"How dare you ask that question, cruel Waldorf?" answered she, reproachfully. "It was you who forced me into the arms of a coarse and vulgar English boor, with no nobility belonging to him but his name,—you, who have now twice given me up."

"But will not relinquish you the third time, Eva," I exclaimed passionately. "Leave this detested Nimrod to his hounds. Would that they might devour him. Fly with me to Germany, and bless me again with your love!"

"Yes, Eva," said Leopold, not comprehending in the least the tenour of my words, only that I wanted her to go back with us to Germany; "yes, we are come on purpose to fetch you. Mamma will be so delighted to see you, and Albert too. Do you love Albert, Eva?"

A deep blush overspread her lovely features at this *mal-à-propos* question of the child.

"Do you love Albert, Eva?" I repeated, looking up into the very depths of her eyes, as I still knelt at her feet. "That document of mine," I murmured, "assured me that you preferred him to me; so, in a fit of generosity, I gave you up,—relinquished her I adored, to save the life of a beloved brother. Since then I have become bewildered: he loves you not."

"What document do you speak of, Waldorf?" inquired Eva, anxiously.

"The Devil's Diary," answered I; "it tells me that you—but it cannot be—were formed to be my greatest bane,—my strongest temptation."

Eva laughed at this remark of mine,

loud and shrill. I liked not that wild, strange laugh, nor at that moment the expression of her eyes ; she seemed conscious that they were betraying what they should not, for she put up one of her fair hands, and covered them.

"I am sleepy," said the young boy ; "Eva, let me lie down upon your lap," and his head sank on her bosom : in a few moments he was in profound slumber.

"I will lay him down upon our wooden hermit's couch," said Eva, carelessly. "See, Waldorf, there is one in yonder corner, made of moss and leaves ; he can repose there whilst we chat here a little ;" and she bore the child in her arms towards the rustic pallet, drawing off her own blue scarf from her snowy shoulders at the same time, to shade him, as she said, from gnats, and the last beams of the setting sun, that darted into the furthest corner of this sylvan recess.

There was something in the whole manner of Lady Preston that gave me again an involuntary disgust ; it was the second time I had ever felt such towards her. There was an indelicacy, a forwardness, in her remaining with me, an avowed and lawless lover, after the child had fallen asleep ; there was an air of coquetry, also, in divesting herself and her beauties of her scarf, that before veiled them from my bold eyes. I clasped her in my arms, and she promised that evening that she would be mine.

"Then you have ever loved me, beautiful Eva," said I, before we left the hermitage, in answer to her protestations of undying regard. "Tell me, then—for it has often puzzled me—why did you consent to marry Albert, at the cottage on the borders of the Rhine ? You gave me up for him without a sigh."

"And is it possible, my own beloved Waldorf," exclaimed Eva, caressing me, "that you are still the dupe of Albert's romantic fancy ? I have kept the secret long enough ; but since you reproach me with my conduct towards that mysterious being, I will do so no longer."

"Secret !" cried I, alarmed I knew not wherefore ; "what secret could there be that Albert kept from his brother Waldorf ?"

"Theresa, the duchess of St. Almar,

will explain it all," said Lady Preston ; "but I hear now the echoing horns of Lord Preston's returning cavalcade,—worse than the war-whoop of the wild Indian to my ears. Take up the child, dear Waldorf : give me, first, the scarf, and let us return by this short track, through the plantations, to the house, and we shall be there before them."

I obeyed in silence. Oh, how much of the peerless beauty she once possessed, I thought, has this lady lost, since she has so little regard for her virtue.

Lord Preston welcomed us heartily. It was told him that the boy Leopold pined to see again his former playmate, and that the duchess had requested me to indulge his affectionate wish, which I had with much pleasure acquiesced in.

"And how is that splendid woman, the German duchess ?" inquired Lord Preston ; "and that fair creature, too, you have all nicknamed Albert ! Upon my word, young baron, you have an excellent taste in female beauty. Had I not beheld this fair lady previously, I think I should have entered the lists against you, for the chance of possessing the most (pardon me, my Lady Preston)—the second most—beautiful women in the world."

I sat like one stupefied ; and again I heard from the lips of Eva that peculiar shrill, wild laugh, which was so discordant to my ears : she looked to me then like a demon.

"There is nothing like a thoroughbred Englishman for scenting out a fine woman," exclaimed Lord Preston, joining in the laugh, but in a more boisterous manner than his lady. "Surely, my lord baron, it is not good taste to confine those exquisitely moulded limbs of hers in the clumsy habiliments of our sex ! 'Tis true she always wears, since I have seen her, a suitout, or Polish pelisse ; yet, still, the boddice and full-flowing petticoat, my lord, would shew her off to much more advantage."

"Lord Preston," said I, feeling my lips quiver, and my hands getting extremely cold, "let me conjure you to be serious with me ; and you, too, Eva—Lady Preston, I mean—trifle not with my intense anxiety at this moment. Are you not both playing upon my credulity ? Know you, certainly, then, that the being I believe to be my half-brother, Albert, is indeed a female ?"

"Know it !" exclaimed Lord Pres-

ton; "why who could want a second glance to be assured of it? I detected it in the very first interview, and sent her from the room blushing celestial, rosy red, at my rude survey of her exquisite little person."

"Know it!" repeated Eva, with an air of triumph, she tried vainly to conceal; "why she has confessed it to me a hundred times, and enjoined me, by all a woman holds dear on earth, to respect her secret. The duchess, too: laid her commands upon me; she has her private reasons. It was love for Waldorf that caused this seeming Albert to put on that disguise when but a mere child, which her scheming grandfather, Siward, eagerly consented to; he, too, had his reasons. It was love of Waldorf which made her languish, and nearly die, when she believed he was so enamoured of a certain German lady, who shall be nameless, that he proposed to marry her, when he had no other fortune but his sword to offer her. It was love to Waldorf that made her prefer his happiness to her own in a thousand instances, and delight to call him by the endearing name of brother."

"Is she not my father's child, then?" asked I, gasping for breath, whilst a thousand recollections came upon me.

"No, my lord baron," said Lady Preston, very coldly, and methought maliciously, "that honour is reserved for me. I have confessed to Lord Preston all. I am the natural daughter of Theresa, duchess of Almar, and of the late Baron von S——, your honorable ancestor."

"Who, then, is Albert?" I groaned aloud,—“who that angel who has been my companion, my adviser, my better self,—who has loved me with seraphic love?"

"She is a child, also, of the fair but frail Theresa," answered the now disgusting Eva. "She was born two years preceding me, and claims an

English father; you may see that by the extreme delicacy of her complexion. Madame, the duchess, has a few frailties to repent of, you see, though my mother." There was a buzz and murmur now in the outer hall as Eva pronounced the last words; and, supported by the upper servants, was led in, pale and faint, the very being of whom we had been speaking. She fell, exhausted, at my feet, and, holding up her hands towards me, cried aloud,—

"Have I arrived too late? Oh, Waldorf, have I saved thee from the commission of a dreadful crime? She is thy sister, Waldorf! Theresa has just confessed it to me. She, and Siward, and this too lovely lady, have been in league with the powers of darkness to destroy thee. I have travelled after thee in haste, and unattended, to warn thee of thy danger. Am I too late? I must speak, dear Waldorf, even in the presence of Lord Preston,—for life is waning fast. Avoid, as thou wouldst eternal destruction, the wiles of Eva of Seagonvold. Say, hast thou fallen into her snares?"

"Angel of purity and loveliness!" cried I, raising the slender form of Albert in my arms, and clasping her to my bosom, "why was I not informed of thy disguise? why kept in ignorance of thy sex and thy affection? I am thine, beloved one! thine, thine only."

"Then I die happy, Waldorf," said the lovely creature, clinging to me; "I may own in death what in life I never should have spoken. Be virtuous, my own, my second half, and we shall meet again."

In another moment my arms encompassed a form which had no vitality within it! The angelic spirit of her who loved so purely, that it was buried in the depths of her being, was fled to her own bright abode; and I am left, indeed, *alone!*

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN.

No. VI.

MENIPPUS; OR, THE NECYOMANTIA.

[MENIPPUS, Lucian's favourite buffoon character, is sent, in parody of Ulysses's famous descent, to consult Tiresias, in the infernal regions. On returning, bedecked in the guise of the heroes who had formerly visited those realms, he is met by a friend, who interrogates him as to the particulars of his journey. The opening speeches of Menippus are from Euripides or Homer, sometimes slightly parodied. The authenticity of this dialogue has been questioned, but we think on no just ground. It has all the characteristics of Lucian—for the easy style, the perpetual references to Homer and the tragedians, the small range of satire directed against the philosophers and the rich, the jesting with the pagan mythology, and its machinery of the infernal world, the feeling of doubt and perplexity as to the great question of life and death, with many minuter touches—such as the absence of any notice of contemporary events, the constant recurrence to Cyrus, Cræsus, Midas, and other commonplace objects of Greek wit or spite, the scoffs at Philip, Xerxes, Darius, &c.,—all mark his hand. It is a pity that he, an Asiatic of Samosata, did not take this or some other opportunity of giving us sketches of Oriental life and manners in his time. Mithrobarzanes and his incantations are graphic enough in their way; but we should have willingly resigned Charon, and Pluto, and the other inmates of the Grecian hell, for a description of what were really the rites, superstitions, magic arts, or demons, of a disciple of Zoroaster—a fireworshipper-priest in the second century. We should consider even the barbarous and polysyllabic names, which Lucian disdains to repeat, an acceptable exchange for parodies on the *Odyssey*. But that would have been contrary to what at Athens was voted *taste*.]

MENIPPUS, *returning home, is met by PHILONIDES.*

Menippus. "All hail, my hall! all hail, my household door!
Joyful I see ye now in light once more."

Philonides. Is this not Menippus, the cynic dog?

No other, if I don't mistake the tribe:—

The very Menippus. But what can mean

This garb unwonted, lion's skin, and cap,

And lyre? I must approach him. Menippus,
I greet thee! Whence hast come to visit here?

'Tis now some time since thou hast in the city
Made thine appearance.

Men. "Hither have I come,
Leaving the haunts of death, and gates of gloom,
Where Hades far from heaven has fired its home."^a

Phil. O Hercules! has Menippus been dead,
Unknown to us, and now again revived?

Men. "No; Hades me received while yet alive."^b

Phil. What caused this wonderful and novel visit?

Men. "Youth urged me on, and boldness more than youth."^b

Phil. Leave off, my friend, this strain of tragedy,

And, stepping down from thine iambics, tell me,

What means this garb? what urged thee to a journey
Not mostly deemed desirable or pleasant?

Men. "Need, my good friend, my steps to Hades led,
To meet the spirit of Tiresias dead."

Phil. Why, thou'rt stark mad, thus beyond measure venting
These rhapsodies on a friend!

Men. Not so; but fresh

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From meeting Homer and Euripides,
I'm filled, I know not how, with verse; and numbers
Visit my lips spontaneous. But inform me,
How go on things on earth, and what in town
Are people doing?

Phil. Just the same as ever. 30

There's nothing new; they still are plundering, perjuring,
Lending on hire, and weighing the very farthings.^c

Men. Unhappy men, born under evil demon,
They do not know what late has been ordained
I' th' nether world, and how by show of hands
Have such decrees against the wealthy passed,
That they've no chance, by Cerberus, of escape. 35

Phil. What! have the powers below been making laws
Of late about the matters of this world?

Men. They have, by Jove! and many; but I dare not
Utter what passed there, nor reveal their secrets,
Lest some informer should 'fore Rhadamanthus
Indict me for impiety. 40

Phil. Nay, for Jove's sake,
Grudge not this knowledge to a friend,—to one
Who knows to hold his tongue, and who, besides,
Has been initiate. 45

Men. 'Tis a hard request,
By no means safe withal; but for thy sake
I venture. It is then decreed that rich
And wealth-abounding men, who keep their gold
Shut up like Danae—

Phil. Nay, my friend, before
Thou tellest me this decree, explain me all
I wish so much to know. What was the cause
Of thy descent to hell, and who thy guide?
And all in regular order, what thou there
Hast seen and heard; for 'tis not probable
That such a virtuous traveller^d
Neglected aught worthy of sight or hearing. 50

Men. In this, too, I must gratify thee; for
What can one do when pressed so by a friend?
First I shall tell thee of my state of mind,
And what impelled me to go down. At school,
In boyhood, when I heard how Homer told,
And Hesiod, of the tumults and wars,
Not of mere demigods, but even among
The gods themselves; ay, and adulteries, 65
Rapines, and violence, and suits, and trials,
And beating out of sires, and marriages
Of sisters unto brothers; why, by Hercules!
I thought these things most fine and excellent,
And felt, I own, no trifling fancy towards them. 70
But when my days of manhood came, I found
Laws laying down the very contrary
Of what the poets sang,—adultery,
And violence, and tumult—all forbidden:
So that I stood in much perplexity, 75
Not knowing how my conduct I should shape.
I could not think adultery or sedition
Intestine 'mong themselves the gods would practise,
Unless they judged such things were virtuous;
Nor yet that legislators should enact 80
Laws to forbid such doings, had not they
Thought such a course conduced to general good.
Being in this doubt, it came into my head

To follow those so-called philosophers, 'Into their hands to place myself, and beg them To use me as they pleased, and point me out Some steady and consistent path of life. So thinking, I approached their schools, not knowing I leaped but from the frying-pan to the fire ; *	85
For soon, on observation, I discovered Especial ignorance, and greater puzzling' Among these teachers, quite enough to shew me That when compared them, the lives of plain, Unlettered men ' was golden. For example : One taught that pleasure was the primal object —	90
The one thing to be sought in every case, It being the <i>summum bonum</i> ; * while another Preached up the praise of toil, laborious life ; Keeping the body squalid, and in rags ; Of being morose to all, and ever scolding ; Chanting forth still the far-famed lines of Hesiod, Of " virtue," and of " sweat," and " climbing up The summit of the mountain." One would teach Contempt of riches, holding their possession A matter of indifference. On the contrary ;	95
A fourth would prove that riches was a good. What shall I say upon the theories They held about the world ; I, who have heard Ideas, incorporeals, atoms, voids, And a like rabble of words, day after day, Banded in controversy ? And among all These gross absurdities, the most absurd It was to find that each of them, disputing On opposite opinions, could adduce Triumphant reasons to support his side ;	100
So that I dared not contradict the sage Who said the thing was hot, nor him who held That it was cold, though I could clearly feel The same thing could not at the same time be Both cold and hot. So I became at last Like a man dozing, nodding with my head, Now backward and now forward. But still worse, And, above all, ridiculous, I found, On close inspection, that their course of life Was in strict contradiction to their precepts.	105
Them, who advised contempt of wealth, I saw Holding their money close, disputing rates Of usance, for their lessons taking hire, Enduring any thing for sake of gain. I saw the men who bade us spurn at glory, Directing all their efforts to obtain it ; And almost all inveighing against pleasure, But in their private lives pursuing it, Though publicly abused. In this hope baffled, I felt the more chagrined, but with this comfort, That in the company of many, and sage, Men much cried up for wisdom, I was wandering Devoid of sense, and ignorant of the truth.	110
As I lay sleepless with these cares, methought I best should go to Babylon to beseech Some of the Magi, Zoroaster's pupils, And in his schools successors ; for I heard That they, by charms and incantations, could Open the gates of Hades, and lead safely Whom they pleased thither, and bring back again.	115
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I thought it, therefore, best if I could strike
 With some of them a bargain, and descend
 To counsel with Tiresias, the Bœotian,
 To learn from him (being both a sage and prophet) 150
 What life was best, such as a man right thinking
 Would for himself select. So starting up
 I made for Babylon with all my speed ;
 And there I with a wise Chaldæan met,
 Skilled in divining arts. His head was hoary,
 And from his chin hung down a reverend beard, 155
 His name Mithrobarzanes. Earnest prayer
 With difficulty won him to consent,
 That for whatever price he chose to ask,
 He would conduct me down. Taking me then
 In charge, he first, for nine-and-twenty days, 160
 Commencing with the moon, in the Euphrates
 Bathed me at dawn, turned towards the rising sun,
 He muttering all the while a lengthened charm,
 Which I could scarcely hear ; for like a herald^h
 Who mumbles at the games, with indistinct 165
 And rapid speech he spoke, but I conjectured
 He was invoking demons. After that,
 The incantation over, in my face
 Three times he spat, and led me back again,
 Not looking upon any one we met. 170
 Acorns our food ; our drink was only milk,
 Or mead, or water from Choaspes' stream ;¹
 We couched upon the grass, beneath the sky.
 These previous ceremonies duly done,
 At midnight to the Tigris was I taken, 175
 For fit purgation, and due lustral rites ;
 There I was sanctified with torch and squill,
 And many a thing besides—he, in meanwhile,
 Murmuring his charm, and then with magic art
 Bewizarding me wholly,* and around 180
 Walking in circuit to protect me safe
 From spectres, homeward we returned, on foot
 Journeying as I was. The time remaining
 Was spent in preparations for our voyage.
 A magic garment he put on, in fashion 185
 The Median garb resembling. As for me,
 He decked me as thou seest, in lion's skin
 And cap, and with this lyre besides, desiring
 That, if my name were asked, I should by no means
 Say Menippus, but answer Hercules,¹ 190
 Or Orpheus, or Ulysses.

Phil. Why is this ?

I can't divine the reason of the dress,
 Or of these names.

Men. The reason's evident,

And no forbidden mystery. As those heroes
 Had gone, before us, living men to Hades, 195
 He thought, if he could pass me in their likeness,
 I could more easily deceive the watch
 Of Æacus, and back return without
 Hind'rance or molestation, as appearing
 In old-accustomed fashion, by my dress 200
 Suffered to pass through in right tragic mode.
 Now dawned the day, and, for the river-side
 Departing, we prepared to sail. A skiff,
 Victims, and mead, and all things necessary
 For the mysterious voyage, were ready there. 205

When all was placed on board, we too embarked,
"In sorrowing wise, pouring the copious tear."^m
 For some time we were waited on the stream;
 And then we reached the marsh and lake in which
 Euphrates disembogues. This too we crossed, 210
 And gained a desert, woody, sunless land.
 There disembarking (old Mithrobarzanes
 Leading the way), we dug the pit, and slew
 The sheep, and sprinkled with their blood the trench.
 Meanwhile the Magus, with a lighted torch, 215
 No longer now in bated breath, but loud
 As he could stretch his voice, at once proceeded
 Dæmons, and Pains, and Furies, to invoke,
*"And mighty Hecate, and Proserpine dread;"*ⁿ
 With other names obscure and barbarous, 220
 Of many a syllable. Then, in a trice,
 All round began to shake, and by the charm
 The earth was burst asunder, and the howl
 Of Cerberus baying from afar was heard:—
 It was a grim and terrible affair. 225
"Aidoneus, king of Ghosts, trembled below,"^o
 And most of hell was visible—the lake,
 And Pyriphlegethon, and Pluto's palace.
 Descending through the yawning chasm, we there
 Found Rhadamanthus almost dead with terror. 230
 Cerberus barked at first, and shook his tail;
 But, on the instant, as I struck my lyre,
 Lulled by the melody, he fell asleep.
 But, when we reached the lake, we could not cross;
 The boat was full, and crowded all with wailing. 235
 In it sailed wounded men,—one in the thigh,
 Another in the head, a third elsewhere
 Crushed by a blow: it seemed to me they all
 Had been engaged in battle. But when Charon—
 Excellent fellow!—saw the lion's skin, 240
 Thinking me Hercules, he took me aboard,
 Willingly ferried us across, and pointed
 Our road on landing. Then Mithrobarzanes
 Went first: I followed, holding him from behind,
 Until we came into a spreading meadow, 245
 Thick set with asphodel, while all around us
 Hovered the shrieking shades. A little further
 Making our progress, at the judgment-seat
 Of Minos we arrived. And there he sate
 Upon a lofty throne; close by him standing 250
 Were Tortures, Pains, and Furies. Opposite
 Came, led in rank, bound in a lengthened chain,
 A host of culprits; they were said to be
 Adulterers, bawds, publicans, parasites,
 Common informers, and that sort of folk 255
 Who breed disturbance in affairs of life.
 Apart from them, the rich were led to judgment,—
 The pale, pot-bellied, gouty usurers,—
 Each bowed beneath a neck-yoke, and a crow
 Weighing two talents. We stood by, and saw 260
 And heard their pleadings. Their accusers were
 Of strange and marvellous nature.

Phil.

In the name

Of Jove, who were they? Do not grudge to tell me.

Men. Know'st thou the shadows which our bodies cast
 When opposite the sun?

Phil.

Of course I do.

265

Men. Well, when we die, these shadows come to charge us,
 To testify against us, and bear witness
 Of all our deeds in life. Worthy of faith
 They needs must be, as holding always by,
 And never parting from ourselves. Then Minos, 270
 Carefully judging in each several case,
 Sent the condemned to the appointed mansion
 For impious shades, to suffer there the fate
 Due to their daring crimes. With special harshness
 He leant on men puffed up with wealth and honours, 275
 Who almost claimed a right of adoration,
 Scorning their short-lived pride and arrogance,
 And their forgetfulness that they were mortal,
 And with but mortal gifts endowed. And now
 Their splendid trappings doffed, their wealth, their lineage, 280
 And power, they stood, with downcast eyes, all naked,
 Awaiting judgment, in their minds revolving
 If all their former joys were but a dream.
 This seeing, in my heart I felt delight
 Beyond all measure. If I chanced to see 285
 Among them any whom I recognised,
 Near him I quietly drew me, to remind him
 How great a man he was in life,—to what
 A size he puffed himself, when, in the morning,
 A crowd stood by his gates, for his appearance 290
 Attending, thrust about, or by his lackeys
 Wholly excluded ; until he at last
 Arising on them, clad in gold and purple,
 Or particoloured robe, rendered them happy
 By stretching forth his breast or hand to kiss :— 295
 It galled them when they heard me. But one case
 Was judged with partiality by Minos ;
 'Twas that of Dionysius the Sicilian.
 By Dion he with many unholy crimes
 Was charged, which by the Stoa's testimony 300
 Were witnessed to ; but up came Aristippus,
 He of Cyrene (whom they hold in honour,
 And with much influence favour down below),
 And set him free from punishment, albeit
 He was upon the point of being tied 305
 To the Chimæra, on the plea that he
 Had been of no small use to the literati
 In money matters. Leaving the tribunal,
 We reached the place of punishment, and there
 We saw and heard many most piteous things ; 310
 We heard the sound of stripes, and the sad groans
 Of wretches burning in the flames ; we saw
 Wheels, torturing instruments, and chains. Chimæra
 Tore them in the pieces, Cerberus devoured them ;
 All in like mode were punished, king and slaves, 315
 Satraps and paupers, men of wealth and beggars,
 And all repented of their desperate crimes.
 And some we recognised who late had died,
 They hid themselves for shame, and skulked away ;
 Or if they dared to look, 'twas with a glance 320
 Servile and fawning ; they who in this life
 Had been so haughty and so insolent.
 As for the poor, half of their penalties
 Were pardoned, and an intermission given
 Between the times of punishment. I saw 325
 Names long renowned in fable,—Sisyphus,
 Ixion there, and Tantalus the Phrygian,

In evil plight,—and Tityus, son of Earth,
 O Hercules! what a size! and what a space
 Of ground his body covered as he lay! 330
 These passed, we reached the Acherusian plain,
 And there we found the demigods and heroines,
 And all the crowd of death, in wards and tribes
 Dwelling together,—ancient some, and mouldy,
 And “vanishing away,” as Homer calls^r them. 335
 But some again were fresh, of good consistence,—
 Those specially of Egypt, from their pickling.
 It was not easy to distinguish each
 From other, all alike being naked bones,—
 Requiring looking sharp to recognise; 340
 There they all lay together, low and lofty,
 Retaining nought that decked them here above.
 Gazing upon this crowd of skeletons,
 All like in aspect with their hollow looks
 And dread appearance, in my mind I felt 345
 No little doubt how to discriminate
 Between Thersites and the handsome Nireus,
 The beggar Irus and Alcinous,
 • Or the cook Pyrrhias from King Agamemnon :
 None of their former marks of recognition 350
 Remained to trace them ; all alike were bones,
 Obscure and undistinguished, nothing left
 By which we could distinguish them asunder.
 Seeing all this, I could not help comparing
 The life of mankind to a long procession, 355
 Managed and led by Fortune, who assigns
 Various and particoloured garbs to each
 Who join the train. One in a kingly style
 She decks, and dresses in a proud tiara,—
 Surrounds with body-guards, and on his head 360
 She plants a diadem ; while on another
 She sets the raiment of a slave ; to this one
 She gives the mask of beauty, and to that
 Of ugliness and ridicule the form.
 The spectacle, of course, requires variety ; 365
 And oftentimes, in the middle of the play,
 She changes dresses, not permitting some
 To play it out to the end as they began.
 For instance : stripping Cræsus, she compelled him
 To take the garment of a slave and captive ; 370
 And with Polycrates’s tyrant-robe
 Dressed up Mæandrius, erst among the servants
 Playing his part ; and, for a little while,
 Allowed him that attire. But when the time
 For ending of the drama is arrived, 375
 Each must give up his part, and with his body
 Resign his dress, and be as at the first,
 No different from his neighbour. There are some
 Who, when the manager, Fortune, standing by,
 Demands the properties, are grieved or angry, 380
 As if they were deprived of their own goods,
 And not of garments lent them but for use.
 Thou mayst have seen tragedians on the stage^a
 According as the drama needs their service—
 Now Creons, Priams, Agamemnons ; now, 385
 After in grave and noble style, portraying
 The part of Cecrops or Erectheus, sinking,
 If so the poet bids, to act a slave ;
 And when the play is over, every one

Laying off his gold-bedizened robe, and doffing
His mask, and stepping from his tragic buskins,
A poor and humble actor issues forth,
No longer Agamemnon, son of Atreus,
Or Creon of Menæcius, but by name
Polus,^t the son of Charicles of Sunium ;
Or Satyrus of Marathon, the son
Of Theogiton. • Such as I looked on,
Seemed to me human life. •

Phil. But, Menippus,
Have those who lie on earth 'neath lofty tombs,
With costly columns, statues, and inscriptions,
No greater honour than the vulgar dead?

Men. Nonsense, my friend : if thou hadst seen Mausolus —
I mean the Carian, him so much renowned
For his proud sepulchre — thou wouldst have laughed
With ceaseless laughter ; humbly thrust aside 405
Into a corner, lost amid the crowd
Of the plebeian dead ; no otherwise
Profiting from his tomb, except in being
Weighed down beneath so ponderous a load ;
For, sir, when Æacus assigns to each 410
His spot of ground — and he will at the most
Measure out but a foot — there must ye lie
Content, and cramped to fit the space allotted.
Still louder were thy laughter hadst thou seen
Satraps and kings turned beggarmen,^u perhaps 415
Selling salt fish for sustenance, or teaching
The rudiments of letters, spurned and scorned
By passers-by, and smitten on the cheek
Like vilest slaves. I scarce could hold myself
When I saw Philip, king of Macedon. 420
There he was pointed out to me in a corner,
Patching old shoes for hire ; and many more, —
Your Xerxes, Polycrates', Darii,
Alms-asking in the streets.

Phil. Strange stories these
About earth's monarchs, and scarce credible ; 425
But what do Socrates, Diogenes,
And others of the wise ?

And others of the wise :
Men. For Socrates,
 He rambles up and down arguing with all.
 He chiefly chats with Palamedes, Nestor,
 Ulysses, or some other prating ghost. 430
 His legs are still puffed up and swollen out
 After the poison. Good Diogenes
 Dwells next to Midas and Sardanapalus,
 The Phrygian and Assyrian, and some other
 Luxurious princes. When he hears them groaning 435
 Over their former fortunes, then he laughs
 In great delight ; and, mostly on his back
 Supinely stretched, he sings out in a harsh
 And tuneless voice, that drowns their sorry groans.
 He so annoys them, that they talk of changing 440
 Their quarters, quite unable to endure
 The scoffing of Diogenes.

Phil. Enough.
Now tell me the decree which thou at first
Didst mention was ordained against the rich.

Men. This is well remembered, for I know not how, 445
Though I intended to have spoken of this,
It slipped from my discourse. The officers

Called an-assembly to deliberate
 On things pertaining to the common weal ;
 So seeing many running to the place, 450
 I mixed myself among the crowd of dead,
 And joined the meeting as a member. There
 Some matters were debated, and at last
 This business of the wealthy. They were charged
 With dreadful crimes and manifold offences, 455
 Oppression, pride, injustice, arrogance ;
 And then a leader of the people rising,
 Proposed the following decree :—

DECREE.

Whereas
 The rich commit many and lawless deeds,
 Injuring the poor by violence and outrage, 460
 And in all manners treating them with scorn ;
 As it decreed, by senators and people,
 That when they die, their bodies must be punished
 Like those of other criminals ; but their souls
 Must be sent back again to life, and here 465
 Transmigrate into asses, in that form
 So to remain twenty-five myriad years,
 Passing from ass to ass, and bearing burdens
 Driven by the poor ; that period o'er, they may
 Have liberty to die. The motion's made 470
 By Skull the son of Skeleton, a native
 Of Ghostland, member of the tribe of Sapless."^
 When the decree was read, the magistrates
 Gave it their votes, the mob held up their hands,
 And Brimo bellowed forth, and Cerberus howled : 475
 So are decrees there made and ratified.
 This passed in the assembly ; then I went
 Upon my errand, and approached Tiresias ;
 I told him all my story, and I begged
 He would pronounce what mode of life was best. 480
 He laughed, and said (he is a blind old fellow,
 Little, and pale, and shrill-voiced), " Oh, my son,
 I know the cause of thy perplexity ;
 All owing to philosophers, who teach 485
 Discordant doctrines ; but I must not tell thee,
 It is forbidden here by Ithadamanthus."
 " Nay, father," said I, " speak, and don't despise me,
 Wandering still blinder than thyself through life."
 He took me then away from all the rest ;
 And, stooping to my ear, " The life," he said, 490
 " Of plain, unlearned men is best and wisest ;
 Lay, then, aside the foolish vanity
 Of musing upon things beyond thy reach ;
 And asking after ends and principles ;
 Spit upon silly syllogisms, and think 495
 Such stuff mere nonsense, and confine thy search
 To this one object,— how of the present time
 Disposing well, thou mayst run on through life,
 Laughing at most things, caring about nothing."
 " This having said, he turned again to dwell 500
 Within the meadow set with asphodel."
 Evening had now come on, and I addressed
 Mithrobarzanes. " Why should we delay ?
 We must return to life." " Courage," said he,
 " I'll point thee out a short and easy path." 505
 He took me to a place of deeper gloom,

And pointed with his hand to where a light,
 Dim and obscure, shone in as through a chink.
 "That," said he, "is Trophonius' cave, through which
 They come down from Bœotia: go through that, 510
 And in a moment thou wilt be in Greece."
 I gladly heard these words—embraced the Magus,
 And, with no little difficulty creeping
 Up through the narrow pass, I know not how
 I found myself at once in Lebadiā. 515

^a For a singular note on those lines in the original, see a very singular book, *Palæoromaica*.

^b Translated after the ordinary reading. If for *νίου*, we read *νοῦ*, the verse should run:

Youth urged me on, and boldness more than reason.

^c *Ὁβελωστατοῦσιν*. Translated *usuras colligunt* by Sir Thomas More. Our version, which is at least more verbally literal, is supplied by an Irish editor, Murphy. In the next line, "born under evil demon," is the literal translation of *κακοδαίμονες*; as, in l. 36, 37, "by show of hands," &c., is of *χειροπόνηται*.

^d *Φιλόκαλον ὄντα*. See Akenside's definition of a virtuoso:

"He knew the various modes of ancient times,
 Their arts and fashions of each various guise," &c.

It is quoted in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 87.

^e Literally from the smoke to the fire. *Τὸ πῦρ ἐκ τοῦ καπνοῦ*. We have taken the analogous English proverb.

^f *Χρυσούν*—τὸν τῶν ἰδιωτῶν βίον.

^g *Τὸ εὐδαιμον*. "Happiness, our being's end and aim."

^h For *οἱ φαῦλοι τῶν κήρυκων*, read *τραυλοὶ*, lisping, inarticulate.

ⁱ The only water drank by the kings of Persia.

^j *"Ὅλον μὲ κασπαμαγεύσας*.

^k This joke is borrowed from Aristophanes, who makes Bacchus endeavour to pass the Styx in the character of Hercules.

^l From the *Odyssey*, which is here parodied throughout.

^m Translated after the reading *ἱπαινῆν*, not *αἰπίνῆν*. The line is evidently patched together for a hexameter, and *αἰπίνῆν* is therefore inadmissible. *Ἑσπίνῃ* is a common epithet of Proserpine. Proserpine is accented on the second syllable, as in Milton:

"Not that fair field

Of Enna, where *Proserpine*, gathering flowers," &c.

—and in other elder English poets.

ⁿ *Π. v. 61*.

^o *Τετριγυῖαι τῶν νεκρῶν σκιαί*.

^p *Κόρακα διταλάντον*. *Tormenti genus videtur*, says Guyetus; and nobody since his time appears to have been better informed. *Διταλάντον* is in all probability a corruption.

^q *Ἀμεινῆους*.

^r There were but three actors allowed in a Greek play, and, consequently, they often doubled.

^s *Polus* and *Satyrus* were famous players.

^t This is imitated, but with infinitely more humour, by Rabelais, book ii. chap. xxx.: "Comment Epistemon qui avoyt la couppe testée feut guarly habillement par Panurge; et des nouvelles des dyables, et des damnez." It is Alexander, however, not Philip, whom Epistemon saw mending old shoes. "Car je veidz Alexandre le Grande, que repetassoyt des vielles chausses, et ainsi guaignoyt sa paourue vie."

^x *Κρασίον Σμελιτίωνος Νικυσσιεύς, φυλῆς Ἀλίκαντιαδος*. In More, "Calvarius patre Aridello patriā Manicensis, tribu Stygianna." Our version is again borrowed mostly from Murphy.

NEW EDUCATIONAL GEMS :

OR, A BRACE OF SCRIPTURE PERVERSIONS.

THERE are two peculiarities in the educational concoction of the Melbourne cabinet, which demand the special notice of every churchman, and, in fact, of every Christian.

First, the introduction of every version of the Bible, or abstract of version, patronised or adopted by any sect, or system, from Johanna Southcote up to Pope Gregory XVI.

Secondly, its recognition, and, if the number of children in attendance warrant it, the payment of religious teachers

of every variety of sect and system, that dubs itself religious.

On the first peculiarity only do we mean to enlarge.

We therefore glance at a couple of the versions of Scripture on which the imprimatur of Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Messrs. Grote, Hume, Wyse, Leader, &c. &c., is ready to be stamped, in order that they may be read in the proposed, and *not yet abandoned*, hotbeds of Infidelity and Popery.

I. THE SOCINIAN VERSION.

The first version we refer to, out of respect to Lord Lansdowne, is the Socinian, or, *par impudence*, "the improved version." That no reader of this version may be misled in the new normal menagerie, a distinction is made in the prefatory remarks between the RECEIVED and the TRUE CANON of Scripture. Thus the former contains what we believe, on the most satisfactory evidence, to be the inspiration of God, viz. the books contained in the authorised Bible of 1611. The *true* or *Socinian* (terms which that sect assumes to be convertible) CANON excludes the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, second of Peter, second and third of John, of Jude, and the Apocalypse. In this respect, the *bonâ fide* views of Lords Lansdowne and Brougham differ by no means inconsiderably from those of Dan O'Connell and Mr. Wyse. The Socinians apply SUBTRACTION, and the Papists ADDITION, to the Bible. The former do their best to *subtract* as much of its *distinctive theology* as they can; the latter add as much of *apocryphal poison* as will serve to neutralise its vital elements. The one party exhaust all the oxygen they can; the other add as much sulphuretted hydrogen as they can. Both do their utmost to make the word of God of none effect.

At the outset of the Socinian version of the New Testament, there is a list of *undisputed* and *disputed* books. Concerning the *disputed* books, viz. the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, second of Peter, second of John, third of John, the Epistle of Jude, and Revelations, they adopt the

opinion of Lardner, that these *may* be read in Christian assemblies for the edification of the people, but not as affording alone sufficient proof of any doctrine. They have reasons for this; but our time does not admit of our entering into an analysis of these, or the merits of the translation. It is sufficient to say, that wherever malice and ingenuity, the most strenuous, could mutilate, or dilute, or destroy, their ravages are apparent. Texts, expressly declarative of the Deity of Christ, are grossly mistranslated; and where mistranslation would have been detected, even in the new normal schools, a note is appended to shew that the sacred penman does not mean what he says. The note upon our Lord's being led into the wilderness to be tempted—than which, no fact is more simply or plainly narrated in the whole Bible—is to the following effect:—

" 'Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the desert.' This form of expression denotes that the historian is about to describe a *visionary scene*, not a *real event*. Our Lord was intrusted with the power of working miracles at pleasure; and, by the visionary scene presented to his mind on this occasion, he was instructed that he was *not* to exert his miraculous powers for his own personal advantage or aggrandisement, but solely in subservience to the great design of his mission. The introduction of the devil into this scenical representation, no more proves the real existence of such a being, than the introduction of the Lamb, or the red dragon, in the apocalyptic version, is a proof of the real existence of those symbolical figures."

Such is one specimen of the liberal theology to be inculcated in the new normal schools. The non-existence of the devil! Let the Socinian translator go to the new normal school, or to the conclave out of which the imagination sprung, and he will find that the devil is neither figure of speech nor visionary phantom, but personally and bodily "the Schoolmaster at home." It is, however, interesting to observe how the devil blunders when he tries to look pious. The Socinian versionists call Christ's being in the wilderness a *visionary scene*, in the note we have transferred to our pages from their comment on Matt. iv. 1; but when it suits their purpose for another object, they assume it to have been *real*. Hence, in their notes on the first chapter of John's Gospel—which chapter they fairly sink under—they observe, "As Moses was with God on the mount, so Christ was in the wilderness, or elsewhere, to be instructed." Imagination is now condensed into reality. We have no hesitation in referring to the notes on the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, as, from their absurdity, their unnatural and monstrous presumptions, their far-fetched and absurd constructions, triumphant evidence of the soundness of our catholic faith, and the honesty and common sense of that interpretation which recognises in the Messiah supreme and sovereign Godhead. •

Their comment on John, viii. 48, where our Lord uses the language and claims the attributes of Deity, and the Jews (good judges of the meaning of their own language at that day) understood him to claim to be Jehovah, is curious:—"The Jews seem absurdly to have misunderstood, or wilfully to have misrepresented his meaning; our Lord *disdaining* (!) to notice, or to rectify the misapprehension, proceeds to justify his own expression, by declaring that *he was designated to his office before Abraham was born*."

Another note on the same chapter is to this effect—"The devil, the *principle* of moral evil personified. This *symbolical* person—the *supposed* source of evil," &c.

Throughout the whole comment there is a studious effort to keep on good terms with the *devil*, and to attribute to a symbol or figure of speech the misdeeds which we churchmen do not hesitate to father on the right person. To depress the Lord of Glory, and to

vindicate the devil, seem ~~the~~ *the two quæ sunt demonstranda* in the notes of this version. These two *pious* ends will, therefore, be inculcated by *negation*, drying one part of the time spent in the normal and other schools; and by *positive* tuition, under the guidance of Fox, Aspland, &c., in particular and appointed hours; and thus the new educational menagerie of Lord J. Russell and others will have at least *two* specific objects before it.

A note on St. Stephen's death and prayer to Christ, is a narrow back-door, out of which a squeezable orthodoxy might escape:—"The address of Stephen to Jesus, when he actually saw Him, does not authorise us to offer prayers to Him now he is invisible." What difference is there? If Divine worship was due to Christ *visible*, it cannot cease to be due because he is *invisible*: Divine worship necessarily denoting a Divine, and, therefore, Omnipresent Being. If Christ be not God, Inspiration sanctioned in the case of Stephen downright idolatry. There are several instances in the word of Truth where apostles, misled at the moment, attempted to give worship to the highest of the angels; and in two cases—those of Peter in the Acts, and John in the Apocalypse—the reply was, "See thou do it not: worship God."

We have said enough on the merits of this version. It is mangled and mutilated as a translation; and, in addition, it is encrusted with pestiferous notes. Its whole scope and obvious design is to depress the Lord of Glory, dishonour the Holy Spirit, underrate and withdraw from the Bible its just claims, dilute its authority, disclaim its inspiration, and place it in the same category as the Shaster and the Koran; and instead of the treasures of Christianity, this system and its glosses present A DEIFIED REASON AND A DEGRADED REVELATION, A DISHONOURED CHRIST AND A DIGNIFIED DEVIL.

Thus deified Reason and a dignified Devil are to be the two first *penates* of the new schools. To direct the incense to be offered, and to initiate the infant mind in this worse than heathen theology, a Socinian teacher will be introduced; and under the smiles of a new personage, called the Rector, who may be a Papist, a Socinian, a Mahometan, or nothing at all, each feeder is to cram into the unsuspecting learners the moral poison that is fraught with deadly issues.

Apart from the awful inexpediency of introducing such wishy-washy divinity, such crude and wretched blasphemies, amid the unsuspicious and the young—we ask how any Christian man can stand forward and sanction the government of his fatherland in lending, not merely its patronage, but its pay, to so nefarious wickedness?

But we have had enough of this contemptible production. It is proof that very contemptible personages must be at the head of national affairs, and that

their breasts must be the dwelling-places of unclean birds and beasts, or other infidel and Socinian spawn; or if no such tenantry are actually therein, that the right hon. and hon. gentlemen must have strong partialities towards these *monstra narrantia*.

We now proceed to lay before our readers a brief account of the other version which is to be introduced into the new normal menageries—the Popish version.

II. THE POPISH VERSION.

There was a day when the Protestant heart of England beat so strong, that such a threat would have roused her children from John O'Groats to the Land's End, making dumb men protest, and sick men rise from their beds and petition against it. One cause of any apathy that may exist, is to be found in a very extensive ignorance of the real character and merits of the Douay and Rheims versions. The Roman Catholic Bible is the translation of a translation, concocted and executed with an ever-watchful eye to the safety and support of the papal church. It is neither faithful nor honest. In some parts, its inaccuracy is to be accounted for only on the understanding that its compilers, even at the hazard and guilt of mutilating the word of God, resolved to find reasons for the idolatry of the Roman Church. To some of these we shall first direct our reprehensions; and if our space permit, we will glance at a few of the notes appended to the standard copy, or Dr. Murray's edition. One of the first and most palpable inaccuracies is to be found in Gen. iii. 15:—

THE HEBREW IS,

וְאִיכָה אֲשִׁית בֵּינִי וּבֵין
הָאִשָּׁה וּבֵין זֶרְעִי וּבֵין
זֶרְעָהּ הִיא וְשֹׂנְאֶתָּהּ רָאֵשׁ
וְאִתָּה תִשְׂנֹאֲנֶנּוּ עָקֹב:

THE SEPTUAGINT IS,

Και ἔχθρον ᾔσῃς ἀνα μισόν σου,
Και ἀνα μισόν τῆς γυναικός,
Και ἀνα μισόν τοῦ σπέρματος σου,
Και ἀνα μισόν τοῦ σπέρματος αὐτῆς
ΑΤΤΟΣ σου τριῇσι κεφαλῇν, και
Σὺ τριῇσι αὐτὸν πτρίῃς.

In our authorised version, these words are very properly translated—
“I will put enmity between thee and

the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shall bruise his heel.” But in the Roman Catholic or Douay version, at this moment in the hands of all Roman Catholics who have liberty (!) from their insolent hierarchs to possess a copy of the Bible in their own tongue, these words are most iniquitously rendered—“I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: SHE shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for HER heel.”

The obvious drift of this is to exalt the Virgin Mary to a place of dignity and power, and thereby to present Papists another sanction for the infamous idolatries paid to Mary. The Hebrew pronoun, rendered SHE in the Romish version, is הִיא in the original, which Gesenius explains—“the third person singular masculine HE, and as a neuter, IT.” Whether it be rendered HE or IT, the reference is to SEED, not to WOMAN. Thus, in the new normal menagerie, while one portion of the rising generation is instructed to worship God only, another portion in another corner of the room, and under the pay and patronage of the same ministerial Van Amburgh, is initiated in the propriety and scriptural duty of worshipping the Virgin Mary.

But not only are the normal neophytes to be taught to worship Mary, but they are also to be instructed to worship the Earth. The Psalm tells us, “The earth is God’s *footstool*.” The translation of the fifth verse of the ninety-eighth Psalm, in the Romish version, or according to our arrangement, and in our version, the ninety-ninth, is—“Exalt ye the Lord our God and ADORE HIS FOOTSTOOL”—(Hebrew לְיָהוָה, before or in presence of his footstool.) Under this direction,

we must expect to see Romanists worshipping the Earth. But such worship as this even does not satisfy a Romanist. He is taught also to worship the top of his stick: for Heb. xi. 21, is thus monstrously rendered in the Romish version—"By favour, Jacob dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph, and **ADORED THE TOP OF HIS ROD**;"—Greek, *ἔτι το ἄκρον τῆς ῥάβδου*;—English, Upon the top of his rod. Lord John's young pupils will, therefore, be seen, as they issue from the school, looking with wry faces at *the rod*, the *à posteriori* influence of which they have just felt, and at the same time devoutly adoring it.

To revert a moment to the worship of the Virgin. We find that in almost every part of Scripture, in which reference is made to the Virgin Mary, a corrupt version is given: thus, in Luke, i. 28, our version is, very justly—"Hail, thou art highly favoured;" or, as in the margin, "graciously accepted:" but in the Romish translation the rendering is, "Hail, full of grace;" although the very same Greek word is rendered in the same version, in Ephes. i. 6, "hath graced us." If the latter version had been adopted in the former passage, the popular Popish catechisms would have lost one of their proofs of Mary's great claims; and if consistency had made them adopt the rendering of Luke, i. 28, or Ephes. i. 6, it would then have appeared that every Christian is as full of grace as the Virgin Mary. Dishonesty and fraud prompted the inconsistency which Romanists are too ignorant to detect, and, what is worse, the Melbourne cabinet are delighted to pay for the spread of such wickedness.

On the subject of the claims of the Virgin Mary, we have another illustration at hand of the wilful corruptions contained in the Romish version of the Scriptures. In the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, verse 4, we find these words, *ἀλλ' οὐκ οἶσθι ὅτι ἡμεῖς καὶ σοί*. In the authorised version, these words are rendered here, and wherever they occur, "What is that to thee?"—a very obvious damper on any posthumous idolatry that might be paid Mary. But the Church of Rome, afraid lest her hyperdouleian or idolatrous worship of Mary might be revealed and exploded by so marked a reply, has rendered the words in this passage, "What is to thee and to me?"—a translation that serves the worship of

the Virgin by the nonsense it evidently exudes. The question, however, is, Has the Roman Church been *consistent* throughout this version in giving this rendering, nonsensical as it is, to the Greek words, *τί ἡμεῖς καὶ σοί*, wherever they occur in this interrogatory form? She has not been consistent. In every other passage she gives the same translation of these words that we Protestants do; and in this solitary passage where the Virgin is concerned, she gives the novel and nonsensical rendering we have just quoted. For instance, in Mark, chap. v. 7, the words *τί ἡμεῖς καὶ σοί*, are applied to our Lord by a demoniac; and there, where the Virgin is not concerned, the Romish church has rendered the words very justly, "What have I to do with thee?"

Should this version of the Holy Scriptures be adopted in any national system of education, let the patrons of such a system remember, that they are paying from the national purse to make popular a version of Scripture, the most unscrupulous; on which designing men have concentrated their ingenuity, to bend and pervert God's Word; to spoil the sacrifice of Calvary of its glory, on the one hand, and to exalt and deify a creature on the other.

Another gross perversion, for a specific end, occurs in the Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. v. 32. Speaking of marriage, the apostle says, *Τὸ μυστήριον τοῦτο μέγα ἵστιν*. In our version, it is rendered—"This is a great mystery"—as the word *μυστήριον* is translated in every other part of the sacred Scriptures. But the Church of Rome has rendered these words of the sacred apostle—"This is a great sacrament." Perhaps there may be no objection to the word *μυστήριον* being rendered *sacrament*, if it has been thus rendered throughout the whole of the Romish New Testament. But the fact is otherwise. The word *μυστήριον* occurs twenty-seven times in the New Testament; and in twenty-six instances, the Church of Rome renders it "mystery," and in this solitary passage she departs from her usual translation, and renders it "*sacrament*." Why? Matrimony is, in the church of Rome, one of the *seven sacraments*, and having no foundation for this elevation, she gives a new version of the word, to impose on her votaries and to drag their judgments after her.

The Greek word *μετανοειν*, rendered very properly "repent ye," in our authorised version, is, in places where common sense would not recoil, rendered "*Do penance*," by the Romanist translators. Their pretext for this "is the classic Latin for *μετανοειν*—*agere penitentiam*—literally, "do repentance;" but properly, as every Latin scholar knows, "repent:" just as *agere otium* is, "to be at ease;" *agere vitam*, "to live;" and, by parity of usage, *agere penitentiam*, "to repent." The Church of Rome, wickedly consistent, translates Matt. iii. 2, "Do penance, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and Acts, ii. 38, "Do penance, and be baptized"—a version that stultifies the powerful address of Peter.

It is also to be borne in mind, that the Apocryphal Books constitute, according to the Council of Trent, a part of Canonical Scriptures. Tobias, Judith, Maccabees, Wisdom, &c., are as inspired, in the estimation of the Romish church, as the Psalms, the Gospels, or Epistles. These books, it is clear, however, are not inspired, for they were not written in *Hebrew*—they were never recognised by the Jews, to whom the oracles of God were committed—they were not recognised by the fathers—the second book of Maccabees, at least, was rejected by Pope Gregory in the sixth century—they are never quoted in the New Testament—are not found in the catalogue of Josephus—and are patronised by the Roman Church, for the mere purpose of finding countenance for some of her worst dogmas.

Ex. gr. In Tobias, xii. 9, we read—"For alms delivered from death; and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting."

In Ecclesiasticus (another of the apocryphal books), chap. xxxv., v. 3—"And to depart from injustice is to offer a *propitiatory* sacrifice for injustices, and a begging of pardon for sins."

In the second of Maccabees, xii. 46—"It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

In the same book, suicide is spoken of as a noble and worthy exploit:—Chap. xiv., 41, 42—"Now as the multitude sought to rush into his house, and to break open the door, and to set fire to it, when he was ready to be taken, he struck himself with his sword,

choosing to die nobly (!) rather than to fall into the hands of the wicked and suffer abuses unbecoming his noble birth."

Duelling is by no means to our taste; but a suicide, with a scripture text for his epitaph, is really one of the most dreadful possibilities. It is matter of gratitude that the book that contains this doctrine is of as much canonical authority as *Don Juan*; but it is matter of deep discredit to Protestant statesmen, that they should appropriate the funds of the nation to the nefarious ends of authorising its canonicity, and thereby of teaching the nobleness and glory of suicide.

In every Roman Catholic Bible there is given, besides the notes that are a *sine quâ non*, a table of references. This is an invariable and essential accompaniment: the object of appending these is to neutralise any particles of purity and truth that may have been deposited in the mind of the reader. A few specimen-extracts from the tabular synopsis of Dr. Murray will serve as an illustration of the new indoctrinating process that is to be patronised in the new scholastic-hodge-podge-Lardner-and-Lord-John-Russell-water-gruel-and-useful-knowledge-menageries:—

"*Angels*.—They offer up our prayers. To be invocated.

"*Communion* in one kind.—Sufficient to salvation.

"*Confession of sins*.—The obligation of confession is gathered from the judiciary power of binding and loosing, forgiving and retaining sins, given to the pastors of Christ's church.

"*Eucharist*.—The real presence of the body and blood of Christ, and transubstantiation, proved from, &c.

"*Images*.—Relative honour to the images of Christ and the saints.

"*Mass*.—The sacrifice prefigured: instituted, &c. &c.

"*Purgatory*.—A middle state of souls suffering for sins," &c.

Such is the version, and such are the doctrinal tenets that are to be instilled into the minds of the rising generation, under the auspices of our country. Once National, Christian, and Protestant, were convertible terms; but if, in addition to those Popish hotbeds—the Irish National Schools—the demolition of Irish bishopricks—the infliction of endowed Papal bishops on the Colonies, &c., schools are also to be taken under

the wing of England, in which the bread of heaven is leavened with the poison of hell, and the flowers of paradise candied with the pestilential incrustations of pandemonium, we shall have well nigh consummated our national guilt, when, in addition to the pollution of our parliament by the presence of Papists, we shall have tainted our schools by the introduction of Popery. The next and inevitable step must be, the elevation of John MacHale, that personation of Popish virulence, impudence, and swagger, to the archbishoprick of York; and of Dr. Murray, the patron of Dr. Dens, to a seat in the House of Lords. Our Liberals would then protest the millennium had arrived. A millennium! It would be followed by the murder of the faithful—the martyrdom of the holy—the immolation of the Liberals—the triumphs of the beast—and the iron-sway of that sacerdotal tyranny that compresses in its heart the corruption of the dead, and the malignity of the damned.

The voice of yet Protestant England has crushed the scorpion's egg. Let the same voice roll and swell, till it blasts and scatters by its echoes the wretched cabinet that indeed tried, but had neither fortitude, nor patience, nor vitality, to hatch it.

We find that O'Connell, in his letter addressed to the Wesleyans, to which a smart and pithy reply has been returned, under the title of *O'Connell Insucred*, has given utterance to the following remarks on this subject:—

"It is quite true that there was an edition of the Rhemish, or Douay Bible, that contained notes in which the civil power was sought to be justified in inflicting persecution for religious dissent. But there are, indeed, very few copies in existence containing such notes; and all the copies in use by the clergy, or in use by Catholic schools, colleges, or private houses, are quite free from such notes. The multitudinous copies published in England and Ireland, in recent times, are quite free from them."

In the first place, the multitudinous copies published in England and Ireland, in recent times, are not free from persecuting notes.

We have seen a Bible, published in numbers, at 1s. each, in the year 1829, in which one of the old sanguinary notes is carefully retained, in order to keep up among the Romish priests and

Jesuits that scent and relish for blood, which was grateful incense in the nostrils of Dominus Dens. Appended to Deuteronomy, xvii. 8, is the following note, with the date of 1829, and under the sanction of the Romish bishop of London. For Mr. O'Connell's edification, we put it in bold type:—

HERE WE SEE WHAT AUTHORITY GOD WAS PLEASED TO GIVE TO THE CHURCH GUIDES OF OLD TESTAMENT, IN DECIDING, WITHOUT APPEAL, ALL CONTROVERSIES RELATING TO THE LAW, PROMISING THAT THEY SHOULD NOT ERR THEREIN, AND PUNISHING WITH DEATH SUCH AS PROUDLY REFUSED TO OBEY THEIR DECISIONS: SURELY, HE HAS NOT DONE LESS FOR THE CHURCH GUIDES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT?"

This is the first contradiction of the above assertion of the Big Beggarman.

We have also on our table the Douay Bible and Rheims Testament, printed and published by Richard Coyne, publisher to the College of Maynooth and of the writings of Peter Dens, and circulated under the sanction of Archbishop Troy; date, 1816. A few of its notes we select, that it may be seen what explanatory comments Roman Catholics have in reserve for inculcation in Lord John Russell's new schools:—

Matt. v. 10. "*Heretics and other malefactors sometimes suffer willingly and stoutly; but they are not blessed.*"

Matt. vi. 24. "*Two masters, or two religions, God and Baul, Christ and Calvin, mass and communion, the Catholic church and heretical conventicles.*"

Matt. xxvii. 24. "*Pilate is damned for being the minister of the people's will against his own conscience. Even as all officers are; and especially the judges and juries who execute laws of temporal princes against Catholic men: for all such are guilty of innocent blood, and are nothing excused by that they execute other men's will, according to the laws which are unjust.*"

The following Rheimish notes, of great authority, are for the use of Daniel O'Connell and the rest of the faithful:—

"*Protestants are heretics; we must avoid them as much as we may: but in matters of religion, hearing their sermons, presence at their service, and all communication with them in spiritual things, is a great and damnable sin.*"

"The translators of the English Protestant Bible ought to be abhorred to the depths of hell."

"Justice and rigorous punishment of sinners is not forbidden, nor the church nor Christian princes blamed for putting heretics to death."

"All laws, doctrines, services, and injunctions of heretics, howsoever pretended to be consonant to the Scriptures, be commandments of men: the things by them prescribed are impious; and the authors have neither sending nor commission from God."

"Our adversaries neither follow Christ nor St. Paul, in one portion of the sacrament; and, in the other, they condemn Christ and his church much more impudently and damnablely."

"There never was any heresy so absurd, but it would seem to have Scripture for it."

"The faithless Jews thought (as heretics nowadays), that to forgive sins was so proper to God, that it could not be communicated unto man; but Christ sheweth, that as to work miracles is otherwise proper to God only, and yet this power is communicated to men, so also to forgive sins."

"Heretics allege Scripture, as the devil doth, in the false sense."

"To say that an heretic, evidently known to die obstinately in heresy, is not damned, is forbidden."

"These are the fruits heretics are known by: division from the whole church, taking to themselves new names and new masters, inconstancy in doctrine, disobedience to their spiritual officers, pride, and vaunting of their own knowledge above all the holy doctors, corruption, falsification, and quite denying of the parts of Scriptures that especially make against them; and these be common to all heretics."

"Heretics, because they will not hear the church, are not to be otherwise or better esteemed of Catholics than heathen men and publicans were esteemed among the Jews."

"Not only such as have named themselves Christ (as Simon Menander, and such like), but all arch heretics are Christ to their followers: Luther to the Lutherans, Calvin to the Calvinists, because they believe them rather than Christ."

"Cost bestowed for religion, devotion and signification, is a meritorious work, and often more meritorious than to give to the poor."

"God rejecteth all such as join with heretics at their profane and detestable table."

"Evil men (be they heretics or male-

factors) may be suppressed, without disturbance to the good: they may and ought, by public authority, either spiritual or temporal, to be chastised and executed."

Mark, xi. 17. "If the temple was then a den of thieves, because of profane and secular merchandise, how much more now, when the house appointed for the holy sacrifice is made a den for the ministers of Calvin's breed?"

Luke, ix. 55. "Not justice, nor all rigorous punishment of sinners, is here forbidden, nor Elias's act reprehended, nor the church or Christian princes reprehended for putting heretics to death."

Luke, xiv. 23. "St. Augustine also referreth this compelling to the penal laws which Catholic princes do justly use against heretics and schismatics, proving that they who are by their former profession in baptism subject to the Catholic church, and are departed from the same after sects, may and ought to be compelled into the unity and society of the universal church again. * * * Such are invited as the Church of God hath power over, because they promised in baptism, and therefore are to be revoked, not only by gentle means, but by just punishment also."

Rev. xvii. 6. "The Protestants foolishly expound it of Rome, for that there they put heretics to death, and allow of their punishment in other countries; but their blood is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other defectors, for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no commonwealth shall answer."

These are not the isolated sentiments of hermits and monks, but the well-weighed and deliberate views of the Romish apostasy. Hence, when we refer to that favourite of Dr. Murray, *Dominus Dens*, we find these notes expounded, illustrated, and confirmed by the most celebrated authorities in the Roman Catholic church. These anti-social views have been embodied in the resolutions of councils—announced, *ex cathedra*, by successive popes—acted on in many an *auto-da-fé*—and they are *in retentis*, for the guidance of priests and papal prelates when they have further power. To demonstrate the unity and unanimity of Rome in the advocacy and patronage of murder, we quote from *Dominus Dens* as follows, vol. ii. p. 78 (Dr. Murray's edition):—

"What is heresy?"

"It is the unbelief of those who profess, indeed, that Christ has come, but who reject his doctrine in any part, as pro-

posed by the church; such as Lutherans, Calvinists, &c.

"What kind of infidelity is the greatest sin?"

"We answer with St. Thomas, by distinguishing. If the infidelity be considered objectively, or in reference to the subject matter of it, then Paganism is worse than Judaism, and Judaism worse than heresy, because the Pagan errs in more particulars than the Jew, and the Jew in more than the heretic. But if it be considered subjectively, or in reference to the pertinacity of the will and the resistance to the faith, then heresy is the worst, and Judaism worse than Paganism, because heretics have generally a greater knowledge of the truths of the faith than Jews, and Jews than Pagans; and so, generally, heresy is the greater crime."

All, therefore, who reject the doctrines of the Church of Rome are heretics, worse than Jews and Pagans.

Vol. v. p. 133, it is stated that

"It is not required that a minister should explicitly intend to do that which the Roman church does, but it is sufficient that he simply and generally intend to do that which Christ instituted, or that which the true church does, whatever his opinion of that church may be; as the practice of the church declares, which holds the baptism of heretics to be valid."

"But if he should have too-conflicting intentions—as, for example, the heretic baptises, intending to do that which Christ instituted, or what his own church does, but not what the Roman church does?"

"Such a man, morally speaking, baptises in a valid manner."

Vol. ii. p. 114:—

"Are all who have been baptised in the church?"

"We answer, No: and, particularly, heretics and apostates are evidently not of the church, because they do not profess the same faith and doctrine with those who are in the church."

"Objection. The church judges and punishes heretics, but she does not judge those that are without," according to the apostle, 1 Cor. v.; therefore, heretics are in the church."

"We answer by denying the consequent (that heretics are in the church); for although heretics are without the church, nevertheless they remain, by baptism, subject to the church, whence she justly seizes them as deserters from her camp, and so they are under the obligation of

returning; but the apostle is treating of those who have never entered the church, or who have not been baptised."

Again, vol. ii. p. 289:—

"Heretics, schismatics, apostates, and all similar persons, who have been baptised, are bound by the laws of the church which concern them; nor are they more released from her laws, than subjects rebelling against their lawful prince are released from the laws of that prince."

"Do heretics therefore sin, when they do not observe the fasts and feasts appointed by the church?"

"Yes; unless they are excused by some cause, as ignorance."

"Objection. Heretics are not in the church; therefore, they are not subject to the church."

"We answer, by distinguishing the antecedent: if it means that heretics are not in the church, as far as regards the union of charity and communion of saints, we grant it; but if it means they are not in the church as to subjection, we deny it: for by baptism they are made subject to the church, and they remain personally subject to the church wherever they are."

Again, vol. ii. p. 82:—

"Are the rites of unbelievers to be tolerated?"

"We answer, first, The rites of the Jews, although they sin in exercising them, may be tolerated with a certain degree of moderation, because from thence great good accrues to the church, viz. that we have a testimony to our faith from our enemies; since, by their rites, those things which we believe are represented to us as in a figure."

"It is said, 'with a certain degree of moderation,' because if there be any danger that the Jews by their rites prove a scandal to Christians, the church can and ought to moderate, or even to prevent them, as may be expedient. Hence it has been decreed, in Book V. of Decretals, that it shall not be lawful for the Jews to have many synagogues in one state, nor to build new ones in many places."

"We answer, secondly, The rites of other unbelievers, viz. of pagans and heretics, are not in themselves to be tolerated, because they are so bad that no truth or utility can from thence be derived to the church."

"Except, however, that some greater evils might accrue from some other source, or some greater good be prevented."

"Objection. The dilemma of Gamaliel, Acts, v. 38, 39, where he is speaking of what the apostles were doing: 'Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for

if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it.

"We answer, first, This is a dilemma, not of the sacred Scriptures, but of Gamaliel, who, by this apparent argument, wished to rescue the apostles, whom he favoured, from present danger.

"Secondly, That granting Gamaliel's argument to be valid, there is this difference, that the cause of unbelievers is not doubtful to the judges of the church as that of the apostles was to the Jews, but it is clear that it is certainly false and condemned; whence it is not to be tried or approved, but extirpated, unless there may be some prudential reasons which may induce us to tolerate it."

Again, p. 80 :—

"Are unbelievers to be compelled to join themselves to the bosom of the faithful?"

"We answer, that unbelievers who have been baptised, as heretics and apostates generally are, and also baptised schismatics, can be compelled by corporal punishments to return to the Catholic faith and the unity of the church.

"The reason is, that they by baptism are made subjects of the church, and therefore the church has jurisdiction over them, and the power of compelling them, by the ordained means, to obedience, and to fulfil the obligations contracted in their baptism.

"This also obtains in the case of those who have been baptised in their infancy, or who, compelled by fear or any necessity, have received baptism; as the Council of Trent teaches, sess. vii. can. 14; and Fourth Council of Toledo, can. 55.

"You object, No one can be compelled to baptism; therefore, no one to the faith.

"We answer, with St. Thomas, 'As to vow is the part of a willing mind, but to pay what is vowed is of necessity; so, to receive the faith is the part of the will, but to hold it, when received, is of ne-

cessity: and therefore heretics can be compelled to hold the faith.'

"Meantime, it is not always expedient that the church should use this right, as will appear from what will be said hereafter."

Vol. ii. pp. 88, 89 :—

"What are the punishments of the crime of heresy?"

"First, Open heresy has the greater excommunication of the sentence decreed * annexed to it.

"The second punishment is irregularity.

"Third, Inability to hold a benefice or public office. Heretics, well known to be such, are infamous for this very cause (*ipso jure*), and are deprived of Christian burial. Their temporal goods are for this very cause (*ipso jure*) confiscated: but, before the execution of the act, the sentence declaring their crime ought to proceed from the ecclesiastical judge; because the cognisance of heresy belongs to the ecclesiastical tribunal.

"Finally, They are also justly afflicted with corporal punishments, as with exile, imprisonment, &c. &c.

"Are heretics justly punished with death?"

"St. Thomas answers, Yes; because forgers of money, and other disturbers of the state, are justly punished with death; therefore, also heretics, who are forgers of the faith, and, as experience proves, grievously disturb the state.

"Also in the bull 'Unigenitus,' the one hundredth proposition is the following: 'It is a deplorable time, in which it is believed that God is honoured by persecuting the truth and its disciples. In vain does any one flatter himself with the purity of his intentions, and his zeal for religion, if he is blinded by his own passions, or carried away by those of other men, because he does not wish to examine. We often think we sacrifice an impious man to God, and yet we sacrifice a servant of God to the devil. This is condemned, along with the others,

* "Punishment is decreed in a twofold manner by the laws, by the mode of the sentence already described, and of the sentence to be decreed.

"The punishment is said to be of the sentence already decreed (*sententiæ latæ*), which is incurred by the very act by which the transgression of the law or the sin is committed, without any further sentence. Such is the excommunication annexed to open heresy. The punishment of the sentence to be decreed (*sententiæ ferendæ*) is that which is not incurred by the very act, but is decreed to be inflicted by the sentence of the judge, to be afterwards pronounced.

"How do you distinguish whether the punishment is of the *sententiæ latæ* or *ferendæ*?"

"By the words of the law itself. If these words be used, '*ipso jure, ipso facto*,' then it is of the *sententiæ latæ*."—DENS, vol. ii. 307.

Now, it will be observed, that these very words occur in the passages quoted above as decreeing excommunication and death against heretics.

as false, impious,' &c. &c.; and the bull concludes with a command to the ' patriarchs, bishops, and other ordinaries, also the inquisitors of heretical pravity, that they should in every way coerce and compel its contraditors, and rebels of every kind whatsoever, by the fore-mentioned censures, and punishments, and other remedies of law and fact, calling in, if necessary, the aid of the secular arm.'—*DENS*, vol. viii. 218.

The Church of Rome, and her

THE AUTHORISED VERSION.

O'Conne', in his agony under the severe chastisement lately dealt him by the Methodists, groans and makes wry faces; and, from sheer want of matter of reply, falls foul of our national authorised English version. Nothing could be more unhappy. The fact is, that the translation of 1611 is admitted by the most honest Papists to be without a parallel; and by all denominations of Christians, to be the noblest monument of literature, piety, learning, and faithfulness. Let it also be noted, as a truth to which we call the attention of Romanists, *that every alteration made, during the last twenty years, in the Douay and Rheims translations, has been either AN ADOPTION OF OR AN APPROXIMATION TO OUR AUTHORISED VERSION.* On this point we challenge inquiry. It speaks volumes. To this fact, we add the following varied testimonies to the merits of our authorised version of the sacred Scriptures:—

John Selden.—"The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world."

Bishop Walton.—"The last English translation was cavilled at by divers among ourselves [as now again by the great O], especially one who undertook to shew how many thousand places it was falsely rendered, when he could hardly make good his undertaking in any one." [Take a hint, Dan.]

Bishop Louth.—"The vulgar translation of the Bible is the standard of our language."

Bishop Horsley.—"The translators are supposed at once to have enriched and adorned our language."

Bishop Middleton.—"Incomparably superior to any thing which might be expected from the finical and perverted taste of our own age."

Dr. White, Professor of Arabic, Oxon.—"The national churches of Europe will have abundant reason to be satisfied,

pioneer, Daniel O'Connell, know perfectly well, that persecution is a dogma bound up with the very existence and history of that system. It is convenient to deny it, when seeking after ascendancy amid a Protestant population; but they know well that, if persecution is rejected by the Church of Rome, her assumption of infallibility goes with it. Infallibility broached, enacted, and embodied it. To deny it, is to cease to be a Romanist.

when their versions of the Scriptures shall approach, in point of sublimity, accuracy, and purity, to the acknowledged excellence of our English translation."

Dr. Whittaker.—"It may be compared with any translation in the world, without fear of inferiority: it challenges investigation."

Dr. Doddridge.—"In the main, faithful and judicious: our animadversions seldom reach further than the beauty of a figure, or the connexion of an argument."

Dr. J. Beattie.—"It is a striking beauty of our English Bible, that though the language is always elegant and nervous, and for the most part harmonious, the words are all plain and common; no affectation of learned terms, or of words of Latin and Greek etymology."

Dr. Adam Clarke.—"The translators have seized the very soul and spirit of the original, and expressed this almost every where with pathos and energy. The original, from which it was taken, is alone superior to the Bible which was translated by authority of King James. In this opinion, my heart, my judgment, and my conscience coincide."

Dr. Geddes (a Roman Catholic priest).—"If accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text, be supposed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this, of all versions, must in general be accounted the most excellent."

Professor Stuart, Andover, Massachusetts.—"No other effort at translating will compare, either in respect to taste, judgment, or sound understanding of the Hebrew, with our authorised version."

Rev. Wm. Orme.—"Like every thing human, it is no doubt imperfect; but, as a translation of the Bible, it has few rivals, and, as a whole, no superior."

To these various testimonies we beg to add a specimen of various translations of the same passage, from which the excellence of the authorised version will be evident.

PSALM XXIII.

Hebrew.

מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד יְהוָה רֹעִי לֹא אֶחְסָר׃
בְּנִיחוֹת דְּשָׁא יִרְפִּיעֲנִי עַל־מִי
מִנִּיחוֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי׃
בְּפֶשֶׁעִי יִשׁוּבֵב יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְּלֵי־צֶדֶק
לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ׃
בָּם פִּרְאֵלֶךָ בְּגִיָּא צִלְמוֹת לֹא־
אֵינָא דַּע פִּרְאֵתְךָ עִמָּדִי שְׁבִמָּךְ
וּבְשִׁעָנְךָ הַפֹּחַ יִנְחֵנִי׃
תַּעֲרֶה לִפְנֵי שִׁלְחֹן נֶגֶד צִרְיִי
דִּשְׁבַּת בְּשִׁמּוֹן רֹאשֵׁי בֹסִי רִוְיָה׃
אֵךְ מִזֶּבֶחַ נְחָסֵד יִרְפּוּנִי כָּל־יָמֵי
חַיִּי וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית־יְהוָה לְאַרְבָּע
יָמִים׃

Greek.

1. Κύριος ποιᾷμεν με, οὐδὲν με θύσσει.
2. Εἰς τοσόν χρόνον ἔτι με κατισκηνώσιν ἵπαι ὕδατος ἀπαπαύσεως ἐξέριψέ με.
3. Τὴν ψυχὴν μου ἱπποστρίψιν ὠδήγησιν με ἵπαι τριβούς δικαιοσύνης ἵνικεν τοῦ ὀνόματος αὐτοῦ.
4. Ἐν γὰρ καὶ πορεύω ἐν μισθῷ σκίας θανάτου, οὐ φοβηθήσομαι κακὰ, ὅτι συ μίτ' ἰμοῦ ἐγὼ ἡ βαβὴς σου καὶ ἡ βακτηρία σου αὐταὶ με περικαλίσιν.
5. Ἐσταμάσας ἰνοπίον μου τραπέζαν ἐξῆναιτίας σου θλιβόντων με ἱλιπνάς ἐν ἱλαίῳ τῆς κεφαλῆς μου, καὶ τὸ ποτήριον σου μεθύσκει ὡς κρασί.
6. Καὶ τὸ ἴλιος σου καταδιώκεται με πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας τῆς ζωῆς μου, καὶ τὸ κατοικεῖν με ἐν οἴκῳ Κυρίου εἰς μακροτητα ἡμερῶν.

Latin.

1. Dominus regit me, et nihil mihi deerit.
2. In loco pascuæ ibi me collocavit. Super aquam refectionis educavit me.
3. Animam meam convertit. Deduxit me super semitas justitiæ propter nomen suum.
4. Nam et si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis, non timebo mala, quoniam tu mecum es. Virga tua et baculus tuus, ipsa me consolata sunt.
5. Parasti in conspectu meo mensam, adversus eos qui tribulant me. Impinguasti in oleo caput meum; et calix meus inebrians quam præclarus est.
6. Et misericordia tua subsequetur me omnibus diebus vitæ tuæ; et ut inhabitem in domo Domini in longitudinem dierum.

Italian.

1. Il Signore è il mio pastore; nulla mi mancherà.
2. Egli mi fa giacere in paschi erbosi, mi guida lungo l'acque chete.
3. Egli mi restora l'anima; egli mi conduce per i sentieri di giustizia, per amor del suo nome.
4. Arvegnachì io caminassi nella valle dell'ombra della morte, io non temerci male alcuno: perchiocchè tu sei meco: la tua bacchetta e la tua verga mi consolano.
5. Tu apparecchi davanti a me la mensa al cospetto de' miei nemici: tu ungi il mio capo con oglio: la mia coppa trabocca.
6. Per certo, beni, e benignità m'accompagneranno tutti i giorni della mia vita, ed io abiterò nella casa del Signore per lunghi giorni.

Spanish.

1. El Señor me gobierna, y nada me faltará.
2. En un lugar de pastos allí me ha colocado. Me ha educado junto à una agua de rejeccion.
3. Hizo à mi alma voloeer. Llevóme por senderos de justicia, por amor desu nombre.
4. Pues aun quando andaviere en medio de sombra de muerte, no temere males: porque tu estás conmigo. Tu vara, y tu cayado, ellos me consolácon.
5. Preparaste una mesa delante de mi contra aquellos, que me atribulau. Un geste con óleo pinque mi cabaza: y mi cally que embriaga i que excelente es.
6. Y lu miserecordia irá en pos de mi todos los dias de mi vida: à fin que o more en la casa del Señor, en longitud de dias.

French.

1. L'Eternel est mon berger, je n'aurai point de disette.
2. Il me fait reposer dans des parcs herbeux, et il me conduit le long des eaux tranquilles.
3. Il restaure mon âme, et il me mène par des sentiers unis, pour l'amour de son nom.
4. Même quand je marcherois par la vallée de l'ombre de la mort, je ne craindrois aucun mal; car tu es avec moi; c'est ton bâton et ta houlette qui me consolent.
5. Tu dresses la table devant moi à la vue de ceux qui me persécutent; tu oins ma tête d'huile, et ma coupe est remplie.
6. Quoi qu'il en soit, les biens et la miséricorde m'accompagneront tous les jours de ma vie, et ma habitation sera dans la maison de l'Eternel pour long temps.

German.

1 Der Herr ist mein Hirt, mir wird nichts mangeln.

2 Er weidet mich auf einer grünen Aue, und führet mich zum frischen Wasser.

3 Er erquicket meine Seele; er führet mich auf rechter Straße, um seines Namens willen.

4 Und ob ich schon wanderte im finstern Thal, fürchte ich kein Unglück, denn du bist bey mir, dein Stöcken und Stab trösten mich.

5 Du bereitest vor mir einen Tisch gegen meine Feinde; du salbest mein Haupt mit Oehl, und schenkest mir voll ein.

6 Gutes und Barmherzigkeit werden mir folgen mein Lebenlang, und ich werde bleiben im Hause des Herrn immerdar.

English.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Literal translation of the Hebrew:

A Psalm of David.

Jehovah is my shepherd, I shall not want. He will cause me to lie down in grassy pastures, he will lead me by the waters of rest. He will restore my soul; he will lead me in the paths of righteous-

ness for his name's sake. Even when I shall go into the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort me. Thou wilt prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies: thou hast anointed my head with oil, my cup overfloweth. Only goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of Jehovah for length of days.

We have appended to these various versions a *verbatim* and literal translation of the original. From it the superiority of our national version must be obvious. We give this psalm as a specimen of the whole work; and challenge Socinians and Papists to produce a version that approaches it in closeness, majesty, and faithfulness.

We do believe that Englishmen are not yet prepared to give up their Bibles and their faith at the bidding of O'Connell and the Popish priests; and that the time is not yet arrived when either the Beggarman or his surpliced tail can coerce, by the fear of fire and fagot, the introduction of Dens into our universities, or of the Confessional into our parishes, or of the canons of the Council of Trent into the ecclesiastical pandects of Britain. We do hope, also, that the recent discussions which the new normal and national schools have provoked, will call forth, not merely a more intense and wide-spread attachment to a Scriptural and Protestant education, but also more effective and energetic measures for placing it within the reach of the poorest inhabitants of our towns and rural hamlets.

BASCHÉ'S WEDDING.

I.

Or comence une playsauncte
et lopeuse abanture que
aduint en le Roiaulme de
France.

Now lithe and listen, lordinges alle,*
Anon I wol you tel,
How in the pleasaunct land of Fraunce
A merie pass befel.

II.

Sur le gros et gras prieur
de Saint Louent.

Fowle preestes in the bysshopricke of Tours,
There be manie, both abbot and frier;
Bot the fowlest preest, by twenty score,†
In Louent‡ is the prior.

III.

Sur le tresnoble Seigneur
de Basche.

Brave knightes in the bysshopricke of Tours
There be manie, and ladies gay;
Bot the bravest knight and the fairest dame
Dwell in the grene Basché.§

IV.

Comment le Seigneur de
Basche estoit par chacun
jour adiourne, cite, chi-
quane, a l'appetit et passe-
temps du gras Prieur de
Saint Louent.

Now the false priour to the knight wolde send
His warrants day by day,
To cite him in the bysshope's court,
His tythe-fee for to pay.

V.

Comment le Seigneur de
Basche s'adressoit a ses
gens.

O, up and spoke Sir Basché than
(He was wery of his lyffe),
To Sir|| Oudart the preest, and his baker Loire,
And Alice the baker's wife,

VI.

"My heart, faire sirs, is ful heavie," quod hee,
By cause of thys lowsie prior;
Now, the devill burn his sowle therefore,
With the writs to make the fyer.

VII.

"Now I swear bie the faith of a gentleman,
I had lever bear in war
One hundred strokes of the sword, than bee
Once cited at the law.

* "Now lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrth loveth to hear."—ADAM BELL.

† "Lysteneth, lordinges, with on entent,
And I wol tel you verament
Of mirth and of solas."—*Rime of Sir THOMAS*.

‡ A common phrase of archery:

"There they sett up two hasell-rodde,
Full twenty score betwene."—ADAM BELL.

§ The priory of St. Louent, Livent, or Liventius, in the diocese of Tours.

|| The gentleman here spoken of was probably a descendant of the famous Perron de Basché, steward of the household to Charles VIII., who sent him into Italy before he went thither himself at the head of his army.—*Vide* PH. DE COMMINES, vii. c. 3.

¶ "Sir," a common appellation to all priests—the Latin *dominus*. The "sir" is still retained, I believe, at the University of Dublin, as a title of graduates. The *dominus* (in old English, "Dan") still keeps its place at Oxford and Cambridge.

"But, by my troth, I can nat tel your name;
Whether shal I cal you my lord Dan John,
Or Dan Thomas, or elles Dan Albou."

—CHAUCER, *q. v. passim*.

VIII.

So make yee readie, my baker Loire,
And Alice thy wif also ;
For the next bayliffe that sompneth * me
There cometh a jape, I trow.

IX.

And in the hall I pray yee bee,
To wed as yee were boune ;
Yee shall be wed, and wed parfay
Shal blowes and the false knaves croun.

X.

And make yee readie, Sir Oudart, I pray,
In surplice and in stole ;
To bless the match, and to bless the knokkes
That shal fal on the vilde catchpole.

XI.

Whan the office is sung, and bryde is kissed,
As is ever our wont in Fraunce,
To his neighbour each giveth a blowe,† to have
The mariage in remembrance.

XII.

Have here these gauntlets, heave and strong,
Kid-leather doth mask them wel ;
On the catchpole's skul they'll ring, I trow,
Of sompning mee the knel."

XIII.

" One matter, my lord," quod Sir Oudart then,
" Resolve us an you can ; †
O how shall we the catchpole know
From another man ?"

Comment Oudart demande
a quoy cognoist le chi-
quanous.

XIV.

" O bie his scurvie jade, Sir Preest,
By the broad ring§ on his thumbe ;
And the evill bagge, likewise, that hangs
Fast by the foule knave's bumb."

La response Du Seigneur
De Wasche.

* Sompnour, now written summoner, or sumner ; an officer in the ecclesiastical court, who served the writs—a dignitary held in no great esteem :

" He had a sompnour redy at his hond,
A slier boy was non in Englelond.
He was (if I shal yeven him his laud)
A theef, and eke a sompnour, and a baud."—*Frere's Tale*.

Again, in the facetious conversation between the sompnour and " the fende," the former

" Dorste nat, for veray filth and shame,
To say he was a sompnour, for the name."

" Quand ung moyné," says Father Francis, " prestre, usurier, ou advocat, veut mal à quelque gentilhomme de son pais, il envoie vers lui un de ces chiquanous. Chiquanous le citera, l'adjournera, l'outragera, l'injurera impudemment suivant son record et instruction," &c.—*Pantagruel*, lib. iv. c. 12.

† " Vous tous baillerez l'un à l'autre du souvenir des noces, ce son petits coups de poing."—*Ibid*. And, afterwards,

" Monsieur," dit chiquanous, " l'on ne baille point ici des nopces ? Sainsambregoy, t. utes bonnes coutumes se perdent. Or tenez ! des nopces ! des nopces ! des nopces !" — *Ibid*, chap. 15.

‡ This fragment of the fine old ballad is preserved in *Hamlet*, and is alluded to in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

§ Father Francis lays great stress upon the " anneau d'argent, gros et large, au poulce," as a distinguishing mark of the chiquanous.

Comment, ce propre jour,
comme Dieu le voulut, ar-
riba bng vieil gros et rouge
chiquanous.

Comment le chiquanous fut
par le portier recognen, a
sa meschante iument, a bng
sac de toille, signamment
au gros anneau d'argent,
qu'il auoit au pouce gauche.

Comment Loire et sa feme
se nestirent de leurs beaux
habillemens, et Oudart se
reuestit du surpells et d'es-
toille.

Comment le chiquanous
n'oublie faire nombre
d'humbles reuerences au
Seigneur de Basché.

Comment le Seigneur de
Basché fist bonne chere au
chiquanous.

Comment le chiquanous
beuuoit joyeusement.

Comment par Oudart fu-
rent sus les fiancez dits
mois mystereux, tous les
assistans aspergez d'eau
beniste, et la marice batis-
see.

Comment d'une coste sont
apportez vin et espices, de
l'autre litree a tas blanc
et tanne, de l'autre furent
produicts gantelets secre-
tement.

Comment Trudon sonne de
sa flutte, battant son ta-
bourin.

Now the sun scrip nine degrees had gained,
And the preest scrip flagons three,
Whan there knappeth one at the castle gate,
Knapping ful courteislie.

Than the porter knew 'twas the paratour,*
He knew by the broad thumb-ring,
Bie the scurvie jade, and the evill bagge
That fast at his rump did swing.

Then Loire did on his hozen gray,
And Alice her kirtle green;
And the preest did on his faire surplice,
Right comelie to be seen:

Than the paratour he lowted low
'Fore Basché, on bended knee,
And prayed his grace with a scurvie face
That he might not beaten bee.

"Nay, paratour," quod Basché then,
"Ye serte no writ on me,
Bot ye taste our wyne, and witness besyde
This our solempnitee."

Than the pages served the flaunes† so sweet,
And the pottes gan trot aboute;
God wot! the bayliffe bestirred him than,
He liquored wel his snowte.

Then the preest sang the office, the ring put on,
And sparged them also;
And then he hath kissed the bryde:—therein
These preestes have skill, I trow!

O then they served the favours round,
The colouris were yelwe and blew;
And under their sleeves the gloves of steel
Right privilee they drew.

Then with tabour and pipe ful gallantlie
Rose Trudon, as minstrel shold:
The tabour he banged, and in the pipe
He pouped‡ as he were wood.§

* Paratour,—apparitor;

"Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors."—*Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii. sc. 1.

† Flaunes,—sweet cakes, or wafers.

‡ "Of brass they broughten beemes, and of box,
Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,
And therewithal they shrieked and they houped."—*Nonnes Preeste's Tale*.

§ "Into a fyre, that burned as it were wood."—*Спавчен*.
"Now come I to my mother (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood-woman."
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

XXIV.

"Now by this pottle," quod the paratour,
 Good customes are dead in Fraunce;
 Why pass yee not the knock, to have
 The mariage in remembrance?"

Comment le chiquanous
 se plaignit que toutes les
 bonnes coustumes se per-
 dent en France.

XXV.

With that his fyst on the baker's skul
 Played thwack! with a holsome bang;
 And a merie peal on the parson's pate,
 Like a matin-bell it rang.

Comment chiquanous frap-
 poit sus Loire et l'oudart
 pour baller des nocces.

XXVI.

A God! 't was a queinct thyng for to se
 How the bayliffe laid about;
 Bot queincter agayn were the knokkes that fell
 Ful fast on the bayliffe's snowte.

D'ong moult horrible de-
 bat que aduint.

XXVII.

Fast went the swords at Rounceval,
 And fast at Pavie fight;
 Bot faster fell on the bayliffe's pate
 The gauntlets, to do him right.*

Comment le menestrel
 faist mention de certains
 puissancs faicts d'armes.

XXVIII.

Al did their devoir in this merie joust,
 Bot the parson bore the gree!†
 A strong balle, and at fysticuffes
 An olde dogge was hee.

Comment Oudart estoit
 bng puissant ribaut.

XXIX.

Then they hoisted the knave on his scurvie jade,
 He colde neither stand nor go;
 And back to Saint Louent he wendeth away,
 With meikle pain and woe.

Comment chiquanous es-
 toit remonte sus son esque
 orde et retourne au gras
 prieur.

XXX.

Ye sorie prioures, whan ye serve your writs
 On a gentleman of Fraunce;
 God send that a wedding ye stil may fynde,
 With blowes in abundance.

T'enboy au cete loyense
 histoire.

* "Do me right," a drinking phrase.

2. "Nay, do me right, sir."

1. So I do, in good faith.

2. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller."—*Every Man Out of his Humour*.

"Do me right,

And dub me knight."—*Twelfth Night*.

See a very laughable story on the subject, in Gassendus (*in Vita Peireskii*, p. 51), shewing how unwillingly Thorius "did right" to the learned Peirese by drinking a large cup of water; "toties admovit removitque ora, tot interea carmina ex omnibus Græcis Latinisque poetis profudit, ut diem pene contriverit stillandæ aquæ in inusita-
 tum guttur."

† "To bear the gree," to excel the rest.

THE TRINITY OF THE GENTILES. EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

AN ANALYTICAL ESSAY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

Και το φως ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτοῦ οὐ κατέλαβεν.—ΙΩΑΝ. Α. ε.

CHAPTER I.—THE ORIGINAL DOCTRINE—ITS CERTAINTY—NECESSITY—MYTHOLOGICAL CORRUPTIONS.

CHAPTER II.—EGYPTIAN ILLUSTRATIONS AND PROOFS.

CHAPTER III.—THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS. EGYPTIAN DOCTRINES OF INCARNATION, RESURRECTION, IMMORTALITY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PYTHAGOREAN AND PLATONIC SPECULATIONS.

CHAP. III.

The Worship of Animals—the Egyptian Doctrines of Incarnation, Resurrection, Immortality.

THE immediate connexion of the second triad of Osiris, Horus, and Typhon, with the animal creation (with more life as well as with intellect), as appears by our collation with the Mosaic record, and to which Diodorus bears testimony from the Egyptians (i. 11), brings us at once to Mr. Cory's views on the origin of the worship of animals, which we shall attempt to follow out and elucidate in connexion with the mythological calendar just explained.

He shews that in the Indian, Greek, Egyptian, Persian, and other systems, the animals which are mentioned as the vahans, or bearers and companions of the divinities, and likewise as their representatives or symbols, may be clearly traced to the cherubic animals of the Scriptures; and, though so pleasing a theme may occasionally have induced him to carry his etymologies too far in search of unnecessary proof, his leading proposition is, we think, capable of demonstration.

"It is a matter of very curious inquiry," observes our author (*Inquiry*, p. 90, *et seq.*), "how mankind degenerated into the worship of animals, and the abominations of idolatry. It will have been observed in the preceding remarks, that among the heathens, the eagle was the vahana of the etherial power; the lion, of the light; and the bull, of fire, heat, or the solar orb, though these distinctions are not always very accurately maintained. These animals are, in fact, no other than the animals which composed the cherubim; which, in the antediluvian, patriarchal, and Jewish dispensations, were placed at the entrance of Paradise, and afterwards upon the mercy-seat of the

ark: they were deemed oracular; and above them rested the Shekinah, the cloud of glory, the visible symbol of the presence of the Lord, who is represented as sitting, between them, or as flying upon them. The form of the cherubim (Ezek. i. 10; 1 Chron. xxviii. 18) was of a bull, from which arose a human body, as a centaur with four heads, that of a bull, of an eagle, of a lion, and of a man, with wings and hands, and covered with eyes. In the heathen cherubim, among other remarkable variations, the head of a serpent is often substituted for the human head. The seraphim are considered to have been similar; and the teraphim were of the same form, but smaller figures, which were set up by individuals in their own houses, and to which they resorted for answers.

"The cherubim constituted the place of worship for all believers; they were termed the *Pheni Elohim*, the faces or presence of God (Zech. viii. 2, *passim*), and from between them issued the oracles. It would have been a singular omission if the heathens, as they went off from the patriarchal worship, had not carried with them an institution so remarkable: accordingly, we find the figures worked up into all their religious institutions, and the memory of them retained even to the present day. From the quotations in the former part of this essay, we find that the heathens distributed the cherubic animals severally to the respective persons of the triad, as vahans upon which they sit or ride, or as consecrated attendants; and they not unfrequently confounded them with the deities themselves, and connected triplicated forms of various animals as statues of the gods. But these combinations are rarely given but to Phanes, Phtha, Mithras, and Amon-Ra, to that person who proceeds as, and is himself the triad; and all such combinations were conceived to be oracular."

Mr. Cory goes on to shew that in

the *Pheni Elohim* — the faces or presence of God, as above — the name assigned to the oracular cherubim on the ark of the covenant, we have the sacred original of the Orphic *Phanes*, the Greek *Pan*, and of the *Pan Kerobates* of Aristophanes, together with that of the *Faunus* and the *Penates* of the ancient Italians. Again, the household gods, named *Lares* or *Penates*, were esteemed oracular, and were precisely equivalent to the Hebrew Teraphim. They were also the same with the *Curetes* and *Corybantes*, according to Nigidius; and the *Corybantes* were, as Theopompus affirms, the inventors of the triangular stones named *Kurbeis*, on which the Athenian laws were engraved.

The keeper of the gates of Hades was the triple-headed *Kerberus*, as were the cherubim the keepers of the entrance of Paradise. *Kerberus* was the sun, as Plutarch affirms; and he accordingly denominates the Persian Mithras, *Kruphios*. The same writer tells us that *Serapis*, who was originally Phanes, was the same with *Charops*; and so the lion of Phanes is called *Charopion* in the Orphic Fragments; so the *scraph* was, in the opinion of our author, the same with the *cherub*.

The centaur, *Chiron*, and the boatman of Hades, *Charon*, would appear to be other forms, these being supported either by their description or offices; so was the *Chimara* of Hesiod, and *Gergon*, the three or four-headed monster which Hercules subdued in Spain; so the *Requais*, or *Griffins*, of the Greek temples, and of the armorial insignia of northern chivalry; and the writer might have added, of the Babylonian cylindrical gems, and the sculptures of Persepolis, which were, in all probability, the authorities of Ctesias, whom he quotes (*Inquiry*, p. 100).

The compound and oracular *sphynxes* are evidently of the same class, although the analogy of name is not so happy. The symbolic characters of the Egyptian *Scarab*, as the generator of the world, has also its analogy; and the *cat-headed*, the *ibis-formed*, and the *bull-headed* scarabs of Horapollo, come in support of it.

So, in the cat-headed *Thriphis* of the Egyptians, we have probably the *teraph*; while the *tripod* of the Pythian temple was oracular, like the Shekinah above the cherubim on the mercy-seat:

of which our author conceives, or rather proves the *tripod*, named from the daughters of Triopas, who bewailed the death of Apollo, supposed to lie buried in it, to have been an imitation.

In fine, nearly all the monstrous combinations of heathen antiquity may be traced, either with reference to their figure or character, if not to both, to the cherubim, seraphim, and teraphim of the sacred writings; and, the consecration of the animals whose appearances were thus compounded, and of whatever others were substituted for them, was a necessary result, according to the imaginative principles of heathenism.

After tracing the cherubim, seraphim, and teraphim, with much learning and acuteness, throughout the various systems of heathenism, and indulging, perhaps, in a few fanciful etymologies and analogies, but never so as to weaken his leading argument, Mr. Cory proceeds (p. 104):—

“The cherubim may be found in every part of the heathen world, and to the abuse of them, I believe, may be traced the worship of animals. The heathen originally fell into materialism, and worshipped the created ethereal elements instead of the Creator; and, in process of time, descended another step, by substituting, as objects for adoration, the very animals which they originally regarded but as types of their ethereal gods.”

Let us add, that the wheels in which was “the spirit of the living creatures,” or cherubim (Ezek. i. 20, 21), seem to us to add no small degree of force to the argument. The wheel was as universally adopted in the Gentile world as the cherubim themselves, as a type or symbol of the world or universe, which was itself the great god of materialism. In the hieroglyphics of Egypt, it is the common symbol denoting locality, as earth, land, region, place, &c. It appears among the symbolic remains of all ancient nations—more particularly on their coins and medals—from the further India to the British isles; and it has been proved by a very learned, though, in some cases, a fanciful inquirer—not so, however, in this instance (we mean, Sir William Betham)—to have, in all instances, a geographical signification, as in the

Egyptian remains; and this without any previous knowledge on his part, of the established hieroglyphic sense.* Let it be also noted that, according to the description of Ezekiel (i. 26), the throne of God is immediately above the cherubim and wheels: in that of Rev. iv. 6, the four beasts are "round about the throne."

Of all the theories that have ever been advanced to explain the worship of animals (for the best account of which see Dr. Pritchard's admirable section, *Analysis of Egyptian Mythology*, p. 330), the preceding is the most obvious, satisfactory, and tenable; the most capable of being borne out by corresponding circumstances, and that which combines in itself all that is tenable in other theories. It is itself a member of the same argument which demonstrates the original source of the Gentile trinity, from which it is inseparable; and it will be found to connect itself with other recondite doctrines to which we have alluded — those of the incarnation, the resurrection, and immortality.

We have already spoken of the sacred animals as more immediately representing the infernal divinities, being the supposed avatars of the souls of the defunct terrestrial gods, themselves human avatars of the celestial series. They were the receptacles—in other words, the vahans, or carriers, of the gods in question (as in the familiar case of the bull, Apis, the receptacle, or vahan, of the soul of Osiris); and hence immediately identify themselves with the cherubic animals.

As the forms of the gods became multiplied, so were those of the sacred or consecrated animals: and each of the thirty calendal forms had its one or more animal representatives. This view will explain a remarkable account which Herodotus has preserved from the Egyptian priests; while the statement of that historian will, on the other hand, confirm the views now advanced, and prove the whole to be a simple and obvious result of the cherubic origin of the worship of animals.

"The Egyptians," says Herodotus (lib. ii.), "affirm that Dionysus and Demeter, or Ceres (Osiris and Isis), preside over the regions below; and

the same people are the first who advanced the doctrine that the soul of man is immortal, and after the death of the body passes into some other animal, which is born opportunely to receive it. They say that it transmigrates through all the creatures which inhabit the sea and the land, and through all winged animals; and, having performed this circuit in the space of 3000 years, enters again into a human body." We quote in the words of Dr. Pritchard.

But this 3000 years of transmigration through the bodies of animals—i.e. the sacred or consecrated ones—is itself a great *triacontaëterid*, or cyclical month of the *annus maximus* of 36,525 years,† by which the Egyptian system of time was, as already mentioned, regulated; twelve periods of 3000 years, making 36,000 (as twelve months of 30 years formed the prophetic time of 360), and the fractional 525 years representing the intercalary five days and a quarter. The character of the month being thus prolonged to 3000 years, that of each day will be represented by a century, consecrated to each of the respective forms of the gods; and the whole will therefore represent the great *triacontaëterid* or panegyry of the resurrection.

It will follow almost as a necessary consequence, that, during the predominance of each divine form, the animal sacred to that form was also the predominant animal avatar of the souls of men, and gave a sacred character to its species for the same period; which species would hence become the vahans, or carriers, of the souls of those who died during the allotted century. During the following century, the animal consecrated to the next divinity in order, together with its species, would become the receivers of the souls of the defunct, as well as the souls of those who had previously inhabited the sacred animals of the preceding divinity; and so on, until the great cycle of migration was completed.

This view will, we apprehend, at once explain the principle of migration spoken of by Herodotus, and prove that the whole is a necessary consequence of the system. It will, likewise, we think, explain the reason why vast numbers of mummied ani-

* See *Proceedings of the Numismatic Society*, 1836-7, p. 32.

† This was likewise the *annus maximus* of the Platonists.

imals of the same kind,—as dogs, cats, cynocephali, crocodiles, ibises, scarabs, &c., are always found together;* these deposits being, doubtless, respectively, remains of the same age, and embalmed during the period when the sacred animals in question were respectively imagined to be the vehicles of human souls. It were ridiculous to suppose that every animal of the consecrated species was embalmed during every age of Egyptian history. If so, it is improbable that they should always occur in separate masses, independently of the inconsistency of such an idea, and of the consistency of the view which we have advanced, in all its parts. It explains the migratory system, and gives a reason for the embalming of animals—those supposed to be the depositaries of the souls of men,—while the whole is but bringing out of the same original theory, in a way which explains and confirms history, and is in harmony with all that has already been developed regarding the principles of the Egyptian calendar; and, we do not despair of yet seeing the great cycle of migration chronologically authenticated by the determination of the relative ages of the animal deposits in Egypt. Its chronological relations and epochs, in the pages of Herodotus, we hope to make evident on another occasion; and we hope, moreover, to demonstrate that this period had no small influence in the corruption of ancient history and chronology, by reason of the assumed necessity of interposing a renovating triacontaëterid of 3000 years, between the destruction and renewal of the world at the deluge, and the universally-expected renovation at about the epoch of Christianity. This is to be traced not only in the Egyptian, Chaldean, Persian, Hindu, and Chinese systems of time, but in the Samaritan and Greek corruptions of the sacred Hebrew chronology, which are obviously accommodated to meet the Gentile opinions on the antiquity of our race.

CHAP. IV.

The Pythagorean and Platonic Speculations.

- Mr. Cory goes on to shew that the countries inhabited by the Jewish nation—first, Egypt, and, afterwards, Palestine—were the points of radiation from which religious intelligence emanated to the heathen world, at the several epochs of the Exode, the Captivity, and Christianity. He shews that the partial reformation in the age of the Captivity was universal,—that it extended eastwards to Persia, India, Siam, China, and Japan; as well as to Greece in the West, as attested by the original and independent records of all these countries.

At this period, the ancient Gentile system lost a portion of its gross materialism, and with it, in a great degree, the knowledge of the ancient triad which had materialism for its basis. This he shews to be especially conspicuous in the Pythagorean philosophy, which descended to the schools of Plato with little variation; so much so, that the doctrine of a trinity—much more the mystery of that doctrine—was not contemplated as contained in the writings of that philosopher, until after its development by Christ and his apostles. The disciples of Plato then attempted to fix a higher sense on his notions than was ever contemplated by those ancient systems, which are so much more clear on the question; and they have in this been too much seconded by the early fathers of the church, as well as by some of our modern critics. The former weakly argued on the support which Christianity derived from Plato, while their opponents took them at their word, and hence insisted that Christianity gave them nothing new.

The philosophers from the sixth century B. C. downwards, saw the absurdity of giving to *matter* the priority over *mind*. They, therefore, as we have shewn, *inverted* the material systems of

* The following is an extract from a communication on this question, with which we have been favoured by one of the best-informed of our Egyptian travellers, Joseph Bonomi, Esq., since these pages were written:—"Cats are abundant, but the most abundant of all is the ibis: I have seen large deposits of them at Sacout, and near Karamoun; in both cases, long, narrow, horizontal excavations, in various directions, unadorned,—the pots containing the birds being piled in order against the sides of the excavations. The mummied crocodile is found to occupy entirely to himself several unadorned excavations opposite to Manfalout."

their predecessors, and confounded them by speculations which end in nothing, and from which similar nothings have been generated from the ages of Pythagoras and Plato, till that of Mr. Thomas Taylor, *the last of the Platonists*; with whom, as if no data were to be wanting, the present writer carried on a dialogue in writing, on the system of his school, of which an extract appears in the treatise before us, and from which, in our second chapter, we have drawn illustrations of deep importance to the present inquiry. The extract in question forms so valuable an appendix to ancient history and mythology, that we trust the dialogue of which it forms a part will be given to the public in as complete a state as possible. Mr. Cory has gone to the fountain-head, and replaced these speculations by something tangible and profitable to learning as well as to religion, and which draws the bonds that unite the causes of true learning and philosophy, and orthodox Christianity, closer than ever. To rivet the links of this beautiful chain of evidence, and to augment their number, have been our objects; and we have, we trust, successfully demonstrated that, even were any objections to the Gentile trinity, as a separate question, still to be found, the parallel and undisputed cases of the incarnation, resurrection, and immortality, supported and elucidated as they are by our Egyptian data, must for ever silence them.

We take the opportunity of here noticing Mr. Mushet's volume on the *Trinity of the Ancients*,* which, as already mentioned, made its appearance almost simultaneously with Mr. Cory's observations on the same subject; and which latter will be placed in still higher relief by the comparison, with the most perfect justice to Mr. Mushet, and we think with advantage to the general question.

Mr. Mushet appears to be one of those amiable writers who, fearful of Gentile participation in the great leading doctrine of Christianity, would explain away the evidences which paganism supplies of its own inferiority in expounding the fundamental principles of religion.

The notion that the *mystery* of the holy trinity is to be found in the speculations of Plato, which, as above, was insisted upon by the later Platonists, admitted by too many of the early fathers, and defended by Cudworth, and other modern critics of eminence, had already been sufficiently exploded by Dr. Morgan; and briefly, but effectually, by Mr. Cory, in the valuable introduction to his *Ancient Fragments*.

The present writer has followed up the same view more at length, demonstrating the absurdity of seeking for the revealed principles of the Trinity in speculations which, to adopt a popular illustration, have precisely as much real bearing on the development of Christianity, as the speculations of the geologists, a century ago, have on the now developed relations of that science; but endeavouring to strengthen his arguments by explaining away the relations between the original Gentile triads, founded on the cosmogonic types, and the doctrine of a trinity in unity, the *revealed mystery* of which forms the primary character of the Christian dispensation, and which he conceives was hence unlikely to have been known to the heathen.

He freely admits the universality of the ancient triads, and quotes Mr. Cory's *Fragments* at large in support of this; but he at the same time adopts the mythological speculations of Bryant for his interpreters; and hence, while admitting the physical as well as the human impersonations of the Gentile divinities,—the latter, as represented by Noah and his three sons, afford him his grand key to the monad and triad of the ancients—the ark, his solution of the mundane egg—and the history of the deluge, that of every other phenomenon connected with the primary gods of antiquity.

Let us here remark, that the mere knowledge of the doctrine or fact of the divine trinity in unity, or of any other doctrine, as understood by the Gentiles, and the development of its mystery, as reserved for the Gospel dispensation, are two very different things, the distinction between which has been lost sight of by those who

* The Trinity of the Ancients; or, the Mythology of the First Ages, and the Writings of some of the Pythagorean and other Schools, examined with reference to the Knowledge of the Trinity ascribed to Plato and other ancient Philosophers. By Robert Mushet. 8vo. London, 1837. Parker.

have insisted on the trinitarian *arcana* being known to Plato; and equally by those who, perceiving the absurdity of this, deny that the question had any existence anterior to Christianity. And although the facts compel us to admit, with the eclectic school of Platonists (see *Mythological Inquiry*, p. 125), that all nations had received the truth, so far as a mere acquaintance with the doctrine or facts, not only as regards the trinity, but also the incarnation, resurrection, and immortality, the use which they made of this knowledge affords the clearest evidence of its insufficiency without the Christian development, which annihilated all former speculations, and demonstrated the utter inefficacy of aught but revelation to solve the enigma.

The foundation of the Pythagorean and Platonic speculations of the nature of the Deity, was a presupposed triplicity of character—a mystery which, although having conceptions on the question more lofty and true than their predecessors, or in the ratio which intellectual bear over material conceptions, we may be quite sure that they did not in the smallest degree illustrate—in other words, that they did not anticipate the Gospel revelation; and we may be equally certain, that every attempt to prove the contrary, or even to gain any fixed result from data so uncertain and contradictory, must, to use another geological illustration, be just as satisfactory as would be a theory of the earth, deduced from the “*mundus subterraneus*” of Athanasius Kircher, to geological inquirers of the present day; and hence, that all speculations founded on those of Pythagoras and Plato must end, where theirs did, in *nothing*.

There was, however, never a speculation on any question without some fundamental data; and the data of the philosophers alluded to were, as on all hands agreed, the *triads* of heathen antiquity. But, supposing that we did not know from Orphæus and Hesiod, and fifty other sources, that all such triads resulted from the cosmogonic types—the true material types of the Godhead, as Mr. Cory* has proved from scriptural evidence, and which the physical and spiritual Geneses of Moses and John place in the clearest

point of view—can we for a moment admit that such men as Pythagoras and Plato would adopt the seemingly accidental relations to be found in human history, as a basis for their speculations on the Divine nature?—that they would make their God after the image and likeness of the families of Adam and Noah, reversing the process of the divine operations; and all this without the slightest knowledge that the families in question furnished the proposed numerical relations—a condition which this absurd hypothesis supposes? The idea is as monstrous as it is inconsistent; and we have no patience with an acute writer like Mr. Mushet, who has elaborately investigated the subject, for adopting the hypothetical antiquarianism of Bryant, and supposing that the *Noûs*, or Mind, of Plato's theories, is actually the name of the second father of mankind, changed into a Greek word; and that the “three kings” of Plato's enigmatic and professedly unintelligible epistle, or rather cipher, to Dionysius, are the three sons of that patriarch. The cabalists themselves could not outdo this.

Let him furnish us with a similar historical explanation of those other fundamental articles of our creed—the doctrines of the incarnation, the resurrection, and immortal life—which, as divine facts, were as well known to the heathen world as that of a trinity in unity, yet equally sealed up in the sacred Jewish writings; and we may perhaps give him a hearing. Mr. Mushet knows all this as well as we do, and that to comply is impossible. Till then, we must take leave to adhere to the principles which Mr. Cory has clearly developed and demonstrated—principles which so admirably fall in with all our conceptions of that dispensation which solved every enigma of heathenism, as well as of Judæism, by a single event, and “placed the fundamental tenets of truth upon a rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.”

The real mystery of Plato is that, in his writings, the facts known to, and sufficiently mystified by his predecessors, become still further obscured, and would have been altogether lost, did we possess no older authorities;

* This writer has also remarked, with much truth, in the introduction to his *Fragments*, that “the theogonies and cosmogonies of the heathens were the same.”

and, although Mr. Mushet's inferences on the question are weakened by the view which he has taken of these authorities, as if it had never been propounded to mankind until the moment arrived for its solution, this writer has rendered a service to the cause of truth, by his arguments in proof of the absurdity of seeking that solution elsewhere but in the Gospel: while the equal absurdity of attempting to get rid of the fact, as known to the ancients, has enabled us thus to place his oversights in contrast with the true principles of the case; and hence to demonstrate that it is not the speculations of the Greek philosophers that are of the slightest consequence, but the basis of such speculations, which is fully and clearly unfolded in the *Mythological Inquiry*, whereas the speculations founded on that basis are despatched with a brevity fully commensurate with their relative importance.

We have thus endeavoured, by analysing and following out Mr. Cory's views, in connexion with those on the other side of the question, to bring into relief one of the most rational, comprehensive, condensed, and useful treatises, that has appeared in our times. It combines the substance of all that is original in data, with all that is profitable in theory, into an unbroken chain which connects the knowledge and opinions of mankind on the great question of religion, in every age antecedent to Christianity; and it will be found a useful companion to the clerical, as well as to the antiquarian and classical reader. The orthodox clergyman of our establishment will here find a weapon of no mean temper and utility; while those who suffer their minds to be bewildered with doubts regarding the canonicity of certain parts of the apostolic writings, will find proofs that all are links of that divine chain whereby God has united his creatures to himself.

This excellent little work will not, however, in consequence of its brevity, supersede the necessity of studying more enlarged treatises on the systems of heathenism; but it will, perhaps, facilitate the study of these more than any other work extant. And we would

direct the particular attention of the reader to Dr. Pritchard's *Analysis of Egyptian Mythology*, as containing a vast fund of the most valuable general information, which the present treatise will enable him to digest with satisfaction and profit.

Let us close our analysis, by observing that the investigations of Cory and Mushet afford a remarkable example of the different purposes to which similar, or rather the same data, may be applied, with equally good intentions. The explanations of the former are philosophical and scriptural, in the strictest sense of these terms; and the witnesses of every age and nation are allowed to testify for themselves on the grand question at issue. The explanations of the latter, so far as respects the same witnesses, are but the revival of an hypothesis which, whatever merit it may possess in connexion with the fabulous history of antiquity, is totally irrelevant to the present purpose. These explanations are, moreover, deficient in data, except so far as supplied by Cory's *Ancient Fragments*—a work which only proposes to involve the fragments of primitive history preserved by Greek and Roman writers. To this work Mr. Mushet has done justice, creditable alike to himself and to its author. Dr. Pritchard's excellent *Analysis of Egyptian Mythology*, and Colonel Vans Kennedy's equally excellent treatise on the *Mythology of the Hindus*, would have supplied him with far more original and useful data than the speculations of Bryant and Lord Monboddo.

The contemporary appearances of these treatises has placed the question in that kind of contrast, which renders the truth the more self-evident and conspicuous; and of which every reader may satisfy himself by a comparison of the data, the method, and the results of the two inquiries. Both may, nevertheless, be perused with profit. Mr. Mushet demonstrates the absurdity of the divine knowledge assumed on behalf of Plato more at large than Mr. Cory; while the oversights of the former, on the most vital question—the Gentile, or, rather, the patriarchal trinity—render the truths pointed out by the latter the more irresistible.

HERMOGENES.

BLUE FRIAR PLEASANTRIES.

NO. XXXI.—SELECTIONS FROM THE B. F. ORCHESTRA.

NO. XXXII.—THE PLYMOUTH HOE — THE BREAKWATER — THE EDDYSTONE
LIGHTHOUSE.

NO. XXXIII.—A SCHOOL MEETING.

NO. XXXI.—SELECTIONS FROM THE B. F. ORCHESTRA.

It is not to be supposed that, when the Blue Brothers pass the bottle, they remain insensible to the charms of the musical glasses. Let the world understand, on the contrary, that they can "rouse the night-owl with a catch," and "draw as many souls out of one weaver," as ever could their common uncle, famed Sir Toby Belch. For a taste, here is their overture:—

OVERTURE.

A Musico graphical Ode.

The leader now takes his seat — takes his seat;

As signal, then, taps his bow — taps his bow!

In one long swell now they meet — now they meet;

In one loud CRASH now they go — now they go!

They're going, and they're going, O list now, only mind 'em;

They're going, as a devil were a-coming up behind 'em.

The fiddles seem determined that the trumpets shall not top them;

It is plain, sir, 'tis in vain, sir, for any one to stop them.

When, list! — a cadence — gentle — low; A movement — melancholy — slow;

Sad pathos falls upon the ear, Like a moaning wind — now far, now near;

Till joyous passion bursts again Like the sweeping breeze o'er the glad-denuded main;

And music's tide rolls o'er the strand, To wake the echoes of the land!

Once more it ebbs in gentle notes, A dying sound through ether floats; And now — a pause — a silence deep, (You'd think the fiddlers were asleep); When, hark! they wake — they mount — they swell,

And at it rush again pell-mell, Like greedy fox-hounds through the dell,

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Or o'er the open heath!
Up hill, down dale, through wood and plain
They fly, and double back again;
And though they run the *fox* in vain,
Themselves run out of breath!

Air.

Now, like oil o'er water thrown,
Solo flute, in gentlest tone,
Stills the brazen trumpet's cry
With its silver melody.

Symphony.

Anon in tones delighting,
All instruments uniting,

Air repeated.

Again, in full orchestral chorus,
Comes the air more loudly o'er us!
Oh, now, *is it not* most charming?
Charming — charming — charming —
charming!
Oh, now, *is it not* most charming?

Once more a strain mysterious comes —
A pause — a note — a roll of drums!
They join again! — 'twas but the call
To muster quick the fiddlers all!
Oh, bravo, bravo! *non c'e male*,
Never did you hear *il tale*;
Lo! they reach the grand *finale*,
Soon 'twill all be done:

Now they go like pelting racers —
Quicker, quicker! cut away, sirs!
Bravo, bravo, bravo every one!
Louder, louder! Drummers thump it!
Quicker, louder, split your trumpet!
Going, going, going, going;
Going, going, going, going — *gone!*

Our next selection illustrates the feeling of the Blue Brethren for the sentimental; a style which is daily gaining ground, much to the mollification of the youthful heart, and not less to the benefit of music-sellers.

THE REJECTED.

Air — "She wore a Wreath of Roses."
I met her in the bower,
By roses shaded round;
And deemed in that bright hour,
My wishes would be crowned.

Z

Said I, "This day be mine dear;
Be mine alone, dear Kate."
Said she, "I *can't* be thine, dear,
You're just a day too late!"

Despairingly I rushed forth,
And sought the Lover's Leap;
My burning tears they gushed forth,
I reached the fatal steep!
When came this thought to save me,—
"Be still, poor heart, be still;
If cruel *Kate* won't have ye,
Perhaps fair *Fanny* will!"

Fair *Fanny* then to meet,
I wandered on the strand;
I threw me at her feet,
I offered her my hand.
"What! proffer me to-night, sir,
What *Kate* refused at noon?
Your love, indeed, you plight, sir,
At least a day too soon."

Thus ever I'm too late, ma'am,
Or else a day too soon;
'Twill never be my fate, ma'am,
To know a honeymoon.
And will no woman make me
A happy married man!
Will *any* woman take me?
For *any* woman *can*!

Hark! Hymen's hymn is singing,
The vicar takes his fee;
The wedding bells are ringing,
Yet ring they not for me!
I sit, and by my *self* sigh,
Deserted by my hopes;
By heaven, I'll mount the bel-fry,
And hang me in the ropes!

Though I'm a man of thurty,
I'm solitary yet,
And to the pianoforte
My sorrowings are set.
Each day my wo's related
In sentimental songs,
How I must die unmated,
Like half a pair of tongs!

The "Charming Woman" has been
sung, ere now, in the mellifluous strain
of Mrs. Price Blackwood's muse; and
it is to the same air that the following
is chanted in praise of

THE GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.

And don't you, then, know Mr. Ready?
I thought you had known him full
well;
Oh, in truth, you *must* know my dear
Neddy,
For many good reasons I'll tell.

He's as soft as a pear that is mellow;
He's as mild as a light summer
breeze;
And he's such a good-natured fellow,
You may do with him just as you
please.

Oh, he's the best-natured of creatures;
My children delight Ned to see,
When they look at his very odd fea-
tures,
And laugh till they choke—so does
he!

They pinch him until he is yellow,
Sometimes on his long nose they
seize;
But, he's such a good-natured fellow,
You may do with him just as you
please.

To save every idle one trouble,
He's a mighty industrious hack;
He'll draw, carry single, or double—
On all-fours, or on two, pickapack.
He'll lend you his best umbrella,
And himself sally forth in the rain;
And he's such a good-natured fellow,
That he'll never ask for it again!

He was never but once out of temper,
And then for another man's sake,
When the bold and enraged Captain
Thumper
Sorely horsewhipped poor Ned by
mistake.

Said Neddy (his eye with fire flashing),
"I'm not used to such blunders as
these;
Next time pray be sure *whom* you're
thrashing,
And then—thrash away as you
please."

T'other day he was going to London;
All Plymouth had letters to send;
His portmanteau was fifty times un-
done,
For acquaintance, and friend, and
friend's friend.

In his lap he took our kitchen bellows,
And a small kitchen grate 'twixt his
knees;
Oh! he's the best-natured of fellows,
You may do with him just as you
please.

I'm convinced he would deem it mere
nothing
To part with his boots, coat, and
hat;
And as for his next bit of clothing,
Depend on't his wife would wear
that.

Of wedlock should you partner make him,
You'd the "wine" drink, while he'd
drink the "lees;"
And should you exclaim, "Devil take
him!"

He'll wish it may be as you please.

Our concluding specimen seeks to
emulate the tragic ballad of the olden
times, and to rival the song of "Lord
Ullin's Daughter." It is founded on
a fact which occurred in Devonshire,
and strongly illustrates the propriety of
ghosts keeping themselves snug in
their beds, instead of wandering about
commons in wet and windy nights.

THE BALLAD OF THE GHOST.

The night was dark, the moon in vain
To break the clouds essayed;
When sturdy Will, he crossed the plain,
To visit his loved maid.

And soon his home lay far behind;
He spurned the driving rain;
The fury of the whistling wind,
He whistled back again.

Nay "blow and crack your cheeks!"
cried Will,

"You only fan the fire;
You angry torrents 'spout' your fill,
You quench not my desire."

When, lo! a hollow voice was heard,
Close issuing from the wood!
So fearful was each solemn word,
It would have chilled your blood.

I say, *your* blood it might have chilled,
Your love it might have daunted;
But whatso'er young Willy willed,
Old Nick had ne'er prevented.

"Who's there?" said Will, and grasped
he tight

The yew-stick in his hand;
"If friend, good luck this stormy night;
"If foe, now take your stand!"

"I am thy father's ghost," then cried
That voice so deep and dread;
"If Mary thou shalt make thy bride,
I'll haunt thy bridal bed!"

Then grinned bold Will from ear to
ear:

"My father's GHOST, you said;
My father's SELF had made me fear,
But not a father's shade."

Then plunged he straight into the
wood,—

"Come on, ghost, to the fight!"
He rushed to where the phantom
stood,
And battered left and right.

Down fell the spectre by his side,
And loudly roared the noddy;
"I'm not thy father's ghost," he
cried
"So spare thy rival's body!"

He wrapped his rival in the sheet
Wherein he was arrayed,
And on a bed at Mary's feet
The ghost was shortly laid.

"Fear not," said Will, "he is not
dead,
Though wond'rous near perdition;
So give him plasters for his head,
While I give admonition.

A rival's arm *may* make me smart,
A ghost's it never can;
Next time you'd win a woman's heart,
Fight for it like a man."

Beneath their care, with lessening pain,
The ghost repentant tarried;
But scarcely could he "walk" again,
Ere Will and Mog were married.

Locke, 33. ff.

NO. XXXII.—THE PLYMOUTH HOE — THE BREAKWATER — THE EDDYSTONE
LIGHTHOUSE.

"Pray, sir, what do I see before
me?" said a wondering passenger, on
the outside of the Barnstaple coach.

"Plymouth Sound," said his in-
formant, "with Mount Edgcumbe on
the right, Staddon Heights on the left,
and the citadel-crowned Hoe before
you, forming its mainland boundary."

"But where is Plymouth itself?"
asked the other.

"Concealed in the hollow between
the hill before you, and the Hoe be-
yond it."

"Then, sir, I am to understand that

the name Hoe applies to that smooth
grassy elevation which intercepts the
near view of the sea?"

"Exactly; and so called, I imagine,
from the French word *haut*; *Anglicè*,
high, top, ridge.

"And where is the Breakwater?"
asked the former, with an emphasis
which shewed it to be the object chiefly
sought.

"Buried under that line of white
spray, which you observe stretching
across the mouth of the Sound; and
which, in truth, shews you the ad-

vantage of the Breakwater more than any view of the mere Breakwater itself could possibly do. That mile of bounding foam is, in fact, the arrested anger of the Atlantic, dashed into nothing by the gigantic, though almost imperceptible structure, which the daring energy of man has played on the foundations of the deep! You perceive, that the waters beyond, and on one side of the bay, sufficiently manifest the violence of the sea at the present moment; but you will also not fail to observe that there are several men-of-war, and a whole fleet of merchantmen, riding in almost perfect peace at a short distance within the Breakwater."

But my traveller has now alighted at the Royal Hotel, where he is somewhat startled by the Ionic grandeur of the Portico of Illusus, and rather fears that the Attic sal[†] wherewith his nut-ton-chop is seasoned, will too strongly smack with the flavour of costliness. But this he soon discovers to be a mistake, for the coffee-room emulates not the columnar splendour of the Old Hummums; neither is his bill even equal in charge to what he has paid at many an ordinary Red Lion or White Hart in many an ordinary town or extraordinary village. And then is Mr. Whiddon a very prince of landlords, with a carriage and a courtesy which shew that he has been in the habit of walking backward be-

fore royalty, and, consequently, forward in the world; while his wife is all that she should be, and the bar-maid nothing less; and all the other maids as pretty as need be (as, indeed, all the Plymouth women are); and the managing Clerk prompt and obliging as the most bustling guest could desire; and the waiters quick and quiet (estimable virtue!); and the cook the best in the world for mock-turtle soup, as the Blue Friars (the best judges in the world) can testify.

Refreshed with supper and sleep, my traveller ascends to the Hoe, matchless among marine promenades for the beauty it commands, and still more (as we have just hinted) for the beauty which perambulates its airy walks. Matchless, too, is it in its associations, for here great Brutus's kinsman, Cœrinæus wrestled with Gogmagog the giant, and threw him into the sea with such an admirable might,

"That where the monstrous waves like
mountains late did stand,
They leaped out of the place, and left
the bared sand
To gaze upon wide heaven!"

So sings old Drayton, in his *Polyol-bon*; nor is the spirit of his theme departed, for here still encounter the "rival wrestlers" of Damnonium, as appears by the following fragments from a modern epic, entitled the *Hociad*:—

Of rival wrestlers the repeated tug,
The kick Devonian, and the Cornish hug,*
With bloody combats pugilistical,
And noddles broke by cudgel-stick withal;
Of goddesses—not Pallas, Venus, Juno—
But Pol and Sal, such goddesses as you know—
Of these I sing. My scene, the sea-washed shore,
Where Gogmagog and Brutus strove of yore;
Where now great Cann and Polkinghorne† are seen
To strive for mastery on the boothéd green;
And Sampson's camera-obscura‡ shews
The heights of Edgumbe just before your nose,
The Isle of Nicholas and bright Hamoaze.

Declare, O Muse, the spirit of unquiet
Which brought about this bleeding, roaring riot!

To fright fair Peace, two causes now conspire—
A man's ambition, and a woman's ire.

* The Devonshire wrestlers are peculiar in their practice of kicking, the Cornish in that of rendering their antagonists powerless by squeezing the breath out of their bodies.

† The great wrestlers of the day.

‡ Barker's Panorama was taken from this point.

This urged Jack Gillis to forsake his awl,
 Jack Tar to challenge to a "fair-back fall;"
 That spurred Bet Barbican (a maid of gumption)
 To—*dash*—her eyes at Cobbler Dick's presumption.
 "And will he dare," thus cried the maid of war,
 "To leave his *war*, and meddle with my *tar*?
 A sneaking, suivelling, saucy, snarling snob!
 Oh, that these nails might comb his tangled nob!
 His hairs should soon be scarce, as are his brains;
 His eyes be black as e'er ripe bilberry stains!"

She said. With angry flash her eyeballs twirl,
 As down her throat she pours the liquid purl;
 The cheering dram which feeds the spirit's fire,
 Distilled in Southside — Williams, Co.'s entire.
 To seek her Jack Tar now the maiden flies,
 With wavering course and multiplying eyes,
 As, rolling onward — backward — side to side —
 An empty puncheon might at highest tide.
 Inspired with liquor and with love, she sped,
 Not doubting Jack was at the Admiral's Head.
 And now she heard a voice, and slackened pace,
 Thinking it his, and waiting his embrace.
 The door flew open. Comes he? — odds, my life!
 'Tis Molly Gillis, the doomed cobbler's wife!

As when two tabbies of the feline race,
 With noiseless footfall o'er the tile-sheds pace,
 Some whiskered Tom to meet, their mutual aim;
 The same their love — its object, too, the same.
 Approaching close, each deems the other *he*,
 Nor either dreams the other is a *she*;
 At length they meet, and see at once their blunder,
 And now would tear each other's tails asunder;
 Yet backward both the first attack to make,
 With rage they tremble, while with fear they quake:
 Thus met the damsels, like the cats deceived,
 With quenchless rage their gentle bosoms heaved;
 Scorning to fly, yet fearing to attack,
 Each, motionless, invoked her absent Jack.

Bet Barbi thus:—"O Jack Tar but appear,
 And shew yon Moll the fate she has to fear!
 Thy brawny form, renowned for active might,
 Shall make her urge her cobbler from the fight;
 A lap-stone lubber, worthy of yon trull,
 My Jack shall give *her* Jack his (stomach) full!
 E'en while she spoke, Moll Gillis muttered, too,
 Words of the self-same haughty meaning, so
 They need not be repeated. While they stood
 Fixed and inactive, as two blocks of wood,
 Bounce against Bet's "round stern"* came Jack Tar's prow,
 As he rolled onward, "drunk as David's sow."
 The heroine shook, then turned in wonder round;
 The hero reeled—stood—prostrate on the ground!
 He strove to rise—to falter an excuse;
 But tipsy tongues still lack persuasion's use.
 Moll Gillis grinned with pleasure; Bet, with ire;
 While Jack Tar lay at ease in bed of mire;

* Merely a *naughty-cal* term. The ships recently erected are almost invariably round-sterned.

Till Dick, the dustman, stout of limb and heart,
 Raised him from out the kennel to the cart.
 There as he lay in slumber soft and sweet,
 The broad-nailed wheels went rattling through the street.

The poem then proceeds with a detail of the circumstances which bring us to the eventful day when Jack Tar and Jack Gillis (evidently the Hector and Achilles of Homer) are to decide

their wrestling-match. From the catalogue of the heroes who flocked to the lists on this occasion, we select the following :—

Declare, O Muse, what warriors, drunk and sober,
 Entered the ring 'midst many a gaping lubber ;
 To name them needs a thousand magpie tongues,
 With throats of bell-metal and leathern lungs.
 The *nightly* corps, in Falmouth's alley bred,
 By oily Tom, the lamp-lighter, were led ;
 He who, with equal power, could set on flame
 A street gas-light, or light street-ambuling dame.
 Sam Collier followed, black as Arnot's stove,
 And tiger-hearted, though from Mutton Cove ;
 Next Baker Ben, in flow'ry hat, went by,
 With double Rolle, surnamed the twopenny ;
 Until are met upon her Hoe's bright bank
 All Plymouth boasts of, racy, rough, and rank.

The poet next proceeds to describe the conflict, shewing how the wily, but "mutually" appreciating heroes, walked round and round each other, as if each had been fixed to the end of a pole which turned on a pivot.

At length they grapple, and make every effort, respectively, for a conclusive hug, or a finishing kick. The spectators get impatient, and the combatants angry.

And now the heroes, mutual in their might,
 Struggled to give a finish to the fight ;
 Both *war* and *tar* with heat were fainter getting,
 With hope and fear it still was "even betting."
 The gaping multitude in silence gazed,
 Till, on a sudden, all alike were mazed !
 Lo ! what an aspect changed the combat wears !
 'Twas man to man, but *now* they fight in pairs.
 Each ardent damsel, fearing partial Fate
 Would leave unsuccoured her especial mate,
 Flew, like a thunder-bolt the blackened skies out,
 Intent to scratch her Jack's opponent's eyes out.
 But, oh ! fond woman, still by feeling led,
 She spurs her heart, ungoverned by her head,
 By passion blinded, she cannot discover
 Which is the hostile hero, which her lover ;
 And e'en the men, their ruling judgment perished,
 Strike at the bosoms which they should have cherished !
 Was never seen, in giblet pie's profusion,
 Of legs and wings such desperate confusion.
 The mingled fray, each umpire's sight perplexes —
 'Tis "chaos come again" — a chaos of the sexes !

Then come the police-officers, and the scenes of the poem successively change to that home of meditation, the lock-up-house, and that august chamber of admonition, the Guildhall, where a bench of magistrates finally decide the case in their own peculiar way, and the heroes are dismissed to ruminate on

the mischiefs which fair woman occasions when she mingles in the arena of contention. Whether this be a sly hit, on the part of the author, at the rantipole ladies of Billingsgate or the Radical ladies of Bath, the reader is left to determine ; but we cannot help thinking there is a something in this

epic more than common, "if philosophy can find it out."

But enough of poetry. In these days of tangible science and palpable truth, we must have an especial regard for sober prose. "Association" was once a term signifying the bond which unites the sympathies of the present with the romance of the past; which makes an Englishman love Venice for Shakspeare's sake, and secures for his venerable "mother-country" the affectionate reverence of every imaginative American — may blessings rest on the head of Washington Irving! But "associations" are now very different matters; they have nothing to do with perpetuations of the olden time; they merely and strictly aim at the "prevention" of ill, and the "promotion" of good; they are no longer things of fancy and feeling; they signify, in fact, communities of philanthropists and philosophers; or, in other words, those assemblages of the humane and the learned who co-operate for the benefit of the distressed, and the enlightenment of the ignorant. Directly in the teeth of *association poetical* stands the British Association of Strolling Philosophers.

Our visitor is one of these. He has come a distance of some two hundred miles to see the Plymouth Breakwater and the Eddystone Lighthouse; and we shall inform him upon the subject of their history with a gravity befitting their importance and his erudition.

And, first, we must warn him against those extravagant fictions which the dreaming world has admitted among the records of the Breakwater.

Sir John Rennie has positively ventured, in that highly imaginative work, *The Civil Engineer's and Architect's Journal*, to ascribe the construction of the Breakwater to his father, the late John Rennie, well known as the author of certain archly designed passages on the Thames, and capable of drawing an uncommonly "long bow," as will be seen by any one who will take the trouble of measuring the chord of the central arch of the Southwark Bridge.

"The first stone," says Sir J. Rennie, gravely, "was deposited in the summer of 1812;" and since then, he would have us to understand that boats, with removable sterns, have been picking up stones at the Oreston

quarries, "as pigeons pick up peas," and "uttering them again, as (Sir John) doth please," at a certain spot in Plymouth Sound; that the result of this dropping, stone by stone, and layer upon layer, from 1812 to the present day, has been the appearance, above water, of an artificial island, a mile long, on which (in contempt of King Canute's self-disparagement) sits the genius of modern engineering, fixed as marble in the determination of solid and palpable defiance, "breaking" the neck of every saucy wave which presumes to rush in foamy impudence against him.

Perhaps Sir John will go a little further, and assert that the Isle of Wight is simply another substantial proof of human daring and parliamentary grant, constructed for the comfort of her majesty's ships at Spithead; that the Scilly Isles are merely the detached ruins of an outwork, artificially (but not successfully) contrived, for the protection of the Land's End; and that the Isle of Man derives its name from *man*, who formed it (agreeably with a plan and specification furnished by the Board of Works) as a barrier to neutralise the oppugnant forces of St. George's Channel, Solway Firth, and the Straits of Port Patrick.

Now, the true history of the Plymouth Breakwater seems to be this:—Every one knows that Oceanus was as mysterious and surly an old god as any, either in or out of the Pantheon. He was evidently the patriarch of that strange and gloomy-looking class of beings, who are known in the present day as "dealers in marine stores." He would grope about the bottom of the most frequented harbours, where the winds were furious and the rocks perilous, in search of all the odds and ends which tempest and wreck might throw in his way; and there would he sit, with his lap full of anchors and chain-cables, sorting them according to their calibre, taking account of their numbers, and tying them up in the sails of foundered ships, as a miser ties up his gold in bags. It appears he had completely raked the bottom of Plymouth Sound, and was still coveting an addition to his accumulated stores of old iron, when another catch presented itself. It was, however, rather an uncomfortable "catch;" the old god himself being the *catcher*, instead of the *catcher*; affording a very

emphatic illustration of the blindness of having too much in our eye at once.

Now, you are to know, that, while it was the habit of old Oceanus to go groping about among the crabs and lobsters at the *bottom* of the waters, it was the pleasure of good Neptune to disport himself on the surface, for to get clear of his sea-car and horse, and sit upon the rocks to enjoy the delight of "bobbing" for whale. His line and hook, formed by a rope-cable and a frigate's bow-anchor, hung in the mid depth, depending from a vast buoy, which served as a float. The anchor-hook was baited with a fine black bull, which had been offered as a propitiatory sacrifice to Neptune during the last storm; and which curiously exhibited the converse of the *usual* condition, where the animal is the baited—not the bait.

It was thus that Nep. was employed one fine morning, as he sat on a rock at the eastern end of Drake's Island.

It was on the same morning, and, as luck would have it, as near the same place as bottom may be from surface, that old Oceanus came groping his way, in the greedy hope of finding one anchor more to make up a bag of fifty.

"Hallo!" said he, "what's here?" as the cold nose of the black bull touched the bald top of his head. Down he pulled it to the bottom, and, delighted at his prize, began to disengage it of its animal encumbrance. Neptune felt the nibble. Down went the buoy; and, having waited its time, up came the anchor with a most capricious jerk—*unhooked* from the body of the bull—and the next instant well hooked into the eye of poor old Oceanus. "Oh, my eye!" exclaimed the god: but, failing to apostrophise "Betty Martin" in the same breath, the exclamation went for nothing. Poor Hooke, however, bellowed in such a key, that Neptune fancied the black bull had suddenly awakened from the peace of death to a lively perception of that discomfort which is the natural consequence of having certain hundred weights of cold iron insinuated into our bodies. Was never heard such a bellowing! The three thousand Oceanides rushed immediately to the rescue of their venerable old dad; while Jupiter, Pluto, Juno, Amphitrite, and the wives and children of Neptune, including all the Nereides and count-

less Tritons, simultaneously appeared to assist the fisherman.

It was evident to Neptune he had hooked a most prodigious catch; and it was painfully impressed upon the feelings of Oceanus that he was caught by a most prodigious hook. The one pulled, and the other pulled. Neptune was puzzled; but Oceanus saw *too* clearly, with his *one* orb of vision, that it was as inseparable a case of *hook-and-eye* as was ever found on the back of a lady's waist.

Still they pulled and pulled; till at length the powers submarine began to evince a superiority of strength in their attempts to reach the deep waters of the British Channel—now so called. Oceanus felt that the insight of the anchor was inexpressibly penetrating; but, on the other side, Jupiter's hands were becoming blistered with tugging at the fishing-line; Pluto's fire was quenched by the mere idea of a ducking in the sea; and Juno's *pea-cocks* entertained no very ambitious desire of becoming *sea-cocks*. It was evident that, should their prey succeed in getting fairly into the depths of the ocean, their chance of securing him was gone; and gone it would have been, but for a hasty imprecation on the part of an ill-educated Triton, and a prompt perversion of the said Triton's meaning, as energetically manifested in the power of Neptune.

"D—n it!" exclaimed the despairing Triton, who felt that the next submarine haul would either pull the remaining yard of line out of their hands, or else pull them into the water. "D—n it!" said the Triton.

"Good!" exclaimed Neptune, who, in the excitement of party spirit (as is the case with *men*, as well as *gods*), had overlooked his own individual merits and power: "Good!" said he; "Dain it!" Saying which, he struck the rock forcibly with his trident. A mighty noise, as of an earthquake, was heard; the waters were seen suddenly to rise in one gigantic billow, extending across the mouth of the harbour; and, as the mountain wave burst, fell again, and dispersed, the Plymouth Breakwater (now so called) developed its mighty form.

Intercepted by this barrier, poor old Oceanus was soon secured, and pulled, fainting, to the top of the platform. It was not exactly the prize which the great fisherman expected; but it was,

nevertheless, a capital catch for the port of Plymouth: and the fishing-dam of Neptune has since been adopted as the breakwater of Rennie, to keep out that mischief-making old gentleman, whom, in the first instance, it had served to keep in. Since, then, has the sailor found quiet anchorage; and, though the open sea should rage like mad, the harboured ship may float as peacefully as the wave-stilling Alcyon's nest.

Our traveller, having inspected the Breakwater, will next take boat for an excursion to the Eddystone Lighthouse, which gleams by night, as conspicuously as

"A good deed in this naughty world,"

at a distance of some fourteen miles from the main land. By day—in clear weather—it looks as though it were the only one of the numerous fishing-smacks on the horizon which refuses to bow to the winds. There it sticks, start upright, as it *has* done (says the guide-book) during the last eighty years; and as we trust it *will* do through centuries to come.

Says the guide-book! Says, indeed! But let us see *what* it says.

Well, then. We are informed that there had been previously two light-houses on the Eddystone, one of which was swamped by water, and the other scorched to cinders by fire; and that, in 1757–59, the present house was erected by Mr. Smeaton. It may be described as a circular tower, diminishing upwards, from 26 feet diameter at bottom to 15 feet at top; and, altogether, exhibiting an altitude of near 100 feet. The small rock on which it stands is scarcely perceptible at high water; when it only partially appears, or wholly disappears, with the water's fall and rise. To a sea-sick beholder, heaving on the surrounding billows, it looks like an amputated Naiad in a night chemise, with a frill resembling a balustrade, and a nightcap like a lantern. The up-and-down movement of the spectator is transferred, in appearance, to the figure before him; and which, therefore, seems to be vertically courtesying in a very prim and old-maidenly way, as though its virtue depended on never swerving even a thought to the right or the left.

With due respect to Mr. Smeaton, he had no more to do with the construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse than

Mr. Rennie with the Breakwater. The history of the former is, in short, nothing more than a supplement to the history which we have already given of the latter.

Oceanus, being debarred from re-entering his favourite nook, now cut off by Neptune's dam from the main sea, was determined to do all the mischief he could in its vicinity; and often would his one remaining eye just shew itself above water, in search of such vessels as were making for his old haunt in the Sound. The spot that served his iniquitous purpose best, was the "whereabout" now occupied by the building in question. When a ship arrived there, all joy in the confidence of being speedily in port, he would sink his huge body exactly keel deep, and when he felt the vessel grate over his backbone, he would, with one vast and sudden effort, rise like an earthquake, and capsize her. The good Neptune soon discovered this; and resolved on the positive and entire destruction of the old villain. To this end, he provided a vast rock of "one entire and perfect" *gneiss*, and a balista of the most prodigious power. Having shipped these on board his largest seacraft, he took advantage of the first dense fog, quietly moved into the Channel, and cruised about the suspicious spot until the mist began to clear off and the sun to shine forth. No sooner did the rays of the latter appear, than he saw them light upon the partially bald head of the old rascal, as it began slowly to emerge from the deep; and they gleamed upon the white and polished surface of his scalp, as if to say to Neptune, "Now's your time!"

The rock was ready on the balista. The word was given. Snap went the mighty engine! Up flew the vast rock, and down it came on the peering skull of the unsuspecting old god, like a sledge-hammer on the egg of an ostrich! Such a crack was never heard since the bursting of Pandora's boiler; and it is to be presumed no other crack will compare with it on this side "the crack of doom."

But, lo! the rock still shewed its own head above water; and the only question that remained applied to the condition of the head beneath it. Down went a diving Triton to discover: and he shortly reappeared to report that, geometrically speaking, the poor old gentleman had become a

perceptible nothing — i. e. an exhibition of *superficial* extent merely, without thickness; no part of him remaining, in any degree of palpable existence, except his remaining *Eye*, which, though inflamed by concussion into so fiery a state that it was too bright to look at, and too hot to hold, was still, in shape and substance, safe and sound. "There it lies," said the Triton, "out-hissing all the sea-snakes, and, in an instant, calcining the claws of the astonished *craw-fish*."

"Here," said Vulcan, "take my tongs and fish it up."

The Triton, in obedience, brought it before them.

Its radiance at once illuminated, not only the faces, but also the *wits* of the assembled gods, who had otherwise been at a loss what to do with the rock, seeing that it remained immovable in spite of the mighty Jove himself.

Neptune saw that the destruction of his mischievous old rival (involving as it did the permanent establishment of a dangerous rock in his place) might prove still more mischievous, in the destruction of many a goodly ship;

but as the fiery Eye gleamed upon the settled mass, it, in the same instant, prompted the only remedy. "This rock," said Nep., "instead of remaining the mariner's dark foe, shall become his friendly beacon." Saying which, he struck it a mighty blow with his trident, and uprose the Eddystone *Pharos*, as its Plymouth *Dam* had done before it!

Neptune, as is well known, had learned the art of expeditious building, when condemned by Jupiter to construct the walls of Troy; and though he built by magic (instead of by *contract*, as is now the fashion), the result proves him to have been no incompetent mason.

Well, you went the tower, just as you now see it.

"What shall I do with this burning Eye?" said old Vulcan, still holding it at tongs' length.

"Clap it in the lantern of the building, you fool," said Neptune.

And there, like Bardolph's nose, has it been ever since, "burning, burning," the sailor's constant guardian, and Neptune's "perpetual triumph."

Locke, B. f.

NO. XXXIII.—A SCHOOL MEETING.

O what glorious times are these for public meetings, and general meetings, and special meetings; meetings of ladies; meetings of gentlemen; meetings of ladies and gentlemen; meetings of Chartists prodigious; meetings of Methodists religious; meetings to succour those who lie in; meetings to shelter those who lie out; meetings to judge of what *has* been done, *is* doing, and *shall* be done; meetings to consider what they have met about; meetings to consult as to what is meet for consultation; meetings of the rich to promote content among the poor; meetings of the poor to excite discontent against the rich; meetings of "flocks" to take care of their "shepherds;" and meetings of schoolboys to reward meritorious schoolmasters!

Is there a town in the kingdom, the walls of which are not now emblazoned with letters of all shapes, sizes, and colours, announcing meetings of all kinds, grades, and complexions? Is there a guild-hall, a ball-room, or committee-room; a school-room, a tea-room, or any other room where there is room, which does not constantly resound with the eloquence of patriots,

indignant at remaining unprovided for by their country; of philanthropists, heartsick at the unreturned love of their fellow-creatures; of Radical gentlemen, furious in their advocacy of ungentleness; and political ladies, determined in their rejection of effeminacy; of itinerant lecturers, whose principles are as unsettled as their habitations; and of retired pensioners, who, receiving only *half-pay* for doing nothing, object to seeing the other half given to those who do all the work?

Never, surely, was there a time so full of meetings! To those composed of *great* boys, we have been long enough accustomed; but our attention has been lately called to the meetings which have taken place among the *little* boys, more especially alluding to one, the following report of which has just reached us.

We would, however, premise that, before the *lamb*s began to concoct assemblages, the *sheep* had been some time in the habit of doing so. In chapel after chapel, we had witnessed the active operations of congregational judgment and gratitude, in the approval awarded by the flock to the

shepherd, and in the bestowal of such proofs of that approval as might be palpably apparent in the presentation of silver salvers and chased coffee-pots. We remember a striking incident at a meeting of the congregation of a chapel in Rutlandshire, where an old lady, whose person was so remarkably flat, that she might be described as without a profile, accompanied her subscription money with the observation that she had "sat under her reverend pastor for twenty years, and that the ever-increasing weight of his doctrine had, she hoped, crushed the offending Eve out of her." The form and substance of the reverend gentleman's person exhibited as opposite an extreme to the lady's, as a Christmas plumpudding to a Shrove-tide pancake; and the "ever-increasing weight" of his body corporate, which, within the said under-sitting, had been augmented from fifteen stone to twenty, seemed not only to have "crushed" every offence from her inside, but to have crushed her inside out altogether.

But this is a digression; and we, without further preface, proceed with our account of a public meeting, in which, as we conceive, the leading features of *all* public meetings are exhibited. Nor let it be supposed that we would underrate the importance of what we are about to detail; because, on the contrary, we recognise it as not a whit less important than many a public meeting which has taken place in many a borough since the Reform Act.

PRESENTATION OF A PIECE OF PLATE
TO DR. LATHERUMP, BY THE YOUNG
GENTLEMEN OF HIS ESTABLISHMENT.

The pupils of Dr. Latherump's establishment having been requested to meet under the shed in the playground, between breakfast and mid-school, to take into consideration the propriety of presenting Dr. Latherump with some testimony of the high approval they awarded to his conduct as a schoolmaster, Master Gubbleton was unanimously voted into the chair. Master Pipson opened the business of the day by stating, that although "good boys" were "as plentiful as blackberries," good schoolmasters were by no means so abounding; and, considering the very low ebb to which schoolmastership was reduced in these days of degenerate *old* gentlemen, it

became the bounden duty of all distinguished *young* gentlemen to rally round such examples as might be deemed honourable exceptions to the condition of schoolmasters in general. What number of such exceptions might be found, he could *not* take upon himself to say; but he *could* take upon himself to say, that Dr. Latherump *was* an exception most unexceptionable. He (Master Pipson) had narrowly scrutinised, both in regard to the discipline under which he had been placed himself, and in respect to the discipline which he had seen practised by the learned doctor on his (Master Pipson's) schoolfellows—he had, he said, narrowly, nay, severely, scrutinised the learned doctor's combined system of tuition, correction, and reward; and he could emphatically, and, as he hoped, *truly* say, that whether it was the learned doctor's object to instil into the young mind the incontrovertible principles of the Eton Grammar, to impress upon the young senses the salutary infliction of birch, or to encourage the aspirings of the young heart with looks of gentle approval, or with prize-books elegantly bound in calf—he could—he would say again—*truly* say—that whether—as he said before—it was the learned doctor's object to administer learning, punish indolence, or bestow reward—he could—he would say once more—*emphatically* say—that if he (Master Pipson) was any judge of a competency to teach, to correct, or to encourage—that, in that case, he could unhesitatingly, conscientiously, and confidently aver, that Dr. Latherump was in every respect—whether as a schoolmaster, or as a man—deserving of their admiration, their respect, and their kind consideration. Not to trespass any longer on the time of the meeting, he would now, at once, propose that some tribute of that admiration, respect, and kind consideration, to which he had just alluded—and, as he would say, had alluded to most *truly*—for what is more to be admired, respected, or kindly considered, than the character and conduct which he had shewn to be the character and conduct of Dr. Latherump? He would therefore now, once and for all, propose—just premising that he wished the task of making the proposition had been entrusted to abler hands—though he was sure it could not have been entrusted to any one

more interested in its success than himself: he would, therefore, now finally propose, that some tribute of that admiration, respect, and kind consideration, which the scholars of Dr. Latherump's establishment entertained towards Dr. Latherump himself, should be provided by subscription, and properly presented by some one properly fitted to present it. *(Cheers, and cries of "No one so proper as Pipson!")*

Master Dilbury rose to second the proposition. It was the first time he had ever risen to second any thing; but, as the senior boy of the school, he had been prompted to undertake the doing so. Though he had been backward, he was still cheered in the assurance that

"Nunquam seia est ad bonos mores via."

(Voice in the crowd, "Ah, verbum personale!") He (Dilbury) didn't mind the jeers of the ignorant, nor the contumelies of the proud. He was not ashamed of his Syntax; and he would recommend the gentleman who had interrupted him to apply to himself (the gentleman's self) the quotation he (the gentleman) had interrupted.

Master Pipson here rose to order: but the chairman ordered him to sit down again, saying, "Pipson, keep your seat; Smithers, hold your jaw; Dilbury, preserve your temper."

Dilbury proceeded, by asking "what he was saying when Smithers interrupted him?" and having been informed, he said it all over again, by way of getting once more into the current of his theme; and then continued with, "and he hoped that, although late in overcoming his diffidence, he had succeeded in the conquest, though he could not presume to say that he should come off with flying colours. *(Loud cheers, with "Go it, Dilly!")* He did not know what gentlemen might mean by 'Go it!'—neither did he mean to know what was intended by the individual who had shouted 'Dilly.' If that individual——"

The chairman rose to say, that, with all his respect for Syntax, there was too much of the *verbum personale* here; and that he must request Mr. Dilbury, if he objected to "go it," at least to "come it," by stating, clearly and at once, whether he intended to second Mr. Pipson's proposition. To the surprise of the meeting, Mr. Dilbury sat down.

The chairman waited; but Mr. Dilbury spoke not, rose not.

"You are still in possession of the chair," said the chairman.

"The chair be blowed!" said Dilbury.

Though the exact meaning of the term "blowed" has never been positively defined, the chairman sat uneasily upon his seat. An intuitive sense of sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder seemed to agitate him. The idea of a volcanic blast evidently haunted him. He rose from the chair. He ceased to sit; he scorned to lie; yet he declared he would "stand it" no longer. "Dilbury," said he, "quit the meeting, or you will compel me to quit the chair."

"The chair be blowed!" said Dilbury.

There was a pitch of provocation, so far beyond endurance as to paralyse man, and excite only "wood and stones." What might have occurred, had there been a chair in the place, it is impossible to say, since even the three-legged stool, on which the chairman sat, flew like mad at the head of the aggravating Dilbury. The hint was taken. Poor Dilly remained quiet, or, in other words, insensible; while two of his pitying companions carried him off to bed, and soothed his wounded brow with "vinegar and brown paper." During this operation, the stool betook itself to its place under the chairman; and a new seconder, to support the proposal of Master Pipson, was found in Master Smithers, who, amidst the cheering of all the little boys, and particularly of the mischievous ones, advanced into the vacated standing room of the departed Dilly, and thus delivered himself:—

"Mr. Chairman and Chums,—When I told poor old Dilly to 'go it,' I little thought he'd be so soon gone; but, as he is gone, I'm come to take his place, and support with my best say the proposal of Pipson. In the first place, there's not a lad in the school with a better right to speak in favour of old Latherump than myself, seeing as how he never to my knowledge spoke in favour of me. No, my lads, he never blarneyed me. Whenever I have deserved it, I have had it pretty smartly; and if I have sometimes had more than I deserved, why, you know, there's the more owing to his goodness and liberality. My eye! how he *did* let into

me last night for bolstering the butler; and how he *will* lay it on with a new broom presently, when he finds I don't know a line of the imposition he was so good as to give me this morning. According to the commands of old Latherump, I ought to be now a prisoner in the study, learning sixty lines of that infernal old Virgil; 'stead of which, I only snap my fingers at his commands, that I may attend here to advocate his merits: and if I can only be of assistance in voting him what he deserves, as a regular good birch brusher, he may flog away till he's in a fever and I in fits. I therefore, Mr. Chairman and Chums, beg to second the proposal of Jack Pipson, that a—a—a what?" said Smithers.

"A tribute," said Pipson.

"A tribute," continued Smithers, "of—of—what!"

"Of admiration, respect, and kind consideration," said Pipson.

"Of admiration," continued Smithers, "for the old fellow's learning; of respect for his years; and of—what is it!"

"Kind consideration"——

"Of kind consideration for the immense self-sacrifices the old rogue has made in the purchase of birch-brooms, and for the self-inflictions he has ever endured in their application; that such a tribute be provided, and properly presented by some one properly fitted to present it." (*Cheers, and cries of "No one so proper as Smithers!" responded by counter cheers, and "No one so proper as Pipson!"*)

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman," said Smithers; "hut, before we quarrel about who's to do it, wouldn't it be as well to settle what's to be done, having previously settled whether any thing at all shall be done?"

The chairman then announced, in due form, the proposal and seconding; and it was agreed that the "tribute" should be agreed to.

Ryder, jun., then arose to submit an opinion as to what that "tribute" should be; and prefaced his observations with a pathetic allusion to the "self-sacrifices" which Mr. Latherump had made in stripping birch-trees of their branches, and the self-inflictions he had endured in stripping little boys of their breeches. Every boy of any observation must have observed, that while every succeeding day brought its new *rod*, no extra charge for that article

had ever appeared in the half-yearly bills. Every boy, too, of any feeling, must have felt, that whenever a deserving culprit writhed under the infliction of that rod, the unhappy Latherump exhibited such contortions of visage, so wild was his eye, so set his teeth, and so shortened his breathing, that it was evident he (Latherump) was himself a greater sufferer than the suffering boy. As an acknowledgment, then, of the liberal zeal and indefatigable application of their respected tutor, he (Ryder, jun.) would at once propose that a medal be struck, having on one side the mere residue trunk of a birch-tree, entirely boughless, branchless, and twigless, with a pair of corduroys nailed to and depending from the top; while on the reverse would be exhibited, in violent juxtaposition, those peculiar features which were wanting to the completion of the objects represented on the side opposite.

Master Wagner wholly differed—he did—from the last speaker; and he should beg leave to say—he should—that he couldn't at all approve of the corduroys and birch-tree—he couldn't. He thought—he did—that Mister Ryder had mistaken the *object* of the tribute—he had. It was not so much their wish—it wasn't—to testify their sense of Dr. Latherump's disinterested efforts as a stripper and whipper, as to exhibit, in some striking way, their high approval of him as a preacher and teacher. He thought—he did—that he might say—he might—without fear of contradiction—that, whether as a fundamental usher or a finishing brusher—whether as a Christian pastor or a classic master—he thought—he did—that it was their duty—it was—substantially to express their matured judgment on the merits of the man whose business it had been to instil into them the elements of judging: and he should therefore propose—he should—that a silver muffin-dish be provided, on the cover of which would be a suitable inscription, and the names of the donors.

Master Wagner's proposal was put from the chair, seconded by one of the bench; and a show of hands being called for on the affirmative side, a remarkably dirty show immediately took place. The young gentlemen of Dr. Latherump's establishment, as it would seem, had been, with Caliban, gathering "pig-nuts" that morning. More-

over, at no time, in the doctor's "seminary," did nail-brushes abound; but warts were as plentiful as fingers; and ink being deemed a cure (if daily put on, and never washed off), the manual exhibition which presented itself was of a rather dingy, and of a very mottled, appearance. The show of hands on the negative side of the question, though it argued some division in *opinion*, only proved that, in respect to general *complexion*, the "palmy state" of Dr. Latherump's establishment was of a uniform character. It was agreed at *all* hands that "motley was the only wear." The negatives, however, were in a minority; the muffin-dish carried the day; and a committee of the whole school, with powers to add to their number, was appointed to carry into effect the purchase and presentation of the muffin-dish.

The committee did its duty, in the provision of an elegant silver muffin-dish, with a bottom to hold hot water, and a cover, on which was inscribed the following:—

"TO DR. LATHERUMP,"

As a testimony of the grateful approbation awarded to him by his Pupils.

"E'en as the muffin, glowing hot,
Beneath this cover rests,
So grateful favour, ever warm,
Shall keep within our breasts.

Though thou a many goodly birch
Hast left a twigless stump,
Yet still on memory's tree shall bloom
Thy virtues, Latherump.

Then lift the cover thankfully—
Thy mouth, too, open wide;
And may thy muffins ever be
Well butter'd on each side."

(Then follow the names of the donors.)

A day having been appointed for presenting the muffin-dish, a suitable address was prepared by the delegated Pipson. Dr. Latherump, however, remained in such perfect ignorance of the honour intended him, that he occasioned the temporary subversion of the intended scheme. The doctor's orchard had been robbed. He taxed all the *mischievous* boys with the theft, and all the others with the knowledge of it; and, as he could neither convict any one of the former, nor obtain evidence from any one of the latter, he sentenced the whole school to forfeit those very play-hours which were in-

tended to be employed in the ceremony of presenting the plate, ate his muffins from a platter of blue crockery, and, lumping together the innocent and guilty of the "establishment," sent them all suppless to bed.

It became, then, a question with many of the subscribers, whether they should present the piece of plate with a laudatory oration as originally intended, or at once emphatically address the feelings of the doctor by "shy-ing" the muffin-dish at his head. It was thought, however, that a quieter revenge would be the more complete; and they therefore worked out their bondage and their fast, and postponed the execution of their patronage until the morrow.

The unsatisfied Latherump was about to renew his inquiries after the yet undiscovered offender, when the assembled school, headed by the delegated Pipson, approached him in a body. Latherump, thinking that the brazen front of open rebellion was before him, stood indignant and aghast, when he was at once surprised and relieved by the respectful manner in which the leader of the assembly, with the bow of a most submissive courtesy, laid before him the silver muffin-dish.

"Young gentlemen," said the abashed pedagogue, "what am I to understand by this?"

Now, without giving the exact words in which the reply was delivered (and which, we need not say, affected to be very respectful), we report its substance to have been as follows:—

"We mean you to understand, you savage old gentleman, that, although deprived by your tyranny yesterday of our recreation and our supper, we still harbour no revenge beyond that of compelling you to own that we are merciful judges of your actions. We offer you a muffin-dish in token of forgiveness and peace, when we might have assailed your ugly old head with a volley of lexicons. In resolving to present you with this testimony of our approval, we are now obliged to confess that we rather consulted our own dignity and deserts, than yours; and we trust you will receive it as a lesson never to be forgotten, that your boys are henceforth your peers; and that, however *you* may hold the rod, *we* will hold the reins."

The answer of old Latherump, which

we need not say, affected to be very dignified and affectionately condescending, was, in true meaning, as follows:—

“Who the deuce taught *you* to know whether I am a competent teacher or not? However the silly custom of the times, and the acceptability of a silver muffin-dish, may induce me to receive your gift, I could find it in my heart to ‘lather’ you all round for your impudence. The idea of a parcel of raw lads pronouncing

on the merits of their master and pastor, is, to make the best of it, only ‘very tolerable, and not to be endured.’ I suppose I must thank you for your gift, pardon you for robbing my orchard, and grant you a half-holiday; but, depend upon it, I shall not forget to be more rigid for the future in checking your saucy presumption, and in confining you to the only privilege of childhood—that of teaching your grandmothers to suck eggs.”

Locke, B. f.

BABYLON.

A SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

MAY Heaven upon thy looks rain down its fire,
 Thou wicked one, that scorn'st thy simple store,
 Grown rich and proud by making others poor, :
 Since ever to do ill is thy desire !
 Nest of all treasons ! whence, full-fledged, aspire
 All vexing ills winged forth the wide world o'er ;
 Slave to lust, revel, riot—evermore
 Raising thy wild excesses higher and higher !
 Old men and young, bent on each godless game,
 Troop through thy chambers ; and Beelzebub
 Stalks in the midst, with bellows fans the flame ;
 Urging, with devilish glee, the wild hubbub.
 Far other, once, thy self-denying name ;
 Bare to the winds thou walk'dst, mid thorns unshod ;
 Now, such thy life, its stench doth rise to God !

The original is omitted in many editions of Petrarch ; and in some, the omission is stated to be “by order of the Holy Inquisition.” It is found in one of the writer's oldest editions printed at Venice, *con la Sposizione di M. Giovanni Andrea Gesualdo*, and is subjoined :—

FIAMMA del ciel sulle tue treccie piovà
 Malvagia, che del fiume, è dalle ghiande
 Per l'altrui impoverir sei ricca, è grande ;
 Poiche di mal oprar tanto ti giova ;
 Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova,
 Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande ;
 Di vin serva, di letti, è di vivande ;
 In cui lussuria fa l'ultima prova.
 Per le camere tue fanciulle è vecchi
 Vanno trespando, è Beelzebub in mezzo
 Co mantici è col fuoco, è con gli specchi.
 Già non fostu nudrita in piume al rezzo ;
 Ma nuda al vento, è scalza fra li stecchi :
 Or vivi sì, ch' a Dio ne venga il lezzo.

THE FETES OF JULY.

Paris, August 6, 1839. c

MY DEAR YORKE,—Bang—bang—bang! went the cannon of the Invalides on Saturday, July the 27th, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, at the most unsentimental and unfriendly, as well as untimely hour, of *sir*. “Plague take their *banging*!” I could not help exclaiming, as I turned myself, “I wish they would commence their *festicities* at a less *early* hour.” But wishing in this, as in most other cases, was, of all expedients, the worst; and so as the bangs—bangs—bangs! continued, I sprung from my couch, and upbraided the lovers of late hours and of morning dozes. As I looked on the “milkmen’s carts from the Beaulieu;” on the early apprentices clearing the *boutiques*; on the greengrocery trucks returning from the Halle to the faubourgs, with the provisions of another day; on the cooks hastening with their *paniers* to purchase early and cheaply, that they might gain a greater profit out of their worthy masters and mistresses—I felt initiated once more into the secrets of that unseen portion of life, which are transacted in a great city between the hours of five and eight in the morning. The *chiffonniers*, or hand-and-basket scavengers, were already on the alert with their baskets on their backs, scraping with their little stick and its iron hook at the end, among the sweepings out of the shops and ground-floors, and depositing over their left shoulders into the basket aforesaid with a vivacity and celerity quite amusing, the morsels of paper, card, rope, string, glass, bones, and other vend-able articles they met with on their march. “All is fish that comes to net,” is the maxim of these *chiffonniers*; and so on they trudge, rummaging over every heap of rubbish, till the basket is quite full, and till it is time to be sorting its contents.

At length the banging ceased. The Invalides had terminated their thundering exploits, and Paris had been loudly informed that “the fêtes were begun.”

It may just be possible, my dear Yorke, that some one reader of REGINA may ask, What fêtes are these to which “You know Who” is referring? This is not probable, but it is possible;

so I will answer the question in a very few words.

The fêtes of July are certain public entertainments held on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of that month, from 1831 downwards, to celebrate the anniversary of three similar days in 1830; in which the inhabitants of Paris drove from the palaces of their forefathers the descendants of Henry the Fourth and Louis le Grand; in which they overthrew the throne and the altar.

But, as a gentleman of high morals, unblemished integrity, and consistent conduct, has directed us, “when we are far from the lips that we love, simply to make love to the lips that are near,” we must make the best of what the gods who now govern give us, and endeavour to extract some merriment even from the least promising materials. So, as the banging of the cannon of the Invalides has announced to us the commencement of the fêtes of July, we will say with the *gamon* of Paris, “*Nous nous en donnerons.*”

When the programme had been inspected, and the weighty matters of dinner-hours and chapeaus had been discussed, we sallied out right merrily to see the fêtes; resolved, *coute qui coute*, on finding “sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and ‘fun’ in every thing.” Such a resolution was, to say the least of it, particularly indecorous on the weeping and mourning day of the fêtes of July; for, at the very moment we were sallying forth for “fun,” the patriotic journeymen tailors of the good city of Paris were assembling on the Place de la Bourse to visit, in a most solemn and imposing procession, “The Tombs of the Martyrs of Liberty,” who died in attacking the throne, the altar, and the hearth, in the month of July, 1833!

After the banging of the cannon had ceased, and the panes of glass no longer shivered at the magnificent roaring of the Invalides’ artillery, the very old women and very gray men of each *arrondissement*, proceeded to the house of the mayor to receive the relief, or cold meat and other condiments, provided for them on this first day’s celebration of the valour and magnanimity of the “heroic Parisians!”

So here we are at the mayor's house of the first *arrondissement*, Rue d'Anjou, St. Honoré, with a company of National Guards to keep order, a tri-coloured flag at the gate to excite enthusiasm, and cold-boiled stickings, loaves of bread, and *macon* and water, to satisfy hunger and assuage thirst.

"Pauline Devaux," cries the mayor, in a tone of official protection, "come forward, and receive your provisions!" Poor old soul! she is ninety; lives in the sixth floor above the *entre-sol*, (which, for the life of me, I can never make more nor less of than the seventh story); has been a widow forty-seven years; supported her mother for thirty years; has not had a new gown since Napoleon was married to Josephine; remembers the first revolution, and talks of its events with precision and firmness; describes Robespierre most graphically; and is as good a Conservative as can be found in the Carlton. She advanced steadily, though slowly, for her cheer, and took back to her lonely *mansarde* a four-pound loaf, a pound of stickings, and a quart of burgundy. She must have a good digestion, as well as a good appetite, to master her provisions; but poverty makes a woman acquainted with strange dinners, as well as it does a man with troll bedfellows. Poor Pauline! she will die one of these days without being missed. She has outlived all her contemporaries; she has no relatives; and, of course, no friends—not even a seventieth cousin. If ill, she must be her own nurse; if dying, her own priest. The surly porter would never ascend to the seventh floor, except on quarter-day to collect the rent for the landlord; and if it should so happen that she dies some day after the rent has been paid, her old bones may remain without a coffin till the next rent-day conducts the collector of rents to the latch of poor Pauline. There she goes back to her *mansarde*, her wine in a pitcher, her beef in her pocket, and her bread under her arm. "Bon jour, Pauline," "Bon jour, monsieur." "Il fait bien chaud aujourd'hui, Pauline." "Oui, monsieur, et surtout pour une pauvre femme de quatre-vingt-dix ans." The crowd stare at her, for she walks off with something even of dignity about her. She was born before the first revolution, and there is more pure blood in her veins than is to be found

in the whole faubourg St. Antoine. There was a time when, in good old England, such an old lady as Pauline would have been kindly treated in a parish poorhouse; but since the Whigs have become the national almoners, Pauline is as well off in her *mansarde*, as she would be in the "Union."

"Pierre Canut!" calls the mayor again; and one of the faithful subjects of Louis XV. makes his appearance. He is eighty-six. He was born when Massillon, Rousseau, Crebillon, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, were, more or less, in their glory; and, even at his time of life, repeats passages from the *Henriade* with propriety and taste. He has lived under the reigns of Louis XV., XVI., XVIII., and Charles X.; beside the revolution, the empire, the republic, and the new-fangled system of a "republican monarchy." He has served the two first sovereigns as a soldier, and relates anecdotes of their private life, amours, and glory. I asked him, "if he had heard the cannon at six this morning?" He laughed heartily, and told me that he had cried from fear when an infant of a year old, as those same cannon announced the birth of Louis XVI.!

When the distribution of beef, sausages, bread, and wine, was over, we wended our way "to the tombs." "But the shops are all open!" said Mary. "But no one is in black!" said Fanny. Very true. Act-of-parliament tears are not very plentiful, either in France or elsewhere; and "the heroes of July, 1830," have merited more reproaches than pity. As the programme would have it, however, "that funeral-services, in honour of those who fell at the revolution," were to be performed in the churches, as well as at the tombs, in front of the Louvre, in the Rue Froid Menteau, in the Marché des Innocens, and in the neighbourhood of the Champs de Mars and the Pont de Grenelle, we were resolved to witness act-of-parliament grief, and to be present at funeral-services ordered to be celebrated by the chief of the police.

As the best plays are always performed at the head theatres, we resolved on witnessing the pantomime of official mourning at Notre Dame, and the shedding of tears over the graves of the heroes at the tombs of the Louvre. Nothing could be more orthodox than this arrangement; and

away we hastened through all the business and bustle of Paris, no one paying the smallest attention to us, to the heroes, or to the tombs, except the journeymen tailors to whom we have before alluded, and who are shortly to play an important part in the drama of our first day's festivities.

"But where is the fête?" again asked Fanny. Poor Fanny! she came to see fêtes, and she sees mock funerals. This is too bad; but how can you get up act-of-parliament mourning, without resorting to deception and artifice? As Fanny saw no fête at Notre Dame, she was determined not to be disappointed at the Louvre; and thither we hastened with rapid steps to the tombs of the heroes. But first of all, one word as to the tombs; and then another as to their contents. The tombs are nothing more than some black painted crosses and pieces of wood stuck in the earth, over and about a certain piece of land now railed in, and on the sides of the Louvre next the quay and the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; into which were huddled, indiscriminately, the dead bodies of the thieves, pickpockets, assassins, marauders, escaped convicts, and other worthy citizens, who fell in the streets round and about the Louvre in their matchless and successful attack on the soldiers of the king, on the palaces of the Louvre and Tuileries, and on the laws, throne, and institutions of the country, on the 28th and 29th of July, 1830. A poor, timid, frightened-out-of-his-wits priest (made within the last few days, by Louis Philippe, a minor canon at St. Denis), was laid hold of by "the sovereign people" at that epoch, and compelled, *volens volens*, to bless and consecrate this piece of ground; and from that epoch to the present hour, the wretches then and there buried have been styled "heroes!"

Surrounding this spot of ground were National and Municipal Guards, as well as some troops of the line. Small pieces of dirty, brown, hereditary crape, transmitted from festival to festival, were tied round their unfortunate arms; and every quarter of an hour the band played some funereal air, and occasionally a stave of the "Parisienne" to please the populace.

The sun shone most July-ly at this period of our day's festivities; and all was apparently calm and

quiet, when, of a sudden, the sentinel approached the commanding officer, and announced that a column of men, consisting of many hundreds, were approaching, with a standard-bearer at their head, and colours flying. It was the regiment of snips! The commanding officer lost not a moment. "Shut the gates," was the first order, and the gates were shut; but, oh! what a rush there was to those gates on the part of the lookers-on at the band and the tombs, before they were shut. A few could not escape. The column approached. "Are they armed?" asked the officer. "No," was the reply. Yet he directed his troops to draw up in order of battle. They did so. Every man's gun was loaded; every tailor would have been "winged," if he had even attempted to enter the gates. The column of tailors now drew up in martial order. The head of the snips directed the flags to be waved, and the flags were waved. The sign was given to take off hats; and white and brown, black and green, round hats, pointed hats, greasy hats—all were off. What a spectacle! The heads of five hundred tailors were presented to the beams of the sun. But the sun was merciful; a few dark clouds passed over his rays, and the five hundred journeymen stood up in all the dignity of citizens and of Frenchmen. I never shall forget the burlesque of that moment. The chief of the snips raised his eyes to heaven, very much in the fashion of a duck at thunder. The movement was electrical. The whole five hundred (with the exception of some half dozen who had only one eye each) did the same thing; and Heaven was invoked by nine hundred and ninety-four eyes of as brave and enlightened a body as ever marched down the Rue St. Honoré, or across the Pont Neuf. It was enough. The chief of the snips had been kindly apprised that the muskets of the soldiers were loaded; and, as the "sacred band of patriots" under his direction had never proposed to be shot, nor even to be wounded, the word "march" was pronounced; the hats were all on the heads again; the sun broke from behind the clouds; the perspiration, which was most profuse, partly from fear of being shot, and partly from the intense heat of the day, rolled down the most varied faces of this motley procession; and they

wended their pacific and mourning way to the next dépôt of the bones of the heroes of July. The soldiers lowered their arms, unloaded their muskets, opened the gates, regained their "stand at ease," and the band struck up a verse of the "Parisienne" to announce the victory which had been achieved over the column of tailors. This was not "the battle of the windmills," but the "battle of the cabbages." The next day the official journal of the government applauded both parties, and eulogised the valour of the army, and the prudence of the tailors. May every anniversary be marked by such bloodless triumphs!

In a few minutes we found ourselves on that venerable bridge, nearly three centuries old, of the immense length of 767 feet, and in front of the statue of Henri IV. The history of that statue may be thus given; and it is interesting, as it marks in a strong outline the difference between two epochs. After the death of that mighty prince—mighty in love, and mighty in war—Marie de Medicis, his widow and queen-regent, resolved on erecting a monument in commemoration of her departed lord. Her father, Cosmo II., grand duke of Tuscany, having sent her a bronze horse, she ordered Dupré to cast a figure of the king; and when the group was finished, it was placed on the Pont Neuf, opposite the Place Dauphine, in the small square area which took the name of Place Henri IV. Louis XIII. laid the first stone of the pedestal on the 13th August, 1614; but the ornaments and bas-reliefs were not finished till 1635, under the administration of Cardinal Richelieu. The statue of Henri IV. was the first public monument of the kind ever erected in Paris. In the night of 24th August, 1787, at the time of the refusal of the *parlement* to enregister the stamp-duty and land-tax, the partisans of the *parlement* assembled on this bridge, and obliged the passengers to salute the statue of Henri IV. On the 11th August, 1792, this statue was thrown down by the same party who had forced the passengers to salute it in 1787. In the same year, the famous "alarm gun" was placed on the Pont Neuf. On the 3d May, 1814, the day when Louis XVIII., after more than twenty years' exile, returned to his capital, a plaster statue of Henry IV.

was placed on the Pont Neuf; which was subsequently replaced by the splendid work of art which now graces the Place Henri IV. The statue, which is in bronze, was erected by voluntary subscription. It is of colossal size; its height is fourteen feet, and its weight thirty thousand pounds. Lemot was charged with its execution, and Pig-giani was its founder. "I receive with pleasure the present which the French people make me," said Louis XVIII., at the inauguration of the statue. "I see in it the offering of the rich, and the mite of the poor and the widow, to raise again a statue which I contemplate with joy. I see in it a pledge for the happiness of France. At the sight of this image, the French will recollect the affection which Henri IV. entertained for them, and will deserve to be loved by his descendants." The prophecy of the monarch was not accomplished: and here we perceive, from the most inappropriate tricoloured emblems which surround the statue he thus inaugurated, that the French have not deserved to be loved by the descendants either of Henri IV. or of the author of the Charter. As I gazed alternately on the statue and on the bloodstained banners of revolutionary France, I thought of the changes and chances of this mortal life, and said, with Shakspeare—

"Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by
th' hand,
But with his arms outstretch'd, as he
would fly,
Grasps the incomer."

But I must not moralise, or you will go to sleep over my fêtes; and you will find them as dull in their description as they were in reality.

The Pont Neuf is a charming spot to spend a spare hour at any period of the year, and at any portion of the day. The concourse of passengers is incessant, and the scenes are most varied and amusing. Literature and fried potatoes, dog-dressers and dealers in blacking, ballad-singers and clippers of cats, cake-merchants, shoe-blacks, and print-sellers, are the constant occupiers of the foot pavement and movable stalls of this immovable bridge. The dog and cat-sellers and clippers are here most numerous; and their sign-boards are so laughable, that I

cannot refrain from sending you two specimens:—

La Rose,

Tond les chiens et sa
femme proprement, et
va-t-en ville.

Dufaure,

Coupe chiens, chats,
et les oreilles des
carlins, des mes-
sieurs et des dames
qui lui feront l'hon-
neur de lui accorder
leur confiance, &c.

"Fried potatoes for one sou," cries a sharp, shrill voice. A Frenchman of the last century curses this English "plat," and contends for "chicorée au jus," or for "l'oseille," or "des épinards." He hates potatoes, and all who fry, as well as all who eat them.

The ballad-singer is busy to-day with his "heroes of July;" not in singing the songs, for that is interdicted on this first fête day, as it is the mourning and sorrowing day; but he is busy in learning the verses he is to bawl to-morrow. They will be full of "sublime ardour," and "courage invincible," and "couronnes immortelles;" and all for one halfpenny.

"Shall I just dust your shoes, ladies?" asks a veteran boot-cleaner, of colossal stature; "it is a pity that such pretty feet should be disfigured by Parisian dust." His compliment reminds me of an elephant making love, or of a deaf woman who is under the necessity of using her ear-horn to learn that she is "adored." But the shoe-black is so importunate, and his arguments are so irresistible, that the ladies consent to have their shoes relieved from the weight of the "poussière;" and the labourer is rewarded with something more weighty than either compliments or smiles.

"Here is a beautiful little dog, madam, as playful as a kitten, and as harmless as a lamb!—so intelligent, so clean, so full of winning ways! He never bites, madam; has been brought up most genteelly; has hair as soft as silk, and a skin as white as milk. Look at its eyes, madam; it knows

what I am saying just as well as you do, madam. I can hardly bear the idea of parting with him, madam, he is so gentle and so engaging." All this, and a few phrases more, which I forget, were said in one breath, and with a rapidity and an energy which beggared description. "What is the price you ask for him?" was the reply which a pretty Englishwoman made to the dog-clipper's importunity. "Only forty francs, madam," was the answer. "C'est trop cher," replied the fair daughter of Albion: "Je vous donnerai vingt francs, si vous voulez." The lady turned on her heel, and joined her party; but the dog-clipper ran after her. "What! you leopard, you English *canaille*, you sham milady! you offer me twenty francs for my dog, and turn away without waiting my answer? You think, I suppose, I stole the dog! No; I don't run away from my country as you English thieves do. I am an honest man, though I do clip dogs. Better to eat a mouthful of bread got honestly, than spend your creditors' money abroad." For two or three minutes these, and similarly genteel and courteous phrases, proceeded from the lips of Monsieur La Rose, till the lady appealed to a foot-policeman for protection; when he was sent back to his dog-cages, bawling as he went, "Leopards! English thieves! stay at home!" This is a specimen, not only of the "politeness" of the lower orders, but also of their hereditary and natural hatred of the English nation.

Bang, bang, bang! went the guns of the Invalides again. It was six o'clock. The first day's fêtes were closed. The tombs were left to take care of themselves. The churches were shut. The tears were all dried. The music played no longer. It was dinner-time. All Paris went to dine. The dogs and cats were carried home from the Pont Neuf. The Seine flowed on as merrily as ever to the deep, deep sea; and we sought our own mahogany, and its plum but plentiful provisions. The first day's fête was ended.

"Punctual as lovers to the appointed hour," the cannon of the Invalides commenced at six precisely, on Sunday the 28th, their most hateful and rousing banging. But I was determined to defy all their insinuations, and quietly to submit to the half-hour's torture. At length they ceased, and in a few

minutes I found myself in the arms of Morpheus.

DREAM.

I thought I saw a king, and he was made of glass; but he had legs, and arms, and eyes, and feet, and a tongue, and a heart (which was so black, that it was a deeper black than the blackest jet); and he moved, and spake, and ate, and drank, and wore a tinsel crown, made of something very light and very fly-away, but which was red, and white, and blue, and looked quite as pretty as a tricoloured rocket. And I thought this king of glass lived in a splendid glass palace, the colours of which were varied and gay, and light and tasteful; but it had a tremendous movement with it, which was by no means assuring or agreeable. And there was hall after hall, and saloon upon saloon, and all looked glittering, and bright, and dazzling; but it seemed to be without a foundation: and whenever the king moved, even from one hall to another, I thought the whole of the palace, the king, and the crown, would fall into ten thousand pieces. Still it kept together—how, I could not tell; and my anxiety for its security redoubled, when I perceived, in one corner of a hall to the right of that in which the king was standing, a figure, resembling that of a Paris republican workman, bearing in his hand a standard, on which was inscribed, “The Promises of the Revolution of 1830;” and above it were painted an empty sack, a hollow egg, nut-shells, an expiring taper, and a loaf of four pounds, on which was written, “seventeen sous.” And whilst I was wondering in my dream what this could all mean, of a sudden the hall was filled by “the people,” who asked, “What have you done with our France?” “What has become of our glory?” “What has become of our liberties?” “What has become of our princes?” The noise of these people was terrific, and shook every morsel of glass of which the king and the palace were composed: and I felt my soul quake within me. The king attempted to reply, but no one would listen to him. He made the most superhuman efforts to obtain a hearing; but all his efforts were fruitless. The mob repeated the cries for at least an hour; and the king sunk with exhaustion. At this moment I saw in the distance a young man of noble bearing and of

martial air on a white charger, adorned with nodding plumes of white ostrich-feathers, approach the people. He rode slowly and majestically amongst them; whilst they shouted some cry, which I could not for the life of me hear, or at least half an hour. At length he approached the palace. The sound of martial music was heard in the distance. The white flag of the Bourbons, unsullied and pure, was borne triumphant by thousands and tens of thousands of citizens; and an old national anthem was sounding in my ravished ears, instead of the “*Ca ira*,” the “*Marseillaise*,” or the “*Parisienne*.” I turned my head to look who tapped me on my shoulder, and I could see no one; but on turning my head round again, the glass king, glass crown, and glass palace, had all disappeared; and before me stood the old gray palace of the Tuileries, with the white flag crowning it, and Henri V. addressing his loving subjects from the centre balcony. I know no more, except that at that moment a knock at my bedroom door informed me “that my barber was waiting.”

Sunday is always a fête day at Paris, *i. e.* when it does not rain, snow, hail, or blow a hurricane: for of all the people on the face of the earth most dependent on the state of the weather, the Parisians must undoubtedly be placed at the top of the list.

“Where is the fête to-day?” asked Fanny. And well she might; for if the almanac had not declared it to be the 28th July, it might just as well have been mistaken for the 28th of August. There were two reasons for this state of things; and I will tell you them both right plainly. The second day’s fête this year happened, most unfortunately for the pleasure-loving Parisians, but most fortunately for the coffers of the government and the city, to be on a Sunday. On any other day in the week, the first day would have been devoted to distributions at the *maisons* of food to the poor; the second day, to weeping at the tombs of the heroes; and the third to rejoicings; as we shall see hereafter. But the government could not have the impudence to ask the Parisians either to go to church, or to visit the tombs on a Sunday, for it knew it would be disobeyed; and it therefore crowded church, charity, tombs, and tears, all into a Satur-

day, when every one was busy with his every-day occupations, and left Sunday quite free for the pleasure-going citizens. Then there was another reason for this arrangement, and that was "economy." The government saved a day's expenditure for pleasures for the people. For on Sunday there used to be a gratuitous representation at all the theatres; but this year there was none. On other occasions, there were the inauguration festivals of public monuments, or the opening of public buildings; but this year there was none. The Parisians were left to select their own amusements, and to pay for them; and the government had the satisfaction of avoiding the expenditure, as well as of preventing the disorder and confusion which must always result in Paris from three days' holidays. In fact, this year the Parisians had but one; for on Saturday, not a thousand persons altogether took notice of the toasts or the tears, the garlands or the chants. On Sunday, the Parisians either bought or sold, opened their shops or closed them, according to their wonted custom; and took their usual walk, ride, or drive, and regaled themselves and their sweethearts with beer called English, and "Gâteaux de Nanterre" made in Paris.

"But where is the fête?" once more asked Fanny; and we read the official programme. It was as follows:

"Monday, 29th.—In the Carré Marigny, Champs Elysées, and on the Esplanade des Invalides, military representations in theatres, from two in the afternoon till nightfall. There will also be two orchestras on each place for dancing, and a *mât de Cocagne*. At the Barrière du Trône, there will be a theatre for military representations, another for rope-dancing, four orchestras for dancing, and a *mât de Cocagne*. On the Seine, between the Pont Royal and the Pont de la Concorde, at one o'clock, there will be jousts on the water, boat-races, and other nautical amusements. On the Pont d'Orsay, M. Margat will make an ascension in a balloon, at five o'clock. In the garden of the Tuileries, a grand concert will be performed at seven, before the Pavillon de l'Horloge. At eight, illuminated boats and barges, dressed out with flags, will be rowed up and down the river between the two bridges. They will also contain bands of music. At nine, there will be a grand display of fireworks from the Pont de la Concorde; from which also three illuminated balloons will be sent up. At the same hour, there will be a display of fireworks at the

Barrière du Trône. At night, the Hôtel de Ville, the Arc de Triomphe at the Barrière de l'Étoile, the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées, the Cours de la Reine, the Pont des Invalides, the Allée d'Autun, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Barrière du Trône, and all the public buildings, will be illuminated."

This was the programme! It looked well on paper, like that of the revolution of 1830. How it would appear in reality we resolved to see. "Perhaps," said one of the party, "the promises of to-day may resemble those of the Hôtel de Ville." But Fanny, as well as Mary, was averse to gloomy predictions; and so, in spite of a tropical sun, and dust in abundance, we set forth on our travels in quest of fêtes and pleasures.

As the Barrière du Trône is at the end of the world, quite at the furthest extremity of that revolutionary faubourg of St. Antoine, so familiar to all who are not as ignorant as horses of French history, we decided, not by ballot, but by open polling, on visiting, in the first instance, the fêtes of the Paris Shoreditch, Hoxton, Kingsland, and Bethnal Green. Miss Mary thinks I am wrong in this comparison; and having a sort of patriotic love of Jane Shore, Warburton's Madhouse, and the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, will have it that the Barrière du Trône should be compared to Whitechapel, and the faubourg St. Antoine to Spitalfields and the surrounding quarters. Then be it so; and you have only to imagine yourself in Whitechapel Road, on a very intensely broiling, boiling, frying, July afternoon, surrounded by the *Fête* of the Commercial Road, Wapping, the Docks, Spitalfields, the Minories, Houndsditch, &c., with a desert of dust before you, and a hot wind in your teeth, in order to form a tolerably correct idea of the position of ourselves, and of all who *would* see the fêtes on the day in question at the Barrière du Trône.

At the *barrière* in question is a large open spot, with trees which ought to be green, and grass which ought not to be brown; where the inhabitants of this notable faubourg St. Antoine assemble in times of political agitation, and where many a rabble rout has been got up against the altar and the throne. On one side of this wide space of ground, through which passes the high-paved road to Vincennes, was erected a large scenic tent, from a raised plat-

form, inside of which the soldiers, previously trained, played in dumb show for six long hours, what the programme is pleased to style "military representations." Of course, French exploits were the burden of all the pieces; and the poor Arabs, Bedouins, Algerines, Dutch, English, and every one else, all came in, in their turns, for "a good drubbing." No one could resist the moustaches, shakos, and shot of the French infantry; but, after more or less doubtful firing on the part of their opponents, all were obliged to own themselves completely vanquished. The Turkish blood looked of a very deep colour; it was probably *sang du cochon*, especially as pork-butchers are plentiful in that quarter. The English would not bleed at all: they had forgotten to be on the bladders. The Bedouins had no blood at all. But this was compensated for by the profuse spilling of red paint in the direction of the Dutch. On the whole, the conflict was most sanguinary; but the warfare looked sometimes very much like the 'Christinos' attacks on the Carlists in Spain—i.e. when the Carlists are prisoners—stabbing them when unarmed, or shooting them in the dark. The play, however, was adapted to the audience, and the government agents had the tact to tickle the love of glory and the national vanity of the Frenchman's character. When the battle was over, the actors appeared in public; and to the great mortification of the audience, they saw pass before it all the dead, as well as all the living men—Turks, Arabs, English, Bedouins, Dutch, and all—just as alive, and just as well, as if the French had not exterminated them ten minutes previously.

The "mat de Cocagne" is a long, very long, white pole; about as thick as poor Palmerston's head, and about as slippery as Daniel O'Connell's credit. This large, thick, high mast, made of white wood, quite round, polished, is well greased from top to toe with the worst lard or the best dripping. The prizes are adjudged to those who climb it; and a silver spoon and fork, a silver watch, and a small sum of money, are the objects of emulation. The heroes are always shirtless, sometimes breechesless, and invariably belong to what is styled the "basis" of human society; just as though ignorance, dirt,

and vulgarity, were the three essential ingredients of modern civilisation. Who won the spoon and fork, who carried off the watch, and who pocketed the five-franc pieces, I really cannot tell you; but no matter—they were all *Monsieurs*, were all the heroes of the hour, and have long since deposited their winnings at the Mont de Piété.* Miss Mary, who is fond of moralising, either did say, or ought to have said, something about the greasy pole resembling the toils and troubles of life, and the rattletraps at the top being emblematical of the worthlessness of wealth, glory, fame, and happiness; but as she may perchance publish her travels, I will leave her at some future time to speak for herself.

The "rope-dancing" was truly national, and merits particular description. Louis Philippe played the part of the wonderful cat, who had ninety-nine lives, and always fell on her feet. M. Thiers bounded prodigiously. He held in one hand the charter of 1830, written in goldbeater's skin, in the form of a hoop, and jumped through it some fifty times per minute. He was greatly applauded by all the thimblergs of the faubourgs. Marshal Soult ascended in a balloon tied to the earth by cords. In the car was placed the remains of the large candies which he carried bare-headed across the Place du Carrousel in 1829, when he formed part of the procession of the Fête Dieu; on the seat was deposited the contract made by his son with the civil-list, to sell to it the Spanish Murillos which he had brought with him from the Peninsula without paying for; and suspended round his neck was his last most eloquent oration at the Chamber of Peers, which kept the noble lords in convulsions of laughter for an hour and a half; and which fully justified Count Molé in his cruel diatribe against the ministry of the 12th May, and his ingenious inscription, as applicable to the president Soult, of "*Place à louer*." There were several other sprawlers; and Dupin, Pasquier, Merilhou, and Barthé, all tried, like poor Oliver Goldsmith, their mountebank capacities. But no one looked more ridiculous than Guizot, who gave "a Papist-Protestant jump," and knocked his head against the last edition of Fox's *Martyrs*. This seemed to stagger him; but Emile de Bonne-

choses was there, with his demi-Protestant, demi-Papist *Histoire Sacrée*, to cheer him; and Coquerel, the Unitarian, bade him take courage, and try to jump back again:—

“There was a man of Thessaly, and he, was wondrous wise,
He jump’d into a quickset hedge, and scratch’d out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main,
He jump’d into another hedge, and scratch’d them in again.”

No amusement can be more national in France than that of rope-dancing. “The French are a nation of *sauteurs*,” said Bowring one day, in a passion, after little Thiers had been bullying, and bounding about the room, against England and the English. Bowring was sorry for what he said the next day. But why should he have been? He spoke the truth.

The first love of a Frenchman is for war, the second for a row, the third for a woman, the fourth for a bottle (of wine being understood), the fifth for a dance, and the last for music and the drama. The Frenchman is a good fighter, a good *encutier*, a good chaperon, a good drinker, an admirable dancer, and a fiddler or actor *à la perfection*—always excepting Paganini for the fiddle, and Young for the drama.

A French fête without dancing, and lots of it, would be like dear Tom Duncombe without debts, and plenty of them. A Frenchman who cannot dance is a sort of *lusus naturæ*—like a woman without a tongue, champagne without froth, Whigs without humbug, or Lord Palmerston without stays. As to Frenchwomen, what care they for their tottering limbs, wrinkled cheeks, gray hair, or palsied frame, when the quadrilles are merely played on an old, out-of-time piano, to say nothing of their enthusiasm when Musard’s band plays the last set which has come out at the Opera?—Babe and grandinamma, child and woman-grown, mother and prattling, virtuous or the reverse, wife, mistress, sister, cook-maid,—all— all stand up to the time of even an old, cracked violin, played by a half-witted fiddler; and away they dance, in time or out of time, in step or out of step, just as it may be, till not one pair of legs shall remain out of all the circle to stand up upon. This was the case, as it always is, at the fêtes of July, which have just closed. Never mind the il-

luminations, for the French can dance in the dark; never mind the fireworks, for they last but half an hour; never mind the company, how it is composed, for they are “all equal in the eye of the law:” and though they meet to-day to dance, they may never meet again as long as they live; never mind even the music, for they would dance, were it only to the sound of their own footsteps. But dance they must; it is as necessary to their individual happiness as war is to their collective and national joy. An evening of social chat would be the very *beau idéal* of dullness, if it terminate not with a quadrille; and this they dance from the cradle to womanhood, and thence to the grave. In London, Taglion is *admired*; in Paris, she is *adored*.

There is not a more laughable and jovial spectacle than a French dancing-booth. The master of the ceremonies is very frequently the master of the tent, whose business it is to keep the light fantastic toes tipping eternally; to collect with indefatigable ardour the two, three, or four sous paid by each cavalier for each dance; to take care that his booth be well supplied with the fair ones from without, that the *jeunes gens* may crowd its portals; and to have an abundant quantity of lukewarm lemonade, of bad beer, of vin ordinaire, and of cigars *sans discretion*. In England, the lower orders leap; in France, they figure. Oh, how the white muslin frocks are held out by all the cunisières in Paris, with their pucker-centures, their best silk-footed stockings, stolen, or borrowed without asking, from their mistresses’ wardrobes; and their caps with flowers that you know must be artificial, because they resemble nothing yet created on the face of the earth. Grapes, also, are worn in January, and snowdrops in July; lilac in full bloom in November, and black currants in April; and all looking so natural, that if the temperature of the seasons did not give you feeling proofs to the contrary, you would declare that July was January, and that April was November. And then the Messieurs!—for in France a butcher’s sag is “Monsieur le Garçon de Monsieur le Boucher;” and a chimney-sweeper’s climbing-boy is “Monsieur le Garçon, qui nettoie les cheminées pour Monsieur le Ramoneur.” And here they all are,—masters and men, foremen and apprentices, la-

bourers and mechanics—all together. To-morrow they meet in different capacities; but to-day they are all dancers. The *bourgeoisie* however, do a little bit of the grand sometimes, and wear flesh-coloured gloves; pay double the price for dancing, in order to have "reserved seats" in the booth; and call for champagne, knowing it is not to be had either for love or money. The crack dancers, however, are always the favourites. He who springs forward most actively, rebounds most vigorously, and pirouettes most fantastically, is the favourite of the fair sex, and receives all the smiles, and dances with all the pretty women. It is a curious fact, however, that a connoisseur in booth-dancing in Paris will tell you with tolerable accuracy, not only to what trade or calling the dancers of the male sex belong, but also the quarters of Paris they inhabit,—simply from noticing their modes of dancing, their *gestes*, "poses," and other etceteras in their manner. The *comme il faut* dancers are almost always journeymen hair-dressers, with ringlets, greased eyebrows, oiled moustaches, and thin waists. The journeyman linendrapers are not to be despised, though they can be told from the cambric part of their only best shirt, from their fancy cravats, and from a brilliant display of their profession—in the shape of two pocket handkerchiefs. The lawyers and sheriffs-officers' clerks are to be discovered by the cock of their eyes, by their slang talk about "l'argent" and their patrons, and by their perfect willingness to engage in a row. They are always in batches, that they may have witnesses; and so on—and so on.

Dancing never comes amiss at a French fête; before the lunch-breakfast it begins the day gaily; after the *déjeûné à la fourchette*, it keeps up festivity; before the dinner, it tends to whet the appetite; after dinner, to jump down the food; in the evening, it is the avocation of the hour; and late at night, it procures sound sleep to those who are wearied by their previous agility. *Enfin*,—dancing is always good, and always seasonable, in the estimation of a Frenchman; and so away they dance, till they dance into the grave. There we must leave them.

But we must now dance to the banks of the Seine,—to the jousts on the water, to boat-races, and other

nautical amusements. Well, then, I never could, for the life of me, mistake monsieur for a sailor; and the more I examine into his nautical pretensions, the more I am confirmed in my opinion. A good sailor is the most thoughtful, quiet, unpretending fellow on the face of the earth. His *sang froid* in moments of danger is one of the most wonderful things in this wonderful world; no one is so clean, so orderly, so neat, so ready at all times for all emergencies. This is just the reverse of a French sailor, and, above all, of a Seine wherryman. I beg pardon of our Thames wherrymen, for daring to style the five pieces of wood nailed together in the form of a punt, of the age of Alfred the Great, a wherry; and if I were not afraid of being thought vulgar, I should say it was a "werry" good joke to call them so. There is not an uglier machine floating on any waters in the world than a Seine wherry. Ill made, unpainted (except for state occasions), never waterproof, half over the shoes in a sort of squasy mud, rowed by two long bits of wood without form or image, without a rudder—or with one enough to frighten the fishes, flat bottomed, and without side benches: this is a picture of a French wherry. For the fête, however, the boats were painted; and the jousts, standing on the poop!! were armed with long poles, paddled at the end, with which, as the boats were rowed in opposite and contending directions, they tried each to push the other into the water as they approached each other's boats. This is called jousting! To witness this exhibition between the Pont Royal and the Pont Louis XVI., there were not less than one hundred thousand Cockneys collected; and in a most broiling sun, on unsheltered quays, and even baked quicker by the reflection of the solar rays on a high white wall behind them, did these seekers after pleasure stand, hour after hour, not to see—for not one out of forty saw—but to hear, that those who had got on the first or second rows of standing did see, that every half-hour a man in a punt did push another man, who was in another punt, into the water!! These were called jousts; and Fanny, who did not see them, talked about Queen Elizabeth, and the jousts of olden times.

But as hydrostatics and hydraulics are not the only sciences enjoyed by

the Parisian population, the little aeronaut, Monsieur Margat, made his five hundredth, or five thousandth, ascension in his air-balloon. The tricoloured car contained tricoloured flags; and as no one would accompany him, either for love or money, he went up alone, and waved his emblems of war and revolution till he got out of sight of the applauding population of Paris. This done, he descended, packed up his balloon, and reached the Quai d'Orsay again in time to see the fireworks.

The hour of dinner now approached. M. Margat was out of sight, and a general rush was made to every thing in the shape of eatables. It was capital fun to witness the devourings at this moment in the Champs Elysées. Every bench and chair, every plank across two empty wine-casks,—in fact, every thing resembling a seat, was seized on with avidity. “Fried bacon,” cried one; “Sausages for two,” roared a second; “Salad for three,” exclaimed the chief of a party of *gamins*, who afterwards took his bread, and wiped round the salad-bowl; “Un bœuf, avec du chou,” ejaculated a most gaudy, gay grisette, who undertook to direct the dinner arrangements of herself and her exquisitely dressed dandy linen-draper,—her gallant, gay Lothario for that evening’s entertainments; and so they went on,—one eating stewed carrots, and another stewed peas; and hundreds feeding on knuckles of rusty ham-bacon, covered with raspings in abundance, to hide their deformities. Some called for bottles of beer, others for cider (much sourer than essence of vinegar); whilst the majority stuck to vin ordinaire, and an abundance of water. As all dined in the open air, there were very few tablecloths; and the waiters were kind enough to smoke all their dishes by the smoke of their cigars in their mouths, and to seek to lay the dust by expectorating on the ground.

One fellow was crying aloud his parallelogram pills, resembling square nutmegs, and tasting like musk and treacle.

Another “marchand” was vaunting the character of his lemonade,—not that it was good, but that it was cool; and how could it be otherwise, when from a brown pitcher he filled up the bottle with cold water, as often as a customer purchased a glass of the contents of the bottle? “Happy mode

this,” said Fanny, “of keeping a lemonade bottle always full.”

There stood a miniature Tortoni’s, or a dealer in ices to little boys and girls, who could afford a farthing out of the money allowed them for their fête day. The ice-glasses were the size of ladies’ thimbles. There were two sorts of ice-creams,—the one red, and the other white. The mother served the former, and the daughter the latter; whilst the father stood behind, wiping his red face with his blue handkerchief, and exclaiming,—“Au petit Tortoni! Les rouges sont aux framboises! Les blancs sont à la vanille! Deux liards le verre.” As there were no spoons for the consumers, they made use of their tongues; and the father rinsed the glasses in a bowl of water, which answered the purpose of washing out some five hundred an hour.

As to games and gambling, there was no lack of either. All was chance. Did you want a knife, brooch, bracelet, toy, cup and saucer, gingerbread husband, pocket handkerchief,—never mind what, there were lottery tickets for all in profusion. Here stood a boy with his dolls’ skittles; and if you knocked them down with his doll’s ball, you had a dozen of macaroni cakes. Here were round-about raffles, and macaroni number tables, and pop-guns to shoot at a mark, and bows and arrows to shoot at pipe-clay images; and the winner always gained something, the value of which was very near a farthing. Then there were little wooden horses running round in rings, crying, “Who’ll ride me?” And close by, many “Up to the heavens and down again, my little dears;—and all for six liards.” Then there were dancing dogs, and grimacing monkeys; enlightened mice; intellectual rabbits; ingenious cats; lions who loved ladies’ heads in their mouths, merely for the pleasure of licking them; hyænas who were as gentle as lap-dogs; tigers who were so amiable as even to prefer being starved, pinched, and pricked, at the discretion of their proprietors; wonderful children, with three heads; wonderful women, standing nine feet high, without their boots; wonderful men, who allowed themselves to be bitten by serpents; wonderful fire-eaters, who swallowed chaldrons of hot charcoal in the course of the day without the smallest inconvenience; and, besides weighing machines to weigh

the whole body, other machines to try the strength of lungs, toes, fingers, feet, and thumbs. There were electrical apparatuses to please the scientific; travelling doctors to quack the multitude; "naked Indians," to delight the fair sex; and the "most wonderful young English giant, who could stand like Atlas," and do a vast deal more besides.

These, with drinking, dancing, and dust, kept all alive; and as every sort of musical instrument might be heard, from the humble Jew's organ to the matchless hurdy-gurdy, broken fiddle, harp, guitar, &c. &c. &c., there was noise enough, from six to eight, to reach even your ears in our beloved Regent Street.

But eight o'clock arrived—as eight o'clock always will,—and the illuminations shone forth in all their brilliancy. Do you know, my dear Yorké, what a French illumination means? I dare say you do; but some of my country cousins may not, and so I am resolved to tell them. Well, then, my dear cousins, you know what a red tile is?—Yes. Well, that's not it. But can you imagine round saucers made of clay, the same colour as red tiles?—Yes. Well, then, you have arrived at the first portion of the secret. Those red tile saucers, very coarse, and never polished, are about an inch deep. They are filled with the very refuse of tallow, and a piece of the commonest tow-wick is placed in the middle. These machines are placed on window cells, or on the tops of gates, or on the steps of public buildings, or on wooden frames made for the purpose, in the form of garden-stands for plants; and the wood is coloured with a sort of light green paint, of a very inferior quality; and at the residences of ambassadors, peers, and wealthy deputies, two stands are placed outside their houses, on the foot-pavement, with some twenty grease saucers on each stand. As darkness becomes visible, these wicks are all lighted, and away they blaze, and smoke, and smell,—yes, smell, indeed they do,—till the grease is all consumed by the wicks, and then they go out! This is a French illumination. Never inside houses, never candles, never pretty lamps, and never is a "general" illumination more than above one hundred and fifty dwellings in all Paris. This year, indeed, the contractor for these fêtes was English enough to suspend,

in the Champs Elysées some lustres of variegated lamps, à la Vauxhall. The effect was magical; and the French are quite out of love with their grease-pots. So much for the illuminations, except some small steam-boats which plied away between the bridges to the infinite delight of all but the fishes, who were thus prevented from going to sleep.

The monster-concert in the Tuileries Gardens was, as monster-concerts always are, prodigiously loud and eloquent; and, of course, the "Marseillaise" and the "Parisienne" were thundered forth by the "badauds" of Paris. The beautiful swans looked offended at this intrusion on their domain; but when did a revolution respect vested interests?

Last scene of all in this strange eventful history were the fireworks. They lasted one hour, all but seven minutes; they cost one thousand five hundred pounds sterling; they frightened all the sparrows and linnets away from Paris; they were aided in their awful roaring by the cannon of the Invalides; and the earth trembled, even if the mountains did not fly. Never was such a blaze; never was such a noise.

The Fêtes were over.

MORAL.

National fêtes are very admirable, or very absurd! When they record a great deliverance, a wonderful victory, a national conquest, or, in other words, some event of vast magnitude, at which all rejoice, and of which all are proud, and for which all are thankful,—they are admirable! But when such fêtes as these I have been describing are held, having in their character no sort of harmony with the events they commemorate; when they are only to celebrate the triumph of a party, and not of a people—of a fraction of the nation, and not of the nation itself; when they tend to keep up animosities, instead of allaying them, and to renew the remembrance of deplorable disasters; and, above all, when even the government itself which celebrates them would not be in existence, if the principles (the triumph of which they commemorate) had not been put down; then, most assuredly, such fêtes are prodigiously absurd. What think you, my dear Yorké? I hope you are of the same opinion as

YOU KNOW WHO.

"WHAT IS OUR REAL POSITION?"

"MR. FRANCIS BARING to be Chancellor of the Exchequer," *vice* Mr. Spring Rice, created a peer!

Well, there is not much in the circumstance, perhaps, and people generally read the announcement with the most utter unconcern. After the miserable exhibition of the last three weeks, the chief feeling is one of gratulation at having got rid of Spring Rice; and as for the young gentleman who is named as his successor, the only remark is, "After all, any change must be for the better!"

And yet, when one reflects a little on all this, there is a manifest and serious cause for alarm. Silently, and with an unobserved step, a vast change is taking place in England. If we only refer back to the advent of the Whigs in 1830, we shall quickly perceive its nature and its reality.

When Lord Grey accepted office in the year just named, there was an open declaration, on his part, in the appointments then made, that he owed it to the country to select for the various departments the best men that could be found; only requiring such a general agreement of views as to ensure harmony in the cabinet, but leaving personal attachments and predilections as much as possible out of view. Thus the chancellorship was conferred on Lord Brougham, although the feeling of the moment was as far as possible from friendship between the premier and the advocate. In like manner Lord Ripon, and Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Charles Grant, were offered seats in the cabinet, although neither of them had ever even borne the name of Whig.

We are not required to assert the entire wisdom of all these selections. We have no great opinion, for instance, of either of Mr. Huskisson's satellites. All we mean to contend for is, that there was a sedulous endeavour, on Lord Grey's part, to select men of some note and promise; and to give the public, by this course, some assurance of the purity of his own intentions.

That cabinet, however, relied mainly on the support of a large party among the people. Accordingly, its chancellor of the exchequer was Lord Althorp: not a genius, certainly, of any great resplendency; but still an ac-

knowledgeed parliamentary leader; a nobleman; a man of peculiarly happy manners; exceedingly popular with the House of Commons, and admitted on all hands to be possessed of a great measure of sterling sense, judgment, and good temper.

Lord Althorp, by the death of Earl Spencer, was removed from his post, and a new chancellor of the exchequer was required. Mr. Spring Rice was named. A great declension, assuredly, but still an appointment which might *just* pass muster. Mr. Rice had been an active, stirring member of parliament, for more than twenty years; was a fluent speaker; had entered the lists with O'Connell himself, on Repeal, and had signally defeated him. He was also a good man of detail; apt at figures, and a pleasant, conciliatory sort of a second-rate person.

This appointment, like the first, was made with an eye to the public and to the house; but we are now under a new *régime*. The cabinet no longer leans upon the house, or upon the public. It has another and a more stable support. The court is with it; and whatever a lady requires, must, of course, be done. Lord Melbourne resumed office, he declares, solely to please the queen. He has consented to retain office merely because the queen besought it. What, then, need he, standing in this peculiar position, to care about the public opinion of this or that appointment? What if he chose to give the great seal to a barrister of last year's growth, or to make Mr. William Cowper's private secretary, first lord of the Admiralty? Why should he trouble himself to think or say any more on the subject, than merely to mention it, after dinner, at Buckingham House? And as to the rest of the world, why, what could they have to do with the matter?

Mr. Francis Baring fills the post which, if the country were polled to-morrow, every one knows—Lord Melbourne himself knows—would be filled by Sir Robert Peel! Is not the thing too absurd to be named with a grave countenance?

We shall not apply a single uncivil word to Mr. Francis Baring. He is, to us, as little known as he is to all who are not habitual frequenters of the Treasury chamber. He has been,

we believe, several years in parliament; but that he ever opened his lips in that assembly, save to "move an estimate," is a fact of which we are not cognizant. We therefore take him to be one of those decent, well-behaved, tolerably-educated sort of gentlemen, who swarm into Downing Street every morning to assume their accustomed desks, go through their accustomed routine, and, at the end of the quarter, receive their accustomed salaries. If any one can distinguish Mr. Francis Baring from this common herd of public servants, by any act he has ever done, any speech he has ever written; or, in short, by any one intellectual performance, we shall be happy to be enlightened by the information. At present we are utterly ignorant of any public reason for his elevation to the management of the finances of this vast empire, rather than any Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Johnson, who might happen to have served an apprenticeship at the Treasury board.

This appointment, therefore, seems to us, if it be not a merely *pro tempore* arrangement, to present a feature of the darkest kind. One of the most important distinctions which exists, between a constitutional government and tyranny, is this; that in the former, fitness and qualification for public offices is necessarily sought for in the person to be selected; while, in the latter, the fiat of the ruler settles all questions; and the most undeserving, if enjoying the royal favour, is as safe in his inaptitude and misconduct, as the best and the most capable of the whole community.

The circumstance, however, passes over, and will pass, without remark. Such is the general disgust and despondency, that a trifle like this scarcely adds to its amount. In an unchecked career of bungling and incompetency, it is hardly an individual person or an individual act that will arrest the public attention.

The miserable close of Mr. Rice's career, too, tends greatly to smooth the way for the new financier. Any one can see, at a glance, that had Lord Althorp only now been removed—still more, had Sir Robert Peel but recently filled the office of finance minister—the appointment of "Mr. Francis Baring" would have caused one unanimous exclamation of astonishment throughout the island. But the office having been first lowered by Mr. Rice's appoint-

ment, and then rendered almost contemptible by his conduct in it, is now thought to have fallen sufficiently far to be fit for one of Mr. Baring's level. Let but the other departments of the government undergo a similar deterioration, and we may come, in time, to be ruled by a cabinet in no way distinguishable from an average Middlesex jury. The question, however, will then recur, which we alluded to a few months back,—Whether, for fourth and fifth-rate men, we are bound to provide the salaries which befitted the talents of Pitt and Fox, of Huskisson, and Tierney, and Canning?

We have spoken very slightly of Mr. Rice's administration of the financial department; and, not to be even suspected of injustice, we shall, in two or three lines, repeat the brief statement we gave in last month's number.

Mr. Rice, considering him as a continuous finance-minister, though holding different offices in succession—Mr. Rice came to the Treasury in 1830, and he leaves it in 1839.

The progress of the national finances, in these nine years of "peace and retrenchment," has been as follows:

1830.	
Income	£50,479,000
Expenditure	47,812,000
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Surplus, for reduction of debt	£2,667,000
1839.	
Income	£48,128,000
Expenditure	48,988,000
<hr/>	
Deficiency	£860,000

The state of the debt is equally discreditable. In the course of nine years of "peace and retrenchment," with a surplus, when he took office, of 2,667,000*l.* per annum, the reduction of debt ought to have been more than thirty millions—or, allowing for the West Indian compensation, more than ten millions, reducing the annual charge by some three or four hundred thousand a-year. Instead of which, the case stands thus:

1830.	
Charge on funded and unfunded debt	£29,049,000
1839.	
Charge on funded and unfunded debt	29,427,000
<hr/>	
Increase	£378,000

After such a specimen of financiering as this, it is no wonder that people cry out, even when "Mr. Francis Baring" is named, "Well, matters can hardly be worse managed than they have been." And, as if to wind up in a fitting manner the whole career of blunders, Mr. Rice closes his official labours by an exhibition of his skill in loan-making, such as assuredly has had no parallel in the history of these islands.

Will it be believed, half a century hence — except, indeed, we are doomed for our sins to suffer a lengthened Whig domination, and a consequent career of shame and dishonour — will it be believed, even twenty years hence, that in the year 1839, this land of wealth and of loan-making — this land to which every needy government in the globe resorts in its necessity — required, for its own affairs, a loan of the paltry amount of *four millions*, and could only obtain it after a week's trafficking, and then with the greatest apparent difficulty? There is, indeed, this comfort, that every one who hears the tale, will feel assured on the instant, that nothing but some extraordinary mismanagement could have produced such a result. And such, in reality, is the fact. There could have been no probability, in the times of Earl Grey and Lord Althorp, that a sum of three times the amount should be boggled at; and had the Duke of Wellington required to borrow *forty millions* instead of *four*, he might have had it at two days' notice. But such was the peculiar sort of management displayed by Mr. Rice, that had the weather proved unpropitious, and excited any further apprehensions as to the harvest, it is abundantly clear that the miserable sum of four millions would not have been subscribed, and the British government would have exhibited to the other states of Europe an appearance of financial weakness, absolutely unparalleled since the days of Charles II. Even as the matter now stands, Mr. Rice is justly chargeable with a degree of criminality far exceeding that for which many men have been impeached. At this critical moment, when the horizon is obscured in several quarters, he has given to France, to Austria, and, above all, to *Russia*,

the impression, that such is either the embarrassment or the financial weakness of the British government, that it is with the greatest difficulty that it can contrive to raise so trifling a loan as four millions sterling, or about *one-eighth* of the cost of the single campaign of 1815!

However, Mr. Rice is gone, and Mr. Francis Baring is chancellor of the exchequer. The idea still returns upon the mind, that this cannot be intended for a permanent arrangement; but is merely, like the nomination of Mr. Arabin to the judge-advocateship, last year, a "warming-pan" affair, by which the exchequer is kept disposable when some remodification of the cabinet shall take place. But whether meant to be permanent or temporary; whether made in carelessness of public opinion, or in utter recklessness of all consequences; or as a "stopgap" under the momentary emergency, it is a matter admitting no doubt, that this change, like almost every other change, is one which adds weakness rather than strength to the already tottering administration.

But can we say, "adds weakness?" Is it possible for any government, capable of standing for a single hour, to be weaker than the present? Utterly powerless in parliament: seeing every measure taken out of their hands, and remodelled at the will of their opponents, either by their own consent in the lower house, or without their consent in the upper; unable to gain one single step in advance, because of the Conservatives, or to turn either to the right hand or to the left, because of the Radicals; it is now becoming universally felt and acknowledged, even down to the very pothouses, that the Melbourne ministry is a ministry neither possessing nor hoping for the means of carrying out their own principles; that it is, in short, a "do-nothing," "care-nothing" cabinet; preserved and maintained, wholly and entirely, by the will and for the pleasure of the queen.

And its hopes and its views seem all to be adapted to this peculiar position. The language of Lord Melbourne, when speaking of the Conservatives, is, "What are they to turn us out upon?"

* We have given this transaction its real name — a *loan*, for such in fact it is. Four millions will have been added to the debt. The chancellor will not indeed receive bank-notes for the stock, but he will receive exchequer-bills; the removal of which from the market will allow him to create an equal amount of new bills, representing so much money.

This premier does not even profess to enjoy the confidence of the people, any more than he does that of parliament. But he contents himself with being in possession of Downing Street, and in favour at Buckingham Palace; and merely asks, "How are they to get an opportunity of turning us out?"

The earnest wish of the cabinet to dissolve parliament the moment the least chance offers of getting a more favourable House of Commons, is universally known, and admitted by themselves without any reserve. Their abstaining from this step, then, is the most explicit confession they can give, that they know that the public voice, at a general election, would be given against their continuance in office.

They feel themselves, then, without support among the people: They know that in the House of Commons they cannot command 200 votes, and that the 150 Radicals merely give them their reluctant support, as "the least of two evils;" while in the House of Peers, after adding with their own hands above *eighty* new peerages, they are left "in a minority of 111" (July 5); and yet they retain office! What is this but to assert, in the most positive and practical manner, that the will, or the fancy, of the queen, ought to outweigh, and shall outweigh, the ascertained judgment of peers, and commoners, and the whole community!

We are then, at present, no longer under a popular or a constitutional government, but, strictly and unreservedly, under a government by court favour. We have a cabinet rejected alike by Lords and Commons, and by the elective bodies of the people, but which still retains its hold of office; contenting itself with saying, "We are *in*; the queen is with us; and how can they get us out?"

Yet that position is not altogether a safe one for the parties, any more than it is a desirable one for the country. The cabinet evidently shews signs of uneasiness. Hence the desire so frequently manifested, to get up, if possible, "a popular cry," *alias*, a popular delusion, on which to dissolve parliament, and to try for a House of Commons with fewer Conservatives, more Whigs, and, above all, *fewer Radicals*. There is a lurking consciousness that the single faculty of adhesiveness will not much longer suffice; that some firmer basis than court favour must be

found, or the whole fabric, some day, will come tumbling to the ground. Hence symptoms are visible, in more quarters than one, of a calling-forth of the whole remaining strength of the old Whig party, to make one more fight for the retention of power.

In various parts of the country, preparations are making for a last struggle. And these preparations are making chiefly, or exclusively, by the Whig aristocracy; shewing that it is not a popular effort, but solely a sudden resolve of the old Whig faction.

In Middlesex, Mr. Lyng has joined with himself, in the room of Mr. Hume, not some other of Mr. Hume's class, but a mere Whig—a Cavendish; and, backed by these two rich houses, there is every prospect of a harder struggle, at the registration of this year, than has been known since the passing of the Reform-bill.

In Hert, Lord Dacre, another Whig, is at work; and here, too, there is every sign of a well-fought contest.

In Norfolk, now represented by four Conservatives, the great Whig families of Coke, and Astley and Folkes and Windham, are all to be called into action; and a vehement effort is to be made to wrest two, at least, of the four seats from the hands of the present holders.

Similar intelligence comes from every part of the kingdom, and we gather from it,—

1. That the ministers feel the impossibility of going on with the present parliament, and are anxious to dissolve at the very first instant in which the least hope may present itself.

2. That to bring about such an opportunity, they have resolved to fight with the greater earnestness the registration of the present year. And,

3. That, aware that, if now defeated, their game is up for the next half century, they have resolved to make it "a life-and-death affair."

We trust that the Conservatives will catch the same feeling, and will meet this last onset, as the last charge of the imperial guard was met at Waterloo, with a resolute determination not to be driven from their position. They may comfort themselves, like the British guards on that occasion, with the thought, that the sun of the Whigs is setting, and that the present is the last attempt which it will be in their power to make.

Their situation is indeed desperate. They have just contrived to totter through the session; but it is not within the limits of possibility that they can weather such another. A change of some kind, either of these Whigs for other Whigs, or for a Conservative administration, must be made before the houses again assemble. Of that there can be no doubt.

In fact, no men, however careless and reckless they might be, could possibly contemplate attempting such another session as the last has proved. Lord Lyndhurst has just given his retrospect of its results,—in a speech as lucid and brilliant as his former one on the same topic, but having the advantage of the greater easiness of the task. So clear was the case against the cabinet, that a speaker of far inferior powers could not have failed on such an occasion. It was sufficient to read the royal speech of February, and to ask, why such promises were put into the queen's mouth, except it was seriously meant that some fulfilment should take place?

The parliamentary business of the session was thus indicated in that ministerial production. After going through the usual topics on which the sovereign, according to custom, informs parliament of the state of foreign affairs, the queen was made thus to point out the duties to which the two houses would have to apply themselves:

"The reform and amendment of the municipal corporations of Ireland are *essential* to the interests of that part of my dominions.

"It is also *urgent* that you should apply yourselves to the prosecution and completion of those measures which have been recommended by the ecclesiastical commissioners of England, for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the established church.

"The better enforcement of the law, and the more speedy and certain administration of justice, *one of the first importance* to the welfare of the community; and I feel assured that you will be *anxious* to devote yourselves to the examination of the measures which *will be submitted to you*, for the purposes of obtaining those beneficial results."

The speech then contained the usual reference to the estimates; and, adverting to the Canadas, expressed a confidence,

"That your wisdom *will adopt such measures as will secure* to those parts of

my empire the benefit of internal tranquillity, and the full advantages of their own great natural resources."

Such were the intimations held out in January last, of the business to be transacted in the session of the year. And never was there a more total failure, in every single particular.

It is customary for the Speaker of the House of Commons, on appearing before the queen at the close of the session, to address to her majesty a few sentences, detailing the points in which her majesty's wishes have been met, and thus summing up the results of the year's legislation. If the Speaker of the present year were to be candid and explicit, he would have to render to the queen some such account as follows:—

"Your majesty was graciously pleased, in the month of February last, to recommend to our particular attention four topics. Your majesty stated that the reform of the corporations of Ireland *'was essential to the interests'* of that country; that the measures recommended by the ecclesiastical commissioners were *urgent*; that the improvement of the law and of the administration of justice were *'of the first importance'*; and that you *relied* on the wisdom of parliament *'to adopt such measures as might secure to Canada the benefit of internal tranquillity, and the full advantages of their own great national resources.'*

"I have now a grief to announce to your majesty, that in no one of these matters have the gracious designs and intentions expressed in your majesty's speech been fulfilled. 'The reform of the corporations of Ireland,' however *essential*, has not been effected. 'The measures recommended by the ecclesiastical commissioners,' however *urgent*, have not been 'prosecuted or completed.' The improvement of the law, and of the administration of justice, although *'of the first importance,'* has not even been attempted. And, like all other matters of importance, the settlement of the affairs of Canada has been postponed to some future occasion. The session of the present year, then, from some cause or other, must be reported to your majesty to have been one altogether barren of any desirable results; and I can only recommend it to your majesty's most serious consideration, to discover, if possible, through *whose* neglect or

and making acts of parliament, is mighty absurd, for that the real and true business of a House of Commons is, in fact, to VOTE THE SUPPLIES. This has been quietly done, in the session that is past; therefore the session has been a good one, the ministry is a good ministry, and none but foolish or unreasonable people can find fault with either the one or the other.

Meanwhile, these men of honour, these men of noble birth, into whose hands a youthful and inexperienced female sovereign has fallen, seem to cast wholly aside, as a matter not worth their consideration,—the positive damage they are inflicting, and the frightful risk they are bringing, on the interests of ONE, of whose affairs they are bound to be doubly, trebly, tenfold careful.

They may be reckless of these things, but it is matter of daily grief to all who feel as they ought to do, for the endangered throne of a betrayed princess,—that the mean and despicable pertinacity,—or rather *adhesiveness*, for there is no other equally appropriate word,—of these selfish men, should draw around the pinnacles of the British monarchy a dark a canopy of clouds as at present enshrouds it.

One would naturally feel assured, that the first sentiment of a gentleman, occupying the place now filled by Lord Melbourne, would be,—“If my continuance here should ever appear to be in the slightest degree detrimental to my mistress’s interests, that instant I withdraw.” Yet it is a matter the most indisputably evident, that his lordship’s continuance about the queen is, at this moment productive of the greatest injury to the crown; and still he perseveres in holding his place, and in adding to it the further and still more unpopular post of *mayor of the palace*.

This is injurious,—deeply, widely, universally injurious, to the queen, in a variety of ways. It places her before her subjects as a harbourer of *favourites*—a most deservedly unpopular character in a free country. It also casts upon her the odium of maintaining in office an inefficient and unpopular ministry, simply and solely to gratify her own capricious fancies,—another point most distasteful to the people. And, finally, thus fixing the public attention, pointedly and unfavourably, upon *herself*, it leads the people, generally, to ask, Are we to pay these hundreds of

thousands annually, for no practical purpose, that we can perceive, but to enable a young girl to set at naught the deliberately-formed judgments of millions of men, and to put the destinies of the world at hazard, merely to retain about her court one worn-out old *roué* of agreeable manners.

It has now been matter of common remark, ever since the month of May last, that the queen and her ministers—the one to gratify her fancy, the other to retain their salaries—are putting the monarchical principle to a test the most severe to which it has ever been exposed. But this is not the only injury which Lord Melbourne is inflicting on his royal mistress. He is not content with a general tinge of unpopularity, reflected from himself upon the whole court, but he is perpetually, in matters of practical detail, giving positive and definite ground for complaint,—all which things, remaining unrebuked and unredressed, go to augment the perpetually-increasing feeling of dissatisfaction. Such an act was his brutal letter to the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings. Such another act was the presentation of Robert Owen, the apologist of promiscuous sexual intercourse, at the court of a virgin queen! Both these deeds were disgusting; a third, to which we have already adverted, is less offensive, but almost equally injurious, inasmuch as it lowers the monarchical office almost to the level of contempt. We allude to the ridicule brought upon the royal speeches in parliament by the carelessness and disregard of all proprieties with which they have lately been drawn up.

One of the most severe rebukes ever administered to a premier, was that of the Duke of Wellington in the late debate; when, after having repeated his sincere desire to see something like a *government*, by whomsoever it might be administered; his grace added the dry and cutting piece of advice, “that in future, before Lord Melbourne submitted a list of the measures to be recommended in the speech from the throne, he should consider those measures well before he inserted them in the speech,—that he should prepare those measures, and that he should be ready to introduce them into parliament the moment the business of the houses commenced.”

This plain-common-sense, and thoroughly Wellingtonian counsel, the

sterling value of which will be admitted by every man that reads it, conveys in a not uncourteous manner the severest censure possible. It intimates—what is but too obviously the fact—that heretofore, and especially during the last year or two, Lord Melbourne has taken a different, and a very reprehensible course. Instead of striving to elevate the royal speeches in character, which might easily have been done; and to render them both polished and dignified in style, and full of meaning in the matter, our off-hand premier seems to have dealt with them in his usual careless manner, as a form which must be gone through, but nothing more! But this is what will not now suit the public mind. The "march of intellect" demanded an improvement; instead of which, his lordship offers a deterioration. Again we say,—this is exposing the monarchical principle to a severe trial.

The sovereign issues forth from her palace in the plenitude of state, and enters the house of parliament, there to greet her faithful peers and commons, and to recommend to their consideration certain weighty matters of state. As we have already said, if the speaker of the House of Commons had discharged his duty with entire truth and candour, on the late prorogation, he would have been obliged to inform her majesty that *no one of her recommendations had been attended to!* But why is this? Simply because Viscount Melbourne, in preparing the speech for her majesty in February last, had just put down any thing that happened to come into his head, without in the least considering the probable risk he was thus making the sovereign encounter, of introducing matters to the notice of parliament which parliament might afterwards neglect or refuse to take up.

The result, of course, is, that the rank and estimation of these state documents, which had before been sufficiently low, and which any prudent minister would have endeavoured to raise, has now been reduced to a degree scarcely above contempt. Heretofore they have at least had the estimation of conveying a clear and definite view of the plans and intentions of the government. In future, if Lord Melbourne is to draw them, they will not even be supposed to do that. He may insert in them a dozen plans

and recommendations, if he will; no one will suppose that the actual adoption of any of those plans is at all the more certain for such allusion!

The only plea put in by the ministerialists in answer to these charges is, that the failure of all their plans is entirely owing to the Conservatives; for that ministers *would have done* all that they had promised, if the House of Lords would have allowed them.

This plea is, like all its predecessors, wholly *false*. There is no other word which will do justice to the case. We have already named the four topics which were especially indicated in the queen's speech, as deserving the immediate attention of parliament. One of these, the Improvement of the administration of the Law, has never even been named in parliament by the ministers. Another, the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was withdrawn by Lord John Russell without the least reference to any fear of a Conservative opposition. A third, the reconstruction of the Canadian constitution, was also withdrawn, or postponed, not from alarm at the Conservative array, but merely because ministers "could not see their way!" The fourth, and *only the fourth*, was actually submitted to the House of Lords, and was considerably altered by that body. This one, and this *alone*, out of the four, may be charged upon the peers, and they may be said to have been in some degree instrumental to its defeat; but if we look for an instant at its history, we shall see very clearly that the fault of its loss lay wholly with the ministers.

The cabinet knew very well beforehand what the House of Lords would accept, and what it would not. If it intended merely to offer to that house what it had twice before rejected, it purposed a deliberate waste of the time of the two houses; but we do not suppose that Lord John Russell really paltered with the subject after this fashion. We give him credit for really intending to pass the bill, and we know that the Conservatives meant the same thing. Why then was it not passed? A very few words will answer this question.

The ministry in this, one of the most disputed and critical points, had not remembered the expediency of doing what the Duke of Wellington has now recommended to them—the *preparing*

their measures before they announced them in the royal speech.

As one consequence of this want of previous thought and arrangement, bills were produced in an incomplete and undigested state. In the case of the Irish Municipal-bill, the first draft was brought into the House of Commons on the 19th of February. On the 19th of April, *two months* afterwards, no fewer than *thirty-four* clauses, never seen in either of the former bills, and on an entirely distinct subject, were added. Still the measure was allowed to slumber, and was only finally passed through the Commons *in the month of July!* It then was remitted to the Lords; and because that house did not swallow a bill of 250 clauses at one gulp, it is now charged with faction! The peers, after deliberation, rejected the new clauses, which had not been thought of in the bills of 1837 or 1838; and then the ministers exclaim, that such rejection must be fatal to the bill! But on this brief history of the transaction, no one can be at a loss to say upon whom the blame of the failure ought justly to be charged.

We repeat, then, the allegation, that the utter stand-still to which legislation now appears to be brought, is the fault of the Conservatives, as a charge wholly unsustained by the least iota of evidence; and we say, on the other hand, that this state of things is wholly chargeable upon the ministers themselves. They have two faults, either of which would abundantly account for their predicament. They are incompetent, and they are ill-disposed. The first is a perpetual cause of weakness

and of failure: the second increases the difficulty of their moving a step, inasmuch as it renders the Conservative party, in both houses, suspicious and apt to interpose a check.

Matters have, then, reached a climax. The "dead lock," of which we have long been talking, is now in full operation. It would have driven any other ministry than the present from their posts; but it merely throws our present managers upon the desperate resort of assuring us that legislation is by no means a necessary thing; that "passing laws is only an incidental and subsidiary part of the duty of parliament;" and that its main and "principal duty is" the passing votes of supply!

This piece of assurance, however, will not stand them in much stead. It will disgust rather than appease the people. It is, however, clearly intended to be *fatal*. Nothing can be said *after* this. The man who could venture such a plea could never have intended to expose himself to future remembrances of it. This autumn,—*this year's registration*—is undoubtedly looked to as the deciding period of the controversy. If the Conservatives will but hold their ground, and maintain a gallant fight throughout the next two months, the issue will probably be, that on the approach of the next parliamentary session, a comparison of the respective strength of the two parties will be made; and the Whigs, to avoid the disgrace and the damage of a defeat in the open field, will sound a parley, and offer to march out of Downing Street with the honours of war.

CANOVA.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AMATEUR.

LORD BYRON, with his wonted inconsistency, whilst he was sitting for his bust to Thorwaldsen, could say of his rival,

"What Phydias was of old, Canova is to-day."*

Mutato nomine! Had he thus written of Flaxman, there might have been some truth in the comparison and justice in the remark; but Flaxman had the misfortune to be born an Englishman, and was hence doomed in the early part of his life to toil for a pottery; to support himself at Rome by making guinea designs; and to spend the remainder of his days in modelling busts for the illustrious obscure, or monuments of which we have hardly an engraving; whilst riches and distinctions, titles and honours, little short of those paid to the divine Raphael, were the portion of the more fortunate and inferiorly gifted Italian.

There are some whose visual organs perceive objects less distinctly and justly near than at a distance. It is thus with my memory; for though many years have elapsed since I visited Rome, Canova's studio, his dazzling casts, the very arrangement of them in his galleries, nay more, the magician and creator of this world of beauty, came back upon my mind in forms so palpable, so like reality, that in the figurative language of Dante, "I see them there."

In the spring of 1821, the time of which I am speaking, it would have been considered little short of sacrilege to have doubted the infallibility of Canova, or the faultlessness of any work of his; a pilgrim to Delphi might as well have denied the divinity of Apollo in the zenith of his power. But, as the Greek tragedian says of prosperity, "Call no man happy till the hour of his death;" thus we may say of fame, call no man great till he has seen the grave. The moral, you will say, should have come at the end of the chapter. Well!

One day, after worshipping the divinities of his temple, and holding *muto parlare* with his "Napoleon," I entered a room where I found myself with the Pygmalion himself, whom, though I had never before seen, I had no difficulty in discovering to be Canova. Like Flaxman, he was rather below the common height; his figure slight and attenuated, as I judged from his appearance, more by severe mental labours than constitutional ill health. His mild and intelligent countenance had a defined and handsome Italian outline, and made, as may be seen by his own bust, an admirable profile.

His eyes were deeply sunk under his projecting brows, but within their sockets beamed the light of genius; and his high and scarcely wrinkled forehead was the seat of an elegant rather than a profound mind.

There was a simplicity in his manners, an expression of placidity in his features, and a gentle courteousness in his address, which contrasted forcibly with the companions, "Mars" and "Venus" with whom he was engaged. He soon discovered by my accent that I was an Englishman, and fell freely into conversation, having for that purpose discontinued the use of his chisel and mallet which he continued to hold. The group was in a great state of forwardness; so much so, that it hardly seemed to require the last touches he was giving to the face of "Venus" as I entered. "This," said he, "is a commission of George the Fourth; and I fear he will be disappointed when he sees these unfortunate stains in the marble, which I had hoped would have turned out a more beautiful block." I asked him how he accounted for the Greek statues which have come down to us being so blemishless. He replied, "That doubtless those sculptors who made immortality the end and aim of their labours, condemned to destruction all works, however advanced, in which such disfigurements shewed themselves."

* Lord Byron told me that the line originally stood thus, but that he afterwards altered it to

"Such as the great of old," &c.

I put a question to him, Whether he thought the female form had degenerated since the golden days of Athens, or if he imagined that Greece possessed better models than we *barbarians* could boast of? He replied, "That he had had sitters, one especially, who had defied his utmost efforts to rival her charms," adding, "that she sate to him solely from her enthusiasm for the art.* You, as an Englishman, will smile perhaps when I tell you she was perfectly modest."

I spoke to him of the Princess Borghese, then resident in Rome. He said her beauty was also perfect — most classical — that she was matchless in face and figure. I told him I had seen a cast† of her at Venice. "Casts," he observed, "do well for second-rate things, but ideal beauty defies them. Who ever saw a cast of the 'Venus of the Tribune,' or 'Apollo of the Vatican,' that gave him the least conception of the originals? What a handsome family those Buonapartes! They shew their Greek origin. You have seen my 'Napoleon?'" "Yes," I replied, "I saw Napoleon himself at St. Helena, in 1818; but I should never have recognised his likeness in your statue." "No," said he, "Napoleon of 1803 and 1818 were different persons." He here asked me several questions about the island, &c., which would be irrelevant here.

I expressed strongly my admiration of his "Madame Mère." "She is like a Roman matron — the mother of an emperor," said Canova. I told him that, on looking at her, I could not help thinking of an anecdote, told me the day before, of a Frenchman, who, from curiosity, had intruded himself into her palace, and the very room where she was seated, as might be her statue; that she got up at his entrance, and, shocked at his rudeness, said, "Monsieur, je suis la Mère de Napoleon." I should not like to have been the of-

fender; it must have acted on him like a cannon ball.

Canova now resumed his labour, which I thought a hint to leave him; but he said, "Resta, resta! you do not interrupt me. My brother often reads to me when I am at work, and I like to converse with foreigners who are fond of the *belle arte*. Pliny," said he, "was *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*. I am, on the other hand, never less alone than when in company. It does not derange my ideas. I never refuse myself to any one, particularly just now; for I am soon to part with my friends here (speaking of the groups). But I perceive you are cold (his studio was a mere barn, and he had no fire); I have nothing, on you see, but a thin jacket, and yet my work warms me." "Yes," said I, "you have a mental fire, a Promethean heat, that I have not." He smiled, and asked me what I thought of the group. I dared not tell him my opinion. It seemed to me the worst of all his compositions, and the subject the worst chosen. What interest can be excited by the parting of a god and goddess? I cannot conceive the perturbation of human passion in divine forms, much less enter into the regrets of Venus at quitting one who could be exposed to no dangers, subject to no vicissitudes of fortune, in going forth to battle. Though perhaps the authority of Homer is against his invulnerability, Venus herself could not have anticipated it. I told Canova, however, that I liked this the least of all his Venuses; that I found her too mature, too much *embonpoint*; that she had more of the voluptuous graces of his "Pitti Venus." He owned that he had sacrificed something to what he thought would be to the taste of his majesty; that I must remember she was not an Anadyomene but a Genetrix, as was indeed the recumbent one also in the possession of the king, with the Cupid playing

* The same story is told of Lady Hamilton. Perhaps Canova alluded to her, or to the Princess Pauline. It must be remembered, that Sir William Hamilton was an early patron of Canova.

Her ladyship told me, when a boy, that an arm of a Venus, found at Pompeii, was one day brought to him for sale; and that, in the midst of a large party, he made her uncover hers to be compared with the antique.

† Her statue was not at that time allowed to be seen, owing to a prohibition of the Prince Borghese. A nephew of hers, to whom she was accustomed to accord the *entrée* in the Roman fashion, in bed, asked her, when I was in Rome, to shew him her statue. Putting her little foot out of the clothes, she said, "You may judge of it by that."

about her. Mr. Hope's was of another order of forms. I remarked, that I considered that his classical *chef-d'œuvre*.^{*}

He told me he was surprised at the Anglomania of employing Roman sculptors, when we had Flaxman at home. He got down from his pedestal, and spoke for some minutes enthusiastically of his "Designs from Homer and Æschylus."

This tribute, coming from Canova, inspired me with a high sense of his genius (modesty being its greatest concomitant), and I could not help admiring the freedom from envy, so uncommon among artists, that dictated this eulogium. I told him the opinion was that Flaxman could not execute. He thought that must be a mistake, and mentioned that the works he finished at Rome were of great promise and fine execution, particularly his "Cephalus and Aurora."

Canova now resumed his work. I objected to Mars, otherwise unarmed, being helmeted. He replied that there was classical authority for the practice, that it helped to tell the story; and that in their days such an accessory was necessary for that purpose. I could have found fault also with the low tiara of Venus, or her having a tiara at all. I thought the one she had gave a meanness to the figure, but I did not communicate my thought.

He asked me what galleries I had lately been visiting. I said I had just been to visit the Ægina marbles, which

all Rome was then running to see, at Thorwaldsen's; where they were restoring, I think, for the King of Bavaria. Canova thought they marked an intermediate period between the Egyptian and Grecian schools. That they were scarcely later than Dædalus. That they were to be prized more as antiques, and for marking the progress of the art, than as perfect works or models for the young artist. I did not wonder at such an opinion coming from Canova, whose taste was diametrically opposed to the simplicity of those remarkable sculptures. I told him I had also been to the Justiniani, and thought the "Paris" there, which nobody spoke of, one of the finest things in Rome.† I raved about it. He turned the conversation, by asking me which of his statues I preferred. I replied, that if I had my choice I should take Somariva's "Magdalen;" that when I saw it at Paris, it affected me to tears. That beauty and sorrow generally destroy each other, but that he had contrived to heighten both by the union. I spoke of the air of abandonment with which she eyes the cross—her loose and dishevelled hair—the simple rope that confines her robe of penitence—the inertness of the arms from which the cross is about to fall, an emblem of her hopelessness of pardon.‡

He seemed surprised at my impassioned admiration of so early a work. I had it on my tongue to have asked him if the idea was not taken from a picture by an old master, in the same

* Of all the Venuses of antiquity, the aphrodite of Alcamenes, lifting with both hands her hair got wet with the bath, comes nearest to my ideas of perfection.

† This is a graceful and airy figure, of the most perfect symmetry, combining the lightness and agility of a Perseus with the grace of Apollo. His shoulders are a little inclined forward, and this expresses a listening eagerness, or that he is earnestly bent in the examination of and wonder at the charms of Venus, whom the eye of fancy may create as standing before him. Her rivals have no place in his imagination. His face, which is in unison with the form, and has a Grecian contour, and the sweetest mouth and chin, indicates the inexperience and thoughtless simplicity of a shepherd boy. Nothing can be more lovely than the *gauche* and bashful expression of the countenance: it is overshadowed by profuse hyacinthian locks (called so from their resembling the small bells of the flower) of curling hair, that only curl at the extremities, and are smoothed down at the top and back of the head in gentle undulations. It is a singularity I have not observed in any other Greek statue, and accords well with his boyishness.

We are satisfied that such a figure would have chosen love in preference to wisdom or power, both of which his narrow forehead seems incapable of estimating or acquiring. It is a personification of the inexperienced and dormant spirit of love; and the apple in his left hand, we are persuaded, without the torch of Cupid, which he holds in his right, will be presented as a prize to the Queen of Love. He does not hesitate a moment about the choice. Love is his very essence.

‡ His "Dying Magdalen" is equally pathetic; the face is a copy of "The Younger Daughter of Niobe," Guido's *beau idéal* of beauty for his Madonnas.

room in that gallery at Paris; but I restrained myself, thinking the question indiscreet.

I told him, Sir Joshua Reynolds was surprised when he looked at one of his forgotten guinea portraits, and that I had, some months before, accompanied Sir W. B. to see one of his early works, a few miles out of London, the subject of which was "Two Sisters," and which pleased me more than any in his show-room. Canova admitted that neither artists nor authors were the best judges of their own works, but I evidently saw he was not pleased with my preference of his "Magdalen." Other visitors dropped in, and I shortly after took leave of him, with a promise of paying him another visit, which I never kept; for I was on the eve of my departure for Naples, and when I returned to the City of the World, after an interval of seven months, and walked again through his peopled galleries, the genius of the place was fled! Canova was no more! He died in the October of that year.

The numerous works Canova left prove how indefatigable this great man had been in his art, and how extensive had been the patronage he received. Many sculptors satisfy themselves with modelling in gesso, or even *ébauchant* their groups or figures; but Canova gave the last finish to all, and, it is said, executed several of his works entirely with his own hand. Sculpture is a much more mechanical art than people generally imagine. After the block is shaped into something like the human form, the proportions are mathematically taken with the sextant and quadrant, the rule and the compass, and metal pegs driven at certain depths, and distances for the turn and moulding of the limbs. Even the features are easily got at by this process. It is the expression of the countenance that is alone difficult to be caught; and it must be confessed, that in this Canova's are too frequently deficient.

It has been said that he was spoiled by Napoleon and David, but it is clear that he very early had a predilection for the French school, as may be seen by his "Cupid and Psyche," which bears the same relation to the celebrated group in the Florence gallery which Moore's *Loves of the Angels* do to Byron's *Heaven and Earth*. Canova appears not to have erred in thinking simplicity the great source of the sublime. He looked only at the sur-

face of things, and was not imbued with a deep sense of intellectual beauty, nor sufficiently felt the power of intellectual beauty. His attitudes are thus too often overstrained. He seems to be always thinking of effect, and, like the French painters, to have taken his models from the stage.

Let us look at the "Pitti Venus"—she is too tall. "There is something immodest in the way she is drawing up the scanty folds of her garment, and in the position of her hands. The features are not free from affectation and self-conceit. She evidently knows she is looked at, and as she turns round her head seems to say—"Ne me regardez pas, Monsieur; je vous en prie."

The "Hebe" pleases me quite as little. The attitude is still more forced. It is taught by the ballet-master and the opera. There is no sentiment in her—none of the simplicity of nature. The metal vase and cup are very appropriate, are quite in character with such a *figurante*. The countenance is insignificant, and what little meaning there is in it, such as one would not wish.

I do not think much more favourably of the "Bacchante;" she is of the same family—a tiptoe Bayèdère, nota nymph. There is none of the inspiration of the god about her,—she is carried away by none of the fine frenzy of the Mænad, she displays none of the disorder of passion in her form, dress, or features; she does not carry us back to Greece, or remind us of the wild superstition which gave birth to such creatures;—we fancy we see in her a Tagliani.

Nor can I agree with those who are transported with his "Graces." There is certainly a virginal pointedness about these figures, but they are too much alike. It is true they are sisters; but Thalia, Aglaia, and Euphrosyne, have each their separate characteristics or attributes. It must be admitted that there is something sweet and affectionate in the manner in which they encircle and are interwoven with each other; and group is, perhaps, improved, though the mythological propriety is injured, by the making one younger and smaller than the rest. It can be perceived, also, at a single glance, that they have learned to dance. The postures are not those of nature,—there is a studied ease in them.

What expression there is in their countenance is a silly one. They are

not talking about Helen or Psyche. They are not the emblems of intellectual beauty—they are incapable of feeling it. They are full of the vanities of life, delighting in the prospect of some fête or ball, of which the elder is making a secret. They find an appropriate shrine at Bedford House, and, however they may please the taste of these times, would never have been allowed a niche in the Parthenon.

There is a terra cotta by Nollekens, that far surpasses in design the Graces of the celebrated Venetian. The three sisters are most judiciously seated on an irregular mound, and their attitudes have all the simplicity and unaffected ease of which forms of immortal grace and beauty are susceptible. Unlike the draperied, simpering, mirror-taught, posture-studied "Ballerine," of Canova, these are really the "*Decantes Gratæ*," unconscious of theft charms, and more modest and innocent for being represented in all the *nuda veritas* of Nature.

Thalia forms the centre; she is a little elevated above the rest. Her head, the hair of which is parted over her brow and falls behind in abundant massy tresses, is half-turning towards her sisters, as listening to Aglaia, who leans affectionately on Thalia's back, whilst her right elbow rests on her own knee, and her left hand, the fingers instinct with the life that animates them, just touches that of Euphrosyne. The latter, her unbraided hair divided negligently across her forehead, with one arm encircles Thalia's lovely waist, and looks archly from over her shoulder in the face of Aglaia, whose lips are gently unclosed in the act of speaking. One of her legs, the contour of which is partially and enviously concealed, is bent under her; and the small and delicate foot winds (like the tendrils of a vine about the parent stem) round the calf of the leg. We scarcely know which of the sisters to admire the most, and it is difficult to conceive how a sketch could give such variety of expression to the countenances. In front, the profile, the half, and full face, meet the eye at once. Their figures are pearl-like and pointed, as should be those of virgins; all differing, yet all worthy of those divine creatures of the Greeks.

Among all our rich nobles, who spend their thousands abroad on inferior artists, like Bertolini, was there not one to en-

courage a Nollekens, and give a commission for this group, that was not unknown to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and merited all the enthusiastic pains he bestowed on it?

It has always seemed to me a mistake, the choosing of classical subjects, such as Theseus and the Minotaur, Theseus and the Centaur, &c. There was a hidden and mystical meaning in those personifications, the tradition of which perished with the poetical and lovely mythology from which they spring. These images have no local habitation in our minds: what can the artist make of such subjects but tame and lifeless copies of the classics?

His statue of "Washington" is a production of great merit as a work of art, like all Canova's, but he is a Roman. The peplos thrown over the cuirass does not tell the story well; without his name, which he is writing, one would find it difficult to recognise the patriot citizen, soldier, and legislator of America, as it does not even pretend to be a likeness. "Napoleon," by a strange caprice of fortune, is in the Duke of Wellington's collection.

There is a severe majesty in the figure, and the countenance accords well with the winged Victory on which he is gazing with a stern delight.

The charge of plagiarism so often made against Canova is not altogether groundless. Almost all he did may be traced to some statue, cameo, vase, or coin of antiquity. His women are all Grecians, have the same contour with the "Venus of the Tribune." His "Perseus" is a weak imitation of the "Apollo Victor;" and should not have ventured to look at the "Medusa's" head, itself the exact copy of a gem.

Even in his colossal horse, on which Napoleon, Murat, and Charles III. (what an anticlimax!) were successively mounted, the head is modelled from that in the bronze room at Florence; and even the lions at the tomb of Clement XIII., taken from the antique, unlike those by Flaxman, in Westminster Abbey, which were studies from the Tower, and by whose side those of Canova have an *heraldic* look.

In his sepulchral monuments, he falls far short of Flaxman and Chantrey. The "Tomb of Nelson" is a strange, elaborate, frittered, unintelligible composition; and the turret-crowned female Colossus over that of Alfieri, in

the Santa Croce, might as appropriately be placed over any other Italian.*

Canova's works are like Carlo Dolce's pictures,—one can see how they are done. They were all laboured with the file, and finished with the pumice stone, not the chisel; as were the "Laocoon," and the relievos on the pediment of the Parthenon. I have not spoken of the polishing of his statues (a fault, indeed, attributed to Phydias); it is an ingenious device, and, like the high varnish of the picture-dealer, glosses over defects.

I know not what the accomplished and elegant Contessa Albrizzi would say to these remarks, made by one who ad

mires not less than herself the genius of this great spirit of the age, though he is not blind to his defects. Canova spent his immense fortune in founding institutions for the encouragement of his art, and established academical prizes. He was the patron of all young artists of talent, and the first to discover the merit of Gibson, and Schadow, the author of the "Filatrice."† His opinions were looked upon as oracular; his sayings have been collected as Socratic; and when he was lost to Italy, even its idolatry of the sculptor was lost in veneration for the "*buon Canova*."

T. MEDWIN.

* It is much to be lamented that Canova, like Raphael, did not apply himself more to religious subjects, which his devotional cast of mind particularly qualified him to excel in, as may be seen by his "Piety and Meekness," and his two "Magdalens;" though I prefer the Somariva one. In his "Dying Magdalen," he has copied Guido's "Daughter of Niobe," and given her the oval contour,—the hair parted, so as to shew the broad forehead, at the sides of which the strings are conically drawn.

† Perhaps Schadow's name is not much known in England: he was the Chatterton of sculpture, a Dane, and fell a martyr to consumption, brought on by the pressure of the *trapano*, that is said to have shortened Canova's days. A monument has been raised to him at Copenhagen, over which has very appropriately been placed his "Filatrice." It was well said by Dr. N., that the thread should have been broken—Canova's.

A QUATRAIN ON THE QUEEN.

BY SIR MORRIS O'DONERTY, BART.

WITH A DOZEN OCTAVES OF TRANSLATION OF HER MAJESTY'S LAST SPEECH.

Dedicated to Her Majesty, by his own permission.

"High in their lordships' hall Victoria sate,
 And many a murmur mumbled in the throng;
 The words of humbug here I thus translate,
 'Tis an old humbug now of standing long."—WORDSWORTH.

I.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The public business having been brought to a close, I have now to perform the satisfactory duty of releasing you from your long and laborious attendance in parliament.

My lords and gentlemen! The public business
 Having been brought at last unto a close,
 It is the duty falling to my missy-ness—
 And satisfactory it is, Heaven knows—
 To let you loose, after the noise and dizziness
 Which broke your parliamentary repose.
 And first of him, the gentleman whom we uphold;
 That underpaid nice chap, my uncle Leopold—

II.

"I rejoice that a definitive treaty between Holland and Belgium, negotiated by the mediation of the Five Powers, has settled the differences between those two countries, and has secured the peace of Europe from dangers to which it had so long been exposed.

Then I rejoice to say, Treaty definitive,
 Arranged at last after a ton of protocol,
 Is made right smart, and tight, and sharp, to pin it (if
 Power dwells in any diplomatic what-d'ye-call),
 Betwixt the Dutch and Belgians, *gmutive*
 (As Tom Wyse says), of peacc among the nautical;
 And eke terrestrial of the several dangers
 Which throughout Europe raised such lots of angers.

III.

"The same concord which brought these intricate questions to a peaceful termination prevails with regard to the affairs of the Levant. The Five Powers are alike determined to uphold the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire; and I trust that this union will ensure a satisfactory settlement of matters which are of the deepest importance to the whole of Europe.

The same Concord which brought these intricate—
 (Accent *concord*, on syllable the second)—
 Intricate questions, to a peaceful state
 In the Levant, at present may be reckoned
 As going on at the like pleasant rate;
 For the Five Powers, I'd gladly bet my neck on't,
 Are so determined and so sage, that not a man
 Can doubt the integrity of all that's Ottoman.

IV.

"It has afforded me the sincerest pleasure to have been able to assist in effecting a reconciliation between France and Mexico. Intent upon preserving for my subjects the blessings of peace, I am highly gratified where I can avail myself of an opportunity of removing misunderstandings between other powers.

It has afforded me sincerest pleasure
 To mend the breach 'twixt Mexico and France,
 For dear to me is any muddling measure
 Which can the cause of tapery advance;
 And darling Palmerston is such a treasure
 (Though he is now too old to learn to dance),
 That I am glad he's got an opportunity
 Where he can bluster with a full impunity.

" I have recently concluded with the King of the French a convention, calculated to put an end to differences which have arisen of late years between the fishermen of Great Britain and of France. This convention, by removing causes of dispute, will tend to cement that union between the two countries which is so advantageous to both, and so conducive to the general interests of Europe.

" I shall continue to pursue with perseverance the negotiations in which I am engaged, to persuade all the powers of Christendom to unite in a general league for the entire extinction of the slave-trade ; and I trust that, with the blessing of Providence, my efforts in so righteous a cause will be rewarded with success.

" I regret that the differences which led to the withdrawal of my minister from the court of Tehran, have not yet been satisfactorily adjusted by the government of Persia.

" In order to fulfil the engagements announced to you at the opening of the present session, the governor-general of India has moved an army across the Indus ; and I have much satisfaction in being able to inform you that the advance of that expedition has been hitherto unopposed ; and there is every reason to hope that the important objects for which these military operations have been undertaken will be finally obtained.

" I have observed with much approbation the attention which you have bestowed upon the internal state and condition of the country. I entirely concur in the measures which you have framed for the preservation of order, the repression of crime, and the better administration of justice in this metropolis ; and I have given a cordial assent to the bills which you have presented to me for the establishment of a more efficient constabulary force in those towns which peculiarly required it, and for effecting the important object of generally extending and invigorating the civil power throughout the country.

V.

I've recently concluded with the king
(His name is Louis Philippe) of the French
A very pleasant sort of kind of thing,
Ruling the fishing, not of carp or tench,
But I believe of cod, perhaps of ling,
By which French fishermen may dare not
trench
On rights of snaring sprats, or snaffling salmon —
Which Europe, surely, won't consider gammon.

VI.

As for the slave trade and the Portuguese,
I am determined to put down that wrong ;
For Sancho says, we can be when we please
Strong with the humble, with the humble
strong —
And with the help of Providence, by degrees
The matter will be finished, short or long :
But I regret affairs have looked so sinister
In Tehran, that I've thence withdrawn my
minister.

VII.

Fulfilling the engagements that I made
When I this session opened — never mind,
If every other promise were unpaid,
When, of a dozen, one fulfilled you find —
Across the Indus a terrific raid
Auckland has ventured, Brougham's own
cousin kind :
As for the foe, you all must be aware, he
Cannot oppose our movements military.

VIII.

I have observed with approbation much
The pains you have bestowed upon the internal
State and condition of the country. Such
As to keep down the growth of crime internal,
To give sin metropolitan a touch,
Making out elegant laws which may concern all ;
And in the country raising a constabulary,
Fit to consign each town to government rabble-ary.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

"I thank you for the zeal and readiness with which you have voted the supplies for the service of the year.

"It has been with satisfaction that I have given my consent to a reduction of the postage duties. I trust that the act which has passed on this subject will be a relief and encouragement to trade, and that by facilitating intercourse and correspondence it will be productive of much social advantage and improvement. I have given directions that the preliminary step should be taken to give effect to the intention of parliament, as soon as the inquiries and arrangements required for this purpose shall have been completed.

"The advantageous terms upon which a considerable amount of the unfunded debt has been converted into stock, afford a satisfactory proof of the reliance placed on the credit and resources of the country, as well as on your determination to preserve inviolate the national faith.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is with great pain that I have felt myself compelled to enforce the law against those who no longer concealed their design of resisting by force the lawful authorities, and of subverting the institutions of the country.

"The solemn proceedings of courts of justice, and the fearless administration of the law by all who are engaged in that duty, have checked the first attempts at insubordination; and I rely securely upon the good sense of my people, and upon their attachment to the constitution, for the maintenance of law and order, which are as necessary for the protection of the poor as for the welfare of the wealthier classes of the community."

IX.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I thank *you*

All for your zeal and readiness of taxation;
With satisfaction do I thank you, too,
For the Post Office charge alleviation.
[Here in my speech for Rice I mean to do
A little bit of buzz and botheration.
For if his sacrifice may need repentance,
Ought not Mounteagle soar off in a sentence?]

X.

The advantageous terms—ay! I'll assert it—
On which a most considerable amount
Of debt unfunded was to stock converted,
Gives of the country's stores a good account,
And shews our zeal, how shift we it, or shunt it,
To keep our credit clear as Aldgate's fount.
(Enough of that, however, for, I guess,
About exchequer "best is said the less.")

XI.

My Lords and Gentlemen, with mighty pain
I've found myself compelled to enforce the
law
'Gainst those who say that they will do again
That which, some years since, advised they
saw
By men who are pretending to restrain
Riots then ordered by especial jaw
Of orators now wrapt in robe and ermine,
Who on their quondam cronies' fates deter-
mine.

XII.

The courts of justice—fearless ministration—
The checking powers (see Brummagem to
wit),
The keeping down of insubordination,
The good sense of my people (it is fit
To give some blarney to "the British nation,"
Of Ireland, Canada, Chartists, not a whit).
"The poor protected—saved the wealthier
classes."
[*Aside.*—Isn't that enough? ay, quite enough
for asses].

God save the Queen.

M. O'D.

Queen's Head, Cheapside, Aug. 27, 1839.

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No. CXVIII. OCTOBER, 1839. Vol. XX.

GREEK COMEDY.

No. V.

THE KNIGHTS OF ARISTOPHANES. NO. II.

THE comedy of the *Knights* draws much of its humour and satire from Cleon's expedition against the Spartans; it will not, therefore, be uninteresting if we return for a few minutes to the island of Sphacteria. Thucydides informs us, that this event disappointed the expectations of Greece more than any other occurrence throughout the entire war; for it had been believed that neither famine, nor any other suffering or privation, would have shaken the sword from the hands of the Lacedæmonians. The wonderful success of Cleon has been illustrated by a very curious parallel from our own history. We copy it from the second volume of the *Philological Museum* :—

"The temper of the English public, at the period to which we are about to refer, is well evinced by the uncommon popularity of Glover's ballad, entitled 'Admiral Hosier's Ghost,' which was a political squib. Hosier had been sent out to protect the West Indian trade against the Spaniards, who were a terror to our merchantmen in those seas. Their principal station was Porto-Bello; off which, accordingly, Hosier cruised. But he had instructions not to make aggressions on the enemy; and he remained inactive at sea, insulted and despised by the Spaniards, till his crews became diseased, and he at last died of a broken heart. He was a brave sailor, but his orders kept him inactive. This state of things, so disgraceful to our naval power, continued till 1739; when Admiral Ver-

non, who was a fierce, and not ineloquent, assailant in debate, and the delight of his party in the House of Commons, from his blunt impudence and harassing hostility to ministers, came prominently before the public. He was esteemed a pretty good officer; but his boisterous manner in the house was his principal recommendation. In a debate on the Spanish depredations, which still continued unrepented, he chanced to affirm that Porto-Bello might easily be taken, if the officers did their duty; and, led on by the ardour of debate, he even pledged himself to capture the place, with only six ships of war, if they would put him in command. The opposition re-echoed his proposal. Vernon was called, by anticipation, a Drake and a Raleigh; and his popularity knew no bounds. The minister, Sir R. Walpole, glad to appease the popular clamour, and to get rid for a time of Vernon's busy opposition in the Commons—and hoping, perhaps, like Nicias, that, by the failure of his boast, he would disgrace himself and his party, or else clear the sea of the Spaniards—closed with his offer so lightly made, and actually sent him out with a fleet to the West Indies. Vernon sailed, and was as good as his word. He speedily took Porto-Bello, and demolished all the fortifications. Both houses joined in an address: Vernon rose to the highest pitch of popularity."

Hannah More, writing to her sister from Mrs. Boscawen's seat, Glanvilla, in the summer of 1785, mentions having heard the poet Glover, then past his eightieth year, sing the ballad of

"Hosier's Ghost." Horace Walpole coming in soon after, she told him how highly she had been gratified by Glover's performance; and he requested her to solicit a repetition of it. "I suppose you recollect," she adds, "that it was the satire conveyed in this little ballad, upon the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry, which is thought to have been a remote cause of his resignation. It was a curious circumstance to see his son listening to the recital of it with so much complacency." Burke traced the war of 1739 to the clamour of the popular spirit, inflamed by the invective, the oratory, and the poetry of the times. For that war he declared that Pope sang his dying notes, Johnson awoke the sterner voice of his political eloquence, and Glover attacked the ministry with his happy and effective ridicule.

We resume the analysis of the comedy of the *Khights* with the choral attack upon Cleon. The concluding comparison of the Agitator, looking out for taxes, to the person placed to watch the approach of a shoal of tunnies, is curious. Mitchell illustrates it by a passage from Mr. Yarrell's work on *British Fishes*:

"When the look-out sentinel, posted for that purpose on some elevated spot, makes the signal that he sees the shoals of tunnies advancing, and the direction in which they will come, a great number of boats set off, under the command of a chief, range themselves in a line forming part of a circle, and joining their nets, form an enclosure, which alarms the fish; while the fishermen, drawing closer and closer, and adding fresh nets, still continue driving the tunnies towards the shore. When they have reached the shallow water, a large net is used, having a cone-shaped tunnel to receive the fish, which is drawn to the shore, bringing with it all the shoal. The fishermen carry out the young and small tunnies in their arms; the larger ones are killed with poles. The fishery practised on the coast of Languedoc sometimes yields many hundred weight at each sweep of the nets."

When there are no cliffs, wooden pillars are erected for the purpose of observation. As to the felicity of Aristophanes' abuse, that can be relished only by the scholar, although the translation of Walsh preserves its spirit. Mitchell drops the expressive *βασταρααζι*—*mud-disturber*.

MITCHELL.

Wretch! without a parallel;
Son of thunder, child of hell,
Creature of one mighty sense,—
Concentrated impudence!
From earth's centre to the sea,
Nature stinks of that and thee!
It stalks at the bar,
It lurks at the tolls;
In th' assembly, black war
And defiance it rolls.
It speaks to our ears
In an accent of thunder;
It climbs to the spheres,
And rives heaven asunder.
Athens deafens at the sound,
In her ears still drumming;
While, seated high,
You keep an eye
Upon the tolls, like those
who spy
If tunny fish be coming.

WALSH.

Rascal! blackguard!
bawling knave!
Every shore the billows
lave,
Every assembly that we
hold,
Every custom-house that's
enrolled,
Every justice's office, and
Every law-court in the
land,
Has been seen and felt to be
Full of thy audacity!
O thou stirrer up of mud
In the limpid fishy flood!
Thou disturber of this
whole
Tranquil state! Thou
restless soul,
Who has deafened us by
the clang
Of thy noisy, loud ha-
rangue;
Watching for the tribute-
monies,
From the hustings' mar-
ble block,
As the fisher watches
tunnies
From the lofty beetling
rock!

SKETCH.

He maketh no nobbes,
But with his dialogues,
To prove our prelates gods,
And laymen very hobbes,
Beating them with bobbes,
And with their own rods.
Thus he taketh pain
To fable and to feign,
Their mischief to maintain,
And to have them reign
Over hill and plain.
* * * * *
But this dawcock doctor,
And purgatory proctor,
Waketh now for wages;
And as a man that rages,
Or overcome with ages,
Disputeth *per ambages*,
To help these parasites,
And naughty hypocrites,
With legends of lies,
Feigned fantasies,
And very vanities,
Called verities,
Unwritten and unknown,
But as they be blown
From liar to liar.

It was said by some one, that the long compound words in which the poet delights to pour the abundance of his descriptive contumely, ought to be pronounced only on long summer days. Mr. Mitchell, in a note upon the *Ways*, observes the same remarkable taste, carried to a greater extravagance, in the Italian writers.

The line of difference between the abuse of Aristophanes, and the unintelligible doggerel of Skelton, is, we think, broad and distinct. In one we see a buoyant, audacious, sunshiny, impetuous temperament, disporting itself in every attitude which the most reckless vivacity can suggest; in the other, we behold the coarse, revolting, impudent bully, swaggering over the stage with his hands full of missiles and mud, anxious to insult every feeling of propriety and truth. The coarseness of Aristophanes is softened, relieved, brightened, by rays of poetic fancy and illustration; while, in the laureate of Henry, the warmth of imagination shines only upon a dunghill, and gives life to nothing but vermin. In the Athenian, to borrow and modify a metaphor of Dryden, comedy often creeps into the nature of poetry; the plant, lowly and worthless though it be, shews, nevertheless, that it belongs to the family of cedars. The Bacchanalian garland seems to produce upon Aristophanes the same effects which were wrought upon the famous knight of Charlemagne by the resplendent crown of the fairy Morgana. Lulled in her enchanted palace, upon couches of gold, cheered with the wines of Elysium, and charmed with the sweetest music, the warrior forgot his glory, his country, and his arms; but when, at length, after two hundred years, the crown happened to fall from his head into a fountain, his memory immediately returned, and the love of home revived in his heart. So it might be said of the Athenian poet. Inebriated with the magical potations of Pleasure, he puts on for a season the aspect and the manners of her votaries; but the spell of the Circe is frequently broken, and he resumes his natural form, and manners, and disposition. The garland drops from his brows, and the hero of the Saturnalia sobers into the patriot.

The copious introduction of the dialect of the Florentine populace contributed very largely to the suc-

cess of several Italian productions, from which the ear even of the scholar still receives pleasure. Aristophanes conciliated the Cerberus of the democracy by a similar allurement. But it may be observed, that however licentious, or offensive to good manners, be the objects exhibited through the transparent drapery of his diction, its softness and splendour are seldom impaired. It is Rubens colouring with his golden pencil the squalid wretchedness of Gin Lane. The poet has put into the mouth of Demosthenes a commendation of the influence of wine upon the invention; and in the banquet of Plato, both the author and the hero of the *Clouds* are introduced in a state of considerable excitement. The god of the vine is said to have inspired Æschylus; and he also, without doubt, quickened the motion of the comic buskin. But the natural voice of the poet is always recognised amid the boisterous license of intoxication.

Resuming the parallel into which we have accidentally been driven, we find the English and Grecian writers directing their blows against two of the most eminent and illustrious persons of their respective countries and ages. Aristophanes satirised Socrates; Skelton ridiculed Sir Thomas More. One confined his buffoonery to the stage; the other carried it into the pulpit. The first wafted the philosopher into the clouds; the second placed the statesman in the pillory. The rector of Dis—for that gloomy and miserable town was Skelton's preferment—has, indeed, with much satisfaction, declared that, notwithstanding the ruggedness of his rhymes, his sentiments are formed of good materials, and that a very ample supply of nourishing food may be extracted from his writings. But having thus brought forward this execrable rhymers, let us not omit to render justice to that feature of his character which obtained the warm commendation of Erasmus, who called him the light and ornament of his country. The first *Moralities*, distinguished by the name of the author, have been traced to Skelton; and a recent critic considers his uncommon fertility of language to display a mind of some original vigour. Hallam, indeed, inclines to attribute the libel on Sir Thomas More to an imitator of Skelton, who is said to have died in

1529. This point, however, we cannot now investigate.

The wit-combat between the demagogue and the sausage-seller terminates with the severe whipping of the former personage; the chastisement being inflicted with an article of nourishment familiarly spoken of in the best society of Epping. And here it may not be inexpedient—although the subject belongs more properly to Mrs. Dods—to inform the reader, that the little bundle of sausages, to be seen in the windows of London poulterers, labelled with the cabalistic letters, CAMBRIDGE! are very rarely, if ever, the offspring of classic styes on the banks of the Cam. We can see Hudson turn up his nose at them; the cook at Magdalen (*the* college for dinners) shudders at the sight; even the buttry of Queen's would hesitate to admit them upon the boards. We have eaten the real Cambridge sausage a thousand times; and question whether the aroma of its Oxford namesake—inquire of Talboys or Slater—can equal the odour of our reminiscences. At St. John's, from a natural regard for the domestic friend and companion of the finest peasantry upon earth, the sausage is rarely eaten with the enthusiasm that attends its discussion at Trinity. Alas! why did not Charles Lamb, who loved Cambridge, write an essay upon the very best of all its productions? Its metaphysics are tolerable, but its sausages are exquisite; and to talk of them with those of Epping, is not less profane than a comparison of Tagliolini with Mrs. Glover.

The chorus now present the sausage-seller with some leeks, which they assure him will considerably improve his warlike powers, as these formed the food of the Athenian fighting-cocks. Dodwell, in his Grecian tour, relates a curious illustration of the present use of this herb:—"As the men," he says, "began to be heated with rowing, we

found ourselves almost overpowered by the nauseous smell of garlic, which they exuded from every pore, so that it infected even our clothes. Nothing is so penetrating and diffusive as the smell of this root. If it is put in the shoes of a person, the breath is tainted with it in a short time."

In the *Acharnians*, Theorus cautions Decæopolis not to approach the stealers of his garlic. Cleon, to adopt the pleasant and lively analysis of Mitchell, harassed by the merciless pelting of his sausage-selling opponent, is fain to throw himself upon the senate, and challenge his rival to meet him at that awful bar. His antagonist professes his readiness to do so. The chorus, considering him as one of the combatants who were going to exhibit in the wrestling-school, anoint his body with the fat of his own sausages, that he may slip from his adversary's calumnies; they feed him, like a fighting-cock, with pungent garlic; they remind him (in allusion to the combats of the same bird) to peck at his adversary, to tread him down, to gnaw his crest and swallow his gills; and they finally recommend him to the protection of that divinity which, in modern times, would, under the same mythology, have presided over the Palais Royal of Paris, and the Piazza di Marco of Venice. The *Zeus Agoræus*, whose guardianship the chorus invoke for the sausage-vender, presided not only over the merchandise, but also over a certain department of the eloquence, of the city. The sausage-seller having quitted the stage, the following parabasis is delivered to the audience; and the whole drama contains nothing more interesting or valuable, either in a biographical or a poetical sense. It has been rendered by Mitchell with great facility and animation, but we can only give the reader a taste of the wine; we recommend him to purchase the flask.

"Were it one of that old school, learned sirs, who long the rule and the tone to your drama have given,
Who his lessons and his verse, having taught us to rehearse, would before this high presence have driven;
'Tis great chance that his request, however warmly prest, might have met with no easy compliance;
But indulgent we have heard the petitions of a bard of high mettle and noblest ap-
pliance;
And well may he command aid and service at our hand; for his hatreds and ours
closely blending,
Into one concurring point leap, and hand, and heart, and joint, to the same noble
object are tending.

He no shade nor shelter seeks, what he thinks he boldly speaks, neither skirmish nor contest declining ;
 He marches all elate 'gainst that Typhon of the state, storm, and hurricane, and tempest combining.
 Marvel much, we hear, has grown, and inquires through town of the poet have been the most unsparing,
 (With submission be it known, that these words are not our own, but his own proper speech and declaring),
 Why his dramas hitherto came not forward as was due, their own proper choregus obtaining ;
 Take us with you, sirs, awhile, and a moment's easy toil will in brief be the reason explaining.
 'T was no folly bred, we say, this distrust and cold delay, but a sense of the extreme application,
 And the toil which he who woos in our town the Comic Muse, must encounter in such his vocation.
 Suits many (and brisk sparks), as our poet oft remarks, pay her court and profoundest attention ;
 But of all that love and burn, very few meet due return — this observance first bred apprehension.
 Then your tempers quick, severe, ever changing with the year, to this thought added fears more appalling,
 And a sense of those disasters, which through you, their mickle masters, old age on your poets see falling.

* * * * *

Sirs, ye need no more to hear, ye know whence the time of fear o'er our bard's cheek of enterprise stealing,
 And why like wiser men, who look forward in their ken, in proverbs he's wont to be dealing ;
 Saying, better first explore what the powers of scull and oar, ere the helm and the rudder you're trying ;
 At the prow next take your turn, there the mysteries to learn of the sand and the winds that are flying.
 This mastery attained, time it is a skiff were gained, and your pilotage put to the trial ;
 Thus with caution and good head, step by step would he proceed in a course that would challenge denial ;
 Nor let it breed offence, if for such besitting sense, and so modest a carriage and hearing,
 We ask some mark of state on its author here to wait, — guard of honour, procession, or chairing."—MITCHELL.

The character of the Aristophanic chorus has been already noticed ; its beautiful relief to the noisy tumult of comic passion ; its strain of music, stealing so gratefully over the ear after the rude merriment of vulgar buffoonery ; the lustre it diffuses upon the picture of human nature, which the poet delights to draw ; and the refreshing fragrance, so to speak, which it distils over the senses ; — all these circumstances cannot fail to recur to the scholar. The passage from the dialogue, to the poetical song of the chorus, resembles the sudden transportation from a Reform-meeting at the Crown and Anchor into an extensive and delicious garden. These choral songs, well observes Mitchell, in-

troduce us into the immediate society of the higher ranks of Athens ; " horses are neighing, chariot-wheels are glowing, the foam of rival oars is on the waters, and all Athens is crowding to hail the return of the triumphant trireme, as Oxford pours forth her thousands to hail the little summer triumphs of the Isis. The shouts and vociferations attending the former scenes are here suspended ; the theatre is to be considered as hushed in deep silence ; ' e'en the noisiest holds his breath for a while.'" Neptune is appropriately addressed as being one of the guardian deities of the city. We shall give this little ode in the dresses of Mitchell, Wheelwright, Walsh, and an Oxford graduate :—

MITCHELL.

Lord of the Waters !
 king of might,
 Whose eyes and ears
 take stern delight,
 From neighing steeds
 and stormy fight,
 And galley swift pur-
 suing ;
 From starting car, and
 chariot gay,
 And contests on that
 festive day,
 When Athens' spright-
 ly youth display
 Their pride and their
 —undoing.
 Lord of the dolphins
 and the sphere —
 Geræstian — Sunian —
 or, more dear,
 If Cronus's name sa-
 lute thy ear,
 And Phormion's gal-
 lant daring ;
 O come amongst us in
 thy power,
 Great Neptune ; in her
 trying hour
 Athens knows none so
 swift to shower
 Aids of immortal
 bearing.

WHEELWRIGHT.

O Neptune, thou
 equestrian king,
 Pleased with the cour-
 ser's brazen ring
 And spirit stirring
 neigh ;
 And galleys with the
 azure prow,
 'That swiftly o'er the
 wave below,
 Their merchandise
 convey ;
 With troops of youth
 in order bright,
 Who vie the rival cha-
 riots' flight,
 While gods oppose
 their headlong
 course ;
 Monarch, whose gold-
 en trident's force
 Controls the dolphins
 of the deep,
 Adored in vows from
 Sunium's steep,
 And on Geræstus'
 summit made ;
 O son of Saturn,
 thou whose love
 All other 'deities
 above,
 Protected Phormio
 in the fray,
 Where Athens' sons
 their power dis-
 play,
 One chorus with thy
 presence aid.

WALSH.

Neptune, the king o' the
 clattering course,
 Thou that the brass-
 clad neighing
 horse ;
 Thou that the gray-
 beaked men of war
 Paid to protect this
 happy shore,
 Fill with a joy un-
 spoken.
 Thou that art pleased
 when gallants dash
 On for the prize, and
 chariots crash,
 Shattered, alas, and
 broken !
 Golden-tridented Su-
 nian god,
 Lord of Geræstus, thou
 whose nod
 Aves the dolphins of
 ocean !
 Dear to Phormion,
 dear to great
 Athens during her pre-
 sent straight !
 Hear our tuneful de-
 votion.

Prose, by an
Oxford Graduate.

Equestrian king,
 Neptune, to whom
 is pleasing the
 clatter and the
 neighing of sure-
 footed steeds and
 dark-beaked mercen-
 ary tridents,
 and the contests
 of youth shewing
 off in the chariot-
 race, and running
 the way of ruin ;
 come hither to the
 dance, O thou of
 the golden trident,
 lord of dolphins,
 the object of pray-
 ers offered up at
 Sunium, O son of
 Cronus, god of
 Geræstus, and
 dearest to Phormio,
 and, beyond all the
 other gods, assist-
 ant to the Athe-
 nians in their time
 of need.

The merits of the translators seem
 to be equally divided. Neither Wheel-
 wright nor Mitchell have rendered
 the picturesque epithet *χαλκορότων*,
 the sounding of the horses' brazen
 shoes ; Walsh has approached it in

"clattering," which is, however, more
 Virgilian than Aristophanic. The song
 being concluded, the chorus digress
 into an eulogy of the illustrious men
 of the past time :—

ARISTOPHANES.

Εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεθα τοὺς
 πατέρας ἡμῶν, ὅτι
 ἄνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς
 ἄξιοι καὶ τοῦ πύργου,
 οἵτινες πτερυγίσαντες ἐν
 τῇ ναυφράκτῳ στρατῷ
 πανταχοῦ νικῶντες αἰετὶ τὴν
 ἐκείνην πόλιν.

MITCHELL.

Praise and homage let us
 pay
 To the men of elder day ;
 They alone of this our
 earth
 Ne'er impeached their
 noble birth ;
 Plants of an eternal spring,
 Born for endless blossom-
 ing,
 Foot or horse, by land or
 sea,
 Still they reached at vic-
 tory ;
 Raising high by generous
 toil
 The splendour of their
 native soil,

WALSH.

We'll commend our fa-
 thers, for they
 Shewed themselves,
 o'er hill and dale,
 To be men of mettle,
 worthy
 Of the country and the
 Veil ;
 And they made the city
 glorious,
 Always coming back
 from fight,
 Both by sea and land, vic-
 torious
 O'er the foe, whate'er
 his might.
 No one stopped to count
 exactly

οὐ γὰρ οὐδὲς πάποτε' αὐτῶν
 τοὺς ἐναντίους ἰδὼν
 ἡρέμηνεν, ἀλλ' ὁ Θυμὸς ἐν-
 θὺς ἦν — ἀμυνίας·
 εἰ δὲ παυ σίσαιεν εἰς τὸν ὤμον,
 ἐν μάχῃ τινί,
 τοῦτ' ἀπειψήσαντ' ἄν, εἴτ'
 ἡγοῦντο μὴ πιπτωκίνας,
 ἀλλὰ διαπάλαιον αὐτίς. καὶ
 στρατηγὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἰς
 τῶν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ἦτοσ'
 ἐρόμενος; — Κλεισίνετον·
 νῦν δ' ἰὰν μὴ προιδεῖαν φέ-
 ρωσι καὶ τὰ σιτία,
 οὐ μαχίσθαι φασιν. ἡμεῖς δ'
 ἀξιοῦμεν τῇ πόλει
 τροίκᾳ γυναικίως ἀμύνειν καὶ
 ἰσοῖς ἰγχυροῖσι.
 καὶ πρὸς οὐκ αἰτοῦμεν οὐδὲν,
 πλὴν τοσούτον μόνον·
 ἥν ποτ' εἰρήνη γίνηται καὶ
 πόνοι παυσώμεσθαι,
 μὴ φθονεῖσθ' ἡμῖν καμῶσι μὴδ'
 ἰεπιστλήγῃσι μένοισι.

V. 560.

When they saw their foe-
 men bold,
 They their numbers never
 told ;
 Ready swords and valour
 high
 Were a help-mate ever
 nigh.
 If upon the arm they fell,
 'Twas but a brush, and
 all was well ;
 Rising quick they dealt a
 wound,
 As they had never touched
 the ground.
 Never then did general,
 Though ambitious of the
 hall,
 Pay the tribute of his
 knee
 To Cleannetus, that he
 Might his commons get,
 • cost free.
 Rank and banquet now
 men ask,
 Or they spurn the soldier's
 task.
 Not so we, sirs ; we'll
 still wear
 Athens' wrongs upon our
 spear ;
 And the best blood in our
 breast
 Free shall flow at her be-
 hest.
 Nor for this our patriot
 flame
 Other payment will we
 claim,
 Than when Peace resumes
 her sway,
 (Nor far distant be that
 day !)
 None shall taunt reproach-
 ful throw,
 That our locks too timely
 flow ;
 Nor malignly mark, if we
 With the bath and brush
 make free.

What were the numbers
 of the corps
 Which he viewed ; his soul
 directly
 Thought of naught but
 Father War.
 If they fell upon the
 shoulder
 In a whipe, they wipe
 it well,
 And uprising all the
 bolder,
 Swear by heaven they
 never fell,
 But go on and wrestle
 gaily.
 Nor would generals
 make a fuss
 Formerly, to get their din-
 ner
 Daily from Cleannetus.
 But at present, if they get
 not
 Dinners given them,
 and the right
 Of the seats, they call out,
 " Let not
 Any one expect we'll
 fight."
 We intend to fight, how-
 ever,
 Gratis for our country,
 and
 'Country's God, and ask
 no favour,
 Save this only, at your
 hand.
 When 'tis heard, and any
 fresh brush
 With the foe would be
 unfair,
 Don't begrudge us knights
 a flesh-brush,
 And a flowing head of
 hair.

The lyric appeal to Pallas, which immediately follows, might be expected to stir the blood of an Athenian audience. It was their "Rule Britannia;" and one of the poet's editors thinks that, if the practice of encoring was known in Grecian theatres, more than one repetition of this ode would

be called for. The popular mind was heated with martial glory. The expedition to Pylus, and the victory over the Corinthians, had fanned the flame which was never long repressed. The fame of the *Knights*, in particular, had attained its highest lustre.

ARISTOPHANES.

Ἦ Πολιούχῃ Παλλὰς, ὃ
τῆς ἱερωτάτης ἀπα-
σῶν πολίμῳ τι καὶ ποιη-
ταῖς δυνάμει Σ' ὑπερφειρού-
σης μιδίουσα χώρας,
διὺρ' ἀφικαὺ λαβοῦσα τὴν
ἐν στρατιαῖς τι καὶ μάχαις
ἡμιστήραν ζυνεργόν
Νίκη, ἣ χορηγῶν ἴδεν
ἴταρκα,
τοῖς τ' ἐχθροῖσι μὲθ' ἡμῶν
στασιάζει.
νῦν οὖν διῦρο φάνηθι' διῇ
γὰρ τοῖς ἀνδράσι τοῖσδε πα-
σῇ τίχῃν πορίσαι σε νί-
κην ἵστίρῃ ποτὶ καὶ νῦν.
V. 577.

In proceeding to laud the exploits of the knights in the contest with the Corinthians, the horsemen and horses, observes Walsh, are ingeniously con-

ARISTOPHANES.

Εἶτα τὰς κόπας λαβόντες ὥσπερ
ἡμῖς οἱ βροτοὶ
ἱμβαλόντες ἀνιερύμεζαν, ἵπτα-
ται, τίς ἱμβαλεῖ;
ληστίον μᾶλλον, τί δ' ὀρώμεν; οὐκ
ἰλῆς, ὃ σαμφόρεα,

By *samphora* the poet indicated the mark of the letter Σ upon the horse's thigh. Walsh supposed the initial letter of the breeder's name to have been usually branded on the animal, as we see done in the present day upon the New Forest ponies. Mitchell refers to the *Clouds*, 1298, and observes, "*σαμφόρεα*—σαν, φερω—a horse, which, as the mark of his race, had the *σαν*, or *σινγμα* burnt into him." To the reader who may be familiar with the legends of romance, there will be nothing surprising in the poet's equestrian allegory, in which he flattered the rider through his horse. He might have pleaded the dignity of the epic in his defence. Homer gives a voice to the horse of Achilles.

WHEELWRIGHT.

O thou, whom Patroness
we call,
Of this the holiest land of
all,
Thou circling seas ad-
mire;
The land where Power
delights to dwell,
And War his mightiest
feats can tell,
And Poesy to sweetest
swell
Attunes her voice and
lyre.
Come, blue-eyed maid, and
with thee bring
The goddess of the eagle
wing,
To help our bold en-
deavour;
Long have our armies
owned thy aid,
O Victory, immortal maid;
Now other deeds befit
thee well,
A bolder foe remains to
quell;
Give aid then now or
never.

O Pallas, guardian of our
state,
By whose protecting fa-
vour great
Our sacred soil is
crowned;
Whose warriors' and
whose poets' name
Gives ours a more as-
piring fame
Than all the cities
round.
Come hither, and with
thee convey
Our helper in each war-
like fray,
Victory, who on our
choirs attends,
And from each hostile
stroke defends,
Now therefore to our
call appear.
For to these men with all
thine art
Triumphant strength thou
must impart;
If e'er before, O grant
it here!

fused,—the actions of one being, in the spirit of Rabelais, attributed to the other; thus one horse is represented urging forward his companion.

"They grasped their green oars, and like boatmen
did ply,
And 'Hippapap, Ryppapap, boys!' was the cry;
'Bear a hand, my brave Κορρη! Samphor, lad, pull
away!'
(The command came enforced 'twixt a shout and a
neigh);
, Do you work, or we never shall compass the land."

Our ancient friend, the sausage-vender, may now be seen advancing from the senate-house towards the stage, and he is rapturously welcomed by the chorus, who desire him to relate the progress he has made in his suit. He proclaims his triumph with high satisfaction. "He returns," says Mitchell, "'a wiser and a gladder man.' Why should he not? He has found himself possessed of those intellectual powers which laid a whole senate prostrate at his feet; and, without having read Shakspeare, he knows 'that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Splendid visions begin, of course, to float before his eyes,—an establishment for Mrs. Sausage-seller

—handsome provisions for the young sausage-sellers—snug berths for his friends of the quarter—and for himself high place in theatre, the public banquet in the Prytaneum, and other perquisites of official greatness. As the fingers of his jolly hand spread wide, his eye dwells upon that particular one on which his prophetic soul tells him that the ring of office will soon sit, transferred from Cleon's keeping to his own." The same acute writer points out, in his new edition of the *Knights*, the peculiar force of the congratulation of the chorus to the sausage-vender upon the safety of his return (ὡς ἐλθούσας πάλιν); because a person labouring under an accusation like his was usually secured until "the Ecclesia had taken further cognizance of the matter."

The narrative of the sausage-vender is a very humorous satire upon the Athenian character. He begins by informing the chorus that, after following Cleon to the council, where the great agitator practised with so much skill his arts of rhetoric, the judges begin to look mustard (ἰβρίψαι νῆπρον) upon his antagonist, who, thereupon, invokes the deities of fraud to his assistance. Their aid is soon apparent. He pushes aside the rope, and hastens to assure the senate that, since the commencement of the war, he had never seen cheaper anchovies; and that a single obolus would fill all the basins in the neighbourhood. For this gratifying intelligence, a crown is immediately voted to him, and every tongue roars in his commendation. While they are offering a sacrifice to the gods for this news, the sausage-vender buys up all the leeks and coriander in the market, makes a present of sauce with promiscuous generosity, and departs with the delightful assurance of having purchased a whole senate for a penny. The chorus applaud his conduct, and rejoice that Cleon has found a greater rogue than himself. This important personage now reappears on the stage. The sausage-vender compares his approach to the rolling in of a great billow, that sweeps all before it. The Paphlagonian immediately renews his assurances of cordial hatred; and the sausage-vender laughs at his threats with inordinate glee, leaping and singing aloud with the note of a cuckoo.

¹ Ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀρίστου μόνου, περιεκοκύνει.

Every word being peculiarly expressive of contempt and boisterous merriment; περιεκοκύνει signifies either the triumphant and gesticulating crowing of a cock, or the note of the cuckoo. Mitchell says that cuckoo is equivalent to English *goose*, and the French *dindon*. The war of words at last grows fast and furious; and after several exchanges of pleasantry occur between the champions, not always translatable with satisfaction, they appeal to the people, and Demus accordingly comes forward, desiring them to depart from his door, and complaining that they had broken his olive-branch in the scuffle. Mitchell has an ingenious note upon this passage, which may be quoted with advantage.

"What formed the principal article in this garland, the derivation of the word sufficiently indicates. The wool tastefully intermixed with fruits of various kinds, was supported on twigs of the olive or the laurel; and a garland thus composed was on two solemn festivals, bearing the names of Pyanepsia and Thargelia, paraded through the streets of Athens, to the sounds of songs; a similar garland, I presume, and not merely those carried in procession, being affixed to the gate of every fore-court in Athens. To these two festivals we must now address our attention, for the purpose of seeing why this garland is affixed to Demus's gate. The first, as its title imports (πύανος, a bean; ἕψω, to boil), was distinguished by a particular dish which then made its appearance as regularly as the Shrovetide pancake, the Mid-Leut Sunday frummenty, and the crossed Good Friday bun, do among ourselves. The dish itself was composed of beans, or rather, perhaps, a mixture of field barley and pulse (πύανος); and the archæologists give various reasons for its origin (Potter, ii. 423); but the object of the suspended εἰσισιώνη, with which we are now concerned, was to act as an amulet, preserving the inmates of the house where it was hung from one of the worst of human calamities—a craving stomach, without the means of appeasing it. A far deeper subject was connected with the festival Thargelia, from whatever source the name itself is derived. The festival lasted two days, and the ceremony of the second evinces on what understanding it had been originally instituted; namely, an acknowledgment of the guilt inherent generally in human nature—a sense of Divine vengeance thereby incurred—and the feeling that the guilt might be atoned for, and its punishment averted, by a vicarious offer-

ing. For this latter purpose, two persons, both men according to some writers, but a male and female according to others, were provided annually by the Athenian state, and, after certain ceremonies, were offered as sacrificial victims. Whoever attends to the two principal features which characterise the Demos of the present drama—an appetite which required to be fed and propitiated by his rulers at one period, and a superstitious feeling which required to be soothed and directed at another—will be at no loss to see why this garland is here appended to his gates, or why it is the first object of his solicitude at the very moment when he makes his appearance on the stage.”—*Knights*, p. 145. Edit. 1836.

Walsh refers to the image of our Britannia on copper coin, as a remnant of the ancient custom. Olive-branches, he says, were also hung with figs, small loaves, pots of honey, oil, and wine, and suspended every year at the door of a house, as offerings to Apollo or Ceres.

People inquires of Cleon, who is injuring him; the demagogue replies, “The sausage-seller and the chorus;” and simply because of his sincere attachment and devotion to People, whose assembly he invokes to settle the rival claims. People names the Pnyx, being unable to sit in any other place. The chorus laments the choice

of this situation; the old man, he says, is very wise at home; but as soon as he sits down on this rock,

“He gapes as one who is suspending
figs.”

Wheelwright thinks that in this allusion the poet intended to convey a satire upon the laborious idleness of his countrymen, who were as anxious about trifles as boys were “to catch with gaping mouths the figs, which were suspended on a thread, and swung in the air.” The contention that follows is protracted and vehement,—abounding in brief sallies of political wit; but the point is blunted in a translation. Some of the hits at Cleon are admirably given; thus, to describe his grasping propensity, the poet employs a metaphor from the herb-garden.

— τὰς καυλούς
τῶν—ἐθελῶν ἐκκαυλίζων.

The poet objects to Cleon, says Wheelwright, that he had plucked up by the roots, and appropriated to his own use, all the public revenues. People now desires Cleon to restore the ring, and by so doing deprives him of his authority. He returns it with an assurance that his successor in political influence will excel him in knavery. The chorus hail his overthrow with delight:—

WALSH.

“Sweet, oh sweet, will the light of day
Shine on those who are far away,
And on those who are present,
If but Cleon should now be look’d!
Though I heard some old chaps, who
looked

Most morose and unpleasant,
Stand it out on the Law Exchange,
That, supposing this monster strange

Had been crushed in his cradle,
Two o’ the usefulest instruments
Had been lost to the Attic gents,—
Namely, pestle and ladle.

I’m astonished to hear he was
Such a dunce; for they say, I’m poz,

All his schoolmasters are able
To attest that he played the bass
Off, but stedfastly set his face
’Gainst learning the treble;
Till the harpmaster got at last
Wroth, and swore at him hard and fast,—

‘Well, however the case lie,
They shall take ye away from school,—
That they shall; for the stupid fool
Will play every thing basely.’”

WHEELWRIGHT.

“The sweetest light of day will shine
upon

The present race, and all who are to come,
If Cleon perishes,—though I have heard
Certain, who were most crabbed old men,
declare

Against this in the pleader’s rendezvous,
Asserting that, if in the commonwealth
He were not to become a lending man,
There had not been two useful instruments—

A pestle and a ladle. I, moreover,
Admire his hoggish indocility.
For all the boys who went with him to
school

Say that he only would adapt his lyre
To Doric harmonies, and would not learn
Another strain, and then in angry mood
The harper bid them take the boy away.
‘He’s one who cannot learn a single note
Of harmony, except in Doric mood.’”

THE LEGEND OF BECKET.

WHEN the loud summons of Peter the Hermit had burst upon the repose of Europe, and made every land exclaim, as with the shout of one man, "It is the will of God!" none echoed the cry with greater energy than the deep island-voice of merry England. Civil commotion ceased; the hatred between Norman and Saxon, the foreign oppressor, and the native oppressed, was suspended. Prelate and priest, noble and serf, even delicate women, and helpless children, and old men sunk into second childhood, were arming to wrest the holy sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel. They were conscious the while that they were weak; but what mattered it?—their answer was the war-cry, "It is the will of God!" The heathen had been permitted to triumph for a little, but soon they should cease to be. The stars in their courses would fight against them; the floods would gather their waters to sweep them away. The Paynims would be wasted before the coming of the Christians, like dried grass before the flame; and that hallowed spot where sin and death had been conquered, would be freed. And this deed once accomplished, it seemed as if guilt and sorrow were to be banished for ever from the world. All that had been promised of the blessed millennium was to be realised by the deliverance of Jerusalem.

With those who were animated by such high enthusiasm, there were many whose motives were of a more selfish description. Whoever had spent a long life in forbidden indulgence; whoever was writhing under the agonies of a guilty conscience, in spite of the shrines he had enriched with ill-gotten wealth; whoever wished to elude the penalty, without foregoing the pleasures of sin,—all looked upon Jerusalem as the gate of heaven, which they vowed to take by storm. The robber-noble, who had pillaged his district till no more plunder could be gleaned from it; the landless knight, who was ambitious of becoming a territorial count; and the sensualist, whose imagination revelled among female charms, believed they would find their land of promise in Palestine, where heaven and earth combined were to be the price of victory.

While thus every motive was concentrated upon one great exploit, and every character pervaded by a certain religious aspect, feelings were kindled and deeds were wrought unexampled in the previous history of man. Valour excited to frantic daring, love that laughed at earthly obstacles, and religious zeal that rushed forward to martyrdom, became events of common occurrence; and the wild impossibilities of romance seemed to have been converted into the realities of every-day life. In the following tale, therefore, we rehearse no lying fable, although it formed the beloved theme of gleemen and minstrels. It constitutes a page of sober and authenticated history—and no mean page, since it tells the parentage of Thomas-à-Becket. In the narrative we follow the chronicle of Brompton, who writes a tale that was universally known as true, while it formed the fittest introduction to the equally wonderful life of the renowned Archbishop of Canterbury.

Gilbert Beck, or Becket, was a citizen of London. Hitherto he had lived in studied obscurity, although in comfortable circumstances; for, in consequence of his Saxon lineage, seclusion was his best defence from Norman spoliation. But the summons to the rescue of Jerusalem, which had animated the most indifferent, found in him no careless listener. It was not indeed that he hoped; like others, to extend his pleasures or possessions, or even to win that military renown which, as a Saxon, he could not obtain in England. Pure, although mistaken motives of religion, only, had induced him to new-edge his paternal battle-axe, and furbish the rusted links of his hauberk. He had thought with sorrow of the sins of his youthful days, and longed to expiate them; and he had been taught no higher expiation than the perilling of his life among the red-cross ranks of Christendom. Let him but forego the comforts of his home, and become an armed pilgrim on the battle-fields of Palestine—let him endure without murmuring the withering heat by day, and the piercing frost by night, the burning wound, or even the bloody departure, while combating for the weal of Jerusalem—and then, had not the church assured him that all his sins would be

forgiven, and a home in paradise secured? Amidst these hopes, so perverted, and yet so elevated above those of his accomplices, he joined the honoured banner of Robert of Normandy; and, attended by Richard his faithful servant, he embarked with the armament in which the English portion of the first crusade was carried, to join the main force under the leading of Godfrey of Bouillon.

It does not belong to our purpose to follow the progress of the Christian warriors during this memorable campaign, as they fought their way step by step towards the city of Jerusalem. The almost superhuman exertions they made, as well as the sufferings they endured, are matter of history with which all are acquainted. It is enough to mention that Gilbert sustained his full share, and that, whether to dare or endure, he was always to be found among the foremost. But, after all his efforts, he was not fated to realize his fondest hopes by entering within the walls of the holy city.

After a tedious march, during a sultry day, the Christian army had pitched their tents for the night, and were preparing to enjoy repose, when they were informed that a cave, hallowed in the traditions of pilgrims, lay only three miles off, in the neighbourhood of the Jordan. It had been the dwelling, it was affirmed, of John the Baptist, when he abode in the wilderness; and the altar and cross by which this oratory was adorned, had, according to the same traditions, been the work of the Baptist's hands. This was enough for some of the most devout of the crusaders, and among others for Gilbert Becket. It never entered their simple imaginations to question whether the blessed forerunner could have used a cross previous to the crucifixion—here was the cross, to prove that the Baptist had made it! Although the soldiers were already exhausted by fatigue, yet about a dozen of the English, among whom were Becket, and his faithful follower Richard, resolved to repair thither, and spend the night in devotion, for the welfare of their souls and the furtherance of their great enterprise. Flying clouds of Arabs and Turcomans had indeed been hovering upon their flanks during the day, but at last they had been dispersed, and driven into the deserts, by an onset of the Christian chivalry; and our pilgrims

resolved to return with the earliest dawn, before danger could be apprehended. They repaired accordingly to the place; but scarcely had they lighted their tapers, and commenced their orisons, when they were interrupted by a sudden rush of Arabs from the deep recesses of the cavern. It had lately been turned into a haunt of the enemy, and their loud yell of triumph made the Christians start to their feet. But it was only to discover the hopelessness of flight or resistance. Every arm was mastered before a sword could be drawn. In a few moments the Englishmen were fettered, thrown upon fleet camels, and borne away into the heart of the country. After a night of rapid travelling, the Saracens arrived at the castle of their chief, and the captives were thrown into a strong dungeon to wait the award of perpetual slavery or death.

When hours of suspense had passed, the doors of the dungeon were opened, and the unfortunate prisoners were driven out to be paraded before the lord of the castle. A word of the misbeliever would decide their fate, and the mutual cruelties that had been common between crusader and Saracen left little ground for hope. Even the mildest alternative would be a life of wasting bondage far from friends and country, while the grave would be their only shelter. But although they knew all this, they stood proudly erect before their enemies, and regarded them with a look of defiance, resolved to shew these pagans how Christians could defy their worst. They were led into a hall richly paved with marble and jasper, in the centre of which a fountain threw up its cooling streams; the walls glittered with bright arms and golden ornaments; and at the head of this regal apartment, and beneath a rich crimson canopy, sat the emir, upon a throne-like pile of cushions, while guards, with drawn cimeters, were standing at his right hand and at his left. The chief looked at his captives with a fixed regard, while they, in turn, scanned narrowly the aspect of him on whose word their fate was suspended. But they saw no promise of mercy in the look of confirmed hatred with which he eyed them. As there was no common language between them, the emir expressed the conditions of his favour by very unequivocal signs. He caused a heap of turbans to be laid before the

prisoners, and then pointed significantly to these idolatrous coverings, and the chains with which the Christians were bound—thus giving them the offer of liberty, on condition that they became Mahometans. The answer of the Christians was equally significant—they set their feet upon the hated badges, and spurned them in pious scorn. Their fate was sealed. At a few angry words of the chief, the prisoners were dragged from his presence; and every laborious and loathsome task that could be devised was imposed upon them, and enforced by degrading stripes. As for Gilbert, he was consigned to the gardeners, and employed by the garden slaves as their common drudge. The whole unfortunate party were fed with the scantiest fare, and clothed in the coarsest apparel; and when their day of painful toil was over, they were transported to their dungeon, to sleep upon the cold pavement, while armed keepers slept at the door.

A few days of this oppressive bondage had elapsed when Gilbert, while employed in the garden, heard the sound of coming footsteps; and on looking up, he saw the emir approaching. But by the side of the stern old man walked a lady, attired like a princess, and with a step so light, that the pebbles of the walk returned no sound beneath it—nothing but the soft tinkle of her gemmed ankle-rings gave notice of her coming, or the still sweeter sounds of her voice, as she spoke to her conductor. And thus she came onward, buoyant and light of heart, while the flowers seemed to catch a new brightness as she passed them, and to become more fragrant in her presence. What wonder, then, if our sensitive crusader was also inspired by the approach of this glorious creature? His strong knees trembled, his heart throbbed, and in the delight of the moment he forgot that he was a slave. While he thus stood entranced, the chief and the lady had disappeared without observing him, and he endeavoured to resume his work. But what a strange revolution a few moments had produced on him! He now ceased to muse, as he had done, upon captive Jerusalem and beloved England, and to devise plans for his own deliverance. A vision of light had passed before him, and the place was no longer a house of bondage that had been blessed with such a visitation.

The next morning found him no

sluggish or reluctant workman. He rose, and repaired to the place of his daily toil, before the accustomed hour. He would have even planted with the choicest flowers the places which the feet of the fair lady had touched—but the gardeners would have little understood or permitted such an unprofessional deviation. And now the sun rose upon his labours; the nightingale carolled over his beloved mistress the rose, as if he would have woke her into life with his songs; and in the increasing heat, the bright dew gradually exhaled into thin clouds, that were impregnated with the odours of spice-trees, and rich, sweet-smelling shrubs. But hush! The heart of Gilbert beats violently—she is surely at hand! He had heard in the distance those steps of yesterday, which he could have distinguished from every other sound—the emir and his daughter had descended to the garden, to enjoy the coolness of the morning. Onward they came; but instead of turning aside, as before, they approached the spot where he stood, and paused to look at the abashed and agitated captive. The face of the lady was covered indeed with her veil; but the glances of her bright eyes seemed almost to burn through the frail, hazelike covering of silk and gold, although it hid the blush that glowed upon her cheek, and the dawning of youthful admiration with which she now beheld him.

The English crusader was of an appearance well fitted to command such important scrutiny. Compared with the spare form of the emir who confronted him, he seemed almost of gigantic dimensions; while his step, notwithstanding his athletic stature, was as light and graceful as that of the antelope. Combined with this imposing appearance of strength and dignity, there were, in full perfection, the characteristics of his own native island—the skin of almost marble brightness, the long sunny locks that clustered upon his shoulders, and a countenance in which the eloquent blood proclaimed the touch of every emotion. Was it wonderful, then, that the young maiden looked as if under the fascination of a spell—she who had never seen aught as yet in the form of man but the gaunt and bronze-like Arabian soldiers that composed the train of her father? The chief, who had perused the frame of the young Saxon with the eye of a

warrior, addressed him in a few words of Arabic, to which, of course, Becket could make no reply; and the lady, forgetting the cause of his silence, also addressed him in the same tongue. And, oh, how sweet were these mysterious accents! He knew at least that they expressed a feeling of compassion, for Love is a subtle interpreter; and, under the impulse of the moment, he fervently thanked her in the language of his own dear England. The lady sighed as she now saw, for the first time, how little they could comprehend each other—and although the sigh was so faint that the father could not hear it, yet the ear of the lover caught it. From that moment he resolved to forego every care until he had learnt the language of the beautiful maiden.

On that night, when Becket rejoined his fellow-captives in the prison, within which they were regularly impounded after the labours of the day, he found that a bountiful change had been wrought upon their condition. The cold, damp floor, which hitherto had been their only bed, was now comfortably littered with straw, while each prisoner was furnished with a coverlet of camel's hair; and in lieu of their scanty fare of beans, with a few drops of oil, which hitherto had formed their chief sustenance, there was a savoury mess of flesh, and cakes of wheat and sesamum. The hungry English, whose capacious stomachs had been sorely chastised with their scanty allowance, now darted upon the full meal, like hawks upon their quarry; and after they had fed till they could eat no longer, they sat down to marvel upon the cause of this abundance. But the affair was no mystery to Becket. Love and hope at once reverted to the image of his beloved. He recognised her benevolent spirit amidst this new display of tenderness. It was she who hovered over him amidst the darkness of the prison, like a pitying angel from heaven; and he felt as if she were even now waiting to wipe the tears from his eyelids, and banish despair from his heart.

The newly-inspired lover now began, with a lover's earnestness, to study the language of his mistress; and as he had no opportunity of learning it but from the gardeners, it was necessary to conciliate their favour. And what souls are there so churlish as not to be tamed by one who has such a motive for conciliation? He endeavoured to divine

their wishes; he started to the work before their commands could be expressed; and while he shunned no task, however lowly or laborious, he often studied to lighten their share of labour also by offering his ready aid. They were delighted to find their captive so different from the other English slaves; and when they saw that he was so desirous to become their pupil, their self-love was flattered by his choice: nay, they even hoped to crown their labours, and obtain a reward in heaven, by converting him to the Mussulman faith. Thus their zeal conspired with his own, and in a short time his proficiency in the Saracen tongue appeared to his teachers a perfect miracle. And never was the language of the false Prophet of the East so hallowed as when he endeavoured, only a few days after his studies had commenced, to frame a prayer of broken sentences in Arabic, beseeching heaven to free his mistress from the errors of her people, and make her a Christian. He did not dare to add the fondest wish of his heart, even to the Omniscent—that she might also become his own!

At last, when love had found the power of utterance, the intercourse that hitherto subsisted between the pair was no longer to be confined to sighs and hurried looks. The fair Zuleika had continued her visits to the garden—and *certainly*, the physician would have approved of such exercise, that always mantled her countenance with a richer bloom; and it was marvellous to see with what a new love of flowers she had been inspired, while she discovered that none could cull them so skilfully as the Christian slave. And soon words were uttered, by which the fair one discovered that her language was no longer an unmeaning sound to his ear; and questions succeeded, and answers were interchanged, by which their hearts were unconsciously drawn together, and entwined more inextricably. And still, these stealthy communications become not only more frequent and protracted, but also more familiar; and a thousand little accidents were often befalling the lady's veil, so that sometimes Gilbert beheld for a moment an eye, large, black, and languishing like that of a thirsty stag, and sometimes a cheek of light, pure, olive hue, while the blood glowed like a rich evening sunshine within it, as with a hasty blush she covered it from

his impassioned gaze. And of what did these fond ones discourse, while they became the more endeared to each other, at every meeting? They talked of England; they talked of the wide ocean, and the isles that inhabit it; they talked of eastern lands, and the manners of the East—they talked of every thing but that which they had most at heart. Love laughed with roguish glee, to find himself so constantly unnamed; and he sportively avenged this studied omission by making them more completely his captives.

But where, in the meantime, was the stern old sire, while the heart of his daughter was thus imperilled? Alas! he was most wrathfully guarding Jerusalem from the Christians, unconscious that the worst enemy was within his own castle. Among the hosts of Paynim leaders there was not a fiercer blasphemer of the red-cross, or a warrior more stubborn in his resistance to the crusaders; and therefore he had been incessantly employed, since the commencement of the war, in opposing the march of the enemy. Sometimes he was found under the banner of Aladdeen, king of Jerusalem, and sometimes under that of Solymán, the Turkish soldan; and if at any time he was absent from the place where danger was at the height, and battle at the hottest, it was only because he had plunged into the interior, to bring up succours from the hordes of the wilderness. At times he visited his castle, during these labours, but it was only for a breathing interval; and so much was he then absorbed in the distant conflict, that nothing would have roused him to a thought of danger, except the sight of the enemy at his gates. Like the war-horse, he snuffed the battle afar off, and had no care but to shate in it; and if at any time his proud eye glanced upon the lofty frame of Becket, it was only to grudge that such thews and stature should belong to any other than a worshipper of Mahomet. When the musters at the castle were completed, the impatient emir would then hurry to the field, while his departure was like that of an earthquake, amidst the roar of timbrels and trumpets; and when the trembling household-slaves who watched, beheld the disappearance of his banner in the distance, they threw aside their labours, and hastened to be merry. But in spite of all such rein-

forcements, field after field continued to be won by the Christians, and Godfrey of Bouillon had at length invested Jerusalem. The emir then grew desperate as the crisis approached; but as he scanned the ranks of his followers, now woefully diminished, a bright idea shot into his imagination. He thought that this iron host of northern crusaders, who scattered the horsemen of the desert like chaff, could only be encountered and quelled by men of bulk and sinews like their own. Might it not then be possible for the Mussulman chiefs to purchase the services of their prisoners? Dearly the Franks loved gold and female charms; these feelings, he opined, they had already evinced to be as strong as even their fierce devotion; and upon these arguments might they not be hired to battle as fiercely for Islam, as they had hitherto warred against it? This plan occurred while he was spurring homeward at the head of his guards, and absorbed in rueful anticipations for his countrymen, and he resolved to commence immediately this choice experiment of translating Christian captives into Mahometan champions. He scarcely anticipated an obstacle to his offers; but if they resisted, then would be to the sons of their mothers! He made his steed curvet, as he shouted "*Allah ak-bar!*" in the full confidence of victory. "Hunger tames the lion," he cried; "water cuts the rock asunder, and every heart submits to love or fear!"

He now resolved to go cunningly to work, and for this purpose he selected Gilbert for the trial. Him he reckoned by far the noblest of his prisoners; and he thought that, by persuading such a leader into apostasy, the rest would gladly follow. On the morning, therefore, after the arrival of the chief, while Gilbert was employed at his usual toil, the master of the slaves arrived to lead him into the presence of his lord. The Saxon followed in his fetters, for these vile badges of slavery had never been removed since the day of his captivity. The emir received him with unwonted graciousness, and asked him many questions about the lands of Europe, to all which the captive gave fitting replies. It was not yet that the Syrian would reveal his wily purpose; he only spoke gently to his prisoner, and soothed him with the hope of liberty. By waking this feeling, he trusted to

find him more compliant upon the terms by which it was to be realised. These interviews were repeated again and again, and each time that the Saxon went, he found the emir surrounded by his friends and counsellors, who listened with pleased looks to the tales of merry England. Gilbert now seemed to be more than half won; hope had sprung up and strengthened within him, in consequence of these meetings; and he gradually assumed the free step and elated look of his former days, before the chain of the infidel had enthralled him; but alas! this vision was soon dispelled. When it was thought that he was now fully ready to purchase liberty at the highest of all prices, the terms were propounded.

"Abandon thy useless creed," said the emir; "for what doth it avail thee in slavery? Forget thy country, for how canst thou hope to revisit it! Let a nobler faith and a better country be thine; they only wait to receive thee." Gilbert shuddered, and started back; he saw the precipice to which they had allured him. "*Say, Allah! Allah Mohammed rasoul Allah!*" continued the chief, "and not only will I free thee, but raise thee to wealth and honour."

But Gilbert, who had manned his soul for the heroic effort, even while hot tears gathered within his eyes at the extinction of all his fond hopes, thus firmly and deliberately answered: "Forget my country! forego my hope of heaven! Sooner far will I live in chains as thy bondman, or die as thy victim!"

This unexpected reply astounded the satrap; he thought his captive would have leaped at the offer, and that none but a Mussulman could prefer death to apostasy; but while he was compelled, in spite of his prejudices, to admire the lofty heroism of such a refusal, he only became the more anxious to win the Christian to his purposes. Such a spirit, he thought, was well worth any price; and fearful, therefore, was the bribe with which, after much deliberation, he resolved to overpower the heart of the recusant Gilbert. At the next interview, a coat of glittering mail lay before the emir, such as might have kindled a love of arms in the coldest; and by his side sat Zuleika, as beautiful as one of those women of the early world who

unsphered with their charms the bright sons of the highest. None but the chief and his daughter were present, while Gilbert, trembling in every limb, had already a foretaste of the terrible trial that threatened his complete overthrow.

"Wert thou not the son of a foolish one," exclaimed the chief, "to prefer thy straw and thy burdens, like the ox or the ass, when the freedom of a man was offered thee?"

"Be not angry, my lord," replied Gilbert submissively, but firmly; "I can endure all but the disgrace of a traitor, and the doom of an apostate!"

"Listen to me, Christian," said the emir, "for I will yet reason with thee, and may the Prophet enlighten thee to be persuaded! Thou hast told me that in thine own land thou wert one of an enslaved race, while the Norman lorded over thee: I now offer to make thee free — free as the winds of heaven, so that none shall say, 'Whither goest thou?' In thine own land thou, a bondman, couldst only marry a bondwoman, and beget a race of slaves. Couldst thou say to knight or noble, 'Give me, I pray thee, thy daughter to be my wife?' But hark thee, Christian! we, sons of Ismael, who have been the true nobles of every age, reason far otherwise in this; and the only lords we obey are the brave and the wise. We ask not from what pit the gem was dug, nor from what dews the cinnamon drew its fragrance. Seest thou now my purpose? I grow old, and there is no son to enter into my rule; be thou, then, my son. Assume this jewelled turban; array thee in this mail, the choicest workmanship of Damascus, and join my standard with thy companions, to aid the children of my people. In the field are thy Norman tyrants; up, then, and requite them double for all the wrongs they have heaped upon thy country, and teach their proud hearts to tremble before a Saxon arm. Lo! freedom calls thee, honour invokes thee, vengeance persuades thee — Heaven itself commands thee through the voice of a true believer. Thou wilt not — no, thou canst not say me nay! Speak to him, Zuleika, my child, and tell him that it is better to be a prince among the faithful, than the follower of a Frankish robber; and let him behold the bride that awaits him, when we return in the hour of victory!"

At the command of her father, the light veil, which covered the face of Zuleika, rose like a withdrawing cloud, and gave a whole sunshine of beauty to the view of her beloved. Her large, black eyes, shone with double brilliancy from the tears that gathered upon the long lashes; and she raised them in all the resistless confidence of fond, young, innocent love. She tried to speak; but, for a moment, emotion checked her utterance, so that she could only appeal with a look; and oh, that look! At length her words floated tremblingly and sweetly upon the silence, like the accents of a viler spirit, as she said, "Wilt thou suffer me to be thy handmaid?"

Was it in the heart of man to resist such temptation? It was not; and yet the Christian resisted, and overcame; but it was only through the strength that was higher than his own. At this moment, what would have been the rending of his body asunder, compared with the conflict of soul that almost shook him to dissolution, while the mighty offer was before him which yet he dared not even to contemplate? He shut his eyes, that he might not behold that pleading angel who could so well have formed for him a brief heaven on earth, at the expense of all beyond it; but still, within his heart, there was a repeating echo of the tender entreaty, "Wilt thou suffer me to be thy handmaid?" He opened his eyes, but it was only to raise them to heaven; his lips moved, but it was only under the impulse of brief, silent prayer. That act rescued him from ruin. A new energy visited his heart, the colour returned to his cheek, and he breathed more freely as he continued to recover from the trance-like stupor into which he had been thrown. He looked upon the emir, whose face was lighted with the glow of triumph; the proud man thought that an excess of gratitude only had deprived his captive of utterance. At length, with a heart that was fixed, although his voice faltered, Becket thus firmly replied: "Great as are thy rewards, O chief, and dear though they would be to my heart, yet I may not embrace them. Hear my last resolve, and then deal with me as thou wilt. Never shall my knee be bent to him whom ye blindly worship. I am the named servant of the cross through life and death."

The chief started to his feet at this

unexpected reply, and was almost suffocated with rage; but at last he obtained the mastery over his mood, and answered, in a hollow and broken voice, "Thou hast chosen thy part,—it is well; but never shalt thou boast among the scorers of thine own land that thou hast rejected offers like mine! Hence to thy congenial drudgery, until a worse destination is appointed!" He clapped his hands in a fury, and the attendants rushed into the hall. "Away with this beast of burden to his toil!" he shouted; "and see, on your lives, that he escape not!" The officious menials had lately beheld the growing favour of Becket with their master, and were ready to humble themselves in the dust before him; but now, when they saw his disgrace, they dragged him away with savage glee, and heaped upon him every contumely which their sordid spirits could devise. At length he was left alone, and he recovered to all the agony of consciousness and reflection. It was no dream that he had been offered liberty, and wealth, and power, and her, also, who was more than all; but the price—the price! These offers were the purchase of his soul, and, therefore, he had refused them all. Was not this a nobler victory than if he had stormed the ramparts of Jerusalem? Thus he thought, and he felt comforted for the moment; but, oh! it was bitter to flesh and blood to revert to the mighty sacrifice. And now he must die, to sate the vengeance of the indignant chieftain,—die in some form most abhorrent to nature, and exchange the bridal bed of the offered Zuleika for a felon's death and a dishonoured grave. But why need he shrink at death? His world—he had annihilated it with a word. Life had nothing to offer him now but misery, and therefore the last stroke would be one of mercy. Soon and sudden, then, be its fall! It would but dismiss him to that heaven where whatever he could enjoy was to be found; and he was assured that there, although he knew not how it might be, a mighty overpayment remained for all he had sacrificed, as well as for all he might yet endure.

Upon this last thought his convictions rested, and a solemn tranquillity began to gather upon his spirit, as he leaned upon his spade, and looked abroad upon nature with the farewell glance of a martyr. Not minutes, but

hours, had elapsed in these cogitations, during which he had mechanically pursued his toil; and the sun was now hastening to the west, amidst clouds of glory that, to the eye of the Christian preparing for death, suggested the idea of angel-homes awaiting his coming. All earth harmonised with the rosy effulgence that spanned it: the flowers waved their heads in the caressing breeze; the spice-trees breathed their sweetest odours; the fountains threw upward their cooling, rainbow showers; and the throngs of glittering insects sported their brief hour upon the descending sunshine, as if they were the immortal tenants of so beautiful an Eden. But to the Christian doomed to die these objects of earthly loveliness were but steps by which his soul travelled upward. They reminded him but the more of that blessed home, and those imperishable enjoyments, which he hoped so soon to enter.

He had thus resigned himself to his fate, and was even longing for departure, when all at once a sweet, low voice, called him back to the world with a start! He turned, and beheld Zuleika. She was standing near him, concealed by the shrubbery; and she trembled like some doe that lingers near her young, although she knows that the hunters are at hand. Becket cast a hurried look around him, and, seeing that his taskmasters were at a distance, he approached, and found her in tears.

"Gilbert!" she mournfully said, "was it thy looks or my own heart that deceived me; for I thought that thou assuredly didst love me?"

"I love thee!" he exclaimed in a burst of tenderness. "May the God for whose cause I give myself to die be witness how fondly I love thee! The only bitterness of death is the thought of parting with thee."

"And yet," she said, "thou hast rejected me!"

"Say, rather," he replied, "that I have only loved my God more than thee."

"May He be my witness," she exclaimed with a sigh, "that I would not have sought to make thee love him less! But canst thou not love him still, and yet consent to be the husband of Zuleika?"

This question naturally led to an explanation of the fearful crime of apostasy, and this could only be done by unfolding the heavenly character of the

Christian creed. As a crusader, and an unlettered Saxon, it could scarcely be expected that Becket should be deeply skilled in theology, or that his system of Christianity could be of the purest and most spiritual form. But he was now standing at the threshold of heaven, and before him was his beautiful and beloved, whom he fondly longed to lead thither; and this combination of feelings, so pure, and so intense, not only purified and enlightened his perceptions of religion, but gave unwonted eloquence to his tongue,—so that while the Syrian maiden listened, she wondered and wept by turns. Hilbert she, a Moslem woman, had been taught little of her national creed, and therefore its hold upon her affections was but feeble; and as for Christianity, she had only known it as the badge of those who warred against her country. But now, a new world seemed to have burst upon her view, through the sudden acquisition of a new spiritual vision; and she looked like him who saw the chariots of fire and horses of fire surrounding the mountain on which the prophet stood. She saw how beautiful and how heavenly the Christian faith essentially was, notwithstanding the monastic errors with which the education of her lover had partially obscured it. "And wouldst thou die," she eagerly asked, "rather than renounce this faith, and the future rewards it promises?" And Gilbert answered, "Most willingly would I die rather than renounce it, even though the whole world were offered in exchange. Oh Zuleika," he tremblingly and fondly added, "if thou couldst but know how fervently I have loved thee in loneliness and silence, and amidst bondage and tears, thou wouldst then understand my devotedness to my faith! This—thus only could have parted between me and thee!"

"Had I, then, been some humble maiden of thine own faith and people," she said, "wouldst thou have been willing to take me for thy wife?"

"Yes," he replied; "hadst thou been among the lowliest of my own land; hadst thou even been a daughter of the hated Norman, yet agreeing with me in the same blessed belief, I would have welcomed thee as the dearest boon that heaven could have bestowed."

"Hear me yet!" she resumed; "couldst thou marry a daughter of

Ismael—one of that people against whom thy nation warreth—were she to abjure the creed of her fathers, and have no God but thine?"

The eye of Gilbert flashed with a sudden strange hope, as he replied, "Were she but as thou art in heart and soul, and would abjure the errors of her fathers, then, though she were the meanest maiden that ever pitched a tent, or watered a camel, I would be hers in life and death."

"Then have I not been scorned and rejected," she exclaimed, with a look of triumph; "and may Allah bless thee for the word!" Her countenance fell, and she mournfully added, "yet what, alas! can it now avail? Hear me, Gilbert! we must now part, and for ever. My sire has decreed thy death, and on the morrow the deed is to be done. But I have cared for thy safety, and before the hour arrives thou shalt be beyond his power. Flee to thine own land, poor wanderer! for there only thou canst be at rest. Friends will welcome thee, and joys surround thee; but even when thou art happiest, forget not her who will think of thee, and weep. And when thou weddest at thine own altars the chosen of thy heart, and should she repine in the hour of thy sorrows and adversities, tell her then the tale of the Saracen maiden, and teach her to love thee even as I have loved thee." Zuleika uttered the last words with a painful effort, and burst into tears; but she resumed at last her composure, and thus continued:—"At midnight, thou and thy companions shalt be called; fear not to trust the messenger,—for he shall lead thee forth to safety. And now, farewell! May my God—thy God—whosoever he be that taught us thus to love, though all has ended in bitterness—may he protect thy head, and guide thy steps!" At these words she disappeared as lightly as a dream; and Gilbert was only roused to attention by the advancing footsteps of his keepers. Their leader secured him with several additional chains, and then pointed with a malignant grin to a tall, iron-pointed beam, which the slaves were erecting in front of the garden terrace. "Dog of an unbeliever!" said the truculent wretch, "seest thou yonder pinnacle? upon that thou shalt welcome to-morrow's sunrise, and be higher heaven than thou shalt ever find thyself afterwards." The slaves laughed in chorus, and re-echoed the brutish jest,

as they threw their prisoner, encumbered with his fresh chains, into the dungeon, to find solace among his companions.

It was evident, at his entrance, that his fellow-captives were in a state of unwonted excitement, and that they were aware of the intended execution. "Here's a coil!" growled one of them. "They tell us that the rascally heathen thane will hang you on the morrow, because you will not turn worshipper of Mahound and Termagant."

"And the devil to boot!" shouted another, impatiently. "I'll tell you what, Becket,—just die stoutly for the honour of holy mother-church, and the credit of good Old England, and the devil will get old greybeard all the sooner, you may depend on it."

"I wish my turn were to-morrow, instead of Becket's," grumbled a third; "for since the surly old heathen came back, we have had nothing but our old allowance of horse-beans; and I have grown so lanky on such fare, that I am more like a thievish Saracen than a true, honest Englishman."

"And then, to think," cried a fourth, "that he would make Gilbert shave his head, and wear an ugly turban, that looks for all the world like a pumpkin! By St. Dunstan! if the head were mine, I would sooner let him shave it from my shoulders."

"Ah! if that pretty lady who always looks so kindly upon us at our work, and sends us such comfortable messes, had but the ordering of affairs!" rejoined the first speaker with a groan. "But these vile heathens have not the grace to let women rule, as is the case in all civilised, well-managed, Christian countries."

These, and other remarks of the same nature, fell upon the ear of Becket like an unmeaning sound. He had lately been standing upon the edge of death, and now deliverance was at hand. And yet he thought less of this, than of her by whom the deliverance was to be wrought, and the surpassing tenderness she had shewn at their parting interview. "Wouldst thou marry a daughter of Ismael, were she to abjure the faith of her fathers?" Again and again this touching question seemed to murmur in his ears; while his heart as constantly replied, "Would, Zuleika, that thou wert she!" But now he must fly from her presence for ever; and at this thought his heart sickened, so that freedom and escape had almost

lost their charm. He might again return to England, but his heart would be left behind; and kind friends and happy faces might surround him, but Zuleika would not be there!

The noise of his companions again burst on his ear, and kindled him from every thought of self; and he felt that, while absorbed among his own meditations, he was unkind in withholding comfort from these brave fellow-sufferers, and therefore he cautiously announced the probability that relief might arrive to them that night. He was fearful of raising their hopes too high, and therefore he mentioned their rescue as a deed that would perhaps be attempted; and he besought them to hold themselves in readiness, to aid the endeavour. He could scarcely smother their clamorous huzza of triumph, that would have pealed through the castle, and roused suspicion. He knew not in what manner the attempt would be made, so that he carefully listened for every passing sound; and when the darkness of the evening had settled, there was a slight stir among the keepers without, which was followed by this strange speech from their captain, who seemed to have newly arrived among them.

"Let fools shed their blood, or that of the enemy, and call it glory: this is the antagonist whose veins I love to empty; and when I have drained it, I laugh at conquerors and kings! Behold, my comrades, this weighty goat-skin; it contains the paradise of Franguestan. But wherefore should the uncircumcised enjoy it on earth, while the children of the Prophet must wait the coming of Azreel? I open it: do you not feel the odours of Yemen? I pour out its juice: do ye not behold a fountain of light in the cup, while the bubbles shine like stars on the brim? Let fools, in their pilgrimage, wander to the well of Zemzem; my fountain of bliss is here!

This absurd rhapsody, a compound of prose and verse, which he partly recited and partly chanted, seemed to excite a movement among the others. "By the hump of the holy camel," screamed a sharp voice, "it is wine! It is the abhorrence of the true believer! Art thou mad, Hassan?"

"How delightful is its fragrance!" sighed another, in an affectionate tone. "Give me the cup, Hassan, that I may look more narrowly upon the temptation of the Christians."

After this there was a brief pause, and Becket could now comprehend the plan of escape. The guards were to be drugged into oblivion, and their captain was the author of the stratagem. But would the abstinent Mussulmans so hardly set their Prophet at defiance? He listened again, and he heard a formal, drawling, self-sufficient voice, garnished with a nasal twang, address them in the following speech:—

"Verily, my children, I have pondered this weighty case, and thus I resolve your scruples. It is written, 'Sin is born of evil desire;' but as for this bright fluid, we sought it not. Again, it is written, 'The members sin not; it is the soul that sinneth.' Let these our bodies, then, be the only actors. As we raise the cup to our lips, let our souls be wandering around the tomb of the Prophet, or amidst the joys of Paradise; and thus, while the bright draught moistens our lips, it will be as if innocent water had been poured upon senseless clay. Away then, my spirit! mount to thy kindred home, and behold nothing but the rivers of immortality, and the glowing looks of the hours!" His soul seemed reluctant to come back to the world, if one might judge from the long draught that followed. The huge cup was at last set down upon the ground with a hollow clank. The sophist panted with his exertions; and the nimbleness of tongue which he now exhibited, as he recited sentences of the Koran, and scraps of Eastern drinking-songs, attested the strength and character of his inspiration.

After this decisive example, all followed the plunge without further hesitation; and the beakers were filled and emptied with a rapidity that astonished even the listening Englishmen. And still no signs or sounds of jollity escaped from this most culpable of Mahometan trespasses. The revellers knew their crime, and were fearful of detection; and therefore they hurriedly swallowed flagon after flagon, like thieves concealing their booty. Such a swinish debauch could not be lasting; and long before midnight the keepers slept as soundly as if nothing but the trumpet of Israfil could have roused them. All slept but the captain; and Gilbert now heard him saying, in a cool, collected tone, "Thanks to my captivity among the Greeks, when I contended with them in goblets, and littered the ground with the van-

quished, when the wine is drunk, my head remains as cool as the flask I have emptied. Ah, happy Constantinople! by St. Sophia, it makes me almost a Christian to think of thee." He opened the door of the prison, and raised his torch, and Gilbert came to meet him. "Thou knowest my purpose and employer," said the Arab, shewing a well-known ornament of Zuleika.

"I take thee for my guide," replied the Saxon; "be speedy with thy work."

The chains of the party were soon loosed; and the gaoler, after extinguishing the light, said, "Follow me carefully, and in silence: if we are heard, we die."

The Englishmen followed their guide; and after stumbling occasionally in the dark upon the prostrate bodies of the insensible wine-bibbers, they threaded several galleries, until they arrived at an iron gate, which led into the court, and beside it slept a porter, who seemed to have been also a partaker in the contents of Hassan's wine-skin. A key from the girdle of the sleeper was cautiously applied to the lock; and the Englishmen soon stood, for the first time, unfettered and in the open air.

Caution was now more necessary than ever, as guards were stationed on the towers, while others patrolled the grounds; and the moon, at intervals, lighted the whole plain with an unpleasant brightness, that made the smallest objects visible. But the cautious leader was one accustomed to the wars of the desert, and the plunder of caravans; and he availed himself most skilfully of every local advantage, to shelter his party from detection. Sometimes, therefore, they defiled under the shelter of a wall; at others, they crept among the long grass, on hands and feet; and when the moon was brightest, they lurked beneath the shadow of a wall or tree, until the light was obscured by a passing cloud. In this manner they stole silently and cautiously forward, until they had cleared the immediate neighbourhood of the castle; and then Gilbert turned, for a moment, to take a parting look at the dwelling that contained his beloved. He knew well that at this moment she slept not—that she was trembling and praying for his safety; nay, he even thought that, at times, he saw her light form upon a watch-tower, waving her arms towards

the place where he stood. "Forward!" whispered the impatient leader; "seest thou not yonder impaling-iron that hangs to receive thee?" and Becket immediately followed, although his step had none of the lightness of one flying from death. When the sounds of their feet could no longer be heard, their slow march was exchanged for a rapid flight, which they continued hour after hour, like men who knew that the avenger of blood is on their track.

In the meantime, the morning's light shone upon the castle, and awoke the inmates, who rose with alacrity for the promised spectacle. The instrument of death was ready, the guards surrounded it with their weapons, and the household slaves mustered in expectation. The gaolers also rose from their deathlike sleep, and were pondering in drunken perplexity, when a command arrived from the emir to bring forth the condemned Becket. The debauched wardens immediately clamoured for their captain, but in vain; and they searched for the keys, but these had been carried off. A distracting suspicion, sobered them in an instant, and they broke open the prison-door; but there they found nothing but the prisoners' chains. Who would tell their lord of this mischance, or how it had happened? Their heated brains reeled with perplexity, as message after message came from the impatient emir. At length, the sophist of the previous evening, confident in the powers of his oratory, resolved to endure the first brunt of his lord's indignation, by revealing the tidings; but scarcely had he finished his tale, when his head flew from his shoulders by a sweep of the chief's cimeter. "To horse! to horse!" he roared in a voice of thunder, and every guard was mounted in the saddle. The whole party rushed from the castle, with the frantic emir at their head, and swept hill, and dale, and wilderness, in their search, like a hot simoom, while a hundred different deaths were denounced against the runaways. But after a whole day spent in fruitless galloping, and just as they had gained the summit of a sand-hill that overlooked the distant outposts of the Christian portion of Syria, the emir saw his fugitives entering the lines, while a strong body of Frankish horse and foot were in the act of receiving them in triumph.

THE ELDER SACRED POETS.*

THERE is, perhaps, no field of research that more richly repays for the toil and trouble that accompany our survey of it, than that of sacred poetry. Its parentage and growth are alike interesting. It is one of the striking facts that arrest our notice at the very threshold of our inquiries, that the Reformation was the mother of the noblest poetry that has twined undying and amaranthine garlands around the brow of Europe. Notwithstanding the decorations which are studiously courted by the Roman Catholic communion, and the apparent scope she presents for the developement of poetic genius, it is yet true that the noblest poets prior to the Reformation put forth their most glorious inspirations, not when they tried to beautify, but when they ventured to expose, the "chambers of imagery" of that dark and desperate apostasy. Petrarch's most compressed and vigorous sonnets are those in which he rakes up and blasts, with withering words, the corruptions of Babylon. Dante never treads the burning plains of the *Inferno* with so majestic a step as when he puts the pope among its most meritorious inmates. The papal superstition does not foster poetic genius; it represses and destroys it. At the present day, the bright and the beautiful in modern poetry are not within the jurisdiction of the Vatican. The chains which the Roman superstition binds around the intellect of mankind; the suspiciousness with which it impregnates social intercourse; the pollutions which its confessionals at once originate, kindle, and canonise; the deference that must be given to the weakest, and often the worst of men; and the interdict fastened on free thought and mental expansion,—are all obvious reasons for the fact, that, within the precincts of popery, genius fades, and its offspring dwindles like flowers on the bleak heights of the Alps, or in the pestilential valley of Java.

Far otherwise has it been in Protestant lands. The Reformation unsealed those fountains more glorious than Helicon,—the fountains of truth.

It brought man back to a sense of his dignity and privileges; it taught Burns at the plough that it was his calling, if he would, to be the companion of God. It spread a holy and an ennobling atmosphere around the cottage and the palace. Immediately after the Reformation, and especially during the reign of Edward the Sixth, Poetry burst forth from the cells in which it had too long been pent up, and circulated round the countries wherein it appeared in its primeval freshness; and though, as was to be expected, it languished during the papal and persecuting reign of Mary, yet, at her demise, the mantle of its most illustrious ones fell on Spenser, and originated, by its inspiration, *The Faery Queen*.

Soon after Spenser (on whom our remarks are, at this time of the world, supererogatory), BARNABE BARNES, the son of a bishop of Durham, made his exit on Parnassus. He wrote a number of sonnets, terse and compressed, but shaped on the Procrustes' bed of Petrarch's prescriptions. The following is a very pleasing and not inappropriate specimen:—

" Benign Father, let my suits ascend,
And please thy gracious ears from my
soul sent,
Even as those sweet perfumes of incense went
From our forefathers' altars, who didst
lend
Thy nostrils to that myrrh which they
did send,
Even as I now crave thine ears to be
lent.
My soul, my soul is wholly bent
To do thee condisign service, and amend;
To flee for refuge to thy wounded
breast,
To suck the balm of my salvation, thence,
In sweet repose, to take eternal rest,
As thy child folded in thine arms' defence;
But then my flesh, methought, by
Satan fired,
Said my proud, sinful soul in vain
aspired."

FRANCIS DAVISON

Is another of the early poets, whose life includes a portion of the 16th

* Lives of the Sacred Poets, by Robert Aris Wilmott, Esq. Trinity College, Cambridge. London, Parker.

and 17th centuries. His was the ordinary lot of great genius, if not its noblest attributes. He spent an obscure life, and found an early grave. His versions of the Psalms are very superior; many of them are models, and might be gathered into the National Selection which many churchmen long to see in the Church of England. Sir Egerton Brydges has spoken in no ordinary terms of their poetic excellence. They are rather free, but still they are faithful to the original. We select a specimen in the twenty-third Psalm:—

God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd, kind and heedful—
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.
He feeds me in fields which have been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with Spring's flowery painting,
Through which creep, with murmuring
crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirits fainting.

When my soul from heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's varieties seduced;
For his namesake, kindly He,
Wandering me,
To his holy fold reduced.

Yea, though I stray through death's vale,
Where his pale
Shades do on each side enfold me.
Dreadless, having thee for guide,
Should I bide,
For thy rod and staff uphold me."

After the short epitaphs which Mr. Wilmott reverently writes on the tombstones of these departed poets, he refers briefly—more so than could have been wished—to the unfortunate Raleigh. He vindicates his "sere and closing days" from the charge of scepticism, too justly applicable to his youth. For this we refer to the pages before us. Mr. Wilmott quotes one solitary poetic specimen from the writings of Sir Walter, but it is a gem:—

"Rise, oh, my soul! with thy desires
to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given;
And let vain thoughts no more thy
thoughts abuse,
But down in darkness let them lie,
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts
die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy
flame,
View and review, with most regardful
eye,
That holy cross, whence thy salvation
came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did
die;
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life and treasure.

To thee, O Jesu, I direct my eyes;
To thee my hands, to thee my humble
knees;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice;
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts
only sees;
To thee myself, myself and all I give;
To thee I die, to thee I only live."

With this extract our author winds up his introduction, or compendium of references to more obscure and early poets. His closing reflections on the short notices he was obliged to give, remind one of the sweetness and beauty of the preface of Bishop Horne to his *Commentary on the Psalms*:—

"I bring this hasty introduction," he adds, "to an end with regret. I have said little when my heart prompted me to say much. I have been compelled to pass over, without notice, many who left their *jane upon a harp-string*, and from whose antique leaves might be gathered thoughts of the serenest piety and peace. Of some of these I shall have an opportunity of speaking in the following pages. I have walked through the burial-ground of our elder poets with no irreverent footsteps, and I shall not have lingered there in vain, if I have renewed one obliterated inscription, or bound one flower upon their tomb."

GILES FLETCHER.

We have no hesitation in placing *Christ's Victorie*, Fletcher's most celebrated production, in a very high niche. His standing at the university, his duties at his rectory in Suffolk, and discontent with his parishioners, we pass by, and, in our present arrangements, regard him purely as a poet. The opening lines of Milton's *Paradise Lost* have been universally and justly admired, but we doubt if even these equal the splendid and massive invocation of Fletcher in the opening of *Christ's Victorie*.

Milton prays or sings,—

"Of man's first disobedience, and the
fruit

Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal
taste
Brought death into the world, and all
our wo,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse!

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost
prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st. Thou
from the first
Wast present; and, with mighty wings
outspread,
Dovelike sat'st brooding on the vast
abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is
dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and sup-
port;
That to the height of this great argu-
ment
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

Fletcher begins,—

"O Thou that didst this holy fire infuse;
And taught this breast, but late the grave
of hell,
Wherein a blind and dead heart lived, to
swell
With better thoughts; send down those
lights that lend
Knowledge how to begin and how to end
The love that never was and never can
be penned."

The following description of offended
Justice, by Fletcher, is very magnifi-
cent:—

"She was a virgin of austere regard;
Not as the world esteems her, deaf
and blind,
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with heaven's. So, and more
brightly shined
Her lamping sight; for she the same
could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears
The silence of the thought loud-speaking
hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales
she bears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
Serenely without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wronged poverty,
Sending her eyes to heaven, swimming
in tears,
And hideous clamours ever struck her
ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her
hand she bears."

The following impressive portrait
of the effects produced by the solemn
appeal of Justice must have been read
and recollected by Milton:—

"She ended; and the heavenly hier-
archies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded
were,
Like to an army that alarum cries;
And every one shakes his ydreaded
spear,
And the Almighty's self, as he would
tear
The earth and her firm basis quite asunder,
Flamed all in just revenge and mighty
thunder,
Heaven stole itself from earth by clouds
that moistened under."

Mercy is also exquisitely introduced
in the midst of the tumultuous scene,
like a rainbow in the storm:—

"As when the cheerful sun, elamping
wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising
ray,
And woo's the widow'd earth to shake to
pride,
And paints her bosom with the flowery
May,
His silent sister steals him quite away
Wrapt in a sable cloud from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early rest the
sparrow flies.

But soon as he again deshadowed is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd
sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The cozened birds busily take their
flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the
night;
So Mercy once again herself displays
Out from her sister's cloud, and open
lays
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would
dim a thousand days."

Remorse is thus strikingly depicted
in the same poem:—

"And first within the porch and jaws of
hell,
Sat deep remorse of conscience, all
besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she
tell
Her wretchedness."

And again:—

"A flaming brand toss'd up from hell,
Boiling her heart in her own lustful
blood,

That oft for torment she would loudly
yell;
Now she would sighing sit, and now
she fell,
Crouching upon the ground in sack-
cloth trust;
Early and late she prayed, and fast
she must,
And all her hair hung full of ashes
and of dust."

The description of a garden starting
up in a dreary solitude in his account
of the temptations of Christ, is very
rich. It is much in the style of Mil-
ton, and shews that Fletcher was not
destitute of glowing impressions of the
beautiful, as well as of the terrific and
sublime:—

"Not lovely Ida might with this com-
pare,
Though many streams his banks be-
silvered;
Though Zanthus, with his golden sands,
be bare;
Nor Hybla, though his thyme de-
pastured
As just again with honey blossom'd;
Nor Rhodope's, nor Tempe's flowery
plain.
Adonis's garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his bed a flood of praise
doth run."

And again:

The garden, like a ladie fair, was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight."

From various portions of *Christ's
Victorie*, compared with the delinea-
tions of similar events in *Paradise Lost*,
it is certain that Milton was not ig-
norant of the writings of Giles Fletcher.
We accuse not the great poet of piracy,
his genius did not require it; but
memory often pours out imagery and
thoughts which seem as if they spon-
taneously flowed from imagination, and
we become acquainted with the real
parentage of such thoughts, some months
afterwards, in *Fraser's Magazine*; and
most innocently, on his part, is the
trembling author handed over to pos-
terity with the inscription, Thief, em-
blazoned on his brow. We do not
wish memory to be made a convenient
apology for detected plagiarism; but
we do feel it only fair in reviewing a
work that indicates evident genius, to
pause over what appear to be plagiar-
isms, and seek out just palliations in
the exercise of that mercy,

"Which droppeth, as the gentle rain
from heaven,

Upon the place beneath, which is twice
blessed—
Which blesseth him that gives, and him
that takes."

We find in this poem a delineation of
the traitor Judas, than which we know
nothing more true to life, or more
powerfully executed. Mr. Wilmott
well remarks, "it is worthy the pencil
of Michael Angelo:—"

"As when wild Pentheus, grown mad
with fear,
Whole troops of hellish hags about him,
spies
Two bloody suns, stalking the dusky
sphere,
And two-fold Thebes runs rolling in
his eyes;
Or through the scene staring, Orestes
flies,
With eyes flung back upon his mother's
ghost,
That with infernal serpents all imbost,
And torches quench'd with blood, doth
her stern son accost.

Yet oft he snatch'd and started as he
lung;
So when the senses, half-enslumber'd
lie,
The headlong body, ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half
asleep;
And as from heaven it tumbled to the
deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every mem-
ber creep."

The allusion of the poet to Orestes,
and the peculiar analogy between the
case of Judas and that of Orestes,
reminds us of the magnificent original
from which Fletcher caught the in-
spiration, if not the imagery, of this
sketch:—

OP. Ὁ μητις, ἰκτενω σε μητισι μοι
Τας ριματωπους και δρακονταδης πορας
Αυται γαρ αυται πλησιον θρασκουσι μου
Ὁ φοιβ' αποκτινουσι ἢ αἱ κυνηγιδες
Γοργωντις, εντρον ἱεραι διναι θειαι.

EURIPID. *Orestes*, l. 250-255.

The chief portion of the extracts
we have given from Fletcher, are such
as may lead our readers to presume
that the terrible and the rugged are
his sole excellences. This is not the
case. He could pass from the fierce
and awful to the most gentle. He was
a poet of great range and versatility of
genius. What can be more exquisitely
beautiful in conception, or more ex-

pressively embodied, than the following view of heaven's joys :—

" No sorrow now hangs clouding on
their brow ;
No bloodless malady ever pales their
face ;
No age drops on their hairs his silver
snow ;
No nakedness their bodies doth em-
base ;
No poverty themselves and theirs dis-
grace ;
No fear of death the joy of life devours ;
No unchaste sleep their precious time
deflowers ;
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on
their winged hours."

We have thus dwelt at some length on the excellences and beauties of this poet, and with our author tried to "revive the inscription on his tombstone;" or, *Scotticè*, to cast another stone to his *cairnc*. There are fragments of unrivalled excellence, as well as defects and fallings off; but, as a whole, he has much merit, and will well repay perusal.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.*

We pass by Sylvester, whose meteor and momentary popularity is a proof among thousands of the incapacity of the populace and the mere present generation to form a correct estimate of genius, and turn with some pleasure to Drummond. The sonnets of this loyalist and lyrist are still loved and read. They were full of nature and of real feeling, notwithstanding the saucy description of "Ben," that "they smelt too much of the schools." The assertion of Ben Jonson arose out of sheer spite. This is matter of fact. It appears that the dramatist paid a visit to Hawthornden in 1618. Drummond recorded, in a private sketch-book, the peculiar characteristics of his visitor. These were not very complimentary. He describes "rare Ben" as a man eaten up with fancies; a great lover and praiser of himself; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; a bragger of some good that he wanted; jealous, especially after drink, one of the elements on which he lived. We know not whether Jonson had seen or heard of his landlord's note-book, or whether,

in the exercise of his keen scent, he smelled out the poet's opinion of himself; but, *certainly*, his own criticisms on Drummond were a repayment of the debt, and quite reciprocal. The following is a sweet sonnet, and exhales the fragrance of Hawthornden :—

" My lute, be as thou wert when thou
didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady
grove,
When immelodious winds but made
thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee be-
stow ;
Since that dear voice, which did thy
sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains
to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres
above,—
What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes
no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear,
Each strike a sigh, each sound draws
forth a tear ;
For which he silent as in woods be-
fore :

Or if that any hand to touch thee deign
Like widow'd turtle still her loss com-
plain."

The following sonnet, it must be admitted, savours much of the book-binders; yet the idea is so happily and successfully prosecuted, and the moral is so true to our experience, and withal so instructive, that we quote it :—

" Of this fair volume, which we, world,
do call,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn
with care,
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wis-
dom rare ;
Find out his power, which wildest arts
doth tame ;
His providence extending every where ;
His justice, which proud rebels doth
not spare.
In every page no period of the same ;
But silly we, like foolish children, rest,
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves
of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is
best,
Of the Great Writer's sense ne'er taking
hold ;

* Why is Drummond omitted in the second edition? Has Spenser also become more entitled to a place among the *sacred poets* in the interval between the successive editions?

Or if by chance we stay our minds on
aught,
It is some picture on the margin
wrought."

We cannot dwell longer on the poetry of Drummond. His memoir occupies a short space in Mr. Wilmott's work, and it is in keeping with our original intention to follow our author where conscience and judgment do not prescribe an opposite tack. The names to which the chief portion of this volume is devoted, are those of Wither, Quarles, and Herbert. These were remarkable, and, in some respect, kindred characters. To the first, a very large proportion of the observations of Mr. Wilmott are directed.

GEORGE WITHER.

We have not met with any vindication of the character and real worth of this poet, at all to be compared with the opening observations of Mr. Wilmott at p. 61 (first series, second edition). His remarks are so good, that we transfer them to our pages with pleasure:—

"It has been the fashion, among critics and readers of poetry, to regard Wither only as a fanatical rhymist and an intemperate Puritan; yet during the longest and brightest period of his life he was neither. A Puritan, indeed, in its true signification, he never was. It has been well observed, that no man was ever written down except by himself. Wither's political follies had, during his later years, been gradually erasing from the public remembrance the sweetness of his early poetry; and the wit and festivity accompanying the Restoration tended still more to depress his fame. The accomplished Rochester, and his companions, held the popular mind in a more silken bondage. From the criticism and taste of this season, Wither could not hope either for favour or justice. The virulence of party feelings obscured the judgment even of the antiquary Wood: he saw in Locke a prating fellow, and in Milton a villanous incendiary. That Hood, in another place, rendered homage to the singer of *Paradise Lost*, only proves that the partisan was lost for a while in the admiration of that immortal composition. In days when Milton was only a blind old man, Wither had no right to complain that his poems 'were accounted mere scribbles, and the fancies of a conceited and confident mind.' Heylin had long before called him an old Puritan sa-

tirist; and Butler, in his *Hudibras*, made him the drunken companion of the voluminous Prynn and the despicable Vicars. Philips, in the *Theatrum Poeticum*, added his mite of contumely; and Dryden, Swift, and Pope, did not forget to follow his example. Swift, indeed, while sneering at Wither, manifested his taste and discernment by including Dryden in the censure. In more recent times, critics have not been wanting, equally unkind, and equally uninformed with respect to the object of their ridicule. Even the amiable and learned Bishop Percy had nothing better to say of the author of the *Shepherd's Resolution*, and other pastorals, indisputably the finest of the kind in our language, than that he had 'distinguished himself in youth by some pastoral pieces that were not inelegant.' Ritson, while confessing that Wither's more juvenile productions would not discredit the first writer of the age, could not refrain from adding that, by his long, dull, puritanical rhymes, he obtained the title of the English Bavius. The appellation has never been traced beyond Ritson, and may be considered the dull invention of his own pen. The prejudice of Swift and Ritson has found* inheritors, even in our own day. Mr. D'Israeli, whose ingenuity and talent have met with the praise they deserve, was only able to discover that 'this prosing satirist had written, in the morning of his days, poems with which the juvenile efforts of Dryden, of Pope, or of Cowley, can bear no comparison, and affording examples of versification singularly correct and musical, and breathing the manly fervour of pure and idiomatic English.' Other names of equal influence might be added to the list; but it is pleasing to reflect that, amid all the clamour of petulant ignorance, some hands have been held up in the poet's favour. Dr. Southey, in one of his latest works, has not been ashamed to find, in the neglected leaves of Wither, 'a felicity of expression, a tenderness of feeling, and an elevation of mind.' A word of kindness, from one who has 'built up the tombs' of so many of our elder poets, in a beautiful criticism, ought to be adequately esteemed. Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Pack have also exerted themselves in the poet's cause."

We cannot spare time and space to enter into all the ups and downs, the captivity and the persecutions, to which Wither was subjected. His was the *wont-to-be* lot of the children of song. We say, *wont to be*; for all good poets, and some bad ones, can now, through the generosity of publishers, and the bibliomania feeling (or rather buying)

of the day, secure at least a penny a line. The booksellers, or stationers, of his day, appear to have been neither just nor generous, as their treatment of his best production, the *Songs and Hymns of the Church*, abundantly testifies. The bibliopoles of the nineteenth century have improved upon those of the seventeenth; whereas the Whigs of the present day have so retrograded from the Whigs of the seventeenth, that their course, like the celebrated Appian Way, begins with the noble and the great, but terminates in a ditch—or, as we ought to call it, the Slough of Shame. It appears that no sooner had the *Songs of the Church* made their appearance, under the royal patent, than the Company of Stationers raised a prodigious hue and cry against both them and their author; protesting that their rights were invaded, their rightful monopoly injured, and all by a man who had neither talent nor piety to plead as an apology for his insurrection against what they deemed their inalienable perquisites. His own pecuniary advantages, they insisted, were Wither's sole stimuli. To the charges of poverty he pleaded guilty; that word, which is the condensed epitome of so many troubles, and the prolific parent of too questionable expedients, being in his day the freezing shadow that was flung from Poetry upon the hearts of those who had drunk deepest of her ethereal inspirations. To the recriminations of want of piety and of talent he demurred, and in his own eloquent and nervous language thus vindicated himself:—

“I wonder what divine calling Sternhold and Hopkins had more than I have, that their metrical psalms may be allowed of rather than my hymns. Surely, if to have been groom of the privy chambers were sufficient to qualify them, that profession which I am of may as well qualify me for what I have undertaken, who, having first laid the foundation of my studies in one of our famous universities, have ever since builded thereon, towards the erecting of such fabrics as I have now in hand. But I would gladly know by what rule these men discern spirits, who condemn my work as the endeavour of a private spirit! The time was when men did judge the tree by its fruit; but now they will judge the fruit by the tree. If I have expressed any thing repugnant to the analogy of the Christian faith, or irreverently opposed the orderly and allowed discipline, or dissented in any

point from that spirit of verity which breathes through the Holy Catholic Church, then let that which I have done be taxed for the work of a private spirit. Or if it may appear that I have indelicately intruded to meddle with those mysteries of our Christian sanctuary, which the God of order hath by his divine law reserved for those who have, according to his ordinance, a special calling thereto, then, indeed, let me be taxed as deserving both punishment and reproof. But if, making conscience of my actions, I observed that seemly distance which may make it appear I intruded not upon aught appropriated to the outward ministry—if, like an honest-hearted Gibeonite, I have but a little extraordinarily laboured to hew wood and to draw water for the spiritual sacrifices—if, according to the art of the apothecary, I have composed a sweet perfume to offer unto God, in such manner as is proper to my own faculty only, and then brought it to those to whom the consecration thereof belongs—if, keeping my own place, I have laboured for the building up of God's house, as I am bound to do, in offering up of that which God hath given me, and making use, with modesty, of those gifts which were bestowed on me to that purpose—if, I say, the case be so, what blameworthy have I done?”

We only wish there were some possessed of Wither's talent and piety in the present day, who would do something for the amelioration of the English national psalmody.

On this head, we have expressed ourselves freely in a preceding Number; and it is with no ordinary satisfaction that we have learned that the Lord Bishop of London has directed his mind to this important subject, and, for his own diocese at least, contemplates the preparation of an authorised collection of sacred poetry. It would be still better, if the bench of bishops were to originate a work of this kind for the whole kingdom, as a diocesan psalmody will prove but a partial remedy. Still such a step is, to use the phraseology of the present dictator of the cabinet, an instalment and an earnest of better things. We hope our own suggestions will be attended to, in the preparation of any authorised collection of this kind.

We do not think that Wither was, as has been represented, hostile to the church establishment. The reverence and humility he displayed, in circumstances likely to provoke opposite feelings—the strong prospects held out to

induce him to join the Dissenters, and figure as a preacher—and the harsh and ungenerous treatment he received from his own party, and the equanimity and steadfastness with which he endured it,—all persuade us of his possessing at once an enlightened mind and a Christian heart. It appears that neither his intellectual powers, which could have been enlisted against them, nor his piety, which ought to have commended him, mitigated one jot of the enmity of self-interested men. The booksellers refused to expose his sacred songs for sale, though there was a great and growing demand for them. Their partisans likened them to “Dod, the silkman’s;” and threatened to get them sung through the street by lame ballad-singers.

“Wherever I come,” he says, “one giddy brain or other offers to fall into disputation with me about my hymns; yea, brokers, and costermongers, and tapsters, and pedlars, and seampsters, and fiddlers, and felt-makers, and all the brotherhood of Amsterdam, have scoffingly passed sentence upon me in their conventicles, at tap-houses, and taverns.”

Wither’s harp was doomed to utter forth its tones of melody amid the yells of persecution, the blighting influences of infuriate party, and the penury of a poor man’s lot.

“He is not the only poet,” remarks Mr. Wilmott, “whose harp has given utterance to the sweetest and holiest music while it hung upon the willow-tree. It was in a lonely dungeon, at Coimbra, in Portugal, that the accomplished Buchanan prepared his elegant translation of the Psalms. A list of books produced during confinement would be both interesting and instructive. The names of Boethius, of Grotius, and of Raleigh, arise immediately to the memory.”

We may add the name of John Bunyan, who gave birth to his immortal work, the *Pilgrim*, amid the gloom of a cell and the solitude of imprisonment.

It was soon after the persecution to which Wither and his poetry were subjected, that an extinguisher of all discords, and a consolidator of all sympathies, appeared. The plague broke out. Mr. Wilmott’s abstract of this remarkable episode, in the life as well as the writings of the poet, is so well done, that we present it to our readers.

“It first broke out in the house of a Frenchman, ‘without the Bishop Gate;’ and Wither describes, with considerable animation, the general consternation that ensued upon the dreadful discovery, and the multitude of preventives and remedies proposed. The streets were carefully cleansed; and all kinds of herbs and perfumes, pure frankincense or myrrh, or, in the absence of these, pitch, resin, tar, were burnt to purify the air. Then arose the race of empirics. One had a perfume of ‘special note;’ another, an antidote which had been applied with the greatest success at Constantinople, where a thousand persons died daily. Instructions, equally ineffectual, were also published by authority. The contagion or non-contagion of the plague was also a favourite subject for discussion. Wither is a decided advocate of non-contagion; and his arguments are supported by the fact, that very few surgeons or sextons died—that among the market people, who brought provisions into the city, he did not hear of any deaths—and that in the parish where he resided, and in which the mortality amounted to nearly half a thousand weekly, not one of the common bearers of the dead fell a victim to the pestilence. Wither was at this time living by ‘Thames’ fair bank;’ probably in the Savoy, which appeared to have been a favourite situation with him. The plague, which at first spread slowly, soon rushed out with terrible fury, in spite of the ‘halberds and watches.’ But the steps of the destroyer were wrapt in mystery; no man could tell his going out or coming in. People looked with terror and dismay on each other. . . . Men were fearful grown to tarry or converse among their own friends, and fled each other; kinsmen stood aloof; the son to come within his father’s roof presumed not; the mother was constrained to let her child depart unentertained. In the midst of the general confusion and flight of the inhabitants, we learn that the lord mayor, uninfluenced by the desertion of his brother magistrates, remained at his post, and devoted himself to the heavy duties that devolved on him. On the 21st of June, a general fast was agreed to by the House of Commons; and, on the 11th of July, parliament adjourned from Westminster, and met at Oxford on 1st of August. The Strand, then the residence of the most powerful and wealthy of the nobility, where Wither had often seen ‘well nigh a million passing in one day,’ had nearly become an unfrequented road; no smoke from the ‘city houses’ told of hospitality and mirth; the inns of court were deserted; the ‘Royal Change,’ the great mart for

all nations, was avoided as 'a place of certain danger;' and the cathedral of St. Paul's 'had scarce a walker in its middle aisle.' The houses, too, looked uninhabited. No ladies, in their 'bravery and beauty,'

"To their closed wickets made repair;
The empty casements gaped wide for air.

When the waning light
Was that which could be called nor day
nor night.

But far I needed not to pace about,
Nor long inquire to find such objects
out;

For every place with sorrows then
abounded,

And every way the cries of moaning
sounded.

Yea, day by day successively, till night,
And from the evening till the morning
light,

Were scenes of grief, with strange variety,
Knit up in one continuing tragedy.

No sooner waked I, but twice twenty
knells,

And many sadly sounding passing bells,
Did greet mine ear, and, by their heavy
tolls,

To me gave notice that some early souls
Departed whilst I slept; that others,
some

Were drawing onward to their longest
home.

So long the solitary nights did last
That I had leisure my accounts to cast.
And think upon, and over think those
things

Which darkness, loneliness, and sorrow
brings.

My chamber entertained me all alone,
And in the rooms adjoining lodged none;
Yet through the darksome silent night
did fly,

Sometime an uncouth noise, sometime a
cry;

And sometimes mournful callings pierced
my room,

Which came I neither knew from whence
nor whom:

And oft, betwixt awaking and asleep,
Their voices, who did talk, or pray, or
weep,

Unto my listening ears a passage found,
And troubled me by their uncertain
sound."

Soon after his recovery from the plague, and the production of a few very exquisite poems, Wither rushed into the very heart of the party politics of the day; and, amid the din of such contentions, the golden tones of the harp were utterly overpowered. Mr. Wilmott adduces every palliative, and softens down the asperities of his political course, and vindicates him from

the virulent aspersions of the bitter, prejudiced, and intolerant Heylin, who, like most who leave one extreme, rush headlong to the opposite: a feature which many of those dissenting ministers who evolve out of clergymen, and, *vice versa*, those clergymen who are compounded out of dissenting ministers, are in the present day prone to develope. Heylin was once an intolerant Puritan, and died at length a semi-Papist. But, making every allowance for the exaggeration of party, the heat and excitement of the times, there cannot be but one feeling of regret that Wither left sacred poetry for politics, and the livery of the muses for the regimentals of the parliamentary army. He himself lived to reap the bitter fruit he had sown in this transition. In the end, his biography became a channel for tears and troubles. He was fined, and plundered, and imprisoned, by turns; friends forsook him, and enemies persecuted him. Ultimately, he flung away the sword, but did not abandon his political partialities. His reasons for quitting warfare are given in the following words:—

"But so divisions them enraged,
Who were in that contest engaged,
And such ill consequents presaged,
That I my troop did soon disband.
And hopeless I should aught essay
Successful in a martial way,
My sword and arms quite flung away,
And took my pen in hand."

It is, however, time to draw to a close our reflections on the biography of Wither. We cannot regard him as a first-rate poet. He has embodied many ingenious conceits, set forth many happy thoughts, and left behind him traces of a life truly chequered. What he wrote was the poetry of actual, not of imaginary life. His pen recorded great sorrows, because his heart had felt them; and he prescribed valuable balms, because he himself had experienced their efficacy. He is the poet of experience. His poetry, while neither full of pathos nor stamped with sublimity, derived its nutriment from that rich and prolific source, the joys and sorrows, the pangs and troubles, of our common humanity. Its roots are in the affections. In the Marshalsea, the Tower, and Newgate; in circumstances of prosperity, and others of deep and sore distress; under the scenes and changes of eleven govern-

ments,—Elizabeth, James, Charles I., the king and parliament together, the parliament alone, the army, Oliver Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, a council of state, the parliament again, Charles II.,—he found that poetry had charms, and piety a panacea, for many ills. He wished to write no poetry he might afterwards desire to erase. What Herick, a poet of the same period, said, with less truth than beauty, Wither might say, with great propriety :—

“ For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord,
Forgive me, God ! and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine.
But if 'mongst all thou findest one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.”

The affection displayed by the poet towards his wife and children, the interesting and exquisite letters he addressed to them from his cell, to which they were not admitted, and the anxiety he felt for the Christian tuition of his offspring, are beautiful traits in his character. The grateful feelings to which his soul gave birth, for little benefits, cast a glow around the man. In Newgate, where, without books or companions of any kind, he smoked his pipe, and set a precedent for Milton, he expressed himself thankful to God's mercy for “ wrapping up a blessing in a weed.”

QUARLES.

This is one of the leading eccentric and artificial writers of the seventeenth century. Many of that age were full of conceits and subtleties, and even despised great genius if it could not shape itself, or, rather, its offspring, to the Procrustes bed of a pyramid or hill, or an alliteration which made sense whether read backwards or forwards. They constituted the Chinese school of poetry. Their productions remind one of the trees that are occasionally observed, from the top of a stage-coach, on the roadside. The fantastic proprietors have cut them, living and green, into the shapes of eggs, sparrows, pyramids inverted, and similar chimeras. The writers of the age of Quarles would not be satisfied with Nature,—they must mend her; they would not read or admire the spontaneous effusions of genius, unless they could be diverted into certain

channels, like the worm-pipes of a distillery. They murdered Nature by abortive attempts to mend her. They forced Poetry to walk like a Chinese woman, or to dress like a mandarin, before they would look at her. To this tortuous taste the naturally fine genius of Quarles cut and cramped its noblest children; on its altar he laid his poetry a holocaust. It is, therefore, the proof of great genius that in his writings, labouring as they did under great disadvantages, are to be found passages that will bear comparison with those of any other poet. His genius broke out from the mass of crushing conceits, and by the beams it shot forth gave token of an inner might and elasticity no pressure could keep down. The following verses, constructed primarily on the 139th psalm, are full of rich and unutterable poetry :—

“ O whither shall I fly? What path
untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? What kind sea
will hide
My head from thunder? Where shall I
abide
Until his flames be quenched, or laid
aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty
flight,
And seek protection in the shades of
night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of
Light!

What if my soul should take the wings
of Day,
And find some desert? If she springs
away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? Can solid rocks
sustain
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in
twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock,
nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-eyed Fury means to smite,
can save.

'T is vain to flee; till gentle Mercy shew
Her better eye, the further off we go
The swing of Justice deals the mightier
blow.

The ingenuous child corrected doth not
fly

His angry mother's hand, but clings more
nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming
eye.

Great God! there is no safety here
below;
Thou art my fortress,—thou that seem'st
my foe;
'T is thou that strik'st the stroke must guard
the blow."

Nor are passages of great power and
beauty, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.
The following lines are worthy of
Milton or Æschylus:—

"See how the latter trumpet's dreadful
blast

Affrights stout Mars, his trembling son!
See how he startles, how he stands
aghast!

And scrambles from his melting throne.
Hark! how the direful band of vengeance
tears

The sweltering clouds, whilst heaven
appears

A circle filled with flame, and centered
with his fears."

The fourth and last lines, which we
have marked, are magnificent conceptions.
The *melting* throne, and 'the
scrambling prince that feels it dissolv-
ing, are most beautifully conceived,
and fit to render the genius immortal
that gave them birth.

Fuller, the compiler of *Abel Redivivus*,
has preserved several poems of
Quarles's, two of which we extract:—

"On Melancthon.

"Would thy ingenious fancy soar and fly
Beyond the pitch of modern poesy?

Or wouldst thou learn to charm the
conquered ear

With rhetoric's oily magic? Wouldst
thou hear

The majesty of language? Wouldst thou
pry

Into the bowels of philosophy,
Moral or natural? or wouldst thou sound

The truly depth, and touch the unfathomed
ground,

Of deep theology?
Go search Melancthon's tomes."

The following sonnet, on the faith-
fulness of the martyr and reformer
Ridley, compresses some of his most
remarkable and powerful tempta-
tions:—

"Read in the progress of this blessed
story
Rome's cursed cruelty and Ridley's
glory,

Rome's siren song; but Ridley's careless
ear

Was deaf: they charmed, but Ridley
would not hear.

Rome sung preferment; but brave Rid-
ley's tongue

Condemned that false preferment which
Rome sung:

Rome whispered wealth; but Ridley,
whose great gain

Was godliness, he waved it with dis-
dain:

Rome threatened durance; but great
Ridley's mind

Was too, too strong for threats or chains
to bind:

Rome thundered death; but Ridley's
dauntless eye

Stared in Death's face, and scorned
Death standing by.

In spite of Rome, for England's faith he
stood,

And in the flames he sealed it with his
blood."

A specimen of Quarles's prose will
shew his pith and vein. We shall keep
back the title, because we know the
reader will instantly recognise the
party described.

"Sometimes he is a publican, some-
times a pharisee, and always a hypocrite.
He paints devotion on his face, while
pride is stamped within his heart. He
places sanctity on the walls of a steeple-
house, and adores the sacrament with his
Popish knee. His religion is a weather-
cock, which turns its breast to every
blast of wind. With the pure he seems
pure, and with the wicked he will join
in fellowship. A sober language is in
his mouth; but the poison of asps is
under his tongue. He is a Laodicean
in his faith, a Nicolaitan in his works, a
Pharisee in his disguise."

On this poet, more renowned for his
piety and unsullied character than for
the excellence of his poetry, the cele-
brated *non-con.*, Baxter, passed the fol-
lowing eulogium:—

"But I must confess, after all, that
next the Scripture poems there are none
so savoury to me as Mr. George Her-
bert's. I know that Cowley and others
far excel Herbert in wit and accurate
composure; but as Seneca takes with me
above all his contemporaries, because he
speaketh things by words feelingly and
seriously, like a man that is past jest, so
Herbert speaks to God like a man that
really believeth in God, and whose bu-
siness in the world is most with God;

heart-work and heaven-work make his books."—*Poetical Fragments*, 1681.

Herbert's *Temple* is his most celebrated work. It is "inlaid" with piety, and in many parts redolent of fragrant poesy. The following lines deserve to escape the severe censure of Headley, "a compound of enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without ingenuity or imagination."

"If as a flower I spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
Nipt in the bud.

The sweetness and the praise were thine;
But the extension and the room
Which in thy garland I should fill were
mine,

At the great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be; •
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The staff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to thy praise
As is the dust to which that life doth
tend,

But with delays.

All things are busy, only I
Neither bring honey with the bees
Nor flowers, to make that nor the hus-
bandry

To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
For all my company is as a weed;
Lord, place me in thy comfort, give one
strain

To my poor reed."

The following verse is at once original and beautiful. It is a meet motto for the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, or Fox's *Martyrology*:—

"And when I view abroad both regi-
ments,—

The world's and thine,—

Thine clad with simpleness and sad
events,

The other fine," &c.

The next lines are also very good, if not bearing any signature of profound and original genius:—

"My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O let thy graces without cease

Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives; O let grace
Drop from above.

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The dew doth every morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove,—
The dew for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above?

•
O come, for thou dost know the way;
Or, if to me thou wilt not come,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above."

We cannot conclude our extracts from the poetry, especially the *Temple* and the *Life of Herbert*, in more eloquent, if not more just terms, than the following of Izaak Walton:—

"It is a book in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book by the reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven; and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart as shall free it from the anxieties of the world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above."

• • CRASHAW.

The writings of this poet are some of them remarkable for a power and vitality not excelled by any of our first poets. There are passages which Milton might covet, and Shakspeare not be ashamed of. His translations of the *Sopetto d'Herode*, and the *Profusion of Strada*, are full of original and vigorous writing. It was generally believed, both by Pope and his contemporaries, that the *Suspicion of Herod* was a mere translation from the Italian; but Mr. Wilmott has put it in our power to father on the translator richer poetry than is to be found in the original. The following are proofs:—

Italian.

"Vede dal ciel cou peregrino raggio
Spiccarsi, ancor miracolosa stella,
Che verso Bettelem dritto il viaggio,
Seguando va folgoreggiante, e bella."

Translation.

"He saw heaven blossom with a new-
born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
The golden eyes of night."

Italian.

"Vede della felice santa notte,
Le tacite ombre, e tenebrosi horrori
Dalle voci del ciel percosse, e rotte;
E vinti dagli angeli i splendori."

Translation.

"He saw how in that blessed day-bearing night,
The heaven-rebuked shades made hasty
away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new
light
Amazed the midnight world, and made a
day
Of which the morning knew not."

Italian.

"Parvero i fiori intorno, e la verdura
Sentir forza di peste ira di verno."

Translation.

"Heaven saw her rise, and saw hell on
the sight;
The field's fair eyes saw her, and saw no
more,
But shut their flowery lids for ever."

The following passages will shew that Milton did not disdain to appropriate some of the magnificent thoughts of Crashaw. It is true, the outline is translation; but very much of the filling up is original writing. The apostrophe to Satan is effective:—

Italian.

"Misero et come il tuo splendor primiero
Perdesti, o già di luce angel più bello
Eterno avrai dal punitor severo
All'ingiusto fallir giusto flagello;
De' fragi tuoi vagheggiatore altero,
Dell'altrui seggio usurpator rubello,
Transformato, e caduto in Flegetonte!
Orgoglioso Narcisa empio Fetonte."

Translation.

"Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold
sin cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright
eyes,—
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and
cross'd
The glories that did gild thee on thy rise,
Proud morning of a perverse day! how
lost
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise
Narcissus! Foolish Phaeton, who, for all
Thy high-aimed hopes, gain'dst but a flaming fall."

Milton has appropriated the sublime description that follows, especially the original portion of it introduced by Crashaw:—

Italian.

"Queste dall'ombre morte all'aria viva,
Invido pur di nostro stato umano,
Se luci ove per dritto in giù si apriva
Cavernoso spiraglio alzo lontano."

Translation.

"From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eye, wasted with cure,
To become beautiful in human blood."

"— The rebellious eye
Of sorrow."

The eyes of Satan are represented as

"The sullen deus of death and night
Startle the dull air with a dismal red.

Hoarse, shrill, at once as when the trumpet's call

Hit Mars to the harvest of death's field,
and woo

Men's hearts into their hands —

— Her supple breast thrills on
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling
doubt

Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her
skill.

And folds in wavy notes with a trem-
bling bill

The pliant series of her slippery song.

Shame, now, and anger, mixed a double
stan

In the musician's face —

— His hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quivering ceyness tastes the
string.

The sweet-lipped sisters musically
frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully de-
lighted;

Trembling as when Apollo's gelid chairs
Are fanned and fuddled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which, married to his
lyre,

Doth tune the spheres, and make hea-
ven's self look higher.

From this to that, from that to this, he flies,
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries.

Caught in a net which there Apollo
spreads,

His fingers struggle with the vocal
threads;

Following these little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon —

Those parts of sweetness which with
nectar drop

Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
— Thus doth he invoke

Sweetness by all her names; thus bravely,
thus

The bite's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies;
Whose flourish, meteorlike, doth curl
the air,

With flash of high-born fancies here and
there,

Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps in the soft touch of a tender tone."

In these lines, the rich and choicest thoughts belong to Crashaw.

We quote some exquisite gems, which are alone sufficient to reflect lasting glory on the poet's name : it is entitled the "Hymn of the Nativity :"

"Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble infant lay ;
The babe look'd up, and shew'd his face :
In spite of darkness, it was day.

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day ;
We saw thine eyes break from the east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blessed the sight,—
We saw thee by thy own sweet light.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye ;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.

Yet, when young April's husk and
shower
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
To kiss thy net, and crown thy head,
To thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must
keep
The shepherds more than they their
sheep.

To thee, meek majesty ! soft king
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring.
Each his pair of silver doves."

The following is pregnant with rich and bright ideas. It is a "Hymn to the Morning" :—

"O thou
Bright lady of the morn, pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die.
Have mercy, then, and when he next
shall rise,

O meet the angry God, invade his eyes.
— — — So my wakeful lay shall knock
At the oriental gates, and duly mock
The early lark's shrill orisons to be
All anthem at the day's nativity.
And the same rosy-fingered hand of thine
That shuts night's dying eyes shall open
mine.

But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall mine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
Myself or melting sacrifice ; I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom morn.
Heir of the sun's first beams, why threat'st
thou so ?

Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre ?
G,

Bestow th' poppy upon wakeful Woe,
Sickness, and Sorrow, whose pale lids
ne'er know

Thy downy finger ; dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears, shut out their mi-
series."

The worst feature in the character of Crashaw was his change from the faith of Scripture, of truth, of common sense, to the drivelling superstition of the Roman heresy. From the Queen of Charles I., Crashaw received letters of recommendation to Italy, where he became secretary to a cardinal. His condition and his fate there indicated distinctly enough that, in this world at least, his change of faith was not a change to happiness ; and Dr. John Burgrade, who had studied with him at Peterhouse, Cambridge, gives the following account of him in Italy :—

"When I first went to Italy, there were three or four revolvers to the Roman church that had been fellows of Peterhouse with myself. The name of one of them was Mr. R. Crashaw, who was of the Seguita,—that is, an attendant on one of the followers of Cardinal Palotte, for which he had a salary of crowns by the month, but no diet. Mr. Crashaw infinitely commended his cardinal, but complained extremely of the wickedness of those of his retinue, of which he, having the cardinal's ear, complained to him ; upon which the Italians fell so far out with him, that the cardinal, to secure his life, was fain to put him from his service ; and procuring him some small employ at the Lady's of Loretto, whither he went on pilgrimage in the summer-tune, and over-heating himself, died in a few weeks after he came thither ; and it was doubtful whether he was not poisoned."

We have now reviewed the delightful portion of Parnassus opened up by Mr. Wilmott. He has revealed hid genius. The conceits and artificial torture into which many of the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries cast their best thoughts, repelled many from their perusal. Plagiarizers, who had more art than genius, and more of polish than of power, have yet stolen their thoughts, and tried to blast their names. Among these is Pope, who stole from Wither, Quarles, and Crashaw, without conscience, and derided them in merciless satire without compunction. We could have wished Mr. Wilmott had given longer extracts, or that he had so planned his work as to have given less of mere biography, and more of pure criticism, embosoming more poetical extracts. Notwithstanding the fantastic shapes into which the writers of those times screwed and compressed their finest and richest thoughts ;

there is still left, incapable of extinction or confinement, an ethereal and fervid poetry that bears on it the bright signatures of Genius. They present a proof of the undying fires Genius lights up in all ages,—of the irrepressible and expansive elements it originates. We live in an age, we may remark, when real poetry is at a discount,—when men's minds seem averse to every thing but railroads and joint-stock associations,—when most are more eager to fill their purses than their brains, and to use the latter in the ratio

only of their likelihood to replenish the former. The Muses are wooed, in order to lead to Mammon; Parnassus is a popular promenade, as far as it displays a golden pavement; and Helicon is most resorted to when it visits in its course the Bank of England first. It is an odd age: steam-engines are likely, by and by, to edit all our periodicals; occupy our pulpits; and to represent that impertinent vagabond, the Majesty of the People, in the parliament of 1840.*

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES HOGG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HUMOURS OF THE NORTH."

No. I.

It was, I think, in 1820, that Southey happened to be in Scotland, on a tour with Mr. Telford, the civil engineer. Arriving, as he did, in autumn, when Edinburgh is nearly deserted, the laureate met with few literary friends; but, as he observed, "there was *one* distinguished individual whom he would wish to see again, though he should go out of his way for that purpose,"—namely, the Ettrick Shepherd. "Hogg," said he, "is altogether an extraordinary being—a character such as will not appear twice in five centuries; and differing most remarkably from Burns, and all other self-taught writers. It is his peculiar and innate power which I admire; and of which there are ample evidences in all his poetical works, however defective they may be as to the *accomplishment of art*."

In comparison with James Hogg, Burns might almost be said to have had the education of a gentleman. He had, at all events, been regularly put to school; could read whatever English books came in his way; wrote a clear hand; and had even begun, with Mr. Murdoch, to learn French. But, on the contrary, Hogg, as is well known, had, properly speaking, no education whatever. After his seventh

year, so completely had the fortune of his parents been wrecked, that he was obliged to enter into a state of bondage, which continued for the next thirteen years, and during which he never received any instruction.

Metaphysicians have shown that there are certain faculties, or, as they express it, elements of knowledge, which must exist in the human mind *a priori*, in order to our forming a judgment upon any subject or object. But whilst they insist on the necessity and universality of particular powers, which are easily reduced to categories, there is assuredly no reason why we should conclude, that other faculties, usually ascribed to experience or tuition, may not *possibly* exist in certain minds *a priori*, although by ordinary characters they are unattainable, even with all the advantages which education can give.

If this metaphysical hint be unsatisfactory, I know not any better method of supporting the old doctrine, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*;" or, as a celebrated author translates it, "He who is born a poet is fit for nothing else;" which *Millarianism* Hogg's life exemplified, for he did not thrive much as a shepherd or farmer.

Being thus destitute of education, like any other farmer's boy on the hills

* While these analytical remarks were passing through the press, the second edition of this series was placed in our hands. The editor has expanded and enlarged his introductory observations, and given more copious notices of the sacred poets. He has also added notices of Bryan, Hawes, Gower, Sir John Davies, and George Sandys; and otherwise, with the exception of omitting Drummond, improved his work.

of Ettrick, Hogg's avidity for learning and imaginative power seem to have been quite as *innate* and primary in his mind, as those conceptions of time, space, quantity, quality, and relation, which, according to philosophers, *must* exist in every mind before it can form a distinct object. But setting aside metaphysics, and coming to plain matter of fact, the Ettrick Shepherd, from his earliest days, appears to have evinced that patient perseverance under difficulties, that susceptibility for the charms of music (of the simplest class), and that fondness for legendary lore, which accompanied him through life. In almost every instance where this kind of sensibility is much developed, it happens also that the phenomena of external and inanimate nature obtain great influence over the mind; in truth, such nature ceases to be inanimate. As Wordsworth observes, there is active concurrence betwixt it and the human intellect. Moreover, the words of a favourite ballad, the notes of a popular air, the conceptions of romantic characters (either of old times, or purely invented), become associated with the rushing of the wind through the forest (leafless or verdant, as the case may be), with the dashing of the mountain-torrent, with the temperature of the air, with the rising and setting of the sun and moon, till all nature becomes pervaded with intellectual life. In other words, the external phenomena are for the poet like a book of characters, which he alone can properly read; or which for his mind have a meaning that to ordinary mortals is denied. Every well-known forest oak or wood-fringed cliff, no less than every gray ruin, formerly the stronghold of a border baron, will be to him like ancient Runic symbols (yet of incalculably greater power in assisting recollection); whilst the melodies of nature * will add life and intensity to the lore which he acquires and wishes to retain.

For many years, James Hogg might have legendary lore and the ancient Runic symbols, as I have fantastically called them; that is to say, the varied objects and wild scenery of the mountains to study. But this book of nature was his only one; for it stands on record that in his eighteenth year he could scarcely read his Bible, and he had been his own instructor by the

simplest methods. [As for the circumstance of his having been three months at school, in mere infancy, it is of course not worth reckoning.] In those days, we had no diffusion-of-knowledge societies, no penny magazines and two-penny reviews; but there were half-penny ballads and "*chap-histories*." Knowing the words of the ballads by rote, he compared them, at his long leisure on the hills, with the printed pages (this process was still more available with the sacred Psalms); and, as the most effectual step to improvement, he tried to imitate the printed characters on a piece of common "household slate." Succeeding pretty well in this, he gradually ventured on the Bible, the only book within his sphere, and persevered "till at last the hardest names in the Old Testament could scarcely daunt him." All this I take from his own words in conversation. His perplexity, when he first tried to understand the old *Life of Wallace*, and Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, he has himself recorded; and these books proved to him of little or no use.

But by the metre of the Psalms and of popular ballads he was irresistibly attracted; and in his twenty-first year commenced his own attempts at versification. To be able to commit these to writing, and correct them on the slate, was a grand achievement, the anticipation of which had long animated his solitary labours. By slow degrees, some of his first sketches in the ballad or lyrical style, being adapted to popular tunes, got into circulation; and he often described the triumph and delight with which he heard one of his own songs chanted by a country lass, who had not the remotest notion by whom it was composed, far less that the author was then listening.

I have evidence that Hogg's rough-spun and forcible stanzas, beginning,

"My name it is Donald Macdonald;

I live in the Highlands sae grand," &c.

were sung in London twenty years before the author's name had travelled thither, and were applauded by persons, of whom I am sorry to say, that had he presented himself in his weatherbeaten attire and gray tartan plaid, they probably would have given him but a sorry reception. At all events, they would have looked incredulous, if the

Shepherd, administering, perhaps, a sturdy slap on the shoulder, had exclaimed, when the song was done, "Eh, man! them's no that bad stanza: to be made by a callant that coul'd na read; and *they're mine*."

To such minor efforts, as far as the world knew, his attention was restricted, till (about the year 1802, I believe) he came to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, for the disposal of which he was obliged to wait a few days in town; and, by way of pastime, he formed the bold notion of getting an octavo volume of his own poetry into print. Not having prepared himself with *copy* on his departure from Ettrick, he taxed his recollection; and, like Richard Savage, when verses came to mind (as he walked the streets, "unknowing and unknown"), used to borrow paper and pen and ink at any shop where he saw a good-humoured face behind the counter. At that time his head-quarters and *studio* were at a very old and oddly constructed inn called the Harrow, near the Cowgate Port; a snug asylum in its way, for which even in latter years he had a special predilection; and where, after becoming a *great man*, he used occasionally to patronise the landlord, by contriving dinner and supper parties.

By some odd chance, a printer was discovered who had sufficient good-nature to undertake the job; and about seventy pages were made up of a so-styled pastoral (*Katie and Willie*), and a few songs. I had a copy once (*bound in russet*); but it disappeared, many years ago, in a general wreck. * * * This pamphlet soon came under the notice of Scott and others, who were kind to the author, looking on it as under the circumstances a literary curiosity—and this was all; for the pastoral, to use the author's own words in after years, was "extraordinary stupid," and the *addenda* were not well selected.

But it appears that from the moment when, as already mentioned, Hogg heard one of his own ballads sung by a peasant girl, and, *à la Corregio*, had said to himself, "I too am a poet," the conviction was not to be eradicated or shaken. His self-confidence was as firm as the gray mountain rock under which he first meditated; and though Scott gave him good advice, and directed him to think only of his rural employments, the Shepherd never

swerved from his own notions. His progress was gradual, and extremely *slow*; but on this account it was the more *sure*. He trusted in his own ability to become a minstrel *sui generis*; in fact, was determined to assume a chieftainship—that is, to become the *first* and only poet of the clan Hogg!

The independent freedom of manner, therefore, which in after-years he adopted towards Scott, and to every one whom he *condescended* to notice as a brother author, was most amusing. It was a kind and cordial demeanour. The poetical chieftain of the clan Hogg ought not to appear proud: he saw merit in others, and he patronised them! In fact, Hogg was at once one of the vainest of men and the humblest—a paradox easily enough to be explained. No really vain man, in the *usual* sense of the term, will talk in a manner calculated in any way to lessen his own dignity; he will not speak freely of himself as he is, or even as he believes himself to be, but will rather deal in mystification. James Hogg, on the contrary, though by no means a systematic egotist, would, when occasion offered, talk of himself *objectively*, would, in the frankest manner, acknowledge his own vanity (his *pleasing guilty* being what the vulgarly vain man will never do); and would inform you of his reasons for steadily maintaining a considerable degree of self-respect. Let it not for one moment be supposed that the Shepherd's manners, in society, were tinged with arrogance. This would have been utterly inconsistent with the character of a great man. It was his pleasure, as well as his duty, to be quiet, unassuming, and condescending.

In Ettrick and Yarrow, there were not wanting individuals, who, though of humble station, had cultivated minds, and delighted, like himself, though not to the same degree, in music and in song. These persons were equally entertained and surprised by his efforts; and some of them, for example, Mr. Wm. Laidlaw and Mr. John Grieve, continued to be his steady friends through life. But the notion of attempting to gain an income by literary pursuits not having yet occurred to him, he formed the plan of settling as a tenant on the Island of Harries, which he visited about the year 1806. By what particular inducements he was led into this scheme I have no recol-

lection, but it proved an entire failure. Instead of having secured a profitable settlement, he in a very short time discovered that success was hopeless; all the money he had embarked in the adventure was lost, and he must return penniless. This he did, but with a mind perfectly tranquil, and even contented—as, indeed, he has observed of himself, that he was the most composed in temper at times when worldly affairs went the most against him; and he once more accepted a situation as shepherd.

But now it happened that, by the kind assistance of Scott and other friends, his literary attempts were turned to some account. Not having been in the slightest degree discouraged by the non-success of his first volume, which he had tact enough to perceive was worthless, his minor ballads soon increased in number to a notable collection; and of these part were now prepared for publication under the title of the *Mountain Bard*; which, being subscribed at 10s. 6d. per copy, did, with the help of Constable as publisher, realise upwards of 150*l*. About the same time Constable liberally presented him with nearly 160*l*. more, for the copyright of a ponderous octavo treatise on sheep; and with these funds, carefully saved and put together, he had what was in his estimation a large capital. With this he launched out for the second time in farming speculations, on a bold scale; which, like the former, proved completely abortive, and, within about three years after the failure of his Highland campaign, again left him penniless. He surrendered all that he possessed to his creditors, and so the matter was wound up; but, through the winter of 1810, he found himself in worse plight than at any former period, for he could not even obtain employment.

For the first time, therefore, James Hogg learned, by bitter experience, what are the effects of *downfall* in the world; and how cordially those friends who pretended to rejoice in a neighbour's prosperity, may unite to render such downfall irremediable, if they can. With the richer class of Ettrick farmers, or proprietors, the circumstance of his having appeared as the author of the *Mountain Bard* was by no means favourable. They probably thought, with Mr. Joseph Miller, that "he who is born a poet is fit for nothing else;" or, rather, perhaps, they entertained that

sort of hatred and jealousy which Tyrrel exhibited to Falkland, against a man who could do so strange a thing as to stock a farm with the profits of a book of ballads. But he had been utterly unfortunate in the use of the profits thus derived. All was gone, nor were his debts liquidated; so his amiable neighbours told him, sarcastically, to go to "the Muses" for assistance, for having once enlisted in such honourable service, he would never do for a shepherd.

In 1810, therefore, with spirits evidently unbroken, and courage undaunted (though he chooses to represent himself as "in desperation"), did Hogg fling his plaid about him, and trudge away to Edinburgh, determined to live by his literary labours; indeed, necessitated to fall back upon this resource, as he could no longer get employment in his own vocation, and had no possible means of embarking in any further farming speculations.

At Edinburgh, his first step was to publish another volume of poetry, a collection of minor pieces entitled the *Forest Minstrel*, from which a few good songs may be selected; but it was not successful in a pecuniary point of view—in fact, did not bring to him any profit whatever. One very usual crotchet with an author, when disappointed by publishers, is to start some work or another, of which the profits may be collected exclusively by himself; and many have been wrecked in this way, overlooking, as they do, the fact, that publishing is not merely expensive, but is in itself an art, to which apprenticeship must be regularly served. Hogg had a lurking notion (which has since been amply realised by others) that periodical literature might be rendered very profitable, and he resolved to commence a weekly journal. As a matter of course, every respectable printer in Edinburgh only laughed at the proposal, and would not agree to set a single page of the intended work. But James Hogg was determined. He had advanced gradually; and being convinced that he had the power of acquiring some influence over the public mind by his verses, he had also arrived at the rather problematical conclusion, that he was by no means unqualified to criticise and direct others.

At last he stumbled on a printer and publisher, whom he has described as a

"confused drunken bodie," who, over a jug of punch, and, by way of frolic it should seem, was induced to commence working. Without one pledge of literary assistance from any quarter, on which he could rely, alone and uncouraged, did Hogg boldly start *The Spy*, a weekly journal, in a large quarto sheet of sixteen columns, the principal drift of which was to criticise the state of literature, dramatic art, and society in general, as it then existed at Edinburgh. That such a work, under such management, must fail, was easily to be foreseen. The only wonder attending the matter was its being carried on regularly for upwards of a year. And it might have lasted longer, but for some trespasses against etiquette and decorum which occurred in the fourth or fifth number, and induced many subscribers to withdraw their names. The merit of a book, like that of a man in public life, must be very great, in order to triumph over the effects of a stigma once affixed; and as no new subscribers made their appearance to supply the place of the abdicators, it soon became clear that *The Spy* could never be profitable. It was dropped, therefore, in 1811; and the author, instead of being benefited, found himself involved in new debts.

Yet the self-discipline induced by keeping up this work for so long a time had given a new phasis to Hogg's character. He had thereby acquired somewhat of literary habits and responsibility, very different from those of the mere composer of a short ballad or song. Besides, in the course of his labour, he had made some new acquaintances, who afterwards proved of great value; among whom was the late Mr. James Gray, of the High School, a sound classical scholar, and enthusiastic in his admiration of poetry.

As already observed, Hogg, on winding up the concerns of *The Spy*, found that, instead of gaining, he was considerably involved. But the "sun shone where it did," and there was no degree of poverty which could damp the Shepherd's courage. He had learned by experience "quid valeant humeri;" that is, how much and how rapidly he could compose: and failing in prose, fell back upon poetry. In a lucky moment, taking an idea from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, he conceived the plan of bringing several bards together at Holyrood, and of obtaining permission

for each to entertain Queen Mary with a ballad, for pastime, at Christmas tide.

Having cleared himself of the periodical trammels, and entirely broken off his connexion with "dram-drinking printers," he retired to an old-fashioned house, with a garden, in the "rural suburbs" of Edinburgh, where, in a state of tranquillity and silence almost as complete as that of his native mountains, he followed up his poetical scheme with great fervour. The opening verses indicate the feeling which animated him at commencement, and which, without one word of encouragement from friends during composition, was, nevertheless, kept up through the whole work. For the first time, therefore, since his losses, our hero felt upon firm ground, being convinced that the verses he produced were above mediocrity; and he cared little about the "wild winds of adversity" so long as he could write *balladism* (as Wordsworth afterwards contemptuously called it) with ease and effect. Besides, if his friend, the "Shurra," or "Walter" (as he sometimes used to designate Scott), had made large sums by "minstrelsy," why should not another do the like; more especially as, in the Shepherd's estimation, 100*l.* would have been of incalculably more importance than 1000*l.* in the eyes of the said sheriff!

Nor were such day-dreams without some rational basis. It was, I think, in the winter of 1812-13, that the *Queen's Wake* made its appearance, in a handsomely printed 8vo, published by W. Goldie, Prince's Street, who, as Hogg probably thought, was to be the bibliopole who would collect for him the materials of a fortune, as he would certainly assist in spreading the poet's fame. Here, may a small scrap of egotism be allowed? I vividly remember the delight attending my first perusal of the *Queen's Wake*. With all its faults, with that defiance of strict logic, if not of grammar, and affected quaintness of style which often disfigured Hogg's productions, it was so immeasurably better than aught which one had expected from him, that I felt unable to lay down the volume, when once begun, till it was entirely perused. My copy was maltreated with lines in red ink, which I had drawn under the most notable passages; and on the title-page I had written the hackneyed quotation, "*Palmarum qui mernit ferat.*" This I was led to do, on account of the

enmity which Hogg had excited by *The Spy*, and the sneers directed against some of his former ballads (by persons *innately vulgar*, whom no outward advantages could enlighten); this rendering it probable enough that the praise which he really deserved for the *Queen's Wake* might be denied him.

But, to do Edinburgh justice, it must be admitted that the poem immediately found partisans and admirers. It was universally granted that the Shepherd was no ordinary man; and from the publication of this volume commenced a new era in his life. He was now turned of forty years of age, until which date, as he used frequently to observe, he "never composed any thing worth reading." Henceforth he became a very notable personage, whom a certain class considered it an honour to have at their convivial parties; and in other circles (but this required more time) it was deemed laudible (or at least excusable) to parade him as a curiosity.

So frequently was he invited, that he gave up his suburban retreat, and came to reside in an odd-looking place called St. Ann Street, under the North Bridge, which (the street, I mean) was afterwards pulled down. Here it is probable that his whole expenditure was formed on a scale not exceeding 35*l.* per annum; for through life he appeared a model of contentment and cheerfulness, so that it was next to impossible to upset his philosophical composure. In St. Ann Street, and afterwards in Gabriel's Road, domiciled with the widow of a hackney coachman, he seemed quite happy. Besides, his mind was now occupied with an immense number of plans, which, considering his age and perfect health, he might reckon on at least thirty good years to complete. The "sclate" was always filled with verses (double columned) three or four times a-day, so that more was produced than the author found it convenient to copy; but as to the obvious and easy improvement of having two slates, or one of larger dimensions, that would have been an innovation such as he could by no means be persuaded to entertain.

I have already adverted to Hogg's vanity as being of a peculiar kind (of which more hereafter). There were but few people, if any, to whom he did not consider himself equal, or even superior, in intellectual power, treating them with

a kindly patronising air; and as to those who were narrow-minded and base enough to exhibit contempt for the truly honest and kind-hearted Shepherd, he justly observed that they were "poor misguided fools," unworthy of his serious notice.

Having removed from St. Ann Street, to a sky-parlour in another odd place called Gabriel's Road, he very unceremoniously addressed a note to Mr. John Wilson, assuring that gentleman (with whom he had no previous intercourse), that he had been greatly pleased with his *Isle of Palms*; and would be glad if Mr. W. would take a chop with him some day, as he wished to have the pleasure of his acquaintance. Delighted with the *naïveté* of this conduct, and diverted with the joke, Mr. Wilson, punctual to an appointment which had been made, clambered up the common stair, and at the top was introduced into a neat and cheerful apartment, where he found the poet, and his best friend, Mr. John Grieve (a well-known manufacturer of hats on the North Bridge); the former receiving his guest as if he had been a brother shepherd (*Arcades ambo*!), with a cordiality and kindness worthy of a great mind. Possibly, Hogg's leading notion was to afford his visitor (as a much younger man, but whose "*Palms*" were buds of promise) some critical hints which might be of service to him; for whilst quite above taking advice in literary matters, he had an ultra Tory spirit, and expected that others would receive it submissively from him. The perpetual Scotch dinner of "brandered skate and minced collops," which may be had in every lodging, however humble, was as usual excellent, and the whisky punch inimitable. The author of the *Isle of Palms*, who had never in his life either seen or expected to see such an original, was highly entertained. Topics for conversation were inexhaustible, and the time flew unperceived till eleven, when Wilson, recollecting that he was engaged to an evening party at his own residence, took the Shepherd thither along with him, who, being in high glee, sang his best songs, and played his best tunes on the fiddle, to the great amusement of the company there assembled; and, as usual at Edinburgh, day broke ere they separated. Thus began an acquaintance, which was kept up without a cloud, and without any inter-

mission, till the day of the Shepherd's death.

Leading a retired life, and being for some time in ill health, I did not become personally acquainted with Hogg till the year 1814, when I met him at dinner in company with the late Lord Kinnecker (then Mr. W. Erskine), John Pinkerton, and Henry Weber. From our first interview, I had those favourable impressions of the Shepherd, which were afterwards amply confirmed and justified. His mild, reflective countenance, wore that expression which can only be given by contentment, and the "*mens sibi consciu recti*." In whatever society or circumstances he might find himself, James Hogg was *semper idem*. I hope my remarks on his peculiar vanity will not be misunderstood, for being founded on certain *data*, it was also restricted; and never was any mortal more free from that weakness which is of all the most troublesome and repulsive in social intercourse—namely, the desire for *effect* and *display*. His demeanour and conversation were at all times quite as unaffected as if he had been at his paternal fireside in Ettrick forest. He aimed not at wit nor argument; in fact, had seldom any preconceived aim; but his thoughts flowed freely, and he gave them as they arose, with the energy of a man, and almost the *naïveté* of a child. He would argue readily enough if people were disposed for contradiction, but to make him lose temper was utterly impracticable. If others got angry, he only "guffawed;" and the grotesque manner in which he sometimes illustrated his own positions, made his antagonist laugh also. He had great enjoyment of life; and, as Charles Lamb says of somebody, I forget who, "his good-humour was catching." It was hardly possible to start any subject on which he had not formed some notions of his own, which were advanced with the better grace, because, whether right or wrong, they were unaffectedly original.

On occasion of the first meeting to which I have alluded, the drawing-room tables, before dinner, were covered with books, among which Pinkerton's *Historical Gallery* was one. This the Shepherd seized upon, and pored over with great delight.

"Eh, man!" said he to the old antiquary, "I just pat the finishing touch to the last *ack* o' a national

tragedy this morning, and if I had seen this young leddy's picture and the notice aboot her in time, I micht hae contrived to mak her the heroine!" (heroine).

"If poets would give themselves the trouble to read enough, before they commence writing," said Pinkerton, sarcastically, "we might hope for a new era in their department of literature."

"I'm no vera sure aboot that, Mr. Pinkerton," answered the Shepherd. "She's a bonny leddy, this, and her name's vera grand and aristocratic; but I wad na' hae troubled myself to read ony mair aboot her, than twa three lines, just to gie her a local habitation and fix the date o' the yepoch."

"So much the worse for your chance of making a good tragedy, Mr. Hogg," said Pinkerton.

The Shepherd guffawed at this, remembering that *Pinky* himself, with all his learning, had just produced a tragedy, which, in truth, was a woful bad one.

"I read new books when they come to hand, and I find them no stupit," resumed Hogg. "Bat, d'ye ken, Maister Pinkerton, it's a grand principle o' mine, that the less a poet reads, it's a' the better for him!"

"*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," retorted Pinkerton; "that is to say —"

"Oo, I ken the Latin weel enuch," interposed the Shepherd; "I had it yince in *The Spy*."

"Well, but you are for reversing the old proposition. You maintain that the less a man puts into his head, the more will come out of it."

"I ken weel," replied Hogg, "that if a man never reads a book, and never heeds what other folk says, it's no possible for him to be an imitator. That's my plan, Mr. Pinkerton; and it follows that my poetry, if it be no that gude, yet it's pure original."

"You may believe it to be so, Mr. Hogg; yet, perhaps, if you read more you might discover, that whatever you considered original, had been said in better style above 1800 years ago."

"Weel, at a' ye'vents, gin it be so, that's no *my* blame," said the Shepherd, warming with the subject; "and what's mair, wi' a' due respect for learned folk, no arguments will gar me relinquish my ain plan."

"Bravo!" cried Pinkerton, ironically. "Mr. Hogg, have you ever heard the old liues?—"

' A fool in each sentence he frames will
rejoice,
Nor knows in his writings the torment of
choice;
But far happier he than ——'

" But I do ken the torment o' choice,
Mr. Pinkerton!" interrupted the Shepherd, " and a sad torment it is; and *that* gars me write upon a *schlate*; and *that* comes o' having sic rowth o' notions, feelins', and images! What the mischief should a man delve amang books for, when he has mair notions o' his ain, than he can manage to set upon paper?"

" Well, be it so," said Pinkerton, " if you will, for I am glad to hear the dinner-bell."

" But stay a bit," said the Shepherd, " and never heed the bell till I just tell ye something. Every *symph* that has been to schule and college, can

read books; there's naething extraordinary' in that. But every sensible man has a book in his ain *heart and mind*, that's worth a' the leeberaries in the world, if he could but understand it, and make the best of it. Leeberaries ye can exhaust; that is, I'm thinking, if the corn was winnowed out o' the caff, there's no sae muckle in them as yin wad imagine; but the mind is like a magic well, that yields all things, if only ye hae discretion and patience, and work deep enuch!"

Erskine, as usual with him before dinner, had sat staring in profound silence. As we went down stairs, he whispered to me,—

" Hogg is the strangest of mortals. He has broached a good metaphysical doctrine, without even being able to tell what the word means."

No. II.

About the year 1814, unfortunately, Hogg discovered that his hopes of pecuniary gain from the *Queen's Wake* were as fallacious as those from *The Spy* had been. The poem had reached a second edition, and Mr. Goldie (whom I have already mentioned as publisher) could not deny that profits, to a certain extent, were due to the author; but on one pretext or another he put off the evil day of settling accounts until a third edition should be called for. The third edition did come out; and, in a few days afterwards, Mr. Goldie became a bankrupt; so that Hogg, not having had any proper bargain drawn and engrossed, lost not only whatever money he ought to have received from the bookseller, but also the copies of the third edition, which were now become the property of creditors. By this event, however disappointed, he was by no means disheartened, and when friends talked to him of the *Queen's Wake* as a *chiff-d'œuvre*, he replied, " Na, na! wait a bit, and I'll let ye see a far better poem nor *you*!" Accordingly, the old *schlate* was in constant requisition, and, in the course of about eighteen months or two years, it yielded the following original productions:—

Pilgrims of the Sun,
Mador of the Moor,
Queen Hynde,
Five or six dramatic pieces,
The Poetic Mirror,
Numberless songs, &c.

Most of the above were composed during his residence at Gabriel's Road, behind the Register Office, afterwards remarkable for being the scene of the earlier *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. In this humble abode was spent, probably, the happiest period of his life, for he had then the largest *quantum* of day-dreams, and he had found his place, and was kindly welcomed in the best classes of Edinburgh society. The *schlate* was always filled with poetry, such as *ought* to make its author immortal; and if it did not immediately succeed, no matter, for nothing was more easy than to supersede a bad or defective poem with a good one. "The book of one's own mind and heart," as he said to Pinkerton, "is inexhaustible, if it be properly studied."

Another favourite crotchet of the Shepherd's, to which he obstinately adhered, was the notion that, in composing either verse or prose, he never would have any pre-conceived groundwork. His longest and best poems, he averred, had sprung from beginnings, which originally he did not intend to carry out beyond a few stanzas. Without this particular plan (or negation of plans), he declared that writing would not afford him any amusement. Thoughts, incidents, feelings, and characters, sprang up unsought and unexpected, often to his own great surprise; and thus, as he maintained, augured well for his chance of also surprising others. Of a new produc-

tion, when the *slate* had been occupied with it for a day or two, he used to talk as if it had a principle of life and volition.

"Eh, man!" said he one morning, "ye're a grand critic, nae doubt, wi' your Greek, and Latin, and logic, and metaphysics! *You* story that you and Jeems Wilson baith lench at yestreen, is *gaun to turn out* just the very best and maist curious thing that ever I composed in a' my life,—and that's no little to say!"

As to so-styled friends with whom he was on an intimate footing, he had them, like Burns, in great number, but like Burns (or like most people), had reason to own that the number of his real friends was very limited. Yet the bitterness with which the Ayrshire poet sometimes regarded the realities of society, was not experienced by James Hogg. His *soi-disant* friends, who had revelled with him in a merry chorus over night, would, perhaps, have been little disposed to aid him, had he pleaded disappointments, poverty, and distress, on the morrow; but he who is content is richer than a king. James Hogg, residing at Gabriel's Road, had so little need for wealth, that he recked not how selfish and stupid the world around him might be. Nor was it possible to "int him on the raw," so that, like the irritable Burns, he might be roused to caustic acrimony or loud indignation, for he was shielded by the impenetrable armour of patience and placidity. Purse-proud insolence might excite his contempt, but was beneath his anger. Booksellers and editors might reject his productions, or publish them for their own advantage without paying the Shepherd one penny; but no matter, he "could live without them, and they might just gang their ain gait to the devil!" If he shewed wrath, there was generally some grotesque humour along with it, which neutralised the bitter. On one occasion, having demanded cash of Constable and been refused, he began his next note to the bookseller with "D—d sir."

At one private house, that of an Edinburgh advocate, rather eccentric in character, and long since dead, he was a very frequent visitor. He was there completely *at home*; was always in his best possible spirits; indeed, he used to say that he "felt just

as if the whole grand house, the books, the pictures, the wine-cellar, the *fortepiano*, the organ, the fiddles, and a' the rest, were his ain." "And what," added he, "after a', is the muckle difference? If they were my ain, I should hae to leave them some day, and I'm likely to hae the use o' them as long as I bide in Edinburgh." So well and divertingly did Hogg acquit himself at convivial parties under this roof, that people of good rank who (not being much addicted to literature) would otherwise never have dreamed of inviting the Shepherd, were delighted to have him for a guest. On occasion of his first visit to the late Lady W. (mother of the present Sir H. W.), the poet was somewhat puzzled. Being asked at dinner whether he would partake of some dish that stood before the hosts, he answered, "Am no sure. Will any body tell me what it is? I ne'er saw the like o't!" His caution forsook him, however, when, with the desert, two shapes of ice were set upon the table, and a servant having brought him a portion, he rashly took a large spoonful. Perceiving his condition of not very agreeable surprise, I asked, in a marked tone, whether he would pledge me in a *dram*?

"Eh, man!" said he, "we are aye my steddily friends! But d'ye think Lady W. keeps ony whusky?"

"I don't think, but am sure," said I; and on the cordial being brought,—

"Hech, me!" added the poet, alluding to the raspberry ice, "I thoct by the shape and colour, that it was some fine, *het*, sweet *puddin*!"

In the course of that evening, it fell to the Shepherd's lot to be partner at whist with the once notable Mrs. Oliphant, of Rossie. The bard played carelessly, and, of course, lost; at which the ancient gambler expressed her indignation in no measured terms. Gladly making his escape, he said to me, "Hech, man! I'm tired o' this party. What ca' ye that auld wife? I never met wi' sic a rudas carline. She's downright fearsome!"

After the Waverley novels came into repute, Hogg blundered sadly by publishing a prose story called the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, which he thought must, forsooth, be *comme il faut*, because it rested mainly on traditional *facts*, but which was any thing but creditable. He had taken up the absurd notion that prose should not

only be written as fast as one can speak, but *ought not* to receive any emendation whatever. The result was, that in almost all his prose stories, there were good points thrown away, for want of proper management. And as if he had intended a marked example of his own eccentricity in this respect, the odious *Brownie* was accompanied by a really beautiful dedication in verse to Lady Anne Scott; who, it is to be hoped, was never led thereby into reading any further.

Thoroughly aware that Hogg might do better as a prose writer if he would but take the trouble, I sometimes counselled him on the subject, but it was of no avail. I insisted on the benefits that might accrue to literature, if authors mutually corrected their productions; for example, one party taking the prose, and the other the poetical department of critical emendation; to which he replied, that he "would willingly correct a' mainer of poyses, and put some life into them, always excepting Petrarchen sonnets, which he could not abide." But as to allowing his own productions, whether prose or verse, it mattered not which, to be retouched, there was no man on earth, not Walter Scott, nor Lord Byron—no, nor Southey, "wi' a' his acuney and awcumen," that he would allow to meddle with them. "As the tree falls, so let it lie," added he, "and if the *Brownie* happens no' to tak' your fancy, aiblins there may be ither folk—nosumphs neither—who may like it better." So the case was hopeless.

To return to the busy year 1814, Hogg, who sometimes received long letters from Lord Byron, and had personally met with Wordsworth and other eminent characters, formed the notion which has since been so frequently realised by others, of publishing a handsome volume containing only one poem by himself, and the rest to be made up by voluntary contributions. Promises came from various quarters, but in vain did he look for fulfilment. The scheme was not recommended like that of some of the London Annuals in after times, by an undertaking to pay ten guineas per page! Offerings from minor authors did, indeed, crowd his table, but this was not what the Shepherd wanted. I think Wordsworth alone kept his promise by giving "Yarrow Visited."

On this occasion Hogg acted in a

manner which certainly was novel and original. Having announced to a publisher the promises he had received, he, of course, found that the plan was eagerly welcomed; and inquiries being afterwards made, from time to time, whether the contributions had fallen in, he responded complacently, that the plan was slow, but sure, and "Byron had already sent him *yae* (one) canto of something extraordinar' gude; and the rest, nae doot, wad arrive in a week, or aiblins in a month." At last (but this was not till a long time afterwards) he announced that the collection was quite ready. With a dexterity which, considering the resources of the Ettrick Shepherd, must appear not a little marvellous, he had completed a poem suitable, as he thought, to represent the production of each intended contributor. They had not written, and he therefore stood proxy for all; the job being at last very hastily worked off, but so well that the "reading public" of modern Athens were at first completely mystified. Of course, no mortal was found so gullible as to believe that the serious poems, any more than the caricatures, were written by Byron, Scott, Southey, &c.; but, on the other hand, it was quite impossible that the Shepherd could have written them. *Whose then were they?* From the sale of this little volume (the first edition), John Ballantyne handed him over, I believe, about thirty-eight pounds; so that, in regard to emolument, it was among the best adventures Hogg had yet made. But a prophet is no prophet in his native land. As soon as the Athenians discovered that the poems were, with one exception, actually the production of the Ettrick Shepherd, instead of applauding, they were considerably offended at his effrontery, and the second edition remained a dead weight, although the "Good Greye Katie," by Hogg himself in his own character, was alone well worth the price that was charged for the volume.

This reminds me of the fourth edition of the *Queen's Wake*, which also brought the author some profit, and to which Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe kindly contributed a frontispiece of excellent humour, the subject being taken from a scene in the ballad of the "Greye Katie" above mentioned. Mr. Sharpe always cordially appreciated the Shepherd's merits; and

though not particularly well pleased with being classed among the *birds* in the Chaldee MS. (of which hereafter), his good-will continued unabated.

I believe the *Dramatic Tale*, in which there are some excellently conceived scenes, and powerfully expressed passages, were mostly composed in 1814 or 1815, though not published till some years afterwards. With respect to one of these, I have now before me an autograph note to the Shepherd from Sir W. Scott, which, by the hand-writing (for it has no date), seems to belong to the year 1812 or 1813. It is as follows:—

“Dear Sir,—I return your play, which I have perused with great pleasure, although I have marked, with a remorseless fidelity—for which, perhaps, you will hardly thank me—every passage which I object to. If either this or any other play of yours should be put into a completely corrected state, I think it might be possible to get it tried on the London stage, which, if successful, would get both fame and profit. There is an objection to this one, which might be difficult to get clear of: viz. that the beauties are rather those of language than of action. The plot is divided among too many characters and interests to admit of being compressed into one interesting piece of action. In fact, beauty of language may be more easily spared upon the stage, than interest of action; and hence plays are often seen with interest in the theatre, which are wretched stuff in the closet, and *vice versa*.”

“I am afraid, too, that the incidents of *the hawk*, and the discovery of King Robert, though the latter is highly dramatic, might not be deemed altogether original. Good King Robert should make a greater figure through the drama than he does; but if you will call to-day at any hour before four, I will school you a little upon theatrical matters, having very little time to write at present.

“Yours, very truly, W. S.

“Castle Street, Mmdau.”

From his *Pilgrims of the Sun*, and *Mador of the Moor*, the Shepherd, I believe, expected grand results; for they were, as he said, “pure original,” and no one had ever even dreamed of the like. With regard to the *Pilgrims*, as far as I remember, they turned out a decided failure; but *Mador* had many admirable stanzas, exhibiting great fervour of sentiment and command of versification. In both poems he showed that *innate power* which Southey admired and particularised;

but remodelling and correction, after the verses had once been transferred from the slate, he utterly abhorred; and to no mortal, as already mentioned, would he concede the privilege of becoming a practical emendator.

The *schute* on which he wrote was a strange one, being without frame, broken at the edges, and in form, as he usually placed it before him, like an old Roman altar. As he often complained that when it was filled on both sides, the process of composition must be stopped entirely, till he had time to transcribe; and as it was clear that he would on no account purchase another, I provided for him one of the largest size, like the leaf of an ordinary writing-desk; but it would not do. There was a spell about the old slate, which broke utterly when he tried another. With difficulty he wrote two *Pittrachie sonnets* on his new tablet, and then laid aside altogether.

Toward the end of 1811 the Shepherd became a member of a club, perhaps the most eccentric in its regulations and conduct of any that ever existed. The parliament-rooms at Edinburgh, for a few prudent individuals, may be a school of moderation and folly. It happened that a young advocate, by no means of the prudent class, and who never even wished to plead a cause, gave a *bailli-banquet* on occasion of his assuming the honours of the wig and gown, and invited Hogg. Next day the Shepherd dined with him in return to a dinner-party, which he was *croiquar*, and *Grieve jasses*; the latter being surrounded by some tough, honest farmers, from Ettrick and Yarrow. Hogg's division was made up of “town's folk,” mostly advocates, of whom I was one. At our end of the table, mock speeches, toasts, songs, and deafening shouts of applause, followed in such rapid succession, that the Shepherd complained he had no time to drink, whilst the farmers sat staring in silent astonishment. So great was the noise of that meeting, that a mob gradually collected on the street, who listened to the songs, and echoed our shouts; and so ludicrous and absurd were the proceedings towards the close of the evening, that, to prolong the mirth, it was agreed to meet again on the following day, changing the scene to Oman's, a then

noted hotel near to Hogg's residence. Thus led to the formation of the "Right, wrong, or right," club, which met every day, Sundays not excepted, for the next three months, the members varying the rendezvous from taverns to private houses, and from town to country, but always assembling somewhere at five o'clock, and never separating on the same day when they met. This was carrying festivity to a systematic extreme, which, as the Shepherd records, had nearly cost him his life, though he usually retired about midnight. I remember on one occasion, when a jovial trio had survived the rest of that day's club, there was, at three o'clock of a December morning, bright and beautiful moonlight, with an atmosphere balmy and genial as if the season had been summer, whereupon it was resolved to have a walk to Portobello for the purpose of disturbing the member Sir J. McN. who had broken the regulation; but this was not to be done till we called on the Scotch Lord and insisted on his joining our party with the twofold intent of rousing McN. and thereafter climbing Arthur's Seat to see the sun rise.

"Right, wrong, or right!" as early as possible, I ascended the hill in a star of Hogg's domicile, in Thomas's Road, and knocked furiously; then Mrs. Tunny, his amiable landlady, started up, exclaiming,—

"Lord's sake! what d'ye want? what's the matter now?"

"Right, wrong, or right! Tol de do! Ye hocks! Hurrah, hurrah! Must see Mr. Hogg directly."

"Let him in,—let him in, Mrs. Tunny!" cried the Shepherd, awakening; "them chaps wad think naething to brak' doon the door."

"By your oath," said I, "of adherence so often sworn to the principles of our society, I command you, James Hogg, to arise from untimely slumbers, and to assist your friend, *right, wrong, or right*, in his present enterprise, which is to walk by moonlight to Portobello, rouse John McN., and thereafter to ascend to the top of Arthur's seat, for the purpose of seeing the sun rise out of the German Ocean."

"I saw him rise out owre the hills o' Ettrick *every* morning for thirty years," answered the Shepherd, "and am no gaun to leave my comfortable bed for sic a daft-like ploy."

"But M.'s conduct was unpardonable. He is an unworthy and recreant member."

"That may be. It's a' the waur for him. Nae doot he'll rae it some day."

"Our intention is that he shall rue it directly. But, setting that matter aside, the moon shines so beautifully, and the air is so balmy, it is a night wherein no poet ought to sleep."

"Am vera determined to sleep," answered the Shepherd, "as soon as I can get rid o' you."

"You shall not sleep; right, wrong, or right, up you get,—and here goes!"

"Let a be! A joke's a joke. But, to tell you the plain truth, I find myself by no means weel; and instead o' being able to walk out the night, aiblins I'll no be fit to rise the morn. Ye mawn just excuse me."

"Well, in that case, be it so. Good night!"

"But since ye're grown quieter, stay a bit, till ye get a screed o' my mind. Our club, na doobt, is vera poetical; I'll no deny that. But I'll tell ye *yas* thing that micht be started as an improvement; for example, if we had among us twa three grains o' common sense! That's a commodity in quhuik we seem to be terribly deficient, and its o' great use now and then till a poet. Now tak' an auld shepherd's advice; garg hame, and think nae mair about Portobello, or the moonlight, or sunrising."

Sir Walter Scott heard of the nonsensical goings on of the R. W. or R. Club, as to which he at once predicted that they were too violent to last long; and, on being told of the Shepherd's illness, was extremely desirous to know how he fared, and if assistance were needed, though for some time previous they had scarcely been on speaking terms. But the malady was of short duration; and, in the beginning of 1815, Hogg resumed his usual course of life, acting as bard at the first Burns's anniversary dinner, the notion of which had been started by the right and wrong *clique*. Within that year, Mr. Wilson returned from Ellera to Edinburgh, and afterwards became the Shepherd's especial friend and patron. On the wreck of the old club, a new one (the "Dilletante") was established, whose meetings, if no less uproarious, did not take place so often, and therefore could be borne with.

The kind attentions shewn to him by that most amiable of noblemen, the late Duke of Buccleuch, and his establishment *rent-free* in the little farm of Altrive, formed the next epoch in our hero's life. The immediate incentive to this consisted in some very feeling and melodious stanzas which the Shepherd had written in memory of the late duchess, whose accomplishments, beauty, and charitable disposition, will never be forgotten in Scotland. That the duke intended Hogg's permanent advantage and welfare, there can be no doubt. A neat but small cottage was soon erected, suitable for the habitation of the Shepherd; and it was supposed, I believe, that Altrive might yield a clear income of about 80*l.* per annum.

But this migration back from town to country was attended with one awkward contingency, which no one could have foreseen. Whilst at Edinburgh, the Shepherd had, indeed, more than enough of society; but then he might choose his own time for being in company, or avoid it altogether, by shutting himself up in his own rooms, and "sporting oak." On the contrary, the conviviality of Altrive partook of the spirit of the Right and Wrong Club,—for it was almost perpetual. Hogg had left in Edinburgh numberless acquaintances, who, when time hung heavy on their hands, thought it excellent amusement to travel by the mail, or stage-coach, as far as it would carry them, and then walk the rest of the way to Altrive. Nay, they would walk the entire way, if the weather happened to be favourable, and passing one night on the road, would afterwards contrive matters so as to arrive, exceedingly tired with their exertions, just at the Shepherd's dinner-hour. Being so much in need of refreshment, they, however, were always quite contented with the homeliest fare, provided only that it was followed by great plenty of Arcadian drink,—that is to say, the pure mountain stream, qualified by Glenlivet, for the purpose merely of killing the *animalculæ*.

But on such occasions, no sooner are the sacred duties of hospitality fulfilled, than, perhaps, the weather suddenly changes. It rains hard, and though the cottage is a mere cabin, yet your visitor cannot be expected to travel any further,—for Altrive is a lonely and wild place. There is no public-house for a great distance, and,

nolens volens, he must trespass on the Shepherd for a lodging through the night. One night, it is true, will soon pass away, though the company of an idle, unideaed "*sorner*" will render it irksome enough; but with morning still appears the lubberly intruder, and perhaps it still rains: perhaps, also, your pilgrim, from being indulgently treated, has waxed insolent; pretends to be utterly unconscious that he is a bore, and deserves to be kicked out, and after breakfast will even sportively set himself down to the shepherd's own table, and get possession of the *schläte*!! If the day clears up, he will not be able to resist the temptation of trying to catch some trout with bait in St. Mary's loch; and, having brought his own rod and tackle, will only borrow the Shepherd's boat. Before his sport is over, two of his most intimate friends arrive from Edinburgh, and find him thus occupied; and they also carry fishing-rods, and are intimately acquainted with Hogg; and, with many polite apologies, they all three find their way, just about dinner-time, to the poor persecuted cottage! But, then, like true Arcadians, and independent spirits, they, forsooth have provided their own dinner: nay, they generously request their host's kind acceptance of the whole baskèful, and see only—what magnificent trouts!

Sat verbum sapienti. It will easily be seen at this rate, neither literary industry nor rational economy could be practised at Altrive. The poet would have been delighted with his situation, but he was not suffered to enjoy it. On the contrary, for the sake of quiet, and in order to follow out his literary labours, he was actually obliged to retire from the country into Edinburgh, where he took refuge at the house of his kind friend, Mr. John Grieve, in Teviot Row, near the Meadows.

Here he was entirely tranquil, being left every day from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, quite alone. But there were other motives besides that of escaping from "*sorners*" which rendered it advisable for Hogg to revisit Edinburgh. He had always stoutly maintained that Constable's blue and buff review ought not to be the *only* successful journal published in Scotland; and that even *The Spy* would have been profitable, if rightly managed. The day had now arrived when his no-

tions as to the importance of periodical literature were to be acted on by others, who were better able to carry them into effect; and by means of a monthly pamphlet a novel *impetus* was given to literature, the consequences of which are felt even at the present day, when the cause (as such) is no longer recognised.

Messrs. Pringle and Cleghorn, the former a poet, the latter a farmer and political economist, had formed the notion of a new magazine, to be published by Blackwood, who undertook the task, and had discretion enough to see that the plan was feasible, and might turn to good account. Hogg was on friendly terms with both editors, and delighted in the scheme. But Pringle was very jealous of his editorial dignity, and extremely fastidious in his choice and correction of articles; moreover, he was poor, and from the outset Blackwood domineered over and *brusqued* him. Cleghorn was also poor, but of a sturdy disposition, and he *brusqued* every body. Not one of the parties had much experience in the management of periodical literature, though each obstinately maintained his own opinion; and, as might easily have been foreseen, two minutes had not gone through the press ere bookseller and editors ceased to talk on speaking terms. In revenge for Blackwood's insolent and intolerable conduct, as they termed it, Pringle and Cleghorn forthwith cemented an engagement with Constable for a new series of his *Edinburgh Magazine*, which had long been of a character beneath mediocrity, but which under their management, they conceived, might be raised into a thriving work, whilst they left Blackwood unpiloted to drive against the rocks.

This, however, was a termination which Blackwood by no means considered necessary; and no sooner did he discover that his offended editors had been taken up by Constable, whom he detested, than he gave his mind to the magazine with a spirit which otherwise he would never have shewn. Acting as his own editor, but having the advice and steady co-operation of one powerful and original author, with assistance from several individuals of talent whose names did not immediately transpire, he perceived plainly enough that the rivalry was in his favour, and that he could by degrees establish a journal such as would baffle competition.

At commencement, he had of course difficulties enough to contend with, which were unavoidably to be expected in a society made up of conflicting parties. The scurrility, and personality, too, for which the veiled editors incurred so much blame, were at the outset a very natural result of their position; for being in a state of *warfare*, it was doubtless considered fair to take every means of annoying their opponents, and for this purpose what method could be better than to render the said opponents ridiculous, and to have the laugh on their own side?

The outeries about personality, however, originated in a trifling and laughable *jeu d'esprit*. The Shepherd, at a leisure moment, without dreaming of any remarkable consequences, had begun a quaint history of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the quarrels thence arising, in scriptural phraseology, styling the *cleverant* editors the "two beasts," and, I believe, forgot the fragment as soon as it was written.

Falling into the hands of Blackwood's principal supporters, it, however diverted them to such degree, that they industriously followed up the notion; and, under the guise of beasts and birds, characterised and caricatured not only editors, but every other literary character who had enlisted, or was supposed inclined to enlist, under Constable's banner. Thus arose the once far-famed Chaldee MS., without the extraordinary *bruit* attending which, it is probable, that all the sterling merits of the journal would not have earned for it that high reputation which was afterwards acquired and secured.

That society always affords scope enough for the satirist's animadversions is a self-evident proposition; and among prevalent weaknesses, there is none that strikes me as more pitiful than the vindictive spite which is excited by personal ridicule in public prints. Compared with the attacks of the private slanderer, who skulks about in mantle and vizor, such public aggressions are always a *bagatelle*. Yet to some persons they cause acute torment. Is not this an indirect confession that they have no sterling, innate, and intrinsic powers (or worth) to rely upon, and are more concerned about shadow than substance? Peter Schlemihl had *entirely lost* his shadow, which, no doubt, was exceedingly awkward. But these people are so excessively irritable and

anxious about the shadow, that they cannot bear even with its being momentarily intercepted, or distorted by a flickering gleam of wicked wit!

Had the parties, who considered themselves tremendously wounded and aggrieved by the Chaldee MS., only laughed at the thing, or treated it with silent contempt, the consequences would, of course, have been trifling and transient. But the "beasts and birds" were almost all embittered and outrageous. Some in their paroxysm would horsewhip Blackwood (who stood gaping in amazement at the disturbance); others would find out, and fight the author (no easy matter, as at least *three* authors were equally implicated); others would commence actions at law; and yet all were perplexed, for they knew not exactly what they ought to do, or what they contended for. However, the latter method (legal process) was actually resorted to by one highly respectable gentleman, who recovered damages from Blackwood to a considerable amount; though I cannot for my life perceive how in reality he was injured by the composition. On account of this precious MS., *Blackwood's Magazine* became at once the prevalent subject for gossip, both at Edinburgh and through the whole country. The impression of the number was immediately exhausted, and a second edition called for, which issued *without* the Chaldee libel. Then the people were enraged, and stormed because they could not obtain that which they had before declared was scurrilous, wicked, and abominable. Private copies, with MS. notes—that is, a key to the names of the offended parties (or those who insisted on wearing the cap because it fitted)—were in immense demand, and looked upon as a great prize.

Of course, and as already said, the success of *Blackwood's Magazine* was greatly promoted by this composition, which in some respects was objectionable enough; but if the truth be, that all the talents in the world could not have interested the public so much as the satirical article, surely less blame is imputable to the magazine than to the state of society in which it appeared.

"Mischief needs but a beginning" [I wish the same could be said of good]. The public had rashly acknowledged that immense effect could

be produced by personality, and this was the very strongest inducement to try it on *further*. "You wince and writhe," said the Ebonians, "and therefore you shall have some more of it." On the consideration of every article, hereafter, it was queried, as to passages even the most inoffensive, "Pray, will this be considered personal?" And if not, the author usually felt very much disposed to make it so. In short, it was a repetition of the old story of boys throwing snow-balls at passengers. He who takes the joke with good humour escapes; but if he turns round in wrath, there is immediately a roar of laughter; and no sooner has he recommenced his walk homewards, than he receives another ball (perhaps with a flinty heart), as the reward of his pugnacity.

The gradual "rise and progress" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, however, became, henceforth, a source of great amusement, and some profit to Hogg. He contributed prose stories, under the title of the "Shepherd's Calendar;" continued to write poems; and, as all the world knows, was turned to account as enacting the character of the Shepherd at the "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

These "Noctes," instead of being merely invented, as may have been supposed, were at first adaptations of what actually took place at tavern-meetings in Gabriel's Road, before the landlord shifted his quarters to Picardy Place,—meetings which took place naturally enough, when Blackwood, in the joy of his heart, invited a successful contributor to "bread and cheese" at the house where he had his own refreshments,—the so-styled bread and cheese soon changing into beef-steaks, porter, and port; and these in time giving way to venison, claret, and champagne. I will give an instance.

One afternoon, I think it was in the year 1824 or 25, I met Hogg in Princes Street, and requested that he would come to dinner at my house. He replied that it was impossible; "For," said he, "I am engaged with two grand American gentlemen that travelled a' the way from Philadelphia *just to see me* (me), and we are to dine together at Awmrose's. I'm gawn to ask Blackwood, and ye maun come yoursel, and be croupeer." In excuse, I pleaded my own party at home; but he insisted that a *candy* might be dispatched to each guest, and that they

should also dine at Ambrose's. Eventually this was arranged; and in the course of my walk, I ordered a hamper of choice wine to be sent to the tavern, with directions that part of it should be carefully cooled.

The party at dinner was not a large one. It consisted of Hogg, president; his "two grand Americans," young men of respectable demeanour (who personally knew several of the Transatlantic authors, and who wore frills and hand-ruffles, in the style of 1794); Blackwood; Timothy Tickler; and my friends,—to wit, a brother lawyer, and two Leith merchants. Of the three last, none had been at a "Noctes" before; and they were, consequently, much amused and surprised, as were, of course, the "two grand Americans." Indeed, one main charm of such jovial meetings depended on the introduction now and then of a *fresh man*, sufficiently intelligent to enjoy the broad humour of the scene. And the greatest attraction of all consisted in the complete *sans gêne* and comfort of the place, contrasted with the humility of the apartments.

The cheer that day was excellent, and Hogg in enormous glee; as usual with him on all festive occasions, denouncing the use of wine, and mixing up after jug of Glenlivet punch, in which the Leith merchants willingly joined him. About half-past ten, when our "mirth and fun" had begun to "grow fast and furious," arrived Messrs. L—— and G——; the former glad to escape from the theatre, where he had been assisting at a benefit; the latter somewhat tired, having walked all the way from his country-house, near Musselburgh. They were received with shouts of welcome. I directed their attention to the store of champagne and claret which had been left in the ice-pail; and, to their great satisfaction, ordered a supper of devilled lobsters and Welsh rabbit. Blackwood, who for the last hour had been fast asleep, tried to awake on the entrance of supper, and flopping of champagne corks; and opening half of one eye, helped himself to an *entire* Finnan haddock. The conversation, the songs, the practical jokes of that night, were all so extravagant and ridiculous, that it would have been impossible for any sober man to have *invented* the like. Within two days thereafter, the proceedings were furly

written out by L——, and printed by James Ballantyne. But of all the "Noctes" hitherto exhibited, this production looked the most unlike to truth, and yet was nothing more than a faithful sketch from real life.

As indicated by the title of this paper, I by no means intended a complete biography of James Hogg, but only a rapid sketch of leading events, and of his character. Of the latter years of his life, though we frequently met, I shall not at present attempt any record. Among his various literary productions not yet mentioned, the compilation of *Jacobite Relics* is remarkable, and well deserves to be revised and reprinted. Of his ludicrous *extravaganzas*, the most singular specimens are two novels, entitled the *Three Perils of Man*, and the *Three Perils of Woman*, each in three volumes. By the sale of these, however, Messrs. Longman and Co. realised a considerable sum; and they sent the author, I believe, about 250*l*. The *Perils of Woman* is a most diverting piece of *bizarerie*, exhibiting, however, a degree of *power* and inventive vivacity which, by a little judicious management, might have been turned to great account.

Hogg's marriage (about the year 1823), and his taking a large and too highly rented farm, brought ultimately cares, with which all his philosophy was scarcely equal to cope. Philosophy, as I have said in another place, belongs to the moral and spiritual sphere; but in this *material* one, a small piece of metal, which is but an earthy compound, will too often overbalance all the pure moral worth of all the sages that ever existed. The Shepherd could indeed laugh at the grim aspect of Poverty as long as he was *alone*; but he could not so quiescently see the spectre grinning at others whom he was bound to protect.

In 1832, he, *for the first time*, visited London, and, like every new-comer whose fame has preceded him, was cordially welcomed in the higher circles. A public dinner was given to him at the Freemason's Tavern, and he spent two months in a perpetual round of convivial entertainments. It seemed to me that, as an observant spectator in the capital, he might have achieved a good purpose by writing his opinions of all that was novel to him in the place, or the goings-on of

society. But, perhaps, his vanity would have been wounded by placing himself in the position of a *wondering* spectator; and with regard to *satirical* *censure*, for which town affords such ample scope, it was not very congenial to his disposition. Besides, his attention was fully occupied by a plan for a new edition of his miscellaneous prose-works, under the title of *Altrive Tales*, with illustrations by Cruikshank, and a biographical preface, of which the first volume (now completely "out of print") made its appearance, and there the matter stopped; for the publisher shortly afterwards became bankrupt, and the poet's hopes from that scheme were utterly blighted.

After two months of unprofitable festivity, James Hogg returned almost penniless to Mount Benger. Not without some trouble, about £50l. were afterwards raised among a few friends, to smooth those immediate difficulties to which the publisher's misfortune had inevitably led. For the rest of his life, it is obvious enough that the poet had his share of disappointments and anxiety. As already mentioned, he could *individually* regard worldly reverses with perfect indifference; but he was now liable to be cut and wounded where every generous mind is most vulnerable, namely, by the responsibility which attaches to a husband and a father. On account of those dependent on him, he could no longer calmly "look ruin in the face." But among his aristocratical friends, no one happened to take up the notion that it might have been honourable and graceful, as well as benevolent, to start a plan for the Shepherd's permanent relief. He looked back on a sixty years' struggle with adversity, during thirty of which he had enjoyed

the reputation of being an extraordinary man; but his fame had brought little profit; and at last, with a family to provide for, he found that his farming speculations turned out quite as unfortunately, as they had done in his early years. The attack of illness which caused his death would probably have been surmounted, as his cheerful disposition and good constitution bid fair for longevity, had it not been for the previous pressure of vexation on the springs of life. James Hogg was a great lover of field-sports, in which, and in convivial meetings, he seemed, up to the date of his last illness, to indulge with his wonted zest. But though disappointments and anxiety may be endured in silence, and without any change of *outward* demeanour, they are felt nevertheless. If he had not, like Corregio,* broken down, at an early age, under his burden, it was not because he had less to bear, but because his shoulders were stouter. By his death, one more was added to the list of original authors, whom, as the "Expositor of the False Medium" will have it, the public *chooses* to leave unrewarded. The public, in fact, forms no *choice* nor opinion about the matter. To an unreflecting reader, Corregio and James Hogg may seem an odd association of names. Both, however, rose into notice from the *humblest possible estate*, by the force of *innate* talents, under the greatest disadvantages; and they both ended as they began—in poverty, because both were destitute of that species of worldly wisdom (*alias* low cunning) by which pelf is acquired and held fast, and in which faculty (be it innate or acquired, *n'importe*) the vilest Jew in Whitechapel or Houndsditch would prove more than a match for the noblest poet or painter that ever existed.

* Who died carrying a load of copper coins.

THE CHURCH.

WE have several times had occasion to allude to this masterly work in the course of our lucubrations; but, though four or five editions of it are before us, we have not been able to open up its merits more fully to our readers. This is, however, less to be regretted, for the very satisfactory reason that the book is in almost every Churchman's hands, and has become a standard summary of the evidences in behalf of the national establishment. We only wish it could find its way into every Dissenter's house, and reach the remnant of unbiassed minds that are still within the dry and arid desert of Voluntaryism. We desire this, not so much from a persuasion that argument will mould the sects, but in order to shew that Churchmen are dependent for their preference, not on acts of parliament, but on conclusions the most irresistible from Scripture, from precedent, from experience. Substantial things alone transmute the Interest. Did we wish to turn every Dissenter in England into a Churchman, and were our means adequate to our wish, we would send him a few extra hundreds per annum, and a close carriage. This is found to tell with converseive power on almost every Dissenter's conscience. The moment he is able, he sends his son to the university, and rejoices to see him in holy orders. By and by he sets up his double-bodied *chay*, and has an occasional turn-out at the parish-church. In due time, by extraordinary good luck, he starts a close carriage; and the magic influence this last exerts on his once scrupulous conscience is so instantaneous and electric, that the chapel never sees him again. A carriage turns his conscience, and church-rates and tithes are no more grievances. Such a work as that on our table will shew, nevertheless, that carriages are not the only strength of the national church, and that Dissenters may become Churchmen in the meantime long before they are able to start even a double-bodied *chay*.

The author of the *Essays on the Church* has a style and manner so

idiosyncratic, that none can mistake his pen. His writing has the terseness of Cobbett, without his vulgarity; the common sense and clearness of that extraordinary man, with the polish of Addison. He usually presents a plain, straightforward analysis, and prefers facts to figures in making good his positions. He appears to have either an incapacity or a disdain for eloquence and elaborate rhetoric. Simple statement of facts, just deductions from inspired statements or established truths, honest comparisons of proud boastings, with long-continued practices, together with a sort of homely English writing, constitute the main characteristics of "a Layman." We have the more excuse in bringing forward this work, from the circumstance that the dissenting journals are puffing off a Dr. Wardlaw, who has edified, hebdomadally, the tailorocracy, the cobblersocracy, and the unwashed shopocracy of London, with rapid outpourings against the lectures of Chalmers delivered amid the assembled hierarchy, aristocracy, clergy, and gentry of England. A cur snarling at a lion, a flea attempting to puncture the hide of a rhinoceros, are not too expressive symbols of the Glasgow terrier at the heels of the Edinburgh professor. We understand that the Dissenters are sorry they attempted the counter-movement, as it has shewn at once the unpopularity and the weakness of their cause.

Among the earliest effusions of him of Freemason's Hall, was a fault-finding with Chalmers for his preterition of the scriptural argument. We could have wished the reverend doctor had shut the mouths of Dissenters on this point for a year or two, by referring to it; but he found that inferior and more mercenary ground had been taken by his opponents, and he put forth his strength against their choice positions, and swept them wholly away. Had he professed to discuss the Scripture argument, he might have been met on it: but, right or wrong, he let it alone; and one main reason why he did so was, that it had been exhausted on

every side, and the unscriptural nature of Voluntaryism exposed *usque ad nauseam*.

We do not know a more admirable or effective epitome of the Scripture argument than the first chapter of *Essays on the Church*. It has neither the eloquence nor power of Chalmers, but it has something better.

It is a curious fact that the Dissenters, as well represented in the work before us, assume, with very great and characteristic coolness, that they alone have respect to Scripture precedent and authority; and that we Churchmen base our polity, and our principles too, on mere hypothesis. Hence one of their most turbulent leaders makes the following reflection:—

"For the information of those who may know but little of nonconformity, I shall give an outline of its principles. The whole fabric of dissent rests on the two following propositions:—*The Holy Scriptures are the sole authority and sufficient rule in matters of religion, whether relating to doctrine, duty, or church government. The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Dissenters.*"

One would suppose, on reading these words, that the Church of England disclaims the sufficiency and the authority of Sacred Writ in the adjustment of controversies; and that Chillingworth, one of her most illustrious divines, whose reputation is more than European, had never penned such words as "THE BIBLE, AND THE BIBLE ALONE, IS THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS;" or, at least, that in his vocabulary, though a Churchman, Protestantism and Dissent were convertible terms. Still further, on reading the aphorism of this complacent Dissenter, a stranger would never presume that the Sixth Article of the Church of England expressly declares

"HOLY SCRIPTURE CONTAINETH ALL THINGS NECESSARY TO SALVATION; SO THAT WHOSOEVER IS NOT READ THEREIN, NOR MAY BE PROVIDED THEREBY, IS NOT TO BE REQUIRED OF ANY MAN THAT IT SHOULD BE BELIEVED AS AN ARTICLE OF FAITH."

The dissenting writer from whom we have quoted, must have presumed on the ignorance of most mankind, or on the special ignorance of Dissenters, on the peculiar and truly Protestant aspect of the Thirty-nine

Articles. Such assumptions deserve richly to be branded, and the author of them to be informed that the omission heretofore of express and audible reprobation, has not been the result of acquiescence in his views, but of the obscurity of his work.

We are much pleased with the early demonstration which "the Layman" presents of the existence of a principle and precedent most conclusive on the propriety and legitimacy of a national church. The case of the patriarchs, four hundred years antecedent to the existence of all that is distinctive of the Mosaic economy, is most cogent. Abraham administered the rite of circumcision on all his dependants; in other words, he gave the outward signs and symbols of Christianity to the little realm over which he was prince and patriarch, and in that fact presented a model of an ecclesiastical establishment, and a precedent for Church extension. We also find that Melchizedec, "Priest of the Most High God," received from Abraham tithes; in other words, that the Church, or clergy represented and embodied in the former, obtained maintenance and countenance from the state, personified in the latter. The Church of Melchizedec, which was the earlier development of the Church of Christ, was a state church. But if all connexion between church and state is essentially sinful, how shall this fact be explained? Nor will it avail to say that Abraham was only the father of a family. The record that he gave battle to four kings, and is addressed (Gen. xxiii. 6) as a "mighty prince" by the children of Heth, is decisive evidence to the contrary. It will not answer to allege that this was *Jewish, Levitical, or ceremonial*. It was long prior to the promulgation of all that these epithets imply; so that, after all, Churchmen are not so destitute of early Scripture evidence.

"The Book of Job is universally held to be one of the most ancient of the books of Scripture. There is nothing Judaical—nothing partaking of the Mosaic dispensation about it. But Job says (xxxii. 26), 'If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand; this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge; for I should have denied the God that is above.'

"Again, then, we find, and in the earliest patriarchal days, an established recognition of the true religion, and a penal law against idolatry.

"Passing on to the Mosaical dispensation, we shall earnestly desire to abstain from drawing from it any but the most undeniable and legitimate conclusions. No one, on the one hand, doubts that the Levitical ritual is now abolished; the substance, Christ Jesus, having, by his appearing, terminated the use and authority of the shadows of that system. But it is equally clear, that there were included in the Mosaical law many things *not peculiar* to the Levitical ritual; and these do not cease with the passing away of that dispensation."

When we listen to dissenting ministers, even while they are sinking in penury by reason of the miserable pittance doled out to them under the auspices of the Voluntary system, we should imagine Church establishments not older than Constantine; though there is abundant evidence of patriarchal precedent and Old Testament Scripture sanction.

Our author ably vindicates the propriety of deducing arguments from the Mosaic economy. The Ten Commandments, a portion of the revelation to Moses, are retained and recognised by the soberest of the dissenting bodies. In fact, the Gospel was revealed to Moses as really as to the apostles. The difference between the former and the latter lies in circumstantialia, not in essentials. All that is moral in the relationship of man to man, or man to God, is as binding now as of old. If it was the duty of the state *then* to take cognisance of religion, where can it be shewn that it has ceased to be its duty now? If this cognisance of religion by the state be *sin* now, it must have been *sin* then, and either morality or its author has changed. A national establishment of Christianity is therefore of Divine revelation.

Quitting the times of Moses and the judges, we find under the kings of Israel and Judah a similar principle recognised. Throughout these histories it is always taken to be a national concern and a public duty to provide for the maintenance of religion by the state. Solomon's splendid temple was built by national contributions.

Proceeding onwards, we find Jehoshaphat taking a further step, and one for which no command is recorded:—

"In the third year of his reign, he sent his princes to teach in the cities of Judah, and with them he sent Levites and priests. And they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people."—2 Chron. xvii. 7-9.

Now, had this zeal and this employment of regal power, been contrary to the will of God, we know from the punishment of Uzziah, that Jehoshaphat would have been rebuked for his improper interference; but, instead of such a rebuke, what follows in the Scripture record?—

"The fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat."

In like manner it is recorded of Hezekiah:—

"And thus did Hezekiah throughout all Judah, and wrought that which was good, and right, and truth, before the Lord his God. And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."—2 Chron. xxxi. 20, 21.

"Josiah took away all the abominations out of all countries that pertained to the children of Israel, and made all that were present in Israel to serve, even to serve the Lord their God. And all his days they departed not from following the Lord, the God of their fathers."—2 Chron. xxxiv. 33.

The heathen king, Artaxerxes, also issues the decree,—

"Whatsoever is commanded by the God of heaven, let it be diligently done for the house of the God of heaven, for why should there be wrath against the realm of the king and his sons? And whoever will not do the law of thy God, and the law of thy king, let judgment be executed speedily upon him, whether unto death or banishment, or to confiscation of goods, or to imprisonment."

It is next an interesting inquiry, What verdict does the sacred historian pass upon these acts? Does he take up the language of dissent, and protest against the whole transaction as a violation of equity, an intrusion on the rights of conscience, a dipping into other men's pockets for the maintenance of his religion? Not at all. The historian had not only more Christ-

ianity, but he had also vastly more good taste. He expressly applauds the royal deed. He feels the maintenance and establishment of the Church by a church-rate and a tax upon the whole population, not only to be no injustice and no infliction on the sensitive consciences of the Voluntary agitators of that era, but to be a positive blessing—an act, in rich accordance with the mind of Heaven, and, in happy unison with the best interests of our race. He proclaims it entitled to the gratitude of millions, and pens for them the words of thanksgiving:—“Blessed be Jehovah, God of our fathers, who hath put such a thing as this into the king’s heart to beautify the house of the Lord, which is at Jerusalem.” If this writer is inspired—and surely orthodox Dissenters, as they are usually called,* will not dispute it—we have the *imprimatur* of God stamped upon the principle we contend for, and a full disproof of the impertinent assumption, that Scripture is a purely dissenting deposit and defender.

So far is a national and state church from being either contrary to sacred writ, or disadvantageous to the welfare of Christianity, that the existence and extension of this institute, *universally*, are interwoven with the brightest glories of the millennial era, and predicted as one of the happy consequences of the universal diffusion of Christianity in the earth’s empires, and of the real impression of Christianity on men’s hearts.

Isaiah says and sings as matter of sacred gratulation, “Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.” “The sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee.” If Isaiah had been a Voluntary, he would have predicted this establishment of the Church as a part of the apostasy of Rome; but being, by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, the advocate of kings doing their duty, as well as subjects doing theirs, he sees in national churches bright spots even in the millennium.

Our author anticipates the objection of Dissenters, that those irrefragable proofs and precedents are drawn from the Old Testament Scriptures. To meet this monstrous and unjustifiable

objection, he quotes from one of themselves, when dispassionately discussing a separate question, viz. Greville Ewing of Glasgow. This writer, in handling the Antipædobaptists, observes:—

“My readers will be greatly mistaken, if they imagine that the argument I am about to endeavour to illustrate rests on the single expression in Col. ii. 11, 12, in which it is implied that baptism is come in the room of circumcision. On the contrary, they will find that it is supported by the uniform and concurrent language of both the Old Testament and the New. It will also be a very great mistake, if any limit their views of the Abrahamic covenant to the promise of the land of Canaan to his posterity according to the flesh; and their views of the rite of circumcision to the title of that posterity of Abraham to an earthly inheritance. The declarations of Antipædobaptists on these points, do frequently appear to me to amount to a giving up of the question in debate.”

“Truly we may adopt Mr. Ewing’s words, and say, ‘the refusal of Dissenters to submit to an appeal to the Old Testament, is in fact a virtual giving up of the question in debate;’ since it involves a confession that those Scriptures bear against them; which is decisive of the whole question in our favour.”

“However, we need not dwell on this subject. Christ himself has taught us to ‘search the Scriptures;’ and those Scriptures of which he spoke were the books of the Old Testament, the only ones then existing. And St. Paul tells us as distinctly, that ‘all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.’ Shall we submit, then, to be told, when we go to those very Scriptures of which Paul spoke, ‘for instruction’ as to a certain class of ‘good works,’ that they are ‘irrelevant and inapplicable,’ and that ‘the only document for appeal is the New Testament,’ or, as that portion of the Bible is for the future, it seems, to be termed ‘the Christian Scriptures!’”

Our author next proceeds to look at the question in the light of the New Testament Scriptures also. One reason for there being so little of direct address to kings in the pages of the New Testament, in reference to their duties

* Dr. Pye Smith may be excluded from this body, as he inclines to thrust out from the canon any book that displeases his reverence. Pretty Protestantism!

to the Church of Christ, is a very obvious one. No kings were, for some centuries, found among the followers of Christ. To have called on Nero and Domitian to establish the Gospel in their imperial provinces, would have been useless and absurd. The first and paramount obligation was to believe in Christ. Till a personal homage was secured, it was useless to call for an official sanction. The more pressing exhortations were required for subjects. The early Christians would have been thankful if they could have enjoyed impartial treatment, or have escaped persecution from the rulers of the earth. Royal and national patronage they dared not, in their day, anticipate.

"For this silence an argument is attempted to be drawn, in favour of the assumed unlawfulness of the interference of rulers in matters of religion. And the words of Christ, which we have already quoted, — '*My kingdom is not of this world*,' — are also put forward as entirely establishing this view of the question.

"But the least consideration suffices to shew that this interpretation throws a weight upon these few words which they were never intended to bear. Christ was arraigned before the Roman governor on the accusation of setting himself up as a rival to Cæsar; and Pilate puts the question in a direct manner to him, '*Art thou the king of the Jews?*' The Saviour could not answer this question in the negative; but he immediately explained to the judge, to remove all pretext for his legal condemnation, that his kingdom was not to be confounded with earthly sovereignties, or viewed as in opposition or rivalry with that of the emperor. '*My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews.*'

"Now the obvious, plain, unquestionable meaning of these words, and their real intent when spoken, will be denied by no one. The Saviour intended to explain to the Roman governor, that his kingdom was not of the kind or description contemplated by his question. It was a dominion, not over leagues of territory, but over the souls of men; it had to do, not with armies and treasures, but with human hearts. It was therefore one which might be reared within the Roman empire, and might yet coexist with it, without contradiction or opposition of interests. It was thus that the Saviour's reply was a complete and satisfactory

answer to the demand, '*Art thou a king?*'

"But the attempt made by modern Dissenters is, to draw a fuller and a different meaning from this passage; and to argue that, because Christ's kingdom is not a temporal, but a spiritual one; therefore, it is unlawful for kings and legislators to use the ordinary means of providing preaching and instruction, in order to spread the knowledge of his grace and the enjoyment of his dominion. A Christian ruler, they say, ought not to employ or pay Christian ministers to preach the Gospel! Why? Because Christ said, '*My kingdom is not of this world*!' Was a more strained and forced interpretation ever resorted to, to support an untenable position!"

If the meaning of the text, "*My kingdom is not of this world*," is, Ministers of Christianity are not to receive any emoluments from the state; then, as Dissenters readily admit the laity to be a portion of this kingdom, it follows that neither colonels, nor captains, nor cabinet ministers, nor marriage registrars, nor any functionaries who, being Christians, are as much subjects of this kingdom as their ministers—it follows that none of these are to receive any salaries from government, for "*Christ's kingdom is not of this world*:" and thus the Voluntary system would die of pure inanition. Dr. Wardlaw, and others of that ilk, like pigs attempting to swim through waters too deep for them, cut their own throats. They prove too much; and were their principles followed out for twelve months, and none of their members to receive any copper, silver, gold, or bank-notes, directly or indirectly, from the state, a ticket would be on every Voluntary chapel, "*To Let*;" and letters, as if engraved by the finger of famine, would be legible on every dissenting minister's brow, "*Wants a situation*."

It always indicates great want of sufficiency, when, in a family, one spoonful is made to serve ten children. This text, which has positively nothing to do with the subject, has been paraded in pulpit and platform, till it palls by repetition. It has not so much to say against the principle of a national establishment, as "*This is my body*" has to say in favour of transubstantiation. A Papist could hither a Dissenter in fine style. "You, sir, complain of me deducing transubstan-

tiation from these words, 'This is my body;' but may not I complain yet more of your finding a demolition of the national church from a text so utterly irrelevant as 'My kingdom is not of this world?' If I bring mountains out of molehills, you bring mountains out of moonbeams. Your conjuring process beats mine hollow. Yours is pure alchemy, a *lucus a non lucendo* plan. Lord John Russell should give you a patent; he ought to engage you as a defender of any or all of his new schemes."

"Prophecy, however, has once or twice touched this point, even in the New Testament. St. John, in the twelfth chapter of his Revelation, says, 'I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ,' &c. But to what event does the apostle refer, in these exulting strains? Let us consult the leading dissenting commentators."

"Dr. Gill's exposition is as follows:—

"This was a song of praise on account of the victory obtained by Michael and his angels over the dragon and his, or for the overthrow and downfall of Paganism in the Roman empire; for by heaven is meant the empire, now become Christian, or the Christian church-state in it."—"It denotes that safety and security, comfort, peace, and happiness, the churches enjoyed under the government of a Christian emperor;—the Gospel was preached, and Gospel churches were set up in all parts of the empire."

"Matthew Henry coincides in this interpretation, explaining the passage thus:—

"The dragon and his angels fought and prevailed not: there was a great struggle on both sides; but the victory fell to Christ and his church, and the dragon and his angels were not only conquered, but cast out;—the pagan idolatry, which was worshipping devils, was extirpated out of the empire in the time of Constantine."

It is thus we convict Dissenters from their own mouths. It seems that some extravagant apostasy from the avowed principles of their forefathers has overtaken and overwhelmed the great mass of Dissenters. Whatever objections the early Nonconformists felt to the peculiar discipline and distinctive forms of the Anglican Church, they felt none to the maintenance of her priesthood by the state, and saw no violation of Scripture or of conscience in the prin-

ciple or practices involved in that connexion.

Our author sums up the whole of his preliminary investigations with great perspicuity and succinctness; and, in our judgment, makes out a case indestructible and triumphant. These points are, we think, plainly established—that in the earliest times of which we have the Scripture history, a controlling superintendence and power, in religious matters, was exercised by the patriarchal kings over all subject to their jurisdiction and cognisance; and that they gave maintenance (whether in money or in kind, does not affect the question) to those who ministered in sacred things, and this at a period when God audibly spake and visibly interfered in human affairs—that under the institutes of Levi, as admitted even by Dissenters, a state church and national priesthood existed, towards which national support was decreed; which arrangement, if essentially sinful, has been countenanced by God, and if not essentially sinful then, cannot be so now, as chronology does not alter truth—that in the cases of the latter kings of the Jews, and of heathen monarchs, express decrees were put forth commanding the national treasures to minister to the maintenance of the house of God; and instead of any displeasure from heaven visiting them, its ministers on earth praised, and its inspiration from on high applauded—that in those glowing anthems which celebrate and foretell the future spread of the Gospel, the exercise of royal power in behalf of Christianity and the establishment of a pure Church by pious kings and queens, is described as one of the most holy and happy characteristics of that era; and to neutralise all this argument and testimony, we find no Scripture, no precedent, no fact, no argument—nothing, in short, but the clamours of the nineteenth century, and the turbulent outcry of modern Voluntaryism, on grieved consciences and other impudent and impertinent complaints. Surely if Dissenters have any respect for Scripture, for ordinary reason, for the opinion and good esteem of sensible and sound men, they will pause. We believe they do begin to see their error. This, indeed, is manifest from the progressive transformation of dissenting meeting-houses into episcopal chapels, the abandonment of dissent by not a few of its

most spiritual and also most able supporters, and especially by the *necessitated*, not voluntary, cessation of the ministers of dissent from their wonted fierce and exciting agitation. We believe several of the bishops are very ready to ordain those dissenting ministers who are truly penitent, and promise to conduct themselves in a more Christian way in all time to come. If they do not leave dissent, it is more than probable that dissent will very speedily leave them high and dry wrecks, beacons, and mementos.

In the second chapter, the able writer of these *Essays* enters on another subject, that lies at the very foundation of a national ecclesiastical establishment; viz. social, in contradistinction to personal, religion. The dissenting logicians introduce in this question a hair-splitting distinction worthy of Thomas Aquinas. They make out, scarcely to their own satisfaction, much less to ours, the odd imagination, that a king may be Christian as a *man*, but not as a *king*. The Gospel, they say, may be good enough for *man*, but cannot be of any use to a *king*. To the *abstract*, it must be a blessing; but to the *concrete*—and this last is the only form of man we ever saw—Christianity is of no use whatever. In other words, they say Christianity may be very good for man as *man*, but it is pernicious to him if he take it with him into those official positions into which every man must necessarily come. According to the new metaphysical and mystic transcendentalism, the Gospel of Christ is most suitable to man where he least wants it. If a magistrate's duties are more onerous than a private citizen's, one would presume that he had *more*, not *less*, need of guiding, sanctifying, sustaining principles. But this is not the theory of Dissent; where Christianity is most required, there her presence is to be most deprecated. Why, let us also ask, should a ruler restrict his estimate of man to time? Why proceed in all his actions on the supposition that man has no soul, and that soul no futurity? Why shut his senses to the fact that he is charged with responsibility before God, and that no shutting of his eyes, and no subtle, metaphysical discrimination, will be a satisfactory apology for his neglect? If Christianity is the best source of temporal blessings, and the only source of eternal

good, it is at the peril of states and kings that they despise it. The early emperors, converts to Christianity, acted, we contend, in clear accordance with its prescriptions. The question is, How or what could they do otherwise as kings? To drop a sovereign into the collecting-box, or to give a donation to missions, is a private not a royal act. Constantine and Theodosius had not learned the happy mysteries of Scotch metaphysics; they had not the knack of splitting hairs, and on these riding over the commandments of God and their own consciences; they could not get rid of conscience so easily. They were habituated to the portraits presented in Scripture of royalty receiving its best splendours while it poured its largest influences into the treasuries of the Gospel. They acted nobly, honestly, and well. No sophistry can make out a case against them.

The author next shews that the fathers of Nonconformity—with all their faults, great and good men—held the very same principles for which we Churchmen now contend. Were the sires of Dissent to rise from their graves, and behold the three denominations—the Anti-church-rate and Bolt-Court Camarillas; were they to read the writings and speeches of Wardlaw, Binney, Burnet, or the lucubrations of the rest of that brotherhood, in the *Eclectic*, *Congregational*, &c., they would exclaim,—“Paul we know, and Bradley, and Melvill, and Bickersteth, and M'Neill, we know; but who are you? You claim family relationship to us! We disclaim and deny you.”

We recommend our readers to peruse the extracts given by “a Layman” from the writings of the most celebrated Nonconformists, and they will find that the only likeness transmitted from them to their ambitious and restless progeny is that of Separation.

Owen, Howe, Flavel, Baxter—names that would adorn any communion—were the decided advocates of royal responsibility, and, *à fortiori*, of a national maintenance of the Christian faith.

The queerest fact, however, in the recent exploits of the modern dissenting denominations, is their gross inconsistency. This characteristic is well brought out in Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, vol. ii. p. 528; and in Tyerman's and Bennet's *Travels*, vol. i.

p. 439. It appears that the directors of the London Missionary Society, a purely dissenting, if not a strictly "independent," association, wrote to the converted king of one of the Polynesian isles, "to banish the national idol, and to attend to the instruction of the missionaries." Our author has turned this fact to so profitable an account, that we cannot do better than quote his own words:—

"And when two of their body were deputed to make an official visit to these islands, they report, 'We had a long interview with the king (of Hawaii), in which we urged upon him the propriety of publicly adopting Christianity as the religion of his dominions.' And we find that one of the sovereigns ordered the headman of all the districts under his command to have it proclaimed by a herald, 'All people must regard the Sabbath; where schools are established, all the people must learn.' Nay, these same gentlemen cannot conclude their view of the state of New Holland without observing that 'The want of regular means of grace among our own countrymen and their families (colonists as well as convicts) throughout the greatest part of the immense tracts of land in the course of clearance, and where population is rapidly increasing, must be accompanied by evils, daily growing more inveterate and difficult to remedy; even when greater exertions shall be made to maintain and propagate Christianity among the progeny of those who are in courtesy called Christians, who constitute no small part of the aggregate community here. Scattered, however, among the remote villages and farms, there are numbers of young people who would be glad to hear the Gospel, had they the opportunity. We merely state the fact, laying the shame at no man's door. It is, however, deeply to be lamented, that Protestant governments take so little care to convey the knowledge of the true religion wherever they carry their arms, their commerce, or their arts in colonisation.'

"It would seem, then, that Nonconformists themselves, when placed in circumstances which allow them to take a rational view of the question, quickly abandon all their refinements and distinctions, and talk no more of monarchs 'patronising religion without establishing it.'"

We think Chapters III. and IV., entitled "The Necessity of a Public Provision," and "The Case of America," the finest specimens of clear, moral statistics, it has been our lot to peruse.

The world is, in fact, sick of eloquence, and glutted with sentimentality. Creditable or otherwise, this is an age of common sense (always excluding the Melbourne cabinet), and of matters of fact. This writer is the man to meet and master it on its own pet premises. He is never guilty of a figure of speech; he would as soon perpetrate bad grammar as metaphors: metaphysics are not in his way. The whole tribe of Caledonian hair-splitters he treats with pure *nonchalance*. Facts, "those chiefs that winna ding," make up the raw material of the man's philosophy; and a clear, concise Saxon style, is its only and unvarnished wrapping.

There is but one part of his book in which he almost leaves his idiosyncrasy behind him. When he treats of the new colony lately hived off from Oxfordshire, constituted under a separate swarm, buzzing and stinging wherever they alight, he waxes almost eloquent. It is no wonder. To a man of his strong, shrewd sense, as well as sterling piety, these fantastic dervishes, while performing their graceful gyrations around the assaulted church, instead of defending it, must present a sad spectacle. These antiquaries would much rather trace the *stigmata* of St. Theresa than defend the church, and "the Layman" would much rather belabour their backs than aid them. So would we. In this he is right.

Dissenters feel the independent and effective position of the clergy as the great and intolerable grievance. They want equality. The "Set-apart Tailor" wants to sit down with the Bishop of London; the Transatlantic Doctor of Chelsea, with Dr. Dealtry. They ask not, they say, superiority; they insist on equality. We refuse them what we know to be the first instalment. We never can admit that the rubbed-up and raw lads of Hoxton and Homerton shall be equal with the graduates of even our Irish and Scotch universities, much less with those of Oxford and Cambridge. Nothing but vulgar impudence can demand it. The whole phraseology of Dissent is most emphatically the language of a selfish system. "Our interest" is a favourite phrase; "our case," and "our claims," and "our consciences" are the key-notes of their uproar. Envy and jealousy working on ill-educated minds,—minds on which the softening influences of good society have exerted, necessarily because

these powers never come near them, no mellowing effect—are at the bottom of much of the disorderly conduct of the hierarchy of Red Cross Street. And the great error of churchmen, and the great sin of statesmen, lie in this,—that they have treated *Archbishop* Wilson, *Popes* Burnet and Binney, and *Cardinals* Leifchild, Morrison, &c., &c., as if the men laboured under conscientious grievances. They never felt any thing of the sort. They labour under a sense of just disparity, a feeling of unchristian jealousy, and a fear great and growing of the evaporation of the dissenting interest before the growing power and expansion of the national church. It may be, that in the hearts of a few of the laity better and purer motives have a lodgment and a locality: and also in those of the more peaceful and excellent dissenting ministers, such as Evans, and others of that retiring, and, we believe, notwithstanding their schismatic condition, useful character. But the agitators, the noisy declaimers, deserve to be rebuked; or, with Stephens, and O'Connell, and O'Connor, and others of that ilk, to be sent to the treadmill at Brixton. The following facts shew this:—

In the suburbs of the metropolis, Dissenters have built about one hundred chapels, the average room of which is not more than 300. The demand, however, according to well-ascertained statistics, was, and is, church-room for 800,000 persons. The Voluntary system has provided for 30,000, i.e. for less than a twentieth part; and yet, with brazen effrontery, its pulpits, and platforms, and magazines, and pamphlets, and reviews, echo with *Io triumphes* on the greatness of Voluntaryism, and fervent protests against the state doing any thing to enlighten 760,000 souls! *Ex. gr.* The three parishes of Marylebone, Paddington, and Pancras contain a population of 234,294. Thirty-four years ago it was mere pasture-land. Now, what has the Voluntary principle done for upwards of a quarter of a million of souls? The answer is, there are 17 chapels, mixed and motley to a degree, each capable of containing on an average 300. Our author's estimate at 400 is by far too charitable. We speak from personal acquaintance. In other words, out of 234,294, the Voluntary principle has furnished room for upwards of

5000! Mr. Binney, shut your mouth, or open your purse. But if you will do neither, pray do not allow petty jealousies and paltry rivalry to stand as a barrier between the Gospel of the Son of God and a quarter of million of souls.

"The towns of England are about 400 in number, but the village parishes are 10,000. If we suppose, for a moment, the establishment swept away, what will the *Voluntary system* do for these 10,000 agricultural communities? These parishes contain, on an average, one or two gentlemen, eight or ten farmers, and a few score of cottagers. In how many cases would these little communities be able to raise, by private subscription, their own chapel, and their minister's annual stipend? Would not the picture of Western America soon be realised at home? would not our country soon become 'as the valley of the shadow of death?' Might it not soon be said of many of our counties, 'Darkness reigns over them,' with scarce a ray of light to break through the awful gloom?"

"Very little search will be required to prove how totally insufficient the 'Voluntary principle' would prove in supplying the wants of our village population. In the *Congregational Magazine* of December 1830, a full account is given of all the chapels of that denomination within the circle of what is called the 'North Bucks Association.' The district in question, including part of Oxfordshire and part of Northamptonshire, has a population of above 100,000 souls. Yet there existed only, in all this large tract of country, fifteen 'congregational churches;' and the aggregate of all their members was only 1079! And this must be a fair sample of the greater part of England. Were we to abolish, therefore, as the Dissenters would exhort us to do, all the existing establishment of village churches, in one generation nine-tenths of the people, in such districts as these, would differ little in religious knowledge from the hordes of Tartary.

"The Dissenters are accustomed to speak of the aggregate of their chapels, including not only those of the 'three denominations,' but also the Methodists, and all other sects, as exceeding 6000. The Independents, or Congregationalists, therefore, are about one-fifth of the whole. Suppose, then, that we multiply these sixteen chapels fivefold, we shall have in all eighty, as the total for all England; that is, out of these 6681 village parishes, having but 300 inhabitants or under, the utmost that all classes of Dissenters, even with the Methodists added to the calculation, have done, is to

afford the means of public worship to the odd *eighty*! Destroy the establishment, and what would be the condition of the remaining 6600?"

These are not the brilliant fancies of a declaimer at a public meeting, but the sober estimate of fact. The matter presents itself in this very serious light. By seeking the subversion of the establishment, the Dissenters virtually seek the deprivation of millions of the means and hopes of Christian education. They may not intend it; their consciences may dread the de-Christianisation of their native land; but the course they pursue, they may depend on it, precipitates this worst of earthly catastrophes; and on their impetuous and headlong measures, in their absorbing devotedness to the interest of a sect, and disregard in comparison of the best interests of their country,—on their deafness to argument and contempt of fact, will fall the guilt. They are—unintentionally it may be, and surely must be, but most clearly—playing into the hands of the Chartists, Socialists, Papists, Socinians, and other enemies of religious freedom and civil immunities.

We do not intend to follow our author throughout his lucid review of American ecclesiastical statistics. In a former number we discussed the visit of Messrs. Reed and Matheson, and shewed the inconsistencies, the mistatements, the arithmetical incapacities, generated by extreme partizanship, and palmed upon the dissenting population as irrefragable demonstrations of the "might and majesty" of the Voluntary principle. Our author shews, not only that the enumeration of ministers and churches by the deputies Reed and Matheson is grossly exaggerated, but that "minister" and "church" do not mean in the American vocabulary, and according to popular usage in its widest sense, a well-educated, canonically-ordained man, and a respectable and commodious edifice with or without a steeple. It is true, such meaning is attached to the words by the Voluntary tourists; but it is equally true that this is a jesuitical trick. In the work entitled *New England and her Institutions, by one of her Sons*, a work of unquestionable authenticity, we read,—“The Baptists meet in the house there without any steeple; and the Methodists hold their meetings

in the school-house: only once a month the Universalists take their turn.” These are regarded by the deputation, no doubt, as “three flourishing churches.” We must, in fact, be very careful not to transfer our ideas and usages of speech in ecclesiastical matters to the existing condition of America. Calvin Colton, in his work entitled *The Americans, by an American in London*, very justly observes:—

“Their preachers are all itinerants; and when one of them has collected a small group of people in some retired place, and exhausted his doctrine and his influence in a few weeks, it is then set down in the list of ‘congregations;’ and away he flies to make another in the same way; and the one he leaves behind is soon dissolved, and no more is heard of it. This is substantially the history of their one thousand congregations.

“That this is precisely the state of things in America,” observes our author, “is clear from the document we last quoted—the *Massachusetts (Home) Missionary Report* for 1835. We there find such descriptions of ‘churches’ as these:—

“*Russell.* A very small society is here intermingled with two or three other denominations, all worshipping at different times in the same house. The whole number of Congregational families is not more than ten or twelve, and these are poor.

“*Springfield.* A new evangelical society has been formed, a church of twenty-one members organised, a house of worship erected, &c.

“*Waterford.* A church of twelve members was organised here in July last.

“*Windsor.* In the church, organised twenty-four years ago, are thirty-six members.

“*Beverly.* A secession has taken place from the second church connected with this parish, and a fourth church organised. This church consists of twenty members, four of them males, leaving but one man in the original church.”

As to the ministers of American congregations, nearly two-thirds are self-educated and self-constituted, if not non-educated and non-constituted, or itinerant preachers. Our author quotes nine or ten reports of religious, educational, and other societies in America, from which he deduces the fact that the spiritual destitution of America is appalling; and the triumphs of the Voluntary system in that land sufficient to sicken the sturdiest Dissenters of it; competency America has not more

than 3000 educated ministers; and, in the phraseology of the partisans of hyper-Voluntarism, 5000 partially educated, i.e. knowing A, B, C.

The following comparative remarks are as conclusive as they are just:—

“The population of the United States in 1830 was 12,856,171. That of England and Wales in 1831 was 13,894,574. But, as nearly five years have now elapsed, there is every reason to suppose, considering the extraordinary rapidity with which the population of America advances, that the two countries are at present as nearly as possible equal in this respect.

“But there is a most important difference in the space over which these two populations are scattered. The states which were incorporated prior to 1820, and over which the census of that year extended, comprehended 600,000 square miles. Since then the limits of the Union have been so enlarged as to comprehend, altogether, the prodigious area of 1,570,000 square miles. England and Wales contain not quite 60,000 square miles. The smallest of the two boundaries, therefore—that of 1820—gives to the United States more than ten times the extent of England and Wales. This evidently greatly augments the amount of ministerial labour required. An English parish of 800 souls, extending four miles in each direction, and thus including sixteen square miles in its area, will be taken to be a large one, and to give full occupation to a conscientious minister. But augment it tenfold, and let that same population of 800 persons be spread over 160 square miles, instead of 16, and how will one minister and one church then meet their necessities? Three such parishes would exceed in compass the whole county of Bedford!

“We see, then, that fourteen or fifteen millions of people, spread over 600,000 square miles of territory in the United States, would require a far larger number of pastors than a like population comprised within the 60,000 square miles of England and Wales. Let us ask, then, in the next place, Whether there is that larger supply, or whether there is even an equal supply in America, to that which we find in England?

“There is nothing like it. England has, first, an educated clergy in the Established Church, consisting of, at present, 11 or 12,000 ministers. Of dissenting preachers, we find, in the *Congregational Magazine*, that there are of that denomination 1058; and we should imagine that the Baptists and other dissenters have rather more than an equal number; and that the Methodists out-

number all the denominations of Dissenters taken together. This will give us a total of about 5000; of whom we should apprehend that about a fifth may have carried their studies as far as to the Greek Testament. In England, then, we have, at the lowest computation, 12,000 educated ministers, and 4000 uneducated; to which we should, perhaps, add about 2000 lay teachers, of various denominations.”

We feel much pleasure in adding to the testimonies of our author the experience of a shrewd Scotch emigrant, who left his country a strong Voluntary principle man. His conversion from the principle sucked in with his mother's milk is not very *voluntary*,—it is forced upon him by facts:—

“*Ohio, Feb. 28, 1838.*—It is very difficult for strangers passing through a country to form a correct opinion. If you were to believe the reports sent home by some people who have travelled through this country, you would think that the Americans are the most upright and religious people in the world; but this is very far from being true. They are very kind to people when travelling, however—but it is only when they are travelling; for when one settles in a place, and has to make bargains and deal with them, he will soon find to his loss their real character, for the very best of them will deceive and defraud the stranger in every sense of the words. The gods whom the inhabitants adore are dollars and hogs, for they seem to engross their whole attention. The people from Scotland, even some from Edinburgh, are fully as ill as the natives. They imbibe all the bad customs, &c. of the country, and give up every thing like Scotland. Seceders are not excepted. We were told by several people not to write too soon, as they had done, and given a very wrong account of almost every thing, having formed their belief from what they were told when travelling, before they had, from experience, learned the true character of the people, &c. * * * You will, no doubt, have heard of the great revivals of religion in this country, and how well the Voluntary scheme is working. How it would do in Britain, if the establishment were done away, we cannot tell; but we can assure you, and you may tell the keenest of the Voluntaries, that it work svery ill wherever we have been. The people here will neither give a reasonable maintenance to ministers of the Gospel, nor pay so much respect to them as any decent person in Edinburgh would do to an ordinarily well-behaved porter. You will be surprised to hear us

saying these things, as you know that we were very warm advocates for that system; and it was the only point in religion about which you and we differed; and, if ever we should have the pleasure of conversing together again, we should cordially agree about that matter. What we have seen and heard has completely changed our minds on that, as well as on many other subjects; for it would be folly to shut our eyes and ears against what is seen and heard, and we must believe our senses. *We believe it would be a very great blessing to this country to have a kingly government, with nobility, and an established church, such as the Church of Scotland was in the days of her glory. They would tend greatly to moralise and Christianise the people, of which they stand in very great need.* The character of the people, for the most part, is very bad. Nevertheless, there are exceptions; for we know some sober, upright people; and all of them, without exception, were very kind to us when travelling through the different states. * * * *Nearly all the ministers of the Gospel, and a great number of men that we have heard of, engage in some business altogether foreign to their own calling. If all the working people, both tradesmen and labourers, were to work as constant and as hard as is done in Scotland, they would make themselves very rich in a short time; but the most of them do not work more than the fourth of their time.*"

We leave the case of America a legacy to our countrymen, full of practical proofs of the value of an ecclesiastical establishment. It was thought, before its statistics were looked into, a triumphant column, *are perennius*, on which posterity should read, inscribed in letters visible almost on this side the Atlantic, the exploits and the miracles of unfettered and uncontaminated Voluntaryism; but the admissions of the deputation sent from the Dissenters of England; the compensatory D.D. with which each was dubbed, for comfort in their voyaging home; the analytic powers and determinations of the "Layman," in his *Essays*; and twenty other facts of yet more recent experience, have, combined and trumpet-tongued, told English Churchmen, that what seems a commemorative column in the rarified fancies of Dissent is, in the denser atmosphere of sober fact, a signal-post of distress,—a monument to tell how America mourns for want of her mother's church, and how firmly her cisatlantic kinsmen should cleave to the spring-head of their national well-being.

We turn to the Layman's fifth chapter, "On the Utility of a National Church." In reading this chapter, we discovered the chaplain who must have prompted Lord Melbourne to present to her majesty that raving madman, Robert Owen. That chaplain, if we may infer from kindred sentiments, is Dr. Pye Smith or Mr. Binney. In Pye Smith's tract, *The Necessity of Religion to the well-being of a Nation*, he says, "The Jew, the Mahommedan, the Pagan, the most unhappy Infidel in my dominions, shall not have it in his power to say that I do him the smallest wrong." Mr. Binney more openly adds: "No cloud ought to stand between them and the face of royalty." "Partiality is bad in civil affairs: it is intolerable in those of religion." If these are the views of Christian ministers, we cannot wonder at the conduct of our Whig premier. Mr. Binney and Dr. Pye Smith dare not impugn the conduct of Lord Melbourne. Mr. Ainslie, a dissenting minister, who has lately been writing against the conduct of Lord Melbourne, in presenting Owen at court, writes most inconsistently, it, as we presume, he is a Voluntary principle man. "No cloud," says Mr. Binney, "ought to stand between Robert Owen, the advocate of the disorganisation and demoralisation of society, and of the non-existence of the Lord of Glory, and the face of her majesty Queen Victoria."

We do not wish to enter on the strictly theological arguments of our author. His demonstration of the non-apostolic character of Independency is, however, most complete. At Ephesus, Philippi, Jerusalem, Thessalonica, there were many ministers united in one diocesan condition—so truly so, that many congregations were addressed as constituting one church.

"Let us also bear in mind another point, which is very evident throughout the apostolic writings. Each of these churches, with its plurality of elders and congregations—and that for a long course of years after the first preaching of the Gospel—was *one* both in doctrine and discipline. The whole tenour of all the epistles bears testimony to this. Unity of thought and of action, if it was not wholly undisturbed, was still thought essential. Paul could write to any of these churches, with a perfect knowledge both of what faith they professed, and

also of what discipline they maintained. And so, under all our declensions, and amidst all our individual inconsistencies and disagreements—so might the apostle now address either the Church of England, or that of Scotland, that of Sweden, or that of Geneva. In each case he would have a definite object before him; and his commendations or warnings would be directed to known standards and ascertained declensions.

“But how would this be practicable under the ‘Independent’ scheme? The theory which constitutes each congregation, whether of ten or of five hundred individuals, a sovereign republic in itself, acknowledging no dependence on, or union with, any other body, seems utterly irreconcilable with the apostolic views of things. Messrs. Reed and Matheson, for instance, would fun represent themselves as deputed to ‘the churches of America,’ which in itself is a deviation from the apostolic unity of a church. But hardly had they proceeded on their mission, before another body of Dissenters in this country sent forth another deputation, to such in America as sympathised in their views, and not with those of Messrs. R. and M. The like course might have been taken by a dozen other sects. Were the apostle of the Gentiles to revisit this globe, and to inquire after the American church, he would be told that there was no body answering to that title. It he altered the term, and inquired what the churches of America believed and held, he would find it equally impossible to gain an answer. They are not Arminian as a body, nor yet Calvinistic; they are not generally Presbyterian, nor generally Independent; many are Baptists, many Universalists, many Romanists; but as to any general account of their creed or their discipline, that is what no man can render. Would not the apostle feel bewildered amidst such a chaos? Would he not look back upon the clearly defined outlines of the primitive Christian churches with regret? We merely touch on this point, in passing, to shew that nothing can be more fallacious than the idea entertained by some Dissenters, that we have only to get rid of establishments in order to return to apostolic times. In one point, at least, it is clear that such would prove rather an increased departure from, than a return to, the feeling and spirit of these purer ages.”

These are useful admonitions. We believe the Dissenters who started the warfare about ten years ago, would thankfully hush up the whole subject.

In the next two chapters our author discusses, and, we may add, despatches, the Voluntary principle and the Voluntary system. They are both weighed alike in the balances of the sanctuary, and in those of experience and fact, and found wanting. We would enter on these ghosts of the nineteenth century, and share the delight of our author in his anatomy and interment of the two defuncts; but in our review of “Chalmers* and the Church Establishment Question,” we restricted ourselves to these two, and said all that their merits and their impudence require.

We cannot, however, resist giving out or two extracts, painfully illustrative of the workings of the Voluntary system. The following is from a provincial newspaper:—

“We demand fearlessly, What meeting-house has not been desecrated by scenes of violence, clamour, and contentions? Rodborough? Are the placards of the faction yet torn down from our walls? Are the bitter words, the fierce speeches, the unholy sayings—not whispered, but shouted, on a Sabbath, within that edifice—sunk in oblivion? Well, then, Painswick? What, Painswick! Are the doors mended, the pews repaired, the marks of damage obliterated, since that anti-christian battle, where the merits of rival preachers were decided by blows, not by qualifications? Look at Ebley. What, at Ebley! How many weeks have elapsed since Ebley was the very forum of party passion? Where are the individuals who then packed the seats, and by retaining them decided the question of ministerial capacity? Shall we be told to turn our eyes to Wotton? To Wotton, where Rowland Hill was hissed when he took part with his nominee! To Uley, where the obnoxious minister was stormed while he officiated—the doors burst open, and himself forced to make a hasty retreat? To Eastcomb, where dissension has become a proverb, and the term ‘liar’ a by-word? But we forbear adding to the list.”—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*, March 1834.

* What is the Scottish Church about now? They have, in their ecclesiastical capacity last spring, gone beyond their just province, and done much to alienate the higher classes, and ultimately to sever church and state. We cannot see any more *spiritualia* in popular election than in patronage. We advise the dominant party and Dr. Chalmers to pause.

"In another part of the kingdom, we meet with the following:—

"On the last day of the late assizes at Lewes, an indictment was tried, the King v. Jenner and others, arising out of a riot in a dissenting meeting-house at Alfreston, Sussex. It appeared that a chapel had been built by subscription, thirty years since, at Alfreston, the affairs of which are managed at church meetings. Mr. Betts had been shepherd of this flock for nineteen years, when the deacon contrived to raise a cabal against him; and he was at last deprived of his office at one of the church meetings. His successor was an old simple man, who had been a day-labourer, and afterwards receiver of toll at a turnpike-gate. To this successor Mr. Betts did not choose to resign the pulpit: and accordingly, on the Sabbath on which Mr. Sandys was to do duty, Mr. Betts provided himself with a peace-officer, by whose staff of office he hoped to retain possession of the cure of souls. The other party, however, procured a number of sturdy roughs, in smock-frocks; and the battle for the pulpit raged with great violence for some time," &c. &c.

"Nay, even within the last few weeks, the London newspapers presented us with the following case, as brought before one of the metropolitan police-offices:—

"*Marble Lane Police-office.*—Yesterday, the Rev. J. C., minister of the Tottenham Court Chapel, attended at this office by virtue of a summons, to answer the complaint of Mr. G., a reader at the same place of worship, for having on Sunday morning, the 10th instant, caused an interruption to him (Mr. G.) while about to administer the holy sacrament to a portion of the congregation, by forcibly taking from him the plate containing the bread, and also with having otherwise misconducted himself, to the annoyance of those assembled."

After these and other proofs of the working of the Voluntary system, "the Layman" discusses, with great perspicuity and force, the lawfulness of forms of prayer. We cannot do better than extract three very striking testimonies to the excellence and beauty of the Anglican Liturgy, and to the practical characteristics of the devotional exercises of the Dissenters. The author discusses the *practice*, and not so much the principle, of extemporaneous prayers; and makes a judicious distinction between those prayers that are offered up by a Henry or a Payson, and the ordinary devotions of most dissenting ministers.

"Mr. James himself complains, that

'the brethren who lead our devotions (in dissenting churches) are so outrageously long and dull.' 'We are often prayed into a good frame, and then prayed out of it again.' 'Many ministers spend so much of their time at public meetings, and in gossiping from house to house, that their sermons are poverty itself, or the mere repetition of the same sentiments in the same words.' Their prayers, obviously, must be of the same description.

"Another dissenting writer says: 'The mode of conducting the devotional part of our worship is not always so solemn or methodical as may be desired. Sometimes it partakes of an odious familiarity; at others, too much of grimace. What is called preaching in prayer should always be avoided; and to hear the Deity addressed, as is sometimes the case, in scraps of poetry, is quite insufferable.'

"But let us hear, on the other hand, the opinion entertained by Dissenters themselves of our liturgy. Robert Hall declared, that 'the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastened fervour of its devotion, and the majestic simplicity of its language, have combined to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions.' And the leading dissenting periodical acknowledges that the church 'puts into the lips of the people a language of devotion unrivaled in majesty, beauty, propriety, and comprehension.'

We have heard of a metropolitan dissenting minister, from whose opening prayers his congregation gather on Sunday morning a correct account of all the accidents and incidents of the week among their fellow-worshippers. To a devotional mind, such weekly newspaper intelligence must be necessarily painful.

Our author's observations on the forms of worship in the church are very admirable. The fact is, many Dissenters use in their chapels the whole liturgy of the church; such as Surrey Chapel, Orange Street Chapel, the Adelphi Chapel, &c. &c.

Many of the Independent ministers wear gowns, to which they have no right; bear and greedily appropriate transatlantic degrees, which are not legal,—English, Scotch, and Irish universities being alone competent to confer legal degrees. In not a few of their chapels, they have lately had organs built; and, notwithstanding their assaults on what they call the worldliness of the church, they issue, in Mr. Angell

James's native town, such advertisements as the following :—

"On Sunday next, July 8, a new organ will be opened at the Independent Chapel in Wednesbury, when three sermons will be preached by the Rev. James Hardy, and collections made towards defraying the expenses of its erection. During the services, a grand selection of sacred music, comprising some distinguished pieces from the sublime and beautiful compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, never before performed in this part of the country, will be introduced. Mr. Rudge will preside at the organ, leader of the band, Mr. Testor; conductor, Mr. Moreton."

This announcement is nearly an exact copy of a play-bill of one of our London oratorios, with this single alteration, that "On Saturday next, at Covent Garden Theatre," is cut off, and "On Sunday next, at the Independent Chapel," is substituted in its room.

We do trust a scattering hearer, or hearers, of every chapel in England, will present their respective ministers with one copy, in boards, of *Essays on the Church*. The book will be food and physic for twelve months.

Net annual revenues of the Episcopal and Archiepiscopal Sees..	£160,114
Net annual revenues of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches..	207,975
Net annual separate revenues of Dignitaries in such Churches..	63,995
Net annual income of the 10,701 Benefices in England and Wales	3,058,248

£3,490,332

"It ought not be overlooked, however, that the last item, the 3,058,248*l.*, which forms the net income of the 10,701 benefices, is not composed of the tithes merely, but of all the receipts and emoluments, voluntary or legal, which form the whole income of the parochial clergy. How important it is to make this distinction may be seen from one or two facts, a variety of which might, if necessary, be adduced. One rectory in London, the tithes of which are nominally 350*l.*, but never actually produce more than 300*l.*, is returned as possessing an income of 490*l.*

"The very next parish pays only 250*l.* tithes, but its income is reported to be 502*l.*

"The difference arises from Easter-offerings, surplice-fees, and various small endowments, left by pious persons in former times.

"Let a moderate allowance be made for these things, and it will be doubtful if the amount of tithes actually collected exceeds two millions per annum. Such

On the endowments and possessions of the church, the observations of our author are as clear as conclusive. Whether the statements of her adversaries have been made in ignorance or from design, we know not; but that they are grossly exaggerated is unquestionable fact. It is therefore with no ordinary satisfaction that we submit the following sober and sensible arithmetic, possessed of the minutiae without the blunders of that of the member for Kilkenny. Placed beside it, the SEVEN MILLIONS of one hyperbolist, and the NINE MILLIONS of another, and the TWENTY-ONE MILLIONS of annual saving to the revenue, to accrue from the spoliation of the establishment, vanish into thin air, and leave the magnifying optics of the utterer staring *in vacuo*.

"Totally at variance, however, with all these fictions, is the official Report lately made by the commissioners appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the facts of the case. That Report gives the result of actual investigation, as to the revenues of the Church of England and Wales, for three years; to wit, 1829, 1830, and 1831. The outlines of the statement are as follow :—

are the revenues of that establishment which is sometimes described as 'gorged and overburdened with wealth!'"

We wish we could circulate the following additional statistics in every cottage and hamlet of the country. They would do more good than nine-tenths of the florid rhetoric of all the orators of England—presenting, as they do, the elements of sound and sober estimate, and furnishing a plain and straightforward refutation to the trash circulated by interested or overheated partisans :—

"The church establishment possesses and employs (it is erroneous to say it costs) an annual revenue of three millions and a half. And this, let it be remembered, for no decaying establishment, but for an institution which never before was so energetic, so efficient, or so useful, as at the present moment. Now let us ask, What is expended among us, on other and equally national objects? Our

army is at present on a peace establishment. It is, therefore, little more than a skeleton, except so far as may be required for our colonies. And yet for this outline of an army we pay more than seven millions per annum; while upon our navy we expend nearly six millions, and on the ordnance a million and a half. A total of more than fourteen millions per annum is thus devoted to the defence of the country, and that at a moment when we have not a single declared enemy in the four quarters of the globe!

"In conducting the civil service of the state, a similar liberal expenditure will be found to be incurred. A return was ordered, and laid before parliament in 1828, of the pay or salaries of all persons employed in public offices and departments; which return shewed a total of no less than 2,788,987*l.* paid in salaries to persons employed in the service of the government. And even in one single branch of the public service, which is not included in the above sum, to wit, the offices connected with the care of the poor, and the litigation arising out of that care, about a million and a half is annually expended. These circumstances will shew the scale on which public business and public remuneration in this country is carried on, and will aid us in forming a just idea of the propriety of an endowment of 3,058,248*l.* set apart for the religious instruction of 10,701 parishes."

We have not left ourselves space to follow this able and effective writer further. His lucid defence of episcopacy—his just and faithful analysis of the papal corruptions cherished by a party, and inflicted on all within the range of their influence and authority—his sound and sensible remonstrances with Dissenters, as men and professing Christians—and, above all, the temperate but triumphant tone of argument with which he clenches every

statement, give this book a value that renders due to its writer the most fervent gratitude of every Churchman. It is a remarkable fact that, apart from any other claims and grounds of preference, episcopacy appears to be that form of ecclesiastical polity most fitted to survive the troublous times into which church and state are at this moment rushing, and by its very structure to present a breakwater to the torrent of tempestuous revolution, in which, and along which, the sects must necessarily be swept.

It is now at least the duty of every writer to expend his ablest energies in the defence of these institutions, fragments of which are continually falling, and against which the enmity of Satan and the reckless and superficial assaults of Utopian theorists are unsparingly hurled. We hope, also, that Churchmen will take up solid, unchanging, and scriptural ground. We must not defend truth with the weapons of error. Our armoury is "God's own Word: it alone can furnish the most successful defence and offence. Nor would we willingly shake one atom of attachment to ecclesiastical office and authority. We would nourish and strengthen it. We see in its maintenance the elements of endurance. But let our attachment gather its nutriment and its growth, not from the traditions of men or the assumptions of Rome, but from sacred writ, apostolic precedent, sober reason, and substantial fact. We commend *Essays on the Church* to every reader, as a manual of enlightened writing—as far from the looseness of dissenterism as it is from the superstitions of popery—a just, powerful, and affectionate defence of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church.

THE FRENCH PLUTARCH.

No. I. •

I. CARTOUCHE.

II. POINSINET.

CARTOUCHE'S HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

MADAME — has given a very lively account of the exploits of Monsieur Louis Dominic Cartouche; and in many other contemporary records his name is mentioned with applause. And as Newgate and the highways are so much the fashion with us in England, we may be allowed to look abroad for histories of a similar tendency, and to find that virtue is cosmopolite, and may exist among wooden-shoed Papists as well as honest Church-of-England men.

Louis Dominic was born in a quarter of Paris called the Courtelle, says the historian, whose work lies before me; — born in the Courtelle, and in the year 1693. Another biographer asserts that he was born two years later, and in the Marais; — of respectable parents, of course. Think of the talent that our two countries produced about this time: Marlborough, Villars, Maudrin, Turpin, Boileau, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Molière, Racine, Jack Sheppard, and Louis Cartouche, — all famous within the same twenty years, and fighting, writing, robbing, *à l'envers*!

Well, Marlborough was no chicken when he began to shew his genius; Swift was but a dull, idle college lad; but if we read the histories of some other great men mentioned in the above list — I mean the thieves, especially — we shall find that they all commenced very early: they shewed a passion for their art, as little Raphael did, or little Mozart; and the history of Cartouche's knaveries begin almost with his breeches.

Dominic's parents sent him to school at the college of Clermont (now Louis le Grand); and although it has never been discovered that the Jesuits, who directed that seminary, advanced him much in classical or theological knowledge, Cartouche, in revenge, shewed, by repeated instances, his own natural bent and genius, which no difficulties were strong enough to overcome. His first great action on record, although not successful in the end, and tintured with the innocence of youth, is yet highly creditable to him. He made a general swoop of a hundred and twenty

nightcaps belonging to his companions, and disposed of them to his satisfaction; but as it was discovered that of all the youths in the college of Clermont, he only was the possessor of a cap to sleep in, suspicion (which, alas! was confirmed) immediately fell upon him: and by this little piece of youthful *naïveté*, a scheme, prettily conceived and smartly performed, was rendered naught.

Cartouche had a wonderful love for good eating, and put all the apple-women and cooks who came to supply the students under contribution. Not always, however, desirous of robbing these, he used to deal with them occasionally on honest principles of barter; that is, whenever he could get hold of his schoolfellows' knives, books, rulers, or playthings, which he used fairly to exchange for tarts and gingerbread.

It seemed as if the presiding genius of evil was determined to patronise this young man; for before he had been long at college, and soon after he had with the greatest difficulty escaped from the nightcap scrape, an opportunity occurred by which he was enabled to gratify both his propensities at once, and not only to steal, but to steal sweetmeats. It happened that the principal of the college received some pots of Narbonne honey, which came under the eyes of Cartouche, and in which that young gentleman, as soon as ever he saw them, determined to put his fingers. The president of the college put aside his honey-pots in an apartment within his own; to which, except by the one door which led into the room which his reverence usually occupied, there was no outlet. There was no chimney in the room; and the windows looked into the court, where there was a porter at night, and where crowds passed by day. What was Cartouche to do? have the honey he must.

Over this chamber which contained what his soul longed after, and over the president's rooms, there ran a set of unoccupied garrets, into which the dexterous Cartouche penetrated.

These were divided from the rooms below, according to the fashion of those days, by a set of large beams, which reached across the whole building, and across which rude planks were laid, which formed the ceiling of the lower story and the floor of the upper. Some of these planks did young Cartouche remove; and having descended by means of a rope, tied a couple of others to the neck of the honey-pots, climbed back again, and drew up his prey in safety. He then cunningly fixed the planks again in their old places, and retired to gorge himself upon his booty. And, now, see the punishment of avarice! Every body knows that the brethren of the order of Jesus are bound by a vow to have no more than a certain small sum of money in their possession. The principal of the college of Clermont had amassed a larger sum in defiance of this rule; and where do you think the old gentleman had hidden it? In the honey-pots! As Cartouche dug his spoon into one of them, he brought, besides a quantity of golden honey, a couple of golden louis, which, with ninety-eight more of their fellows, were comfortably hidden in the pots. Little Dominic, who before had cut rather a poor figure among his fellow-students, now appeared in as fine clothes as any of them could boast of; and when asked by his parents, on going home, how he came by them, said that a young nobleman of his school-fellows had taken a violent fancy to him, and made him a present of a couple of his suits. Cartouche the elder, good man, went to thank the young nobleman; but no such could be found, and young Cartouche disdained to give any explanation of his manner of gaining the money.

Here, again, we have to regret and remark the inadvertence of youth. Cartouche lost a hundred louis—for what? For a pot of honey not worth a couple of shillings. Had he fished out the pieces, and replaced the pots and the honey, he might have been safe, and a respectable citizen all his life after. The principal would not have dared to confess the loss of his money, and did not openly; but he vowed vengeance against the stealer of his sweetmeat, and a rigid search was made. Cartouche, as usual, was fixed upon; and in the tick of his bed, lo! there were found a couple of empty honey-pots! From this scrape there is no

knowing how he would have escaped, had not the president himself been a little anxious to hush the matter up; and, accordingly, young Cartouche was made to disgorge the residue of his ill-gotten gold pieces, old Cartouche made up the deficiency, and his son was allowed to remain unpunished—until the next time.

This you may fancy was not very long in coming; and though history has not made us acquainted with the exact crime which Louis Dominic next committed, it must have been a serious one; for Cartouche, who had borne philosophically all the whippings and punishments which were administered to him at college, did not dare to face that one which his indignant father had in pickle for him. As he was coming home from school, on the first day after his crime, when he received permission to go abroad, one of his brothers, who was on the look-out for him, met him on a short distance from home, and told him what was in preparation; which so frightened this young thief, that he declined returning home altogether, and set out upon the wide world to shift for himself as he could.

Undoubted as his genius was, he had not arrived at the full exercise of it, and his gains were by no means equal to his appetite. In whatever professions he tried—whether he joined the gypsies, which he did—whether he picked pockets on the Pont Neuf, which occupation history attributes to him—poor Cartouche was always hungry. Hungry and ragged, he wandered from one place and profession to another, and regretted the honey-pots at Clermont, and the comfortable soup and *bouilli* at home.

Cartouche had an uncle, a kind man, who was a merchant, and had dealings at Rouen. One day, walking on the quays of that city, this gentleman saw a very miserable, dirty, starving lad, who had just made a pounce upon some bones and turnip-peelings that had been flung out on the quay, and was eating them as greedily as if they had been turkeys and truffles. The worthy man examined the lad a little closer. O heavens! it was their runaway prodigal—it was little Louis Dominic! The merchant was touched by his case; and forgetting the nightcaps, the honey-pots, and the rags and dirt of little Louis, took him to his arms, and kissed and hugged him with the

tenderest affection. Louis kissed and hugged too, and blubbered a great deal—he was very repentant, as a man often is when he is hungry; and he went home with his uncle, and his peace was made; and his mother got him new clothes, and filled his belly, and for a while Louis was as good a son as might be.

But why attempt to balk the progress of genius? Louis's was not to be kept down. He was sixteen years of age by this time—a smart, lively young fellow, and, what is more, desperately enamoured of a lovely washerwoman. To be successful in your love, as Louis knew, you must have something more than mere flames and sentiment;—a washer, or any other woman, cannot live upon sighs only, but must have new gowns and caps, and a necklace every now and then, and a few handkerchiefs and silk stockings, and a treat into the country or to the play. Now, how are all these to be had without money? Cartouche saw at once that it was impossible; and as his father would give him none, he was obliged to look for it elsewhere. He took to his old courses, and lifted a purse here, and a watch there; and found, moreover, an accommodating gentleman, who took the wares off his hands.

This gentleman introduced him into a very select and agreeable society, in which Cartouche's merit began speedily to be recognised, and in which he learned how pleasant it is in life to have friends to assist one, and how much may be done by a proper division of labour. M. Cartouche, in fact, formed part of a regular company or gang of gentlemen, who were associated together for the purpose of making war on the public and the law.

Cartouche had a lovely young sister, who was to be married to a rich young gentleman from the provinces. As is the fashion in France, the parents had arranged the match among themselves; and the young people had never met until just before the time appointed for the marriage, when the bridegroom came up to Paris with his title-deeds, and settlements, and money. Now, there can hardly be found in history a finer instance of devotion than Cartouche now exhibited. He went to his captain, explained the matter to him, and actually, for the good of his country, as it were (the thieves might be called his country), sacrificed his sister's hus-

band's property. Informations were taken, the house of the bridegroom was reconnoitred, and one night Cartouche, in company with some chosen friends, made his first visit to the house of his brother-in-law. All the people were gone to bed; and, doubtless for fear of disturbing the porter, Cartouche and his companions spared him the trouble of opening the door, by ascending quietly at the window. They arrived at the room where the bridegroom kept his great chest, and set industriously to work, filing and picking the locks which defended the treasure.

The bridegroom slept in the next room; but however tenderly Cartouche and his workmen handled their tools, from fear of disturbing his slumbers, their benevolent design was disappointed, for awaken him they did; and quietly slipping out of bed, he came to a place where he had a complete view of all that was going on. He did not cry out, or frighten himself silly, but, on the contrary, contented himself with watching the countenances of the robbers, so that he might recognise them on another occasion; and, though an avaricious man, he did not feel the slightest anxiety about his money-chest, for the fact is he had removed all the cash and papers the day before.

As soon, however, as they had broken all the locks, and found the nothing which lay at the bottom of the chest, he shouted with such a loud voice, "Here, Thomas!—John!—officer!—keep the gate, fire at the rascals!" that they, incontinently taking fright, skipped nimbly out of window, and left the house free.

Cartouche after this did not care to meet his brother-in-law, but eschewed all such occasions in which the latter was to be present at his father's house. The evening before the marriage came, and then his father insisted upon his appearance among the other relatives of the bride's and bridegroom's families, who were all to assemble and make merry. Cartouche was obliged to yield, and brought with him one or two of his companions, who had been, by the way, present in the affair of the empty money-boxes. Cartouche never fancied that there was any danger in meeting his brother-in-law, for he had no idea that he had been seen in the night of the attack; but, with a natural modesty which did him really credit, he kept out of the young bridegroom's

sight as much as he could, and shewed no desire to be presented to him. At supper, however, as he was sneaking modestly down to a side-table, his father shouted after him, "Ho, Dominic, come hither, and sit opposite your brother-in-law!" which Dominic did, his friends following. The bridegroom pledged him very gracefully in a bumper; and was in the act of making him a pretty speech, on the honour of an alliance with such a family, and on the pleasures of brother-in-lawship in general, when, looking in his face, ye gods! he saw the very man who had been filing at his money-chest a few nights ago! By his side, too, sat a couple more of the gang. The poor fellow turned deadly pale and sick, and, setting his glass down, ran quickly out of the room, for he thought he was in company of a whole gang of robbers. And when he got home, he wrote a letter to the elder Cartouche, humbly declining any connexion with his family:

Cartouche the elder, of course, angrily asked the reason of such an abrupt dissolution of the engagement; and then, much to his horror, heard of his eldest son's doings. "You would not have me marry into such a family?" said the ex-bridegroom. And old Cartouche, an honest old citizen, confessed, with a heavy heart, that he would not. What was he to do with the lad? He did not like to ask for a *lettre-de-cachet*, and shut him up in the Bastille. He determined to give him a year's discipline at the monastery of St. Lazare.

But how to catch the young gentleman? Old Cartouche knew that, were he to tell his son of the scheme, the latter would never obey, and, therefore, he determined to be very cunning. He told Dominic that he was about to make a heavy bargain with the fathers, and should require a witness; so they stepped into a carriage together, and drove unsuspectingly to the Rue St. Denis. But when they arrived near the convent, Cartouche saw several ominous figures gathering round the coach, and felt that his doom was sealed. However, he made as if he knew nothing of the conspiracy; and the carriage drew up, and his father descended, and, bidding him wait for a minute in the coach, promised to return to him. Cartouche looked out: on the other side of the way half a dozen men were posted, evidently with the intention of arresting him.

Cartouche now performed a great and celebrated stroke of genius, which, if he had not been professionally employed in the morning, he never could have executed. He had in his pocket a piece of linen, which he had laid hold of at the door of some shop, and from which he quickly tore three suitable stripes. One he tied round his head, after the fashion of a nightcap; a second, round his waist, like an apron; and with the third he covered his hat, a round one, with a large brim. His coat and his periwig he left behind him in the carriage; and when he stepped out from it (which he did without asking the coachman to let down the steps), he bore exactly the appearance of a cook's boy carrying a dish; and with this he slipped through the *crempts* quite unsuspected, and bade adieu to the Lazarists and his honest father, who came out speedily to seek him, and was not a little annoyed to find only his hat and wig.

With that hat and wig, Cartouche left home, father, friends, conscience, remorse, society, behind him. He discovered (like a great number of other philosophers and poets, when they have committed rascally actions) that the world was all going wrong, and he quarrelled with it outright. One of the first stories told of the illustrious Cartouche, when he became professionally and openly a robber, redounds highly to his credit, and shews that he knew how to take advantage of the occasion, and how much he had improved in the course of a very few years' experience. His courage and ingenuity were vastly admired by his friends; so much so, that one day the captain of the band thought fit to compliment him, and vowed that when he (the captain) died, Cartouche should infallibly be called to the command-in-chief. This conversation, so flattering to Cartouche, was carried on between the two gentlemen, as they were walking one night on the quays by the side of the Seine. Cartouche, when the captain made the last remark, blushing protested against it, and pleaded his extreme youth as a reason why his comrades could never put entire trust in them. "Psha, man!" said the captain, "thy youth is in thy favour; thou wilt live only the longer to lead thy troops to victory. As for strength, bravery, and cunning, wert thou as old as Methuselah, thou couldst not be

better provided than thou art now at eighteen." What was the reply of Monsieur Cartouche? He answered, not by words, but by actions. Drawing his knife from his girdle, he instantly dug it into the captain's left side, as near his heart as possible, and then seizing that imprudent commander, precipitated him violently into the waters of the Seine, to keep company with the gudgeons and river-gods. When he returned to the band, and recounted how the captain had basely attempted to assassinate him, and how he, on the contrary, had, by exertion of superior skill, overcome the captain, not one of the society believed a word of his history, but they elected him captain forthwith.

I think his excellency, Don Rafael Maroto, the pacificator of Spain, is an amiable character, for whom history has not been written in vain. Being arrived at this exalted position, there is no end of the feats which Cartouche performed; and his band reached to such a pitch of glory, that if there had been a hundred thousand instead of a hundred of them, who knows but that a new and popular dynasty might not have been founded, and "Louis Dominic, premier Empereur des Français," might have performed innumerable glorious actions, and fixed himself in the hearts of his people, just as other monarchs have done a hundred years after Cartouche's death!

A story similar to the above, and equally moral, is that of Cartouche, who, in company with two other gentlemen, robbed the *coche*, or packet-boat, from Melun, where they took a good quantity of booty,—making the passengers lie down on the decks, and rifling them at leisure. "This money will be but very little among three," whispered Cartouche to his neighbour, as the three conquerors were making merry over their gains: "if you were but to pull the trigger of your pistol in the neighbourhood of your comrade's ear, perhaps it might go off, and then there would be but two of us to share." Strangely enough, as Cartouche said, the pistol *did* go off, and No. 3 perished. "Give him another ball," said Cartouche; and another was fired into him. But no sooner had Cartouche's comrade discharged both his pistols, than Cartouche himself, seized with a furious indignation, drew his: "Learn, monster," cried he, "not to be so

greedy of gold, and perish the victim of thy disloyalty and avarice!" So Cartouche slew the second robber; and there is no man in Europe who can say that the latter did not merit well his punishment.

I could fill volumes, and not mere sheets of paper, with tales of the triumphs of Cartouche and his band; how he robbed the Countess of O—, going to Dijon in her coach, and how the countess fell in love with him, and was faithful to him ever after—how, when the lieutenant of police offered a reward of a hundred pistoles to any man who would bring Cartouche before him, a noble marquess, in a coach and six, drove up to the hotel of the police; and the noble marquess, desiring to see Monsieur de la Reynie on matters of the highest moment, alone, the latter introduced him into his private cabinet—and how, when there, the marquess drew from his pocket a long, curiously shaped dagger. "Look at this, Monsieur de la Reynie," said he; "this dagger is poisoned!"

"Is it possible!" said M. de la Reynie.

"A prick of it would do for any man," said the marquess.

"You don't say so!" said M. de la Reynie.

"I do though; and, what is more," says the marquess, in a terrible voice, "if you do not instantly lay yourself flat on the ground, with your face towards it, and your hands crossed over your back, or if you make the slightest noise or cry, I will stick this poisoned dagger between your ribs, as sure as my name is Cartouche!"

At the sound of this dreadful name, M. de la Reynie sunk incontinently down on his stomach, and submitted to be carefully gagged and corded; after which Monsieur Cartouche laid his hands upon all the money which was kept in the lieutenant's cabinet. Alas, and alas! many a stout bailiff, and many an honest fellow of a spy, went for that day without his pay and his victuals!

There is a story that Cartouche once took the diligence to Lille, and found in it a certain Abbé Potter, who was full of indignation against this monster of a Cartouche, and said that when he went back to Paris, which he proposed to do in about a fortnight, he should give the lieutenant of police some information, which would infallibly lead

to the scoundrel's capture. But poor Potter was disappointed in his designs, for, before he could fulfil them, he was made the victim of Cartouche's cruelty.

A letter came to the lieutenant of police, to state that Cartouche had travelled to Lille, in company with the Abbé de Potter, of that town; that on the reverend gentleman's return towards Paris, Cartouche had waylaid him, murdered him, taken his papers, and would come to Paris himself, bearing the name and clothes of the unfortunate abbé, by the Lille coach, on such a day. The Lille coach arrived, was surrounded by police agents; the monster Cartouche was there, sure enough, in the abbé's guise. He was seized, bound, flung into prison, brought out to be examined, and on examination found to be no other than the Abbé Potter himself! It is pleasant to read thus of the relaxations of great men, and find them condescending to joke like the meanest of us.

Another diligence adventure is recounted of the famous Cartouche. It happened that he met in the coach a young and lovely lady, clad in widow's weeds, and bound to Paris, with a couple of servants. The poor thing was the widow of a rich old gentleman of Marseilles, and was going to the capital to arrange with her lawyers, and to settle her husband's will. The Count de Grinche (for so her fellow-passenger was called) was quite as candid as the pretty widow had been, and stated that he was a captain in the regiment of Nivernois; that he was going to Paris to buy a colonelcy, which his relatives, the Duke de Bouillon, the Prince de Montmorency, the Commander de la Trémoille, with all their interest at court, could not fail to procure for him. To be short, in the course of the four days' journey, the Count Louis Dominique de Grinche played his cards so well, that the poor little widow half forgot her late husband; and her eyes glistened with tears as the count kissed her hand at parting,—at parting, he hoped, only for a few hours.

Day and night the insinuating count followed her; and when, at the end of a fortnight, and in the midst of a *tête-à-tête*, he plunged one morning suddenly on his knees, and said, "Leonora, do you love me?" the poor thing heaved the gentlest, tenderest, sweetest sigh in the world; and, sinking her

blushing head on his shoulder, whispered, "Oh, Dominique, je aime! Ah!" said she, "how noble is it of my Dominique to take me with the little I have, and he so rich a nobleman!" The fact is, the old baron's titles and estates had passed away to his nephews; his dowager was only left with 300,000 livres, in *rentes sur l'état*,—a handsome sum, but nothing to compare to the rent-roll of Count Dominic, Count de la Grinche, Seigneur de la Haute Pigre, Baron de la Bigorne; he had estates and wealth which might authorise him to aspire to the hand of a duchess, at least.

The unfortunate widow never for a moment suspected the cruel trick that was about to be played on her; and, at the request of her affianced husband, sold out her money, and realised it in gold, to be made over to him on the day when the contract was to be signed. The day arrived, and, according to custom in France, the relations of both parties attended. The widow's relatives, though respectable, were not of the first nobility, being chiefly persons of the *finance* of the *robe*: there was the president of the court of Arras, and his lady; a farmer-general; a judge of a court of Paris; and other such grave and respectable people. As for Monsieur le Comte de la Grinche, he was not bound for names; and, having the whole peerage to choose from, brought a host of Montmorencies, Crequis, de la Tours, and Guises at his back. His *homme d'affaires* brought his papers in a sack, and displayed the plans of his estates, and the titles of his glorious ancestry. The widow's lawyers had her money in sacks; and between the gold on the one side and the parchments on the other lay the contract which was to make the widow's 300,000 francs the property of the Count de Grinche. The Count de la Grinche was just about to sign; when the Marshal de Villars, stepping up to him, said, "Captain, do you know who the president of the court of Aix yonder is? It is old Manasseh, the fence, of Brussels. I pawned a gold watch to him, which I stole from Cadogan, when I was with Malbrook's army in Flanders."

Here the Duc de la Roche Guyon came forward very much alarmed. "Run me through the body!" said his grace; "but the comptroller-general's lady there is no other than that old hag

of a Margoton, who keeps the ——” Here the Duc de la Roche Guyon’s voice fell.

Cartouche smiled graciously, and walked up to the table. He took up one of the widow’s 15,000 gold pieces; it was as pretty a bit of copper as you

could wish to see. “My dear,” said he, politely, “there is some mistake here, and this business had better stop.”

“Count!” gasped the poor widow.

“Count be hanged!” said he; “my name is CARTOUCHE!”

II. LITTLE POINSINET.

About the year 1760, there lived at Paris a little fellow who was the darling of all the wags of his acquaintance. Nature seemed, in the formation of this little man, to have amused herself, by giving loose to half a hundred of her most comical caprices. He had some wit and drollery of his own, which sometimes rendered his sallies very amusing; but where his friends laughed with him once they laughed at him a thousand times,—for he had a fund of absurdity in himself that was more pleasant than all the wit in the world. He was as proud as a peacock, as wicked as an ape, and as silly as a goose. He did not possess one single grain of common sense; but in revenge his pretensions were enormous, his ignorance vast, and his credulity more extensive still. From his youth upwards, he had read nothing but the new novels, and the verses in the almanacs, which helped him not a little in making what he called poetry of his own; for, of course, our little hero was a poet. All the common usages of life, all the ways of the world, and all the customs of society, seemed to be quite unknown to him; add to these good qualities a magnificent conceit, a cowardice inconceivable, and a face so irresistibly comic, that every one who first beheld it was compelled to burst out a laughing, and you will have some notion of this strange little gentleman. He was very proud of his voice, and uttered all his sentences in the richest tragic tone. He was little better than a dwarf; but he elevated his eyebrows, held up his neck, walked on the tips of his toes, and gave himself the airs of a giant. He had a little pair of bandy legs, which seemed much too short to support any thing like a human body; but by the help of these crooked supporters he thought he could dance like a grace; and, indeed, fancied all the graces possible were to be found in his person. His goggle eyes were always rolling about wildly, as if in correspondence with the disorder of his little brain, and his countenance thus

wore an expression of perpetual wonder. With such happy, natural gifts, he not only fell into all traps that were laid for him, but seemed almost to go out of his way to seek them; although, to be sure, his friends did not give him much trouble in that search, for they prepared hoaxes for him incessantly.

One day the wags introduced him to a company of ladies, who, though not countesses and princesses exactly, took, nevertheless, those titles upon themselves for the nonce; and were all, for the same reason, violently smitten of Master Poinset’s person. One of them, the only of the house, was especially tender; and, seating him by her side at supper, so plied him with smiles, ogles, and champagne, that our little hero grew crazed with ecstasy, and wild with love. In the midst of his happiness, a cruel knock was heard below, accompanied by quick loud talking, swearing, and shuffling of feet; you would have thought a regiment was at the door. “Oh heavens!” cried the marchioness, starting up, and giving to the hand of Poinset one parting squeeze; “fly—fly, my Poinset: ’tis the colonel—my husband!” At this each gentleman of the party rose, and, drawing his rapier, vowed to cut his way through the colonel and all his *mousquetaires*, or die, if need be, by the side of Poinset.

The little fellow was obliged to lug out his sword, too, and went shuddering down stairs, heartily repenting of his passion for marchionesses. When the party arrived in the street, they found, sure enough, a dreadful company of *mousquetaires*, as they seemed, ready to oppose their passage. Swords crossed,—torches blazed; and, with the most dreadful shouts and imprecations, the contending parties rushed upon one another; the friends of Poinset surrounding and supporting that little warrior, as the French knights did King Francis at Pavia, otherwise the poor fellow certainly would have fallen down in the gutter from fright.

But the combat was suddenly in-

terraptured; for the neighbours, who knew nothing of the trick going on, and thought the brawl was real, had been screaming with all their might for the police, who began about this time to arrive. Directly they appeared, friends and enemies of Poincynet at once took to their heels; and in *this* part of the transaction, at least, our hero himself shewed that he was equal to the longest-legged grenadier that ever ran away.

When at last those little bandy legs of his had borne him safely to his lodgings, all Poincynet's friends crowded round him to congratulate him on his escape and his valour.

"Egad, how he pinked that great red-haired fellow!" said one.

"No; did I?" said Poincynet.

"Did you? Psha! don't try to play the modest, and humbug *us*; you know you did. I suppose you will say, next, that you were not for three minutes point to point with Cartentierce himself, the most dreadful swordsman of the army."

"Why, you see," says Poincynet, quite delighted, "it was so dark, that I really did not know with whom I was engaged; although, *corbleu*, I *did* one or two of the fellows." And after a little more such conversation, during which he was fully persuaded that he had done for a dozen of the enemy, at least, Poincynet went to bed, his little person trembling with fright and pleasure; and he fell asleep, and dreamed of rescuing ladies, and destroying monsters, like a second Amadis de Gaule.

When he awoke in the morning, he found a party of his friends in his room; one was examining his coat and waistcoat, another was casting many curious glances at his inexpressibles. "Look here!" said this gentleman, holding up the garment to the light; "one—two—three gashes! I am hanged if the cowards did not aim at Poincynet's legs! There are four holes in the sword-arm of his coat, and seven have gone right through coat and waistcoat. Good Heaven! Poincynet have you had a surgeon to your wounds?"

"Wounds!" said the little man, springing up, "I don't know—that is, I hope—that is—Oh Lord! oh Lord! I hope I'm not wounded!" and, after a proper examination, he discovered he was not.

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" said one of the wags (who, indeed,

during the slumbers of Poincynet, had been occupied in making these very holes through the garments of that individual), "if you have escaped, it is by miracle. Alas! alas! all your enemies have not been so lucky."

"How! is any body wounded?" said Poincynet.

"My dearest friend, prepare yourself; that unhappy man who came to revenge his menaced honour—that gallant officer—that injured husband, Colonel Count de Cartentierce —"

"Well?"

"Is no more! he died this morning, pierced through with nineteen wounds from your hand, and calling upon his country to revenge his murder."

When this awful sentence was pronounced, all the auditory gave a pathetic and simultaneous sob; and as for poor Poincynet, he sank back on his bed with a howl of terror which would have melted a Visigoth to tears, or to laughter. As soon as his terror and remorse had in some degree subsided, his comrades spoke to him of the necessity of making his escape; and, huddling on his clothes, and bidding them all a tender adieu, he set off incontinently, without his breakfast, for England, America, or Russia, not knowing exactly which.

One of his companions agreed to accompany him on a part of this journey,—that is, as far as the barrier of Saint Denis, which is, as every body knows, on the high road to Dover; and there, being tolerably secure, they entered a tavern for breakfast; which meal, the last that he ever was to take, perhaps, in his native city, Poincynet was just about to discuss, when, behold! a gentleman entered the apartment where Poincynet and his friend were seated, and drawing from his pocket a paper with "*AU NOM DU ROI*" flourished on the top, read from it, or rather from Poincynet's own figure, his exact *signalment*, laid his hand on his shoulder, and arrested him in the name of the king, and of the provost-marshal of Paris. "I arrest you, sir," said he, gravely, "with regret; you have slain, with seventeen wounds, in single combat, Colonel Count de Cartentierce, one of his majesty's household; and as his murderer you fall under the immediate authority of the provost-marshal, and die without trial or benefit of clergy!"

You may fancy how the poor little

man's appetite fell when he heard this speech. "In the provost-marshal's hands?" said his friend; "then it is all over, indeed! When does my poor friend suffer, sir?"

"At half-past six o'clock, the day after to-morrow," said the officer, sitting down, and helping himself to wine. "But, stop," said he, suddenly; "sure I can't mistake? Yes—no—yes, it is. My dear friend, my dear Durand! don't you recollect your old schoolfellow, Antoine?" And here-with the officer flung himself into the arms of Durand, Poinset's comrade, and they performed a most affecting scene of friendship.

"This may be of some service to you," whispered Durand to Poinset; and, after some further parley, he asked the officer when he was bound to deliver up his prisoner, and hearing that he was not called upon to appear at the Marshalsea before six o'clock at night, Monsieur Durand prevailed upon Monsieur Antoine to wait until that hour, and in the meantime to allow his prisoner to walk about the town in his company. This request was with a little difficulty granted; and poor Poinset begged to be carried to the houses of his various friends, and bid them farewell. Some were aware of the trick that had been played upon him, others were not; but the poor little man's credulity was so great, that it was impossible to undeceive him; and he went from house to house bewailing his fate, and followed by the complaisant marshal's officer.

The news of his death he received with much more meekness than could have been expected; but what he could not reconcile to himself was the idea of dissection afterwards. "What can they want with me?" cried the poor wretch, in an unusual fit of candour. "I am very small, and ugly; it would be different if I were a tall, fine-looking fellow." But he was given to understand that beauty made very little difference to the surgeons, who, on the contrary, would, on certain occasions, prefer a deformed man to a handsome one; for science was much advanced by the study of such monstrosities. With this reason Poinset was obliged to be content; and so paid his round of visits, and repeated his dismal adieus.

The officer of the provost-marshal, however amusing Poinset's woes might have been, began by this time to grow very weary of them, and gave

him more than one opportunity to escape. He would stop at shop-windows, loiter round corners, and look up in the sky, but all in vain; Poinset would not escape, do what the other would. At length, luckily, about dinner-time, the officer met one of Poinset's friends and his own; and the three agreed to dine at a tavern as they had breakfasted, and there the officer, who vowed that he had been up for five weeks incessantly, fell suddenly asleep in the profoundest fatigue; and Poinset was persuaded, after much hesitation on his part, to take leave of him.

And now, this danger overcome, another was to be avoided. Beyond a doubt, the police were after him, and how was he to avoid them? He must be disguised, of course; and one of his friends, a tall, gaunt, lawyer's clerk, agreed to provide him with habits.

So little Poinset dressed himself out in the clerk's dingy black suit, of which the knee-breeches hung down to his heels, and the waist of the coat reached to the calves of his legs; and, furthermore, he blacked his eyebrows, and wore a huge black periwig, in which his friend vowed that no one could recognise him. But the most painful incident with regard to the periwig was, that Poinset, whose solitary beauty—if beauty it might be called—was a head of copious, curling, yellow hair, was compelled to snip off every one of his golden locks, and to rub the bristles with a black dye; "For if your wig were to come off," said the lawyer, "and your fair hair to tumble over your shoulders, every man would know, or at least suspect you." So off the locks were cut, and in his black suit and periwig little Poinset went abroad.

His friends had their cue, and when he appeared amongst them not one seemed to know him. He was taken into companies where his character was discussed before, and his wonderful escape spoken of: at last he was introduced to the very officer of the provost-marshal who had taken him into custody, and who told him that he had been dismissed the provost's service in consequence of the escape of the prisoner. Now, for the first time, poor Poinset thought himself tolerably safe, and blest his kind friends who had procured for him such a complete disguise. How this affair ended I know not,—whether some new lie was

coined to account for his release, or whether he was simply told that he had been hoaxed, it mattered little; for the little man was quite as ready to be hoaxed the next day.

Poinsinet was one day invited to dine with one of the servants of the Tuileries; and before his arrival, a person in company had been decoated with a knot of lace and a gold key, such as chamberlains wear; he was introduced to Poinsinet as the Count de Trenches, chamberlain to the King of Prussia. After dinner the conversation fell upon the count's visit to Paris; when his excellency, with a mysterious air, vowed that he had only come for pleasure. "It is mighty well," said a third person, "and, of course, we can't cross-question your lordship too closely;" and, at the same time, it was hinted to Poinsinet that a person of such consequence did not travel for *nothing*, with which opinion Poinsinet solemnly agreed; and, indeed, it was borne out by a subsequent declaration of the count, who condescended at last to tell the company, in confidence, that he *had* a mission, and a most important one—to find, namely, among the literary men of France, a governor for the prince royal of Prussia. The company seemed astonished that the king had not made choice of Voltaire or D'Alembert, and mentioned a dozen other distinguished men who might be competent to this important duty: but the count, as may be imagined, found objections to every one of them; and at last one of the guests said, that if His Prussian majesty was not particular as to age, he knew a person more fitted for the place than any other who could be found,—his honourable friend, M. Poinsinet, was the individual to whom he alluded.

"Good Heavens!" cried the count, "is it possible that the celebrated Poinsinet would take such a place? I would give the world to see him!" and you may fancy how Poinsinet simpered and blushed when the introduction immediately took place.

The count protested to him that the king would be charmed to know him; and added, that one of his operas (for it must be told that our little friend was a vaudeville-maker by trade) had been acted seven and twenty times at the theatre at Potsdam. His excellency then detailed to him all the honours and privileges which the governor of

the prince royal might expect; and all the guests encouraged the little man's vanity by asking him for his protection and favour. In a short time our hero grew so inflated with pride and vanity, that he was for patronising the chamberlain himself, who proceeded to inform him that he was furnished with all the necessary powers by his sovereign, who had specially enjoined him to confer upon the future governor of his son the royal order of the Black Eagle.

Poinsinet, delighted, was ordered to kneel down; and the count produced a large yellow riband, which he hung over his shoulder, and which was, he declared, the grand cordon of the order. You must fancy Poinsinet's face, and excessive delight at this; for as for describing them, nobody can. For four and twenty hours the happy chevalier paraded through Paris with this flaring yellow riband; and he was not undeceived, until his friends had another trick in store for him.

He dined one day in the company of a man who understood a little of the noble art of conjuring, and performed some clever tricks on the cards. Poinsinet's organ of wonder was enormous, he looked on with the gravity and awe of a child, and thought the man's tricks sheer miracles. It wanted no more to set his companions to work.

"Who is this wonderful man?" said he to his neighbour.

"Why," said the other mysteriously, "one hardly knows who he is; or, at least, one does not like to say to such an indiscreet fellow as you are." Poinsinet at once swore to be secret. "Well, then," said his friend, "you will hear that man—that wonderful man—called by a name which is not his; his real name is Acosta: he is a Portuguese Jew, a Rosierucian, and Cabalist of the first order, and compelled to leave Lisbon for fear of the Inquisition. He performs here, as you see, some extraordinary things occasionally; but the master of the house, who loves him excessively, would not, for the world, that his name should be made public."

"Ah, bah!" said Poinsinet, who affected the *bel esprit*; "you don't mean to say that you believe in magic, and cabalas, and such trash?"

"Do I not? You shall judge for yourself;" and, accordingly, Poinsinet was presented to the magician, who pretended to take a vast liking for him,

and declared that he saw in him certain marks which would infallibly lead him to great eminence in the magic art, if he chose to study it.

Dinner was served, and Poinset placed by the side of the miracle-worker, who became very confidential with him, and promised him—ay, before dinner was over—a remarkable instance of his power. Nobody, on this occasion, ventured to cut a single joke against poor Poinset; nor could he fancy that any trick was intended against him, for the demeanour of the society towards him was perfectly grave and respectful, and the conversation serious. On a sudden, however, somebody exclaimed, "Where is Poinset? Did any one see him leave the room?"

All the company exclaimed how singular the disappearance was; and Poinset himself, growing alarmed, turned round to his neighbour and was about to explain.

"Hush!" said the magician, in a whisper; "I told you that you should see what I could do. *I have made you invisible*—be quiet, and you shall see some more tricks that I shall play with these fellows."

Poinset remained then silent, and listened to his neighbours, who agreed at last, that being a quiet, orderly personage, he had left the table early, being unwilling to drink too much. Presently they ceased to talk about him, and resumed their conversation upon other matters.

At first it was very quiet and grave, but the master of the house brought back the talk to the subject of Poinset, and uttered all sorts of abuse concerning him. He begged the gentleman, who had introduced such a little scamp into his house, to bring him thither no more; whereupon the other took up warmly Poinset's defence, declared that he was a man of the greatest merit, frequenting the best society, and remarkable for his talents as well as his virtues.

"Ah!" said Poinset to the magician, quite charmed at what he heard, "how ever shall I thank you, my dear sir, for thus shewing me who my true friends are?"

The magician promised him still further favours in prospect, and told him to look out now, for he was about to throw all the company into a temporary fit of madmen, which, no doubt, would be very amusing.

In consequence, all the company who had heard every syllable of the conversation, began to perform the most extraordinary antics, much to the delight of Poinset. One asked a nonsensical question, and the other delivered an answer not at all to the purpose. If a man asked for a drink, they poured him out a pepper-box or a napkin; they took a pinch of snuff, and swore it was excellent wine; and vowed that the bread was the most delicious mutton that ever was tasted. The little man was delighted.

"Ah!" said he, "these fellows are as prettily punished for their rascally backbiting of me!"

"Gentlemen," said the host, "I shall now give you some celebrated champagne," and he poured out to each a glass of water.

"Good Heavens!" said one, spitting it out with the most horrible grimace, "where did you get this horrible claret?"

"Ah, ~~there~~!" said a second, "I never tasted such vile corked burgundy in all my days!" and he threw the glass of water into Poinset's face, as did a half-a-dozen of the other guests, drenching the poor wretch to the skin. To complete this pleasant illusion, two of the guests fell to boxing across Poinset, who received a number of the blows, and received them with the patience of a fakir, feeling himself more flattered by the precious privilege of beholding this scene invisible, than hurt by the blows and buffets which the mad company bestowed upon him.

The fame of this adventure spread quickly over Paris, and all the world longed to have at their houses the representation of *Poinset the Invisible*. The servants and the whole company used to be put up to the trick; and Poinset, who believed in his invisibility as much as he did in his existence, went about with his friend and protector, the magician. People, of course, never pretended to see him, and would very often not talk of him at all for some time, but hold sober conversation about any thing else in the world. When dinner was served, of course there was no cover laid for Poinset, who carried about a little stool, on which he sat by the side of the magician, and always ate off his plate. Every body was astonished at the magician's appetite, and at the quantity of wine he drank; as for little Poinset, he never once suspected any trick, and had such a confidence

in his magician, that I do believe if the latter had told him to fling himself out of window, he would have done so, without the slightest trepidation.

Among other mystifications in which the Portuguese enchanter plunged him, was one which used to afford always a good deal of amusement. He informed Poinciset, with great mystery, that *he was not himself*: he was not—that is to say, that ugly, deformed, little monster, called Poinciset, but that his birth was most illustrious, and his real name *Polycarte*. He was, in fact, the son of a celebrated magician; but other magicians, enemies of his father, had changed him in his cradle, altering his features into their present hideous shape, in order that a silly old fellow, called Poinciset, might take him to be his own son, which little monster the magician had likewise spirited away.

The poor wretch was sadly cast down at this, for he tried to fancy that his person was agreeable to the ladies, of whom he was one of the warmest little admirers possible; and to console him somewhat, the magician told him that his real shape was exquisitely beautiful, and as soon as he should appear in it, all the beauties in Paris would be at his feet. But how to regain it? “Oh, for one minute of that beauty!” cried the little man; “what would he not give to appear under that enchanting form!” The magician hereupon waved his stick over his head, pronounced some awful magical words, and twisted him round three times; at the third twist, the man in company seemed struck with astonishment and envy, the ladies clasped their hands, and some of them kissed his. Every body declared his beauty to be supernatural!

Poinciset, enchanted, rushed to a glass. “Fool!” said the magician, “do you suppose that *you* can see the change? My power to render you invisible, beautiful, ten times more hideous even than you are, extends only to others, not to you. You may look a thousand times in the glass, and you will only see those deformed limbs and disgusting features with which devilish malice has disguised you.” Poor little Poinciset looked, and came back in tears. “But,” resumed the magician—“ha, ha, ha!—I know a way in which to disappoint the machinations of these fiendish magi.”

“Oh, my benefactor!—my great master!—for Heaven’s sake tell it!” gasped Poinciset.

“Look you—it is this. A prey to enchantment and demoniac art all your life long, you have lived until your present age perfectly satisfied; nay, absolutely vain of a person the most singularly hideous that ever walked the earth!”

“Is it?” whispered Poinciset. “Indeed, and indeed, I didn’t think it so bad!”

“He acknowledges it! he acknowledges it!” roared the magician. “Wretch, dotard, owl, mole, miserable buzzard! I have no reason to tell thee now that thy form is monstrous, that children cry, that cowards turn pale, that teeming matrons shudder to behold it. It is not thy fault that thou art thus ungainly, but wherefore so blind? wherefore so conceited of thyself? I tell thee, Poinciset, that over every fresh instance of thy vanity the hostile enchanters rejoice and triumph. As long as thou art blindly satisfied with thyself; as long as thou pretendest, in thy present odious shape, to win the love of aught above a negress,—nay, further still, until thou hast learned to regard that face, as others do, with the most intolerable horror and disgust, to abuse it when thou seest it, to despise it, in short, and treat that miserable disguise in which the enchanters have wrapped thee with the strongest hatred and scorn, so long art thou destined to wear it.”

Such speeches as these continually repeated, caused Poinciset to be fully convinced of his ugliness; he used to go about in companies, and take every opportunity of inveighing against himself; he made verses and epigrams against himself; he talked about “that dwarf, Poinciset;” “that buffoon, Poinciset;” “that conceited, hump-backed Poinciset;” and he would spend hours before the glass abusing his own face as he saw it reflected there, and vowing that he grew handsomer at every fresh epithet that he uttered.

Of course the wags, from time to time, used to give him every possible encouragement, and declared that since this exercise, his person was amazingly improved. The ladies, too, began to be so excessively fond of him, that the little fellow was obliged to caution them at last—for the good, as he said, of society; he recommended them to

draw lots, for he could not gratify them all; but promised, when his metamorphosis was complete, that the one chosen should become the happy Mrs. Poinset; or, to speak more correctly, Mrs. Polycarte.

I am sorry to say, however, that on the score of gallantry Poinset was never quite convinced of the hideousness of his appearance. He had a number of adventures, accordingly, with the ladies; but, strange to say, the husbands or fathers were always interrupting. On one occasion he was made to pass the night in a slipper-bath full of water; where, although he had all his clothes on, he declared that he nearly caught his death of cold. Another night, in revenge, the poor fellow

— “dans le simple appareil
D'une beauté, qu'on vient d'arracher au
sommeil,”

spent a number of hours contemplating the beauty of the moon, on the tiles. These adventures are pretty numerous in the memoirs of M. Poinset; but the fact is, that people in France were a great deal more philosophical in those days than the English are now, so that Poinset's loves must be passed over, as not being to our taste. His magician was a great diver, and told Poinset the most wonderful tales of his two minutes' absence under water. These two minutes, he said, lasted through a year, at least, which he spent in the company of a naïad more beautiful than Venus, in a palace more splendid than even Versailles. Fired by the description, Poinset used to dip and dip, but he never was known to make any mermaid acquaintances, although he fully believed that one day he should find such.

The invisible joke was brought to an end by Poinset's too great reliance on it; for long, as we have said, of a very tender and sanguine disposition, he one day fell in love with a lady in whose company he dined, and actually proposed to embrace; but the fair lady, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to act up to the joke; and instead of receiving Poinset's salute with calmness, grew indignant, called him an impudent little scoundrel, and lent him a sound box on the ear. With this slap the invisibility of Poinset disappeared, the gnomes and genii left him, and he settled down into common

life again, and was hoaxed only by vulgar means.

A vast number of pages might be filled with narratives of the tricks that were played upon him; but they resemble each other a good deal, as may be imagined, and the chief point remarkable about them is the wondrous faith of Poinset. After being introduced to the Prussian ambassador at the Tuileries, he was presented to the Turkish envoy at the Place Vendôme, who received him in state, surrounded by the officers of his establishment, all dressed in the smartest dresses that the wardrobe of the Opera Comique could furnish.

As the greatest honour that could be done to him, Poinset was invited to eat, and a tray was produced on which was a delicate dish prepared in the Turkish manner. This consisted of a reasonable quantity of mustard, salt, cinnamon, and ginger, nutmegs and cloves, with a couple of tablespoonsful of cayenne-pepper to give the whole a flavour; and Poinset's countenance may be imagined when he introduced into his mouth a quantity of this exquisite compound.

“The best of the joke was,” says the author who records so many of the pitiless tricks practised upon poor Poinset, “that the little man used to laugh at them afterwards himself with perfect good-humour, and lived in the daily hope that, from being the sufferer, he should become the agent in these hoaxes, and do to others as he had been done by.” Passing, therefore, one day on the Pont Neuf with a friend who had been one of the greatest performers, the latter said to him, “Poinset, my good fellow, thou hast suffered enough, and thy sufferings have made thee so wise and cunning, that thou art worthy of entering among the initiated, and hoaxing in thy turn.” Poinset was charmed; he was asked when he should be initiated, and how: it was told him that a moment would suffice, and that the ceremony might be performed on the spot. At this news, and according to order, Poinset flung himself straightway on his knees in the kennel, and the other, drawing his sword, solemnly initiated him into the sacred order of jokers. From that day the little man believed himself received into the society; and to this having brought him, let us bid him a respectful adieu.

THE YOUTH OF JULIA HOWARD.

I CAN hardly comprehend the reasons which have induced me to give publicity to the secret story of my sorrow. My days have been passed in a succession of very ordinary occurrences. They have been disturbed by none of those sudden vicissitudes which are likely to excite the curiosity or sustain the interest of the reader. I am one whom Fortune seems to have lavished all her richest gifts upon. I cannot bring any great calamity to recollection,—for I don't remember the death of my mother; but, indeed, I am very, very wretched. There has been a quiet all around me, with which for many years my soul has had no sympathy. The stream of my days has flowed quietly along; but its waters have been dark as they were silent. The shades which sheltered them from the agitations of the wind, have also intercepted the light of heaven, and allowed no gleam of sunshine to play upon their surface. My mind is oppressed; my heart is overflowing. The story I relate is strictly true. I have altered the names of the characters; but the facts I have given exactly as they occurred. And I send my narrative to the press, partly with a view of warning others of the example of my sorrow; but, still more, from a hope of deriving some slight consolation to myself, as I follow the record of my own unhappiness in connexion with another name, and thus share with an imaginary being that burden of sad thoughts which I should shrink from communicating to the confidence of any living breast.

On the death of my mother, my father withdrew himself from the life of profuse and splendid dissipation which he had been leading in London, and retired, with myself and my brother Edward, to the country. This was in the spring of the year 1820. My brother was just ten when this event occurred; I was two years younger than he. My father's sudden abandonment of society occasioned a considerable sensation at the time. His conduct was accounted for in a variety of ways: it was attributed to grief, to vanity, to religion, to insanity, to the desire of literary leisure, and to the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments. For a fortnight, *the recluse*, as he was

called, was the constant theme of conversation. For the two first days of the succeeding week, his name yet lingered on the public voice. But then a new subject of interest occurred; and all further curiosity respecting "that extraordinary fellow, Edward Howard," came to a natural conclusion with the recollection of the person who had excited it. My father seemed to have fixed on the plan of his retirement as a penance for the luxury he had enjoyed in his previous habitation. It possessed no one imaginable recommendation. It was situated in Hampshire; not in one of the beautiful parts of that very various county, but in the most bleak and dreary of its hundreds. The house, which stood at a short distance from the high London road, between Alresford and Winchester, had originally been purchased by my father as a hunting-seat. In his days of ostentation, he had considered such an establishment indispensable; but, as he had no inclination for the chase, and an insuperable aversion to the majority of its votaries, the house had been little occupied by its proprietor, till he arrived in the summer of 1820, with a diminished retinue of horses and of servants, to make it the place of his permanent and economical abode. I remember nothing of this family migration, except the continued rain in which we made our journey, and the sense of dreaminess which I experienced as we approached the place which was destined for so many years to be my home. The house was one of those modern, square, formal, flimsy, plastered edifices, which are commonly advertised as "*commodious family residences*," and from which one escapes with a redoubled feeling of admiration for every old-fashioned, irregular, substantial red-brick building that meets your eye in the course of your retreat. It stood, with its walls of glaring white, its bright slated roof, its door staring in the centre, and two French windows on either side the door, exposed to the view of every passenger, at the end of a square paddock. This land, which was surrounded by a park paling, betrayed, in defiance of every agricultural experiment to induce a more abundant vegetation, the white and stony barren-

ness of the chalky soil beneath. Three or four scanty clumps of mingled firs and poplars were planted within the inclosure; and a belt of the same trees, interspersed with a few miserable laurels and pining flowering shrubs, surrounded it. This woody screen was aggrandised by the name of the Grove. It was intersected by a narrow walk of white sand and loose pebbles, which was tortured into a meandering course, as it was made alternately to approach the fence, or to diverge towards the lawn. This plantation was of very limited dimensions. It appeared to have been the leading principle of the artist to commit no unnecessary encroachment on the scanty pasturage which it encircled. A summer shade had been premeditated; but the trees, if they had ever manifested any disposition to carry the object of the designing mind into effect, were no longer capable of so strenuous an exertion. The soil was not congenial with them; they had never thriven in it: they existed, but they did not flourish. Their growth was stunted, and their shape distorted; they bore about them, like deformed and weakly children, the characters of a premature old age. Their young branches and their slender trunks were overgrown with gray moss and yellow lichens. They put forth late and scanty leaves, which were soon burnt up by the heat of the summer sun, and were scattered by the first gust of the autumn wind: and in some places they were tightly girt about by the embraces of a pale and sickly-looking ivy, which only seemed to exist by draining away the languid sap from the trunk by which it was supported. Within the inclosure, nothing appeared to flourish. Without the gates, there was the long, dusty turnpike-road, extending itself on either hand, to Alresford on the left, and to Winchester on the right: and all around lay an unprofitable waste of surrounding chalk-hills, which, when covered with the snows of winter, presented to the view an image of the utmost dreariness; and which, in the brightest days of summer, oppressed the mind with a sense of sultry, cheerless, inhospitable sterility.

Nothing could be more uniform and secluded than the life we led. My father most inflexibly resisted every advance towards a familiar intercourse with his neighbours. At his desire, expressed in my infancy, and never

afterwards recalled, the walks of my governess and myself were never extended beyond the grounds. My brother Edward was the only one of us who ever wandered beyond the precincts of our own possessions. He, indeed, was no sooner dismissed from the confinement of the study, than he was away upon some distant excursion; no change of season could restrain his erratic spirit within the range of our narrow limits. He voluntarily undertook the execution of all our commissions to the neighbouring towns. His horse had explored the termination of every lane or sheep-walk, and was acquainted with the airs that circulate about every eminence in the vicinity. He contracted a boyish intimacy with all those surrounding families whose visits had been repelled by the formal and incommunicable manners of my father. The bounds never threw off within ten miles of home, but, as soon as the ~~learned~~ Virgil and Homer were laid aside, he found himself conducted into the course of their run by an infallible and irresistible instinct. And when those dreary, drizzling days of winter, which constitute the brightest portion of the sportsman's life, were interrupted by the encroachments of the envious frost, my brother might be found, either snipe-shooting on the borders of the neighbouring stream, or beating about the haunts of some devoted wild duck, or skating on the dark bosom of some waters which had formed a lodgment in a hollow of the opposite hills. Of his sister, he saw little; but still I loved him with the tenderest affection. I could not accompany him in his amusements; but I derived the only change that diversified the sameness of my existence from his society, and gleaned all my knowledge of what was passing in the world around me from the account he delivered of his adventures and his sports. Though an unfrequent, he was my only companion. My father dearly loved his children; but his was not a nature which could easily unbend itself to take part in the trifles with which we were interested. After dedicating his morning hours to the task of superintending our studies, he, for the remainder of the day, enclosed himself almost entirely in his private apartments. He was as silent to his family as he was distant to his neighbours; at home he was mild and solitary, abroad

he was haughty and reserved. With my governess, it was almost impossible to communicate. Miss Simmons was an accomplished machine. Her music was faultless; her singing was in perfect tune, and most elaborately finished; her playing was marked by the most correct admeasurement of time, and the most astonishing brilliancy of execution. But neither one nor the other ever evinced the slightest touch of taste or feeling, which might distinguish it from the calculated movements of an automaton. Her drawing was inspired by the twin sister of the formal muse from whom she had inherited her music; her copies from the works of other artists were stiffly and disagreeably exact; while one experienced an emotion of surprise on looking at her original productions, to find that any thing so exquisitely finished in all its details should be so hard in its general effect. The person of Miss Simmons was in perfect correspondence with the character I have given of her attainments and accomplishments. The long and pointed bones of her figure had been modelled into form by the *iron rule and torturing power* of stocks, of collars, and of back-boards. She walked or sat before me every day—and all day long, an unwearied an irreproachable example of the manner in which every young lady ought to walk or sit. Every step of her foot; every action of her arms, every movement of her head, every turn of her eyes, was duteously correspondent with the precepts inculcated by her dancing-master. Her features were unpleasantly regular; her complexion was of that ugly white which the good nature of society has agreed to praise, as a sort of compensation for the universal opprobrium with which its concomitant red hair is visited. Her conversation, of which the perennial stream was supplied by the inexhaustible fountain of her vanity, continually expatiated on the subject of her accomplishments, which she did not so much estimate on account of their intrinsic value as of the time and money that she had expended in rendering herself mistress of such exotic ornaments. Still she was excellent according to her nature. She discharged her duties towards me with an exemplary regularity; her pride was interested in my progress. She was not rich, indeed, in the qualities that conciliate affection; but she became

endeared to me by habit and recollection. A thousand instances of her indulgence and her patience live upon my memory. Her dull, measured, incessant, pedantic orations, soon ceased to occasion me any inconvenience. I pursued my occupations without regarding them, and, from frequent repetition, they became as little heeded by me as the shrill whistling of the wind, which no ingenuity of contrivance could altogether prevent penetrating through the chinks and crannies of the French windows of the drawing-room. Oh, yes, she was good—very good. I loved her dearly; I believe I love her still. If I now write of her with any approximation to the tone and language of satiric levity, it is not that my gratitude is extinct, or that my regard for her has ceased; but that the whole course of my thoughts has become unhappily disturbed. My mind is sympathetically affected by the bitterness of my heart. The impressions I receive from the circumstances around me,—the opinions I form of the people with whom I live,—the sense in which I apprehend their words,—the views I take of their motives and their conduct, have all become distorted and severe. My character seems to have lost its natural kindness in the slow withering of its hopes, and the blight of its young affections. Oh! it was not always thus. There was a time when every object appeared beautiful to my eye, and derived a glow and lustre from the light of my own imagination. In my girlhood, secluded as my existence was, books were my most intimate companions. I lived in an ideal world, and peopled it with the heroes of poetry and romance; I believed in virtue, and truth, and love, and constancy; I dreamt that the lofty morals which were so beautifully expressed in my most favourite volumes, were really the principles by which mankind were influenced in all the active business of life, and which they were delighted to honour. Every high and generous sentiment was admitted with confidence; and—I may speak without vanity of that which no longer exists—an elevation, a refinement, a tenderness of mind and heart, were cherished in the retirement of my early home, which very little fitted me to contend against the selfishness and the duplicity, the meanness and the malignity, which I have had to encounter in the world.

But it is gone. I am no longer what I was in any thing; in character, I am no more like my former self than those features—that sunken eye—that rouged cheek—and that mouth, with the lines of its unmeaning, artificial, conventional smile impressed about it—as I now see them, overshadowed by one of Madame Carson's most inscrutably constructed bonnets of blonde and roses, reflected in the opposite mirror, bear resemblance to the fair face which was mine at the time I am writing of; which was ever varying with every varying emotion of the soul, and which, secure of meeting with nothing but looks of love and kindness in others, shed its beams of love and kindness upon all it looked on.—But I must not indulge in these retrospections; they only wring my own heart, and unnecessarily impede the progress of my story.

When I was about sixteen, my brother was sent to Oxford. This was the first great event in my life. This separation caused many—the first, and certainly the last—tears of childish sorrow I ever shed. All my after tears have sprung from the source of a more deep, and lasting, and matured affliction.

As soon as Edward had made this his first step towards entering the world, considerable alterations were made in our domestic arrangements. More horses were purchased; a new carriage was ordered; and our somewhat superannuated barouche was repaired and repainted. The plate was summoned from its long repose in the cellar of the London banker. My father found occasion for renewing his acquaintance with several of the principal families of the neighbourhood. It was evident that the object of his retirement from society was accomplished, and that he contemplated a return to his former habits of life. The change was gradually effected, as the circumstance occurred. On my asking him one morning, at breakfast, whether he had any objection to my sending the footman to Alresford; after intimating his consent by a silent inclination of the head, he turned to the butler, and said, "Jarvis, it is necessary that Miss Howard should have a footman of her own." And, in the course of the succeeding week, another servant was added to the establishment. "These curtains," said Miss Simmons, "are

most wretchedly faded by the sun."

My father looked at them for an instant, and then, casting his eyes cursorily round the room, answered, "Julia, my love, these things must be corrected. You must order new furniture for these apartments. When your brother and his friend arrive, we must cease to be the recluses we have been: and this worn carpet, and these antiquated hangings, would not shew creditably for us in the eyes of our critical and punctilious neighbours."

All our new arrangements were scarcely finished when the long summer vacation commenced. Early in June, Edward returned to us, and his friend, Charles Lydgate, accompanied him. After they had been at home a day or two, my father announced his desire of gathering "some of the neighbouring families around us;" and measures were taken for carrying his scheme into execution. Cards of invitation were sent out for the first of an intended series of dinners. The neighbours, with their lengthy sons and dumpy daughters, were summoned to attend. "We did call for them;" and, like the obedient spirits of Owen Glendower, "they did come when we did call for them." But we all, with one consent, voted their presence a disagreeable intrusion; and they came no more, because they were no more called for. My brother, Charles Lydgate, and myself, were sufficient to each other. We read, we rode, we walked, we drew, we sung together. A new light seemed to have broken on my existence; another and an unknown instinct was awakened in my breast. All my faculties had acquired a keener sense, and were glowing with a touch of more lively and thrilling animation; no moment was found to linger in its course. Those avocations which I had hitherto regarded as the means of merely occupying the hours of the day, were suddenly endowed with the power of delighting them. My favourite authors never appeared so exquisite to me before; I discovered beauties in them which till then had escaped my observation; I caught the deep and latent sentiment of passages which my eye had previously run over without apprehending their import, or appreciating their excellence: even the surrounding country began to find favour in my sight. All is lovely that the heart shines upon. If, indeed,

there was nothing worthy of admiration in the immediate neighbourhood of our home, there were still many spots, within the distance of a walk or ride, which might be visited with pleasure by those who, like ourselves, were not unwilling to be pleased. Much that is common-place in nature proved susceptible of picturesque effect when transmitted to the sketch-book. At all events, the heavens are every where the same; and in our evening rides, while we gazed on the venerable towers of Winchester Cathedral, rising darkly against the glories of the setting sun; while, as the shades of twilight grew deeper and more deep around us, we marked the tenants of some distant rookery winging their long, slow, and regular line of flight towards their home; or, while ever anxious to lengthen out the hours of our happiness to the utmost, we still, on our return, sauntered about the walks of the shrubbery, and looked upon the stars ~~successively~~ successively became visible in the sky, I wondered that those objects had never before excited my admiration to the same degree; and ceased to be surprised at hearing the reproaches with which Charles Lydgate would sometimes good-naturedly attack my brother, for having attempted to prejudice his mind by unfavourable descriptions of our place and country. Oh! how rapidly did the four months of that vacation pass away! I have no distinct recollection of any particular events, or of any striking circumstances, that happened; all that I can remember of that time was, the delightful consciousness of loving, and the firm belief that I was loved again. There was the merry greeting when we met in the morning; there was the bright, gay, laughing, summer day; there was the glorious sunset; and there was the evening, with its delightful communion of open thoughts and ardent feelings. These are the only impressions that remain upon my memory of that—the happiest—season of my life. But is it not always thus? Are not those ever the brightest periods of our existence which are marked by no strongly exciting incidents, and of which we only remember, when they are past, that they glided quietly away from us, in the blest companionship of those we love?

October—a beautiful October—full of those calm, clear, sunny, autumnal

days “which send unto the heart a summer feeling,” had now nearly passed away; and the time was come when my brother and his friend were to return to Oxford. We could hardly believe it possible that the vacation was over,—it had seemed so long in prospect, so short in retrospection. The day before our separation was sad and silent: we tried to relieve our melancholy by turning to our former methods of amusement; but they had lost the power of affording us any entertainment. They were taken up in swift succession, and, one after another, impatiently cast aside. As a last resource, we seated ourselves on a sofa by the window; and, while we watched the large orb of the rising moon, appeared to listen to the long and scientific sonatas of Miss Simmons. Her music afforded an excuse for our unwonted silence, and her indefatigable vanity was delighted at being allowed so many hours of unparticipated exhibition. To her, perhaps, those four last months of which we were painfully regretting the termination, had afforded no occasion of such continued and unmingled satisfaction.

On the morning of their departure, as my father and my brother were busied in directing some alterations in the luggage, Charles Lydgate and I stood together in the portico.

“You will soon forget us,” he said, “and all the happy time we have passed together, when we are once away, Julia.”

The “*Julia*” made my heart beat quicker, and called the blush of pleasure to my cheek. It was the first time he had ever called me by my Christian name. Never before, amid all the familiarity of our intercourse, had he ventured to address me by any other than the formal appellation of “Miss Howard.”

I did not answer on the instant; and he repeated, “Oh! you’ll very soon forget us, when we’re gone.”

“Indeed I shall not. You are very much more likely to lose the remembrance of my father and myself.”

“*That I can never do.*”

Nothing more was said. The words were nothing; but the tone in which they were spoken; the grasp of the hand which followed them; the sudden turning away of his head, to conceal, as I then believed, the tears which he was incapable of restraining,—all conveyed to

my mind a most moving and emphatic comment. I knew nothing of the world then; and, in my ignorance, I received these words, enforced as they were by the manner in which they were uttered, as a declaration of attachment, and a promise of constancy. With Charles, perhaps, they were little more than the ordinary expressions of compliment and civility; but I unhappily understood them according to the interpretation of my own affections.

In a moment after, all was ready. My brother summoned Charles away. There was much kind ceremony at parting; many invitations to return; innumerable reiterations of the sorrow which the separation caused us. At length the carriage-door was closed; the dreaded start was made. In a few minutes they had passed the gate; and then, very shortly after, even I could no longer catch the sound of the retiring wheels. "They are fine fellows," said my father, with a sigh; "I am very sorry to part with them." I could not answer him, and we withdrew to our solitary occupations.

Thus, before I was out, and was yet in, the school-room, the history of my life,—of the inward and only important part of life,—of that life of love, and hope, and fear, and entire dependency on another for every thing of happiness or misery, of weal or woe, had already, unconsciously and prematurely, been commenced.

The sadness which, after the separation was over, I bore with me to my chamber, I then considered as the very bitterest feeling of which the heart is capable. All our notions of sorrow or of joy are comparative. The very condition which would be prized as happiness by those who have long been wretched, would be mourned over as wretchedness itself by those who have long been happy. What I regarded as misery at that moment, I should now dearly value as repose and peace. The melancholy which then cast its shadow over my soul acknowledged a sympathy with the beauties and solitudes of nature; it had an interest in painting and poetry; it was soothed by music; it was gentle and affectionate to all around me; it was elevated by a sense of undivided and confiding love; and it was cheered by the prospect of no very distant meeting. At Christmas, my brother and Charles Lydgate were to return. Oh! what comfort

would it now be to me again to shed the tears, and again to experience the feelings, of unembittered tenderness, with which then I sung,—

He came—and o'er this dreary scene
A light appeared which had not been :
He went—and the unwonted ray
With his departure past away.

He came, like yonder beam which dyes
With rainbow hues the stormy skies ;
And leaves, its fleeting brightness o'er,
The cloud, the darkness, and the shower.

I have not transcribed these verses, or any of the rest which follow in the course of my narrative, because I consider them as deserving publication for their own merit's sake, but because they appear to me to be somewhat curious, as specimens of the sort of poetry which is suggested of the thoughts that throng about the mind of the unhappy, and in which they seek to relieve themselves of the weight of their affliction, without having energy enough to encounter the labour of revising or correcting what they have written.

I said that at Christmas my brother and his friend were again expected. I counted the days that intervened : and every night, as I blotted from my pocket-almanack the day which had passed away, I delighted myself in contemplating the diminished number that remained.

During this time of anxious and eagerly increasing expectation, it occurred to me, that the winter would no longer be favourable to the pursuits which had interested us in the summer and the autumn months, and that some new methods of passing away our time must be provided. This thought was the source of abundant occupation to me. I busied myself in devising schemes, and collecting materials for our Christmas amusements. I taught myself to play at billiards : I sent to town for every new publication which promised to afford diversion to our long evenings around the fireside : I gathered together the instruments of all the games that are enumerated in the catalogue of domestic sports : and, before the day appointed for the return of Charles and Edward had arrived, I had accumulated a most abundant armoury of weapons to kill time, and had possessed myself of the means of dissipating years of happy idleness for

those who loved with as deep, as entire, and as permanent an affection as my own. My mind, continually employed on the holiday term before me, termed with innumerable inventions for securing and brightening its happiness. I was determined not to be too prodigal of my acquisitions; to conceal them in my dressing-room, where no one ever entered but by my especial invitation; to produce them, one by one, in succession, but not too rapidly; to dispense my treasures with a liberal, but not a lavish hand, as our ordinary resources became exhausted. Every rainy day, every season of languor or depression, every hour of weariness or *ennui*, every fall of snow, every unoccupied evening, was to feel the cheering influences of my presence. I was to move among the party as some benevolent spirit, who extended her guardianship around them—watching over their welfare, cherishing their smiles, and anticipating and preventing the rise of every gloomy cloud on their brow. Thus rich in hopes, and strong in the means of their accomplishment, I awaited with sleepless and feverish impatience the arrival of the 16th of December.

My father evidently sympathised in all my anxiety for the return of Charles and Edward. He very rarely made any demonstration of his feelings. He seemed, indeed, to deny himself every voluntary expression of what was passing in his heart, as a species of indecorous and ostentatious egotism; but, in spite of himself, his affections would continually betray themselves through his cold, polite, and somewhat formal manners, by signs which were sufficiently intelligible. I could discover, through all his habitual reserve, how eagerly he looked forward to the commencement of the Christmas vacation. His custom of retiring to the study after dinner was given up while my brother and his friend were with us, and it had never been again resumed. His evenings were now always spent with Miss Simmons and myself in the drawing-room; where, before we summoned him to coffee, his chair and reading-desk were regularly set for him in his own exclusive place by the fire-side. We were generally a very silent party. I had no topics to suggest. The great theme on which my thoughts invariably rested, was one of which I could not speak. The image of Charles

was always present to my imagination; and I hardly dared to speak, lest the sound of my voice should disturb the vision and dissipate the illusion. Miss Simmons always became silent in the presence of my father. Edward used to call her unusual taciturnity on such occasions, "the instinctive homage of vanity to pride." As the Christmas approached, my father himself would often interrupt the stillness of the time, by turning to me, and saying, "We shall be quite alive again next week, Julia, when your brother comes;" or, "I hope this fine weather may continue while your brother is with us." But then, after my brief reply, the conversation dropped, and we relapsed into our wonted silence. It was plain that, while my father seemed to be absorbed in the volume before him, his thoughts were often wandering from it, to hold affectionate communion with the remembrance of his son. My heart severely upbraided me for my own comparative indifference. I regarded it as a sin, in an only sister towards an only brother, to find myself taking so much more interest in another than in him. This aberration, or rather this division, of my love, appeared to me as a guilty severing of the ties of childhood; and in every moment of less buoyant spirits, my conscience bitterly resented my forgetfulness, as an infidelity to the domestic charities.

On the 16th of December—the morning of happy expectation—I was awake long before the dawn, and had descended to the breakfast-room more than an hour earlier than usual. I thought to have found myself alone there; but my father was already down before me. Oh! there is a calm and steady energy in parental love, which disdains to be outstripped by the restless speed of any less sacred or less disinterested affection. Our breakfast was soon despatched. Without any previous communication, we prepared to walk. We intuitively apprehended the wishes and intentions of each other. Our anxiety to be again in the society of those who were so dear to us, would not allow us to remain quietly within the boundaries of our own grounds; but, rapidly passing through the gates, we directed our course along the high road to meet them. The morning was fair, and clear, and frosty. The earth was firm and crisp beneath our tread. The air blew upon us with a cheerful

freshness. The sky was without a cloud. A redbreast was singing loudly, with all the joyousness of summer, from the leafless branches of a mountain-ash. And the sun was sparkling beautifully on the light and silvery frost-wreaths, which, like the hopes of youth, were gradually dissolving round us in their brightness into tears. Our hearts caught the inspiration of the scene. Every object that the eye alighted on afforded us an argument of conversation. Innumerable topics were started and pursued awhile, and then lost sight of in the digressions they produced. Where the fancy failed, the natural gaiety of the moment made up for its deficiencies. And thus we passed at a rapid pace, arm-in-arm, along the London Road, laughing and talking; till, at the end of about an hour's walk, the long wished-for carriage arose suddenly to view, on the summit of an eminence before us. The breathless impatience, the flush of pleasure, the quick fluttering of the heart, the stopping the horses, the bustle of the unexpected meeting, were no more than the operation of an instant. A minute had scarcely passed, and the empty chariot was advancing leisurely towards the house. My father, leaning on Edward's arm, was addressing and answering a world of interrogations; and I found myself, without any arrangement of our own, left to follow them under the protection of Charles Lydgate. In that little minute, all my gaiety had evaporated. Love quickens our perceptions, to the destruction of our peace. The flow of my ardent feelings of attachment had been checked by the cold "*Miss Howard*," which was twice repeated in his answer to my expressions of kind welcome. Intimidated and repulsed, my ardent joy at meeting him returned to my own breast, to chill and sadden it. Then I fancied that my reception of my brother had been hurried, and negligent, and unsisterly. Disappointed in him on whom my happiness had become dependent, I grew dissatisfied with myself. Charles and I addressed each other but seldom. The few observations that we made were general and uninteresting. We only constrained ourselves to speak, to escape from the heavy oppression of our silence. My brother, his eyes beaming with delight at being at home again, would from time to time cast a look behind him, and stretch out his

hand towards me, and express, by a word or smile, his gratification at our reunion, and then turn away again, to listen to the news, or reply to the inquiries, of my father. There was no anxiety, no doubt, no taste of bitterness, mingled with the full contentment of their meeting. As we drew nearer to the house, Charles also appeared to be awakened by the associations of the scenes around him to the remembrance of his former feelings. He recurred to the happiness of the preceding summer. He spoke of the rides, the walks, the readings, the drawing excursions, we had undertaken together. Experience has since taught me that his manner of reverting to these circumstances evinced no real feeling—that the language was all conventional—that the tone of voice and the expression of the eye were modelled after the ordinary forms of an unmeaning gallantry. But, at the time, I was deceived by them. In my ignorance of all the polished frauds and authorised dissimulations of society, I could not doubt but thus to dwell with pleasure on times and amusements that were past, was a proof of kindly feeling towards those who were the companions of them. All doubts of his constancy were dispersed; and, before we had reached our home, the airy fabric of my hopes was soaring as perfect and as fair as ever; and my happiness seemed to have acquired an increase of brilliancy from the darkness of the transient clouds by which it had been for a moment overcast.

Charles really was changed in his feelings towards me, eagerly as I flattered myself into a contrary persuasion. And what was the cause of this estrangement? Whence originated this miserable disruption of two young hearts—this blight of an attachment that might have been eternal—this attaint to the ingenuousness of his character—and this total annihilation of my happiness? Some months after, I learned all the secret of this diversion of his regard. He had, during the last term, gone from Cambridge to the ball at Huntingdon. His beauty had there attracted the notice of Lady Elizabeth Fordham, a woman long past the bloom of youth, but wonderfully well skilled in preserving the appearance of it. She had high birth, and some fashion. She had lively talents and attractive manners. She was married to an indolent, easy, epicurean husband, who, as long as his

dinner and his wines were of the first character at home, was perfectly careless of the way in which his wife amused herself abroad. She enjoyed, moreover, that sort of cracked, but not severed reputation, to which many privileges appear to be attached. It endows the woman who is so qualified with peculiar charms in the eyes of the majority of men; it attracts them in crowds, as competitors for her favour; and renders them prodigal in lavishing upon her the attentions it encourages. Lady Elizabeth Fordham was, to a certain degree, a personage—in the country, she was a very leading personage indeed; and, to one so young as Charles Lydgate, her admiration, expressed, as it was, with a most unblushing candour, conferred a distinction, which was not only extremely gratifying to his personal vanity, but which gave him position among men of a more advanced and certain footing in society. Besides, it made him the fashion. All the young ladies of the neighbourhood, who were of an ardent turn, caught the infection; and, acting under the sanction of such a precedent, became almost as clamorous as Lady Elizabeth in the expression of their enthusiasm. And thus the remembrance of my poor merits was dissipated in the flatteries that magnified his own; while the love which he had felt himself was lost in the exultant sense of the love which he was the object of in others. Perhaps, indeed, surrounded and courted by those who had already taken rank as women, in the midst of his triumphs over hearts more fortified by the discipline of the world, flushed with his success over affections more experienced in the school of the passions, he became ashamed of his attachment to a girl so young, so simple, and so thoroughly unknown to, and ignorant of, society, as myself. Good Heavens, that such things should be! When, at the distance of ten years from the time I am now writing of, I meet Lady Elizabeth Fordham, as I occasionally do at some great London dinners, I cannot discover the slightest trace of the beauty for which she was then distinguished. She has become old, and fat, and gouty. All the charm of her manner has disappeared before an overweening selfishness, which is every day on the increase; and which, keeping her constantly on the watch for her own interest and convenience, will

hardly allow her to observe the restraints imposed by the ordinary usages and general conventions of civilised life. All her lovers have departed from her. One flatterer still remained faithful, till last summer; but then a very efficient cook she had died of the cholera,—and now he has proved fickle like the rest. Seeing her, as she now is, I cannot conceive how it is possible that such a person should ever for a moment have fascinated Charles Lydgate. But so it was. I did not hear of it for many months after; and, when told me, I was very slow in believing the report. But how shamefully I am digressing!

After we arrived at the house, the morning was spent in accompanying my brother in his circuit to the various objects of domestic interest. In the evening, the drawings which I had made from our summer sketches were produced, looked at, criticised, and generally approved. We related to each other—with great reservations, indeed, on the part of Charles—such circumstances of interest as had happened to us during the period of our separation. When I call to mind the trifles which I then dwelt upon as matters of importance—the hatching of my canaries' eggs, and the death of my beautiful geranium—and think how childish they must have made me appear in Charles' eyes, after the more impassioned interests, and more exciting conversation, of the society he had so lately mingled with, I feel the blushes of shame burning upon my cheek, and mounting to my forehead, as I write. We afterwards attempted some new music, which Edward had brought with him from London. Charles had recommended it. The songs had delighted him, when he heard them sung by a friend of his. He did not say who that friend was.

The three succeeding days were clear, and bright, and frosty, as the day of their arrival. In the mornings, we walked and rode together. After dinner, we were occupied with music and billiards. There was no moment of weariness, and, consequently, no demand upon my treasury of amusement. We were together. I saw him move—I heard him speak—I was continually the object of his attentions; and if the idea occasionally crossed my imagination, that there was an indescribable deficiency in the manner of them, which rendered them less valuable

than those I had formerly received, the suspicion was indignantly rejected, as unworthy the generosity and the confidence of a true affection. I persuaded myself that Charles was too excellent to be guilty of inconstancy. My memory assures me that, at that time, my heart was satisfied—my contentment appeared incapable of enhancement; or, if I wished for any thing, it was only for a favourable opportunity of discovering the precautions against *ennui* which I had taken, and bringing forward some of my enormous store of books and playthings. Any circumstance would have pleased me, which disclosed to Charles and Edward my past anxiety for their arrival, and the provision I had made for their reception. On retiring to my chamber, the third night after their return, when I looked from my window, and saw the prognostics of the disappearing frost—the absence of the bright and twinkling starlight, and the portentous circle of pale clouds about the moon—I welcomed them as the certain harbingers of an increase of happiness. On awaking in the night, no sounds ever fell so soothingly on my ear, as the regular beating of the rain against my window. And it was with exquisite delight that, when morning dawned, I looked upon the dimpled landscape, on the thick mists which were resting upon the distant hills, and on the gray and ragged clouds which were drooping nearer and nearer to the earth, and drifting together into dark and watery masses. My invention immediately set itself to work, in devising a plan for the distribution of the day. In a few seconds, every hour had its peculiar occupation allotted it. As soon as breakfast was over, Charles and Edward were alternately to read aloud from a new volume of travels; while I finished my large drawing of an early twilight view of Winchester Cathedral. This I conceived a serious, fitting, and instructive way of passing the morning. For the rest of the day, I had many plans in contemplation; but I left myself free to be guided by circumstances as to the *one* which should be eventually carried into effect. But the promise of continued rain, which was disclosed in the appearances of the sky, and interpreted by the direction of the vane of the weathercock, and assured to me by the barometer, seemed to place me at the very height of my ambition, to in-

vest me with a real superiority over my companions, and to render me the dispenser of all our domestic good or evil, during the long hoped-for time of its continuance. With these feelings of the most enviable self-complacency, I descended from my dressing-room, bending under the burden of two thick and heavy quarto volumes of travels. It was rather late, and I expected to be rallied on my indolence. I guessed what their observations would be, and was prepared with my answers. I anticipated the repetition of an old joke of Edward's; and was enjoying the laugh which would follow my unexpected retort. The hall clock must have been too quick, for, by its indications, it was past eleven. I hastened my steps towards the breakfast-room; and there the severest disappointment met me. The whole economy of the table was discomposed. The breakfast was over—the party had dispersed. Miss Simmons was sitting alone in the room, reading the newspaper, and waiting till I should come down. Long before the usual hour, my brother had summoned her, by a request to make breakfast for Charles Lydgate and himself; and they had set off, more than an hour before, to join the hounds, which were to throw off at Titchborne Down. In all my calculations, this contravention to my designs had been altogether overlooked. It had actually escaped my recollection that the field-sports eschew the sunshine, and rejoice in seasons of rain, and gloom, and mists, and dreariness. Or, perhaps, deceived by the flattery of my own affections, I imagined it impossible that Charles should derive any pleasure from a pursuit in which I could have no participation, and which must necessarily separate him from my society for so large a portion of that time, which was to me so precious and so brief. I was sure that I could never have so acted towards him; and I felt humbled and defeated. I almost immediately withdrew to my dressing-room; and there I locked myself in, and sat down and wept, overpowered by emotions, of which the suffering and the intensity were by no means in proportion to the slight occasion which had excited them.—But so it always is with those who deeply love.—The acute, naked, shrinking sensibility of every strong affection, is conscious of none of the inferior gradations of happiness or misery. It exists in the ex-

tremes of darkness or of light. It passes with an instantaneous transition from the liveliest sense of joy to the keenest pang of agony. It changes from confidence to despair, and from despair to confidence again, with every variation of the face it delights itself in gazing on. The most trivial incident can cheer or pain, can animate or dispirit, the soul which is subjected to its imperious mastery. To those who truly love, the slightest turn of the eye may open the fountain of our tears, or make the heart dance with gladness; an almost imperceptible inflection of the voice may depress or reassure the spirit; a single word may crush the faculties beneath the weight of an insuperable despondency, or awaken into sudden life and freshness the gayest and most creative powers of the imagination.

I shall not pause on the events of the next three weeks. All the country were congratulating themselves on the fine scinting days, and the glorious open weather. Every object looked cheerless and miserable without; and, for me, all was equally sad and melancholy within. My time was almost as solitary as before the return of my brother and his friend. They were with us, generally, at breakfast; but they were absent the whole day. Very frequently, they dined abroad. Invitations were pressed upon them by the companions of their morning chase, which they declared themselves incapable of refusing. I never could understand what it was that constituted this incapacity. And, when they did return to dinner, our evenings had lost their original tone of cheerfulness and sociality. Edward and Charles were exhausted by the fatigue which they had undergone in the early part of the day; and I had not energy of heart enough remaining to attempt exciting them to renewed exertions. I was dispirited. I could not apply myself to any of my wonted occupations. I did nothing but wander from room to room, seeking for rest, and unable to find it. My sleep was broken. I had no wish to eat. The colour faded from my cheeks. My father and Edward, in opposition to all my assertions to the contrary, persisted in considering my health affected. I believe Charles Lydgate was not wholly unconscious of the mental anxiety, which was the real occasion of their fears for me.

When they spoke of their apprehensions, I observed that he faintly blushed, and that his eyes fell involuntarily to the ground. At that time I was young in suffering: I have now become inured to it. My soul now seems to have acquired an independence of the body. It can, at the present moment, experienced in sorrow, and strengthened by the efforts it has been forced to make, bear up against any kind of injury. It can sustain the pangs of jealousy, it can contemplate the indications of indifference, it can encounter neglect and forgetfulness, and can writhe in secret agony all the while, without allowing the slightest exterior symptom to give notice of the agitation that is passing on within. But, in my earlier years, it was not so. My frame sympathised with every emotion of my breast. And it was not possible that my health should remain unimpaired, while my heart was grieved with the afflicting and irritating sense of an affection unequally returned. During the long, long hours of Charles's absence, I remained in my own apartments. And, oh! how piercing was the agony of my solitary reflections there, as I compared my eager longing for his return to me, with his constant willingness to be away again in the pursuit of some distant pleasure.

My father had determined that I should appear in public, for the first time, at an Alresford ball, which was to take place at the end of the Christmas vacation; and, on the morning before this great event occurred, as I was sitting in melancholy loneliness in my dressing-room, Miss Simmons entered to consult me about some arrangement in my dress for that important evening. She instantly saw that I had been weeping; and, with a tone of affectionate entreaty, implored me to intrust to her the cause of my distress. Surprised, in the hurry of the moment, almost unconsciously to myself, I discovered to her the story of my secret love and sorrow. She had no sooner caught the sense of words, which she seemed to do with difficulty, than she started back, and, for a time, gazed at me with speechless astonishment. Her face lost its look of sympathy, and assumed an expression of incredulous surprise; and when, at length, she recovered her power of giving utterance to her emotions, it was only to assure me that, under

such circumstances, I could expect no commiseration from her. The confidence was beyond her comprehension. "The circumstance was quite unprecedented." "Her experience had never extended to the knowledge of so scandalous a solecism in female conduct;" "To *fall in love*! she never heard of such a thing;" "It was like a housemaid;" "It was a vulgarity;" "It was such a *grossièreté* as she had conceived it impossible for any young lady to commit, who had, from her very infancy, possessed the advantages of her tuition;" "No person, she could assure me, who was at all raised above the very lowest classes of society, ever permitted their affections to be engaged before the marriage-articles were decided on, and the settlements were signed."*

I interrupted her voluble amazement with an earnest charge of secrecy. There was no necessity for my urging such a request. "She would not, for the worth of kingdoms, degrade the dignity of the sex by the disclosure of so humiliating an occurrence." After advising me to rid myself of my affection, which she seemed to consider as completely easy and voluntary an act, as putting off my bonnet; and assuring me again that no hint of the subject of our conversation should ever emanate from her, she left me to conclude her consultation with my maid about my dress for the ensuing ball.

I find the following verses in my portfolio, with the date of the month and year written at the top; and, if my memory does not deceive me, they were murmured over my guitar to a tune which Charles had often sung with me, while the remonstrance of Miss Simmons was yet vivid in my recollection:—

Song, January 1829.

The love I bear, I must not name;
To feel is wrong, to own were shame;
For woman's breast should never yearn
With fondness, meeting no return;
Nor o'er the violated vow
Thus idly weep, as I do now;
But cast her tenderness aside,
And find security in pride.

But nursed in solitudes apart,
With no instructor but my heart,
I learnt to love and to regret,
But missed the science to forget;

And when he praised this fading cheek,
And spoke such words as lovers speak,
It seemed not wrong to yield him then
The love I can't recall again.

These verses were written at seventeen. I again repeat, that they are not inserted on the supposition of their possessing any poetical merit, but because they reflect the actual feeling of the moment, and may thus convey a more distinct idea of the state of my mind than a more finished and minute description. The roughest sketch made upon the spot is generally more true to nature, than any picture, however elaborate, of which it may serve as the archetype.

The next day was, as I have said, the day of the ball. Charles and Edward dined at Alresford with the Hampshire Hunt, or the County Club, or some other male congregation of a similar description; my father remained at home to attend Miss Simmons and myself. This evening witnessed my first introduction in any thing like general society. I had, for years, heard my "*coming out*" spoken of as an important epocha. It was, indeed, an affair of momentous interest to every individual of the house, except myself. My father and my brother had formed considerable expectations of the sensation which was to be occasioned by what they called my beauty. Miss Simmons contemplated me, with my little talents and accomplishments, as a work of her own creation, and was impatient for the moment, when the public would be called upon to survey, to criticise, and to appreciate the skill she had exhibited in its execution. My maid had received the patterns of my dress direct from Paris, and participated in my governess's concern for my success. The inferior domestics seemed to imagine that their own honour and credit were, in some strange and unintelligible way, involved in the triumphs achieved by their young mistress; and, in open defiance of the air of augmented self-importance and the forbidding frowns which silently reproached their presumption from beneath the golden curls and silver turban of Miss Simmons, they would crowd into the hall, and hang over the staircase, and peep from behind the doors, to admire my looks and my dress, and to witness my departure to the ball.

It was very late when we arrived at Alresford, and the first dances were over. My sensations, on first finding myself encircled by the glare of lights and the throng of company, were, I believe, very different from those which are generally experienced by young persons on such occasions. Every other girl in the ardour of youthful expectation, the excitement of the imagination, the thrilling sense of being an object of remark, the confending impulses of vanity and shyness, the confidence of untried powers, the consciousness of unattenuated charms, and the glow of delight enkindled by the possession of her first ornaments, is presented to society with all the little pride and coquetry of female nature fluttering at the breast, and regards her introduction to the world as the commencement of a happy story, and the prelude to the fulfilment of a long course of brilliant anticipations. Separated, as I have been, by peculiar circumstances, from any personal interest in the scenes in which I have moved, my observation on the occurrences that have passed in review before me has been active in proportion as my affections were disengaged from them. I have moved amid the crowd as an isolated being, and have been a passive spectator of their busy purposes. I have witnessed the first appearance of many of the young, the beautiful, and the gay, on the eventful and perilous theatre of society; I have caught the murmur of the flattery that attended them; I have noticed the brightening lustre of the triumphant eye, and the heightening glow of the exultant cheek; I have surveyed them, as each practised in succession their little arts of fascination; I have watched them all through the repetition of those many stratagems to attract admiration, and to raise admiration into love, which have so often been essayed, which are so obnoxious to detection, which are always seen through, and which are, nevertheless, as continually and as confidently renewed, as if they had never before been attempted or exposed. I have followed the glance of observation as it made its circuit round the apartment from beneath the downcast eyelids, to take account of the number of admirers, and I have marked the object on which it rested longest; I have perceived the gradual exaltation of the spirits, as the attentions

of the partner became less equivocal; and have pitied the constrained gaiety and the artificial smile which so inadequately veiled the anxieties of disappointment; I have contemplated the progress of the work of the lovers' destiny, as it originated in almost imperceptible beginnings, and was continued by slight aids and casual occurrences, till some trivial accident occasioned its completion. With a few, a very few, there has been a prosperous conclusion to the story. With some, the peace of the heart was lost, and the bloom of youth was wasted in a vain pursuit of a conquest beyond their power to achieve:—with others, affection was sacrificed to ambition; and then there was a gleam of splendour, and a dreary after-life of vexation or shame:—and with by far the greater number there has been a mutual love and contravening circumstances, sighs and tears, vows and separation, a brief fidelity and a long oblivion. But of the very, very many, whose fortunes I have seen launched on the stormy and troubled waters of the ball-room—which is, perhaps, the most eventful sphere of a woman's history—of all the very many whose fate, from the earliest dawn of expectation to its accomplishment or its defeat, has been laid open to my inspection; never have I observed a single individual, who, like myself, came forth from the privacy of the school-room with the die of her existence already cast; and who, in the premature depression of the spirit, contemplated the opening scenes around her, as they exist in their blank and unadorned reality, uncoloured by any of the illusive tints of hope, and unilluminated by any, even the faintest, glow of the imagination. But, perhaps, this very preoccupation tended to heighten the effect of my introduction. It gave me the appearance of perfect self-possession. I forgot the crowd by which I was surrounded, and was as unconscious, as I was careless, of the observations excited by my presence. Setting no value on the general gaze that followed me, my composure was undisturbed by any of those innumerable and indefinable indications of gratified vanity which are so often seen to impair the grace of youth by giving an artificial character to the manners. I perceived that my father moved with a more stately step, and held my arm closer within his:

that Miss Simmons's mouth curled up into a smile of complacency at the right corner; but, till my brother and Charles Lydgate joined us, and began to rally me on what they called *my success*, I had no conception that the visible gratification of my companions originated in any sensation occasioned by my appearance. It has always been inexplicable to me, how my father, with his knowledge of the world and elevation of character, should have taken so much interest as he did in the admiration thus excited by his daughter in the narrow circle of a country assembly-room: but there is a strong analogy between personal vanity and parental pride; and each, in the absence of more valuable praise, will delight itself with inferior flattery.

I was distinguished as the centre of attraction. The few men, with any pretensions to fashion, who were present, were eager to be introduced to me. Lord Botley, a young, and long, and narrow peer, just out of his minority, was quite oppressive with his unceasing but silent assiduities. That which is sought by many immediately becomes enhanced in our estimation; and Charles, when he saw that my smiles were counted as an honour, availed himself of whatever distinction they might confer, by renewing and redoubling his attentions to me. He was all, if not more, than he had ever been. My spirits were raised in consequence, from the lowest depths of despondency to their highest pitch of elevation. He danced with me twice, and he danced with no one else. If I was engaged with another, he repeatedly drew nigh and communicated his quizzing remarks upon my partner; and when a set of quadrilles was over, he would invariably accompany me to my seat beside either my father or Miss Simmons.

"Really, Charles," remonstrated my brother, "you must not sit here all night flirting with Julia. The flat-faced Miss Horsham is expiring with jealousy."

"I am sorry for it; but really she must be permitted to expire in peace. I cannot interfere to save her. I have *'hoped she's very well,'* and told her *'the room is very full,'* and it's extremely impertinent in the girl to entertain any further expectations."

Nothing could exceed my happiness.

Charles was then parsimonious of his attentions. His manner to myself was observed by others. My heart had not misinterpreted its import. Almost immediately after this occurrence, I overheard a whisper from one old lady to another, assuring her that "Miss Howard was to be married to Mr. Lydgate as soon as that gentleman attained the age of twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, dear! why defer it so long?"

"Oh, it's very unfortunate for the young people; but the old Mr. Lydgate, groundlessly fearful of his son's extravagance, lengthened the term of his minority, and has not allowed him to come into possession of his fortune till he is five and twenty."

"Oh, dear, what a pity! Such a beautiful couple, too!"

I knew the whole of this communication to be false; every word was spoken on no better authority than the invention of the speaker, but still it gave me pleasure. It was the echo of my hopes; and my heart received it as the certain prognostic of their accomplishment.

With the return of morning my recently acquired serenity was again disturbed. When the next day broke upon me, all the bright visions and animating thoughts which had been inspired by the events of the past evening were rapidly dispersed. Only three entire days of the vacation now remained; on the evening of the fourth, Edward and Charles were to set out on their return to Oxford. They hunted on the two days after the ball, and on the first day they dined from home. Ignorant as I then was of the little motives by which we are actuated in our conduct towards each other, was it possible that I should have anticipated this; that I could be prepared to find my society courted with so ostentatious a preference at one time, and so carelessly abandoned at another; or that, meeting with conduct so unexpected, and to me so thoroughly unaccountable, I should not very deeply feel it? On the night after the ball (I had not seen Charles all day—he and Edward were out before I had risen, and their clothes had been sent for them to dress where they dined)—as I stood looking down upon the fire, with my hand resting upon the mantel-piece, and my head upon my hand, my father left his book and walked

towards me. We were alone in the room; Miss Simmons had already gone to bed, fatigued with the unusual festivities of the preceding evening. After a pause of a few minutes, as if preparing for some serious argument, my father placed his hand upon my shoulder, and, looking at me with an expression of peculiar tenderness, he said, "Julia, there is some oppression upon your mind?"

"No, indeed, father; it's nothing;" and I burst into tears.

"I do not ask you to discover to me any secret, which it may give you pain to utter. I am convinced my child will never harbour any feeling in her heart, which my more severe duty as a father would lead me to insist on a confession of. But am I right?"

"In what, father?"

"You love Charles Lydgate?"

I could not speak, but hid my face in my handkerchief, and wept.

"Your silence," he continued, "is sufficient. My dearest Julia, a friend less sincere would, perhaps, speak more soothingly to you at this moment than I dare to do; but I must be true to you. I have observed him well. My words will distress you; but, trust me, I am not deceived. Your love is not returned. My child, we must strive to deliver ourselves from this affection, or your brother's friend must be our visitor no more. Thank Heaven, after two days they will be gone!"

He kissed me with strong emotion, and I withdrew to my chamber.

The apprehension of never seeing Charles again constrained me ever after to conceal my attachment. Cold as he was, my hopes were in opposition to the conclusion arrived at by my father. Was it possible that he could have ceased to love me? That he once had loved me, I never for a moment questioned, nor do I question it now; but could that love have really passed away, and for ever? All was uncertainty and wretchedness. My mind never for an instant rested on the same opinion; and, in the following song, I begin with bewailing his inconstancy, and conclude with expressing my conviction of his truth:—

Song.

Could no affection bind thee,
Could no remembrance move,
That I thus grieve to find thee
Inconstant in thy love?

Oh, Charles! the wise would tell me
To dash my tears away,
And from a heart expel thee,
Which thou could so betray.

But still I must believe thee
Unkind, but not untrue;
Nor though thou couldst deceive me,
Would I be faithless too?

On the succeeding morning my brother and his friend were again led abroad by their insatiable passion for the hunting. I know not what it was, but something occurred which brought the day's sport to an unexpected conclusion, and they came home earlier than usual. I was in my dressing-room, contemplating the store of books and puzzles, and various implements of amusement, which I had so diligently, but so uselessly, collected, and which were piled together in the corner of the room, or lying scattered about upon the chairs and sofas. On their return, not finding me in the drawing-room or the library, and being assured that I was in the house, Edward came up-stairs to seek me in my own apartment. His surprise at the scene before him was extreme. He called aloud for Charles to come and witness it. His friend was in the passage, and instantly obeyed his summons. My brother's astonishment found utterance in a world of laughing interrogations, as he hastily took up and cast away again the several objects which attracted his curiosity.

"Well, but tell me, Julia, what are these all for? Where did they come from? Did you buy them all, or were they given to you? What do you intend doing with them? Do you purpose setting up a bazar, or are they the subjects of your private studies?"

"No, indeed."

"What are they, then?"

"I collected them because I thought we might have wanted them this Christmas, when Charles — I mean Mr. Lydgate — and you were with us."

"Want them! What did you suppose, Julia, we should have nothing else to do but play with Chinese puzzles, devils, jack-straws, La Grace, battle-dors and shuttlecocks, and all the exploded sports of the nursery?"

I felt the ridicule; it cast the last drop upon the heart, which was too full already. The tears forced themselves into my eyes, — my voice trembled, —

and saying, "I did not think you would have been so very, very much away from home," I endeavoured to conceal, on my brother's shoulder, the pain and confusion which my sobs involuntarily discovered.

As Edward pressed me to his heart and affectionately kissed my forehead, Charles Lydgate gently and kindly shook me by the hand, and I distinctly heard him utter, in a suppressed tone, "Poor Julia!"

That expression reassured me; my tears were dried. The words were suggested by pity, and I mistook them for an intimation of affection. I have since learned to distinguish more correctly: I know now that love and pity are incompatible; that their natures are opposite, the one to the other, and can never coalesce, that pity may linger in the heart, and preserve a show of love, after every real touch of tenderness has departed; but that love was never evoked by the voice, and has an instinctive dread of the look and air which are calculated to awaken the sentiment of pity; that love, in short, is essentially a principle of equality, and that pity is the attribute of conscious, and undisputed, and dominant superiority.

"I'm sorry we hunted to-day, Charles," said my brother; "we ought to have given this morning, at least, to Julia. If it is not too late, let us take a ride with her now."

"Very well," said Charles; "let us go directly. Julia, should you like it?"

"Oh, yes; very, very much indeed! Let us ride, as we used to do." •

The horses were ordered, and we set out with the idle expectation of recovering the charm and feeling of those hours which we had spent together in the summer vacation.

But the charm was dissipated; the feeling could not be recalled. We were the same party; we pursued one of our favourite tracks. There was a mild air and a clear sky; and there was a fair sun shining upon us, which seemed to cheer the dreariness of winter with the promise of returning spring. Yet still there was a difference, of which all were sensible, and which each endeavoured to conceal. We conversed, but it was by effort, not by impulse. The laugh was constrained; our hearts and spirits were not in unison; and all dreaded lest one or the other should accidentally touch on some discordant string. In speaking, our faces turned towards each other, but our eyes appeared afraid of meeting. Our ride was not very long, for the day soon closed in upon us, and company was expected to dinner. With that company the evening passed formally away. The next morning was consumed by Charles and Edward in preparations for their departure; in the afternoon they left us. On taking leave, Charles reminded me that, at the end of May, we should meet again in London.

So this anxiously expected Christmas vacation was concluded, and so concludes the first part of the "*Youth of Julia Howard*;" whether any sequel shall ever follow it will depend on a variety of circumstances. I may neither have health nor time to continue my narrative; and it is very probable that, in the present taste for tales of strongly-coloured manners and highly-exciting incidents, this simple record of the story of a woman's heart may be found so thoroughly destitute of interest to the great mass of readers, as not to afford me any encouragement to tell it to the end.

DR. FARMER'S ESSAY ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE
CONSIDERED.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ., LL.D.

(Continued from p. 275.)

I WAS proceeding to say, when Mr. YORKE, impatient of my inordinate intrusion on his pages, abruptly cut me short last month, that I should have somewhat more trouble with the *Latin* part of Dr. Farmer's *Essay* than with the *Greek*; not from any potency in the argument, or variety in the way of putting it, but from the confused and desultory manner in which his instances and examples are brought forward. In the edition I am using (Isaac Reed's, of 1813), where it occupies the first eighty-six pages of the second volume, the proofs to convict Shakspeare of ignorance commence at p. 34, and are brought to a close with an exulting—"Thus much for the learning of Shakspeare, with respect to the ancient languages," at p. 73; but these forty pages are far, indeed, from being devoted to the proposed theme. In them we find ample stores of miscellaneous information—such as that we may venture to look into the *Roman of the Rose*, "notwithstanding Master Prynne hath so positively assured us, on the word of John Gerson, that the author [Jehan de Mehun] is most certainly damned, if he did not care for a serious repentance:" that "poor Jehan had raised the expectations of a monastery in France, by the legacy of a great chest, and the weighty contents of it; but it proved to be filled with nothing but vetches;" on which the friars refused him Christian burial: that if "our zealous puritan [Prynne] had known of this, he would not have joined in the clamour against him:" that Sir Charles Hanbury Williams "literally stole [an epigram] from Angerianus, as he appears in the *Delicia Ital. Poet.*, by Gruter, under the anagrammatic name of 'Ranutius Gherus'" 1608, vol. i. p. 189 [which, it must be admitted, is at least as sounding a piece of learning as Upton's dimeter trochaic brachycatalectic, commonly called ithyphallic, which excites so much of Farmer's jocularity]: that "such biographers as Theophilus Cibber and the writer of the life of Sir Philip (Sydney)

prefixed to the modern editions," are wrong in assigning the date of 1613 to the *Arcadia*, Dr. Farmer himself having actually a copy in his own possession, "printed for W. Ponsonbie, 1590, 4to., which hath escaped the notice of the industrious Ames, and the rest of our typographical antiquaries:" that "Mr. Ury, probably misled by his predecessor, Speght," was wrong in being determined, Procrustes-like, to force every line in the *Canterbury Tales* to the same standard, the attention of our old poets being "directed to the *casual pause*, as the *grammarians* call it;" [Upton again!] that Mr. Menage quotes a canon upon us,—"*Si quis dixerit episcopum poragea laborare, anathema sit*:" that Skelton, in his rambling manner, gives a curious character of Wolsey, which is made a peg whereon to hang a note upon Skelton himself and his laureateship: that Mr. Garrick is "a *gentleman*, who will always be allowed the *first commentator* on Shakspeare, when he does not carry us beyond himself," which, to use the language of one of Lady Morgan's heroes, in —(I forget what novel) is "mighty nate:" that Mr. Ames, who searched after books of this sort with the utmost avidity, had not seen "the *two tomes*, which Tom Rawlinson would have called *justa volumina*," of W. Painter's *Palace of Pleasures*, "when he published his *Typographical Antiquities*, as appears from his blunders about them; and possibly I myself" [even I!] "might have remained in the same predicament, had I not been favoured with a copy by my generous friend Dr. Lort:" that he "must correct a remark in the Life of Spenser, which is impotently levelled at the first critics of the age," in the *Biographia Britannica*, followed by a dissertation on the date of Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata*, introduced chiefly to "assure the biographer," who assigns it to 1583, "that I have met with at least *six* other editions preceding his date of the first publication:" that Gabriel Harvey desired only to be "*epitaph'd* the inventor of the

English hexameter," and for a while every one would be halting on Roman feet: that the ridicule of our fellow-collegian, Hall, in one of his satires, and the reasoning of Daniel, in his *Defence of Rhyme* against Campion, presently reduced us to our original Gothic: that he had met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596 (and possibly there was an earlier edition), called the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*: that "A Compendious or Brief Examination of Certain Ordinary Complaints, &c., by William Shakspeare, gentleman," reprinted in 1751, was falsely attributed to our author; "I having at last met with the original edition," and with great ingenuity discovered that it was the composition of William Stafford: that "poor Antony"—he means Antony Wood—had too much reason for his character of Aubrey (a),—with an abundance of more stuff of the same kind, curious perhaps occasionally, and calculated to inspire us with due reverence for the bibliographical industry and acumen of Dr. Farmer, but having no more connexion with the question, whether Shakspeare knew Latin or not, than it has with the quadrature of the circle. And even where we find points adduced which do bear upon that question, they are urged in so rambling and discursive a manner, that it is scarcely possible to meet them without being tediously diffusive upon petty trifles.

His Latin task opens thus:—

"Perhaps the advocates for Shakspeare's knowledge of the Latin language may be more successful. Mr. Gildon takes the van. 'It is plain, that he was acquainted with the fables of antiquity

very well: that some of the arrows of Cupid are pointed with lead, and others with gold, he found in Ovid; and what he speaks of Dido, in Virgil: nor do I know any translation of these poets so ancient as Shakspeare's time.' The passages on which these sagacious remarks are made occur in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and exhibit, we see, a clear proof of acquaintance with the Latin classics. But we are not answerable for Mr. Gildon's ignorance. He might have been told of Caxton and Douglas, of Surrey and Stanyhurst, of Phaer and Twyne, of Fleming and Golding, of Turberville and Churchyard! But these fables were easily known, without the help of either the originals or the translations. The fate of Dido had been sung very early by Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate; Marlowe had even already introduced her to the stage; and Cupid's arrows appear with their characteristic differences in Surrey, in Sidney, in Spenser, and every sonneteer of the time. Nay, their very names were exhibited long before in *The Romaunt of the Rose*."

Farmer upsets here the argument of his pamphlet, when he says that we are not to be answerable for the ignorance of Gildon. Of course we are not; neither is *Shakspeare*. It may be true that Dr. Farmer had read more, and was better acquainted with literature in general, and particularly in its antiquarian departments, than Gildon. It would be strange, indeed, if the librarian of Cambridge (b), living among books, and easy of fortune, did not in such particulars surpass a poor hack-critic (Farmer, of course, does not forget to remind us of his "ill-starred rage" against Dennis) (c) writing for his bread, and picking information at the scantiest

(a) "It is therefore sufficiently clear, that poor Anthony had too much reason for his character of Aubrey. You will find it in his own account of his life, published by Hearne, which I would earnestly recommend to any hypochondriack:—

"A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed; and being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with follies and misformations."—P. 577.

(b) I find I have made a mistake in saying, in the last Number of this Magazine, that Dr. Farmer, when he wrote his *Essay*, had the advantage of being able to consult a great library, in consequence of his being principal librarian of Cambridge. The *Essay* was published in 1766, and the Doctor was not appointed protobibliothecarius of the university until 1778. But he was always a library-haunter; and, of course, whether librarian or not, the literary stores of Cambridge were at his service. We are also told in the *Annual Necrology*, quoted by Nichols in the *History of Leicestershire*, vol. iv. p. 944, that he had gathered by sixpenny purchases at bookstands "an immense number of books, good, bad, and indifferent." The catalogue of his library contains many curious articles.

(c) After saying, in the text of his *Essay*, "one of the first and most vehement assertors of the learning of Shakspeare was the editor of his poems, the well-known Mr. Gildon," he adds in a note, "Hence, perhaps, the ill-starred rage between this

sources; but, I repeat, how can the literary distance between Gildon and Farmer affect Shakspeare?

A gentleman of the name of Charles Armitage Brown published, last year, a volume called *Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems* (d), one chapter of which is dedicated to the question of his learning; and in this I find a fair remark upon the passage I have just extracted from Farmer's *Essay*: "His (Shakspeare's) frequent appropriate use of the heathen mythology, and of the classical heroes, has been brought forward as evidence of his learning; but, as Dr. Farmer has shewn, that knowledge might have been gained, as well as now, without Greek or Latin.* Yet, had he displayed ignorance on these subjects, he might be proved somewhat unlearned." Unquestionably; and he must have been exposed to perpetual blundering, if he never drew elsewhere than at second-hand. Dr. Farmer has proved no more than that Shakspeare *might* have learned his Pagan lore from English authorities. Granted; but it is strange logic to argue that *therefore* he was incapable of learning it any where else. I do not know who taught the art of syllogism at Cambridge in Dr. Farmer's time; but certainly neither "German Crouzaz, nor Dutch Bursgersdyck" (e) could refrain from crying *negatur* to the *minor* which would lead to such a *conclusio*.

As the page or two following the sentences above taken from Mr. Brown has a direct reference to the question we are discussing, I continue the extract:—

"Accordingly, the annotators have brought forward no less than three examples of this ignorance, which, happily, at least two of them, prove nothing but the ignorance of his critics. The first is in *Henry IV., Part II.*, where Hecuba's dream of a firebrand is called Althea's,—a mistake certainly, but one which rather proves he was acquainted with both stories. Besides, Dr. Johnson, who notices it, ought to have remembered, as an editor, a line in *Henry VI., Part II.*, which Shakspeare, if he did not write it,

must have well known, and which proves he was aware of the nature of Althea's brand:

'As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd.'

"Henley brings forward the second example from *Macbeth*, thus annotating on the words, 'Bellona's bridegroom:—' 'This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little he knew of ancient mythology.' The many others!—where are they? In the mean time, why is Henley's classic lore offended? Is it because he had never heard, among the ancients, of Bellona's bridegroom? Alas! it was Macbeth himself the poet meant! Had he been termed, in his capacity of a soldier, a son of Mars, the liberty would have been as great; but, owing to the triteness of the appellation, not to be cavilled at as a proof of ignorance, though it would have made the foughty Thane of Glamis the brother of Cupid. What Shakspeare said, poetically said, was, that the warlike hero was worthy of being the bridegroom of the goddess of war. This is the passage:

'Norway him-self, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gaue a dismal
conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lap'd in
proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst
arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit.'

"Stevens gives us the third proof of ignorance, in these lines from the *Merchant of Venice*:

'In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her
love
To come again to Carthage.'

'This passage,' quoth Stevens, in a matter-of-fact note, 'contains a small instance, out of many that might be brought, to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classics.' Out of many that might be brought! Why not bring them? And why was this brought? Purely because Virgil did not describe Dido *with a willow in her hand*? Stevens ought to have known, according to Virgil, that Dido was forsaken by her lover, and that the

critick and his elder brother, John Dennis, so pathetically lamented in the *Dunciad*.⁸ The verses referred to are,—

"Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starred rage

Divides a friendship long confirmed by age?"—*Dunciad*, b. iii. v. 173, 4.

(d) Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems. Being his Sonnets clearly developed: with his Character, drawn chiefly from his Works. By Charles Armitage Brown. London, 1838. Bohn. 12mo. Pp. 306.

(e) *Dunciad*, b. iv. v. 198.

giving her the allegorical willow was nothing more nor less than a poetical description of her love-lorn state. As for the other instances, I have not found them,—the ‘many others,’ and the ‘many that might be brought.’ These critics remind me of the drunken magistrate, who, seeing himself in a looking glass at the moment he expected a criminal to be brought before him, cried out: ‘Ah, thou catiff! many a time and oft hast thou been brought before me!’”

On this I may observe: 1. That the quotation from *Henry VI.* is decisive that Shakspeare *did* know the history of Althea’s brand; but, if we refer to the passage in *Henry IV.*, we shall see that it was not by any means necessary that he should exhibit his learning there:—

“Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea’s dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fir-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.”—Act II. sc. 2.

The prince is so much enraptured with this “good interpretation,” that he gives the boy a crown as a reward. The blunder is evidently designed; and Shakspeare is as much ~~as~~ weighable for the degree of mythological learning displayed by the page, as for the notions of grammatical propriety entertained by Mrs. Quickly. I think, however, that Mr. Brown is wrong in ascribing to Dr. Johnson any desire of bringing this supposed error forward to aid the cause of proving Shakspeare unlearned.

2. That Henley’s observations on Belona’s bridegroom are absurd, and Mr. Brown’s comment is indisputably correct. Let me take, or make, this opportunity for saying, that Dr. Farmer informs us, “as for the play of *Macbeth* itself, it hath lately been suggested, from Mr. Guthrie’s *Essay on English*

Tragedy, that the *portrait* of Macbeth’s *wife* is copied from Buchanan, whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare; and it had signified nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for facts.” Farmer very truly remarks, that there is nothing in Buchanan to justify this assertion: “Animus etiam, præ se ferox, prope quotidianis conviviis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur.” This is the whole that Buchanan says of the *lady*.” Shakspeare undoubtedly took the story from Holinshed, who had abridged it from Bellenden’s translation of *The noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, as Farmer is able to prove by the salutation of the witches being given in the tragedy, not as in Buchanan, but as it appears in Holinshed, after Bellenden, who follows Boetius (f). Yet if we could suppose that Shakspeare looked beyond the English version, we might discover an authority for mending some halting lines in the play, which have occupied its critics; as, for example:—

“Where the place?

Upon the heath,
There to meet with *Macbeth*.”

Now, this lame line should be what Upton would call a trochaic dimeter catalectic, and not brachycatalectic; and accordingly Pope, not, indeed, consulting the learned labours of the prosodian, but his own ear, altered it to—

“There I go to meet *Macbeth*.”

And Capell proposes:

“There to meet with brave *Macbeth*.”

And again:

“Dismayed not this
Our captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?
Yes.”

Stevens remarks, that some word, necessary to complete the verse, has been omitted in the old copy; and Sir Thomas Hanmer proposes, “Our captains, brave *Macbeth*,” &c. If the word were allowed to be pronounced

(f) “We can demonstrate that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to him, the weird sisters salute Macbeth, ‘Una Angustie l’hanum, altera Moravia, tertia regem. Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c.; but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare, “The first of them spo’le and sayde, ‘All hayle, Makbeth, thane of Glamis.’ the second of them said, ‘Hayle, Makbeth, thane of Cawdor;’ but the third said, ‘All hayle, Makbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland.’”—Pp. 243.

“1. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.”

as a trisyllable, it would suit the metre in the above-quoted lines, and elsewhere :—

"There to meet with *Mac-a-beth*."

"Our captains, *Mac-a-beth* and Banquo? Yes."

In Holinshed the word is *Makbeth*; but Fordun, his remote authority, as being the authority of Hector Boethius, calls him *Machabeus sive Muchabeda*. In Stevens's notes will be found a passage, extracted from the *Scoto Chronicon*, in which the latter spelling occurs: "Subito namque post mortem *Muchabedæ*, convenerunt quidam ex ejus parentela," &c. I do not insist on this trifle, to maintain that Shakespeare made the *Scoto Chronicon* his study—I should, indeed, be very much astonished if he had; but it is as strong an evidence of his having done so, as any of Farmer's can be allowed to be proofs that he had not consulted any authors but those which were to be found in English.

But if I care little for the learning or the logic of Dr. Farmer, I own I care less for such criticism as that of Mr. Guthrie. I have never seen his *Essay on English Tragedy*, and assuredly shall not look for it, being quite satisfied as to the ability and discrimination of the critic who discovers that Shakespeare copied the portrait of Lady Macbeth from Buchanan, or any one else. There certainly is something graphic in the sentence above quoted from the poetic historian, describing in few words the naturally ferocious mind of Macbeth, spurred on by the fierce reproaches which his wife, intimately conscious of all his designs, urged against him almost day by day; but the conception of such a character, though less prosaic than that in Holinshed, who tells us that she "lay sore upon her husband, to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," is lower ten thousand fathoms deep than that of the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare. *She* is, in truth, the stimulated, not the stimulator—the follower, not the leader, of her husband's designs—sacrificing her feelings and affections, unsexing herself to promote his cherished ambition—hoping that his first crime was to be the last—

frightened and broken-hearted, when she finds him determined on wading remorselessly through murder—submitting in terrified silence to his sanguinary projects—clinging to him, in desperate fidelity, during his ruined fortunes, and his detested career, and inspiring even his bloody nature with its last human feeling—shielding her remorse from human eye as long as she has power to conceal her thoughts, but manifesting it in bitter agony when diseased sleep deprives her of control over her movements—and finally dying, amid the wail of women, at the moment when fate had unrelentingly determined that her husband should perish amid accumulated horrors. If this lady is found by Guthrie portrayed in Buchanan, then, great as were the talents of him

—"Whose honour'd bones
Are laid 'neath old Greyfriars' stones" (g),

I can only say that *he* never found any thing like such power of portraiture or poetry in himself. The story of *Macbeth* might have been suggested by the classical Latin of Buchanan, or the homely English of Holinshed; but Lady Macbeth was suggested by an inspiration not derived from annalist or historian.

3. That the *willow* of Dido is properly explained by Mr. Brown. Stevens's note is stark nonsense. In Virgil, Dido is described as endeavouring to persuade Æneas to return to her, after the canvass had invoked the breeze—

"Puppihus et lati nauta imposuere
coronas."

It would be idle to quote at length the story of Dido's sorrows, which every body has by heart; it is enough to say that the lines spoken by Lorenzo, in the *Merchant of Venice*, are no more than a picturesque condensation of what we find in Virgil (*Æn.* iv. 296-590)—as descriptive of the struggles of Dido to retain her faithless lover—her wo when she saw his preparations for departure on the wild sea bank—

"Toto properari littore circum
Undique convenere," &c.

and her endeavours, through Anna (as the willow of her hand), to wave him back to Carthage. Mr. Brown, however, is mistaken, if he thinks that no more than the three passages which he has

(g) George Buchanan is buried in the Greyfriars' Church in Edinburgh.

here selected, as specimens of impertinent airs of superiority in learning over Shakspeare, are all that can be found in Stevens, and other commentators of similar grade. I could, without exaggeration, produce a hundred other impertinences equally flagrant; but I must get on for the present with Dr. Farmer.

Whalley observes, that when in the *Tempest*, it is said,

"High queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her
gait,"

the allusion is to the *divum incedo regina* of Virgil. Bishop Warburton thinks that, in the *Merchant of Venice*, the oath, "*by two-headed Janus*," shews Shakspeare's knowledge of the antique; "and, quoth Dr. Sewell, Shakspeare hath somewhere a Latin motto" (which, by the way, is a very dishonest manner of quoting): are not these some proofs of Shakspeare's knowledge? "No," says Dr. Farmer, "they are not; *because* Taylor, the *water poet*, alludes to Juno's port and majesty, and the double face of Janus; and has besides a Latin motto, and a whole poem upon it into the bargain."

"You perceive, my dear sir," continues Farmer, "how vague and indeterminate such arguments must be; for, in fact, this sweet swan of Thames, as Mr. Pope calls him, hath more scraps of Latin, and allusions to antiquity, than are any where to be met with in the writings of Shakspeare. I am sorry to trouble you with trifles, yet what must be done when grave men insist upon them?"

What must be done, indeed, when we find that a grave man insists upon it, that the confessedly casual acquaintance at second-hand (*h*) with the classical mythology displayed by Taylor should be a proof that the knowledge of Shakspeare, or of any body else, is necessarily of the same description? Burns made no pretension to an acquaintance with Greek or Latin, and yet we can find abundance of allusions to the heathen gods and goddesses in his poems. Is that a reason for believing,

because we have the same allusions in Lord Byron, that his lordship had no means of consulting the originals in which those deities are native?

This, I should say in any case, but there is a peculiar dishonesty in the reference of Farmer's *Essay* (dishonesty of one kind or other is, indeed, its characteristic throughout) to Warburton's note on "two-headed Janus." In the *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1., Salanio (as the name of the character is commonly spelt) says, jesting upon Antonio's unexplainable sadness, that they might

"Say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere
as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you
are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath formed strange fellows in
her time;"—

some, in short, that will laugh, and others that will weep, without any assignable cause. On which Warburton remarks,—

"Here Shakspeare shews his knowledge in the antique. By two-headed Janus is meant those antique, bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus, of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques; and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c."

I do not know that there was much learning requisite to discover this; but the illustration of Bishop Warburton is elegant, and, to all appearance, just. The mere double face in the *Water poet* is what may occur to any looker upon a picture of Janus; but the fair aspect of the beauteous Apollo on one side, while the other exhibits the wrinkled visage of Saturn, suggests a poetical type of a man melancholy and gay by turns, for no other reason save the pleasure of the maker who "formed so strange a fellow."

When Dodd refers *Rumour painted full of tongues* to the description of

(*h*) Taylor tells us that when he got from *possum* to *posset*, he could not get any further. This must be intended as a piece of wit; for if he got as far as *possum* at all, he must have passed through *sum* and its inflections; and there is no more difficulty in proceeding from *posset* to *possemus*, than from *cset* to *essemus*, and so forth. The *posset* of Taylor is, I suspect, a sack-*posset*. He forsook the Grammar in which he found the *possum*, for the bowl in which he found the *posset*.

Fame in Ovid or Virgil, we are reminded that she has been represented by Stephen Hawes in his *Pastyme of Pleasure*, as

"A goodly lady envyrnoned about
With tongues of fire ;"

that something of the same kind is to be found in Sir Thomas More's *Pageants*; in her elaborate portrait by Chaucer in the *Book of Fame*; and in John Higgins's *Legend of King Albanacte*. I do not think it was necessary that Shakspeare should have read Virgil or Ovid, Hawes or Higgins, More or Chaucer, to borrow from them so obvious an idea as that of bedecking the representative of Rumour in a garment painted with tongues; which was, indeed, his ordinary attire, as in the pageant of Henry VIII., described by Holinshed, and of James I. described by Decker (see the notes of Warton and Stevens on the Induction of the *Second Part of Henry IV.*). Dodd's learning, therefore, was misplaced; but it proves nothing against the learning of Shakspeare. Rabelais (*Pantagruel*, lib. v. cap. 31) furnishes a somewhat analogous person to Rumour; namely, *Ouidre*, with an innumerable quantity of ears (i), as well as tongues. A critic like Dr. Dodd might suggest that this too was borrowed from the Fame of Virgil:—

"Cui. quot sunt corpore plumæ,

Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subri-
git aures."—*Æn.* iv. 181–3.

And if a critic like Farmer found any thing of the same kind in a French poet, of or before the times of the far-famed romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel, even in Rominagrobis himself, he might, in perfect consistency with the argument of this "celebrated *Essay*," maintain that the humourist did not find his prototype in Latin, but in French; and, therefore, because the former critic was mistaken, that Rabe-

lais was incapable of reading Virgil. The same observation applies to Farmer's reply to a remark made by the author of *The Beauties of Poetry*, who says that he "cannot but wonder, that a poet, whose classical images are composed of the finest parts, and breathe the very spirit of ancient mythology, should pass for being illiterate:

'See what a grace was seated on his brow!

Hyperion's curls (k): the front of Jove himself:

An eye like Mars to threaten and command:

A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.' "
Hamlet.

"Illiterate," says Farmer, "is an ambiguous term: the question is whether poetic history would be only known by an adept in languages." It certainly can, though by no means so easily in the time of Queen Elizabeth as in ours, when English literature alone will supply as much of such history as can be obtained by the most diligent reader of the Greek and Roman poets. Farmer refers us to Stephen Bateman's *Golden Booke of the Leaden Gods*, 1577, and several other laborious compilations on the subject; and adds, that "all this, and much more mythology might as perfectly have been learned from the *Testament of Cresude* and the *Færie Queene* as from a regular Pantheon, or Polymates himself." This is true enough (though I certainly do not believe that Shakspeare ever read a line of Bateman's work, which might more appropriately be styled, the *Leaden Book of the Golden Gods*); but even the *Færie Queene* could not supply any picture so truly imbued with a classical taste, and breathing the very style and manner of the classics, as the passage from *Hamlet*. Compare it with Phaer's version of Virgil, quoted by Malone; and it will be seen that Shakspeare, who appears to have

(i) In the chapter, *Comment au pays de Sutin nous veismes Ouidire tenant eschole de tesmoignerie*: "Sans plus sejourner nous transportâmes on lieu ou cestoit, et veismes ung petit viellard bossu, contrefaict et monstreux, on le nomme Ouidire: il avoit la gueule fendue jusques aux oreilles, dedans la gueule sept langues, et chascue langue fendue en sept parties: quoyque ce feust, de toutes sept ensemblement parloit divers propos, et langues divers: avoit aussi parmy la teste, et le reste du corps autant d'oreilles comme judis eut Argus d'yeulx."

(k) Farmer remarks that Hyperion is used with the same error in quantity by Spenser. It would be a piece of mere affectation to pronounce the word otherwise in English; and even in Greek the *iota* is lengthened out through the necessity of the hexameter in which it could not otherwise have a place. The *iota* of *ἵων* is short.

had in his mind Mercury's descent upon Mount Atlas, in the fourth *Æneid*, has seized the spirit of the Roman poet better than his translator:—

"And now approaching neere, the top he
seeth and mighty lims
Of Atlas mountain tough, that heaven on
boyst'rous shoulders beares.
There first on ground with wings of
might doth Mercury arrive;
Then down from thence, right over seas,
himselfe doth headlong drive."

The original is:—

"Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua
cernit
Atlantis duri, cælum qui vertice fulcit.
* * * *

Hic primum, paribus nitens Cyllenius
alīs,
Constitit."—*Æneid*, iv. 246–253.

"*Paribus alīs*" are not "wings of might," as Phœnix translates them; on the contrary, the wings of Mercury are the lightest in the whole plumage of mythology; easy, as Horne Tooke makes Sir Francis Burdett say (*l*), to be taken off, and not, like those of other winged deities, making part of his body. Nor does "then first on ground doth Mercury arrive" convey the idea ex-

pressed in "*constitit*." The airy and musical metre of *Hamlet* brings before us no heavy-winged god; and Shakspeare, by his peculiar use of the word *station*, gives us the very phraseology of Virgil, exhibiting, as in a picture or statue, the light but vigorous figure of Mercury, newly descended from heaven, and *standing* in the full-developed grace of his celestial form as the herald of the gods, not *arriving*, as per coach or train, on the summit of a heaven-kissing hill. I think it more probable that Shakspeare had his images directly from Virgil, not from Phœnix; and if he substituted the picturesque word "heaven-kissing hill" for the harsher description of rough and aged Atlas, in the *Æneid*, it is because, in speaking of his father, Hamlet did not choose to use any other expressions than those of majesty, elegance, and beauty.

I own that I am growing weary, and I fear that the same feeling extends to my readers, if any have had patience to get so far, of this peddling work. I shall not, therefore, meddle with Dr. Farmer's correction of Upton, for altering hangman to "henchman—a page, *paso*," in what Don Pedro says of Benedick (*m*) [not Benedick, as Farmer by an ordinary mistake calls him]:

(*l*) Diversions of Purley. Part I. ch. i. in Richard Taylor's edition of 1829, vol. i. p. 26. "These are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of philosophy have been cheated.

"*H*. It is my meaning.

"*B*. Well. We can only judge of your opinion after we have heard how you maintain it. Proceed, and strip him of his wings. They seem easy enough to be taken off: for it strikes me now, after what you have said, that they are indeed put on in a peculiar manner, and do not, like those of other winged deities, make a part of his body. You have only to loose the strings from his feet, and take off his cap."

(*m*) "In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Don Pedro says of the insensible Benedick, 'He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him.'

"This mythology is not recollected in the ancients, and therefore the critic hath no doubt but his author wrote '*Henchman—a page, paso*': and this word seeming too hard for the printer, he translated the little urchin into a *hangman*, a character no way belonging to him."

"But this character was not borrowed from the ancients, it came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney:—

'Millions of years this old drivell, Cupid, lives;
While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove;
Till now at length that Jove an office gives
(At Juno's suite who much did Argus love),
In this our world a *hangman* for to be
Of all those fooles that will have all they see.'—*B*. ii. c. 14.

So far Farmer. I quote the passage from Sir Philip, chiefly for the benefit of those who delight in nicknaming Lord Palmerston, Cupid, and alluding to his perennial tenacity to office. It may serve also to describe the vigour of his government, as well as the improvement made in his administration by length of time; while his late connexion with Maroto would seem to indicate that he is qualifying for the last office here assigned to Cupid.

nor with his discovery that Shakspeare might have been indebted for

"Most sure the goddess
On whom those airs attend"(n)

to Stanyhurst's translation. "No doubt a goddess," as well as to the original, "*O dea, certe*:" nor with his now superseded black-letter reading of the *Hystorie of Hamblet*, by which he overthrows the sage suspicions of Dr. Grey and Mr. Whalley, that "Shakspeare must have read *Saxo Grammaticus* in the original Latin, "as no translation had been made into any modern language:" nor with his controversy with George Colman the elder, and Bonnell Thornton, as to whether the disguise of the Pedant, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, was taken from that of the *Sycophanta*, in the *Trinummus*, or on Shakspeare's other obligations to Plautus and Terence—nor with his proof that the translations of some of Ovid's *Epistles*, which were attributed to Shakspeare, and considered (I know not by whom) to be the sheet-anchor by which his reputation for learning is to hold fast, were in reality the work of Thomas Heywood—I shall do myself the pleasure of passing by all these wonderful things, leaving them without comment to the judgment of the reader. I shall only notice the following points, and that as briefly as I can:—

1. In the prologue of *Troilus and Cressida*, the six gates of Troy are called, in the folio—

"Dardan and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas,
Trojan,
And Antenonydus."

Theobald alters these to—

"Dardan and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa,
Trojan,
And Antenorides,"

after Dares Phrygius, cap. iv.: "Ilio portas fecit quorum nomina hæc sunt, Antenoriðæ, Dardaniæ, Iliæ, Scææ, Thymbrææ, Trojanæ;" but Farmer refers to the *Troy Boke* of Lydgate, where they are called Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helyas, Cetheas, Trojana, Anthonydes. In late editions, they appear as

"Dardan and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas,
Trojan,
And Antenorides."

Agreeing with Dr. Farmer, that Shak-

speare found them in Lydgate, not in Dares, I should prefer reading *Cetheas* for *Chetas*, and *Anthonydes* (which is not very far from the folio reading, *Antenonydus*) for *Antenorides*—for that would be more consonant with Shakspeare's usual method of exactly transcribing his originals. But I do not agree with the Doctor, that Theobald's having supposed it necessary that Shakspeare should have read Dares, is of any value in an argument to prove the poet destitute of learning. It merely proves that, in this instance at least, Theobald was destitute of sense. I have already expressed my opinion, that the play of *Troilus and Cressida* was written as a sort of trial of strength with Homer in the art of delineating character; and, at all events, Shakspeare must have known enough of Homer to be aware that there is nothing about Cressida, or Troilus's love for her, in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. If he had ever troubled himself about Dares, he would have found that he was a gentleman of great credibility. "Dares Phrygius, qui hanc historiam scripsit, ait se militasse usque dum Troja capta est; hos se vidisse quum inducere essent, partim præho interfuisse." CAP. XII. Madame Dacier, who edited the book, is quite in a passion with him, and scolds with all the energy of a French-woman: "Et hoc" (the mention of a Dares by Ptolemæus Hephæstion, who tells us that he (Dares) was *πρωτονοῦς* *Ἐκτορος*—the adviser of Hector not to kill Patroclus, and also by Ælian) "illud est quod homini nugaci et inepto consilium fecit, ut sub illius Daresis nomine, qui nusquam comparabat, bellum illum quem hodie habemus, in lucem mitteret, fingens illum à Cornelio Nepote Latine translatum." His story was, however, a great favourite in the middle ages, when Homer was scarcely known to the western world; and it came to Lydgate through the medium of Guido Colonna. Now as Shakspeare, without having the learning of *doctissima Domina Dacieria*, must have considered the story of Troy, as told by Lydgate after Colonna, and by Colonna after Dares the Phrygian, who actually made the Trojan campaigns under the command of Hector, to whose staff he was attached, to be nothing better than the work of a *homo nugax et ineptus*, it could not

have occurred to him that it was at all necessary he should correct Lydgate by the sham Cornelius Nepos, even if copies of Dares Phrygius had in his time been as plenty as blackberries, especially as he might easily have discovered that these six gates are wholly apocryphal; two only of the six, the Dardan and the Scæan being mentioned by Homer—of course, the orthodox authority—and these two being in fact but one. For the Tymbrian, Ilian, Trojan, and Antenoridan, we are indebted to the ocular testimony of the mæmon of Hector.

II. The famous speech of Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1:

"Ay, but to die, and go—we know not where—

To lie in cold obstruction, And to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted (o)
spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about

"The pendant world"—

is generally considered as derived from Virgil's description of the Platonic hell:

"Ergo exerceantur panis, veterumque
malorum

Supplicia expendant. Alia panduntur
manes,

Suspensæ, ad ventos: alius sub gurgite
vasto

Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur
igni."—(*Æn.* vi. 739-742)

and the similarity is no doubt so striking as to justify that opinion. I must transcribe Farmer's remarks, in opposition:

"Most certainly the ideas of 'a spirit bathing in fiery floods,' of residing 'in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' or of being 'imprisoned in the viewless winds,' are not original in our author; but I am not sure that they came from the Platonic hell of Virgil. The monks

(o) The *delighted spirit*. This word puzzles the commentators. Warburton's explanation, viz. "the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights," is rather strained. Johnson proposes *benighted*; Thierby, *delinquent*; Hanmer, *dilated*. Perhaps we might read *delated*; i.e. informed against.

(p) This, however, is not the version of the passage in Virgil to which it is supposed Shakspeare is indebted. I subjoin that part of Douglas:—

"Sum stentit bene in wisnand wyndis wake,
Of some the cryme committed cleugit be
Vnder the watter, or the hiddous se;
And in the fyre the gilt of other sum
Is purifyit and cleugit al and sum
Ilkane of vs his ganand purgatory
Mon suffir."—P. 191.

I quote from the same edition as Dr. Farmer. Ed'n. 1710.

also had their hot and their cold hell. 'The fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte,' says an old homily; 'the seconde is passyng colde, that yf a grete hylle of fyre were casten therein, it sholde torn to yce.' One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakspeare, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice, which was brought to cure a grete brenning heate in his foot: take care you do not interpret this the gout, —for I remember Mr. Menage quotes a canon upon us:—

'Si quis dixerit episcopum PODAGRA laborare, anathema sit.'

Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed, this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may see in a poem 'where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell,' among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey. Nay, a very learned and inquisitive brother-antiquary, our Greek professor, hath observed to me, on the authority of Blefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philosopher.

"After all, Shakspeare's curiosity might lead him to translations. Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into the 'punition of saulis in purgatory,' and it is observable, that when the ghost informs Hamlet of his doom there—

'Till the foul crimes done in his days of
nature

Are burnt and purged away'—

the expression is very similar to the bishop's. I will give you his version as concisely as I can. 'It is a nedeful thyng to suffer panis and torment; sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter, and in the fire uthir sum;—thus the mony vices

'Contrakkit in the corpis be done away
And purgit.'—*Sixte Booke of Eneados* (p),
fol. p. 191.

Does any one imagine that Shakspeare set himself to grub in quest of this monastic lore, or studied the Icelandic labours of Blefkenius? Those critics are laughed at who imagine that he had read *Saxo Grammaticus* to learn the particulars of the story of Hamlet; and yet they are more rational than the Doctor, who laughs at them: for the history, no matter through what channels it reached Shakspeare, is to be traced originally, and almost exclusively, to the Danish historian, while notions and fancies of infernal tortures are diffused throughout all ages and countries. When Claudio, in this speech, expresses his apprehension that it may be his fate after death

"to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain
thoughts
Imagine howling,"

Dr. Johnson finely interprets the words in Italics, to mean "conjecture sent out to wander, without any certain direction, and ranging through possibilities of pain." In this melancholy wandering, the conjecture of the Saga-singing scald, or the legend-manufacturing monk, could not in its material attributes differ widely from the fictions of the poet, or the speculations of the philosopher. All, equally men, had but the same sources, physical or spiritual, to draw upon for images of sorrow and suffering. That Milton, when he dooms his fallen angels to

"feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change
more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice,"
&c.—(P. L. b. ii. 598, &c.)

remembered this speech of Claudio, is plain from the slightest comparison of the passages; but it cannot be doubted that to one so deeply and variously read in theology, in all its departments (and in what branch of literature was not Milton deeply and variously read?)—the legendary hell of the monks, and the infernal mythology of the Scandinavian, as related by Blefkenius, and all other accessible authorities of the time, were perfectly familiar. We may also be certain that he did not stop at the monks; but was well acquainted with

the more ancient ecclesiastical authorities—as St. Jerome (q). On the other hand, to suppose that Shakspeare, with Virgil before him, preferred consulting the *Legenda Aurea*, or *Blefkenius de Islandia*, of which, in all probability, he had never heard, is a supposition of most preposterous pedantry. He found his "Most sure the goddess," &c., in Stanyhurst's *Æneid*—his purgatory, in Gawin Douglas's *Æneid*; and Malone sends him to find his picture of Mercury in Phaer's *Æneid*. Might we not ask, Is it impossible that mere curiosity might have led him to look into Virgil's *Æneid*?

III. Ovid, also, he must have known only in translation, for the following reasons:—

"Prosper", in *The Tempest*, begins the address to his attendant spirits—

"Ye elves of hills, of standing lakes, and
groves."

This speech, Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from *Medea* in Ovid: and "it proves," says Mr. Hoff, "beyond contradiction, that Shakspeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of enchantments." The original lines are these:

"Auræque, et venti, montesque, amnes-
que, lacusque,
Dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes
notus adeste."

[Quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus,
amnes

In fontes rediere suos; concussa-
suoque

Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila
pello;

Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque
vocoque,

Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine
fauces:

Vivæque saxa, sua convulsaque robora
terra,

Et silvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere
montes;

Et mugere solum, manesque exire re-
puleris.

Te quoque, Luna, traho, quanvis Teme-
sæa labores

Æra tuos minuant. Currus quoque car-
mine nostro

Pallet avi, pallet nostris Aurora vene-
nis"]—*Metam.*, vii. 197-209.

(q) St. Jerome on Job, xxiv. 19 (rendered in his Vulgate "ad nimium calorem transcat ab aquis nivium"), has "quasi duas Gehennas sanctus Job dicere mihi videtur, ignis et frigoris, per quas diabolus hæreticus, et homo impius commutetur. Forte in ipsa Gehenna talis sensuum cruciatus fiet illis, qui in ea torquebuntur, ut nunc quasi ignem ardentem sentiant, nunc nimium algoris incendium; et pœnalis commutatio sit, nunc frigus sentientibus, nunc calorem."

"It happens, however, that the translation by Arthur Golding is by no means literal, and Shakspeare has closely followed it:

"Ye ayres and windes, ye elves of hills,
of brookes and woods alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night,
approche ye everychone;
[Through helpe of whom (the crooked
bankes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run cleane
backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme seas rough,
and make the rough seas playne;
And cover all the skie with cloudes, and
chase them thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes,
and burst the viper's jaw;
And from the bowels of the earth both
stones and trees do draw
Whole woods and forests I remove—I
make the mountains shake;
And even the earth itself to groane, and
fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves;
and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate
thy peril soon:
Our sorcerie dims the morning fair, and
darks the sun at noone, &c.]
Fol. 81."

Dr. Farmer has not supplied those parts of the quotations which I have inclosed in brackets; but I have put them together, for further comparison. Mr. Holt, whose very title-page (r) proves him to have been a very silly person, which character every succeeding page of his *Attempt* amply sustains, could scarcely have read the passages of Shakspeare and Ovid together, when he said that the former was proved to be perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients, so far as close following of the Latin poet in this speech of Prospero affords such proof. It shews, however, that Shakspeare was perfectly acquainted with the difference between the enchantments of the ancients, and those which were suitable to the character of his Prospero. Golding, indeed, mistook his author, when he translated

"Montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
Dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes
noctis adeste,"

by "ye *elves* of hills, of brooks, and woods *alone*, of standing lakes, and of

the night;" for the deities invoked by Medea were any thing but what, in our language, attaches to the idea of *elves*; while the epithet *alone*, though perhaps defensible, is intruded without sufficient warrant into the translation, and does not convey the exact thought intended by Ovid's "*Dique omnes nemorum*." But what was unsuitable for Ovid, was perfectly suitable for Shakspeare; and, accordingly, he had no scruple of borrowing a few words of romantic appeal to the tiny deities of fairy superstition. The lines immediately following, "Ye ayres, and winds," &c., address the powers which, with printless foot, dance upon the sands; which, by moonshine, form the green, sour ringlets, not touched by the ewe, which make midnight mushrooms for pastime, which rejoice to hear the solemn curfew; and not one of these things is connected with the notions of aerial habitants of wood or stream in classical days. When Shakspeare returns to Ovid, he is very little indebted to Golding. We find, indeed, in the *Tempest*, that Prospero boasts of having "bedimmed the noontide sun," which resembles Golding's

"Our sorcerie *dims* the morning fair,
and darks the sun at noone."

But the analogous passage in Ovid would have been, in its literal state, of no use to Prospero,—

"Curru quoque carmine nostro
Pallet avi."

With this obligation, however, the compliment due to Golding ceases. *Opæ quorum*. "Through help of whom." Golding. "By whose aid." Shakspeare. *Vivæque særa, sua convulsæque rotora terra, et silvas moveo*. "And from the bowels of the earth, both stones and trees do draw." Golding. "Rifted Jove's stout oak (robora) with his own bolt; and by the spurs plucked up (sua convulsa terra), the pine and cedar." Shakspeare. *Manesque exire sepulchris*. "I call up dead men from their graves." Golding. "Graves, at my command, have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth." Shakspeare. Ovid has contributed to the invocation of Prospero, at least as much as Golding.

(r) An Attempt to rescue that aunciente English Poet and Playwright, Maister William Shakespeare, from the Errours faulselly charged upon him by certain new-fangled Wits. London, 1749. 8vo.

IV. Warburton imagined that the word *suggestion*, in Queen Catherine's character of Wolsey in *Henry VIII.*, "is used with great propriety and seeming knowledge of the Latin tongue; and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from the late Roman writers, and their glossers." The passage is this :

"He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom. Simony was fair
play;
His own opinion was his law. I'the
presence,
He would say untruths; and be ever
double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was
never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was,
mighty;
But his performance as he is now,
nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example."

Warburton's interpretation of the word from the Roman writers and their glossers is "*Suggestio est, cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit*;" which, however, is not exactly Shakspeare's meaning. He had it, as Farmer truly says, from Holinshed:—

"This cardinal was of great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie; and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and performe little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evil example."
—*Edit.* 1587, p. 922.

Warburton was here, as frequently, too learned, and looked further than his author, who looked only to Holinshed. 'Nor is the word used either in dramatist or historian precisely in the Roman sense. *Suggestion* is purely a legal phrase, to signify an information, somewhat of the same nature as *ex-officio* informations of the present day. It appears to be as ancient as the common law itself; but it was so extended by the statutes of the 3d and 7th Hen. VII., as to supersede the legal and orderly jurisdiction of the King's Bench. The word is, indeed, origi-

nally derived from the gloss quoted by Warburton; but the *utile consilium*, which was *suggested* to the prince, became in practice, under the Tudors, a mere instrument to extort money. The more obnoxious statute of Hen. VII. was repealed in the first year of Hen. VIII., and Wolsey was more cautious than his predecessors. Holinshed therefore calls his suggestion "*craftie*;" but all through the play, as well as in contemporary acts, will be found loud complaints of the extortions by which he amassed "*innumerable treasure*." As I am not writing the history of England, or the times of Henry VIII., I only refer to the ordinary authority; adding that, of the legal meaning of the word, *suggestion*, Dr. Farmer or the commentators say nothing. Tollet talks of there being such a thing as suggestion to the king or pope, which would trench on treason; and Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, does not give the law explanation of the word. Whatever may have been the *seeming* knowledge of Shakspeare in Latin, it is plain that his *seeming* knowledge of English was more copious than that of those who lecture him. It was not at all necessary that he should go to Roman glossers, to find the fitting use of a legal term of his own language. It occurs in many of our old authors, as in Chaucer—

"Dampned was he to die in that prison
For Roger, which that bishop was of
Pise,
Had on him made a false suggestion," &c.

In this speech of Katharine, the word succeeding *suggestion* has occasioned some controversy. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read, "one that by suggestion *tythed* all the kingdom;" and Dr. Farmer agrees with him, supporting the reading by a passage from Hall, in which Wolsey is represented as telling the lord-mayor and aldermen, that though half their substance would be too little for his demands, yet that, upon an average, a tenth would be sufficient. "Sirs, speake not to breake the thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* part, and *some* more." Warburton explains the word *ty'd* as a term of gaming, and signifying *equalled*. The bishop might have supported his interpretation by a passage in Hall, in which Wolsey is accused of having, by various extortions under form of law, "*made his threasure*

egall with the kynges;" but I doubt if such was its meaning in the times of Shakspeare. Tollet, objecting to *tythed*, on the ground that as Katharine had already accused Wolsey of having extorted a *sixth* (i. e. almost double-tythed the country), she would not now, in this hostile summing up of his political career, diminish the charge,—interprets *ty'd* as "limited, circumscribed, set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom;" which is rather strained. Shall I offer a guess? Might it not have been—

"One that by suggestion
Flay'd all the kingdom."

If any body wishes to laugh at my conjecture, he has my consent; but I could say something in its favour, nevertheless. The Roman maxim, we all know, is that a good shepherd should shear, not flay his flock; but Wolsey being, in Queen Katharine's opinion, the reverse of a *bonus pastor*, preferred the latter operation. *Valeat quantum!* I certainly think there is some corruption in the received text. •

V. "It is scarcely worth mentioning," says the *Essay*, "that two or three Latin passages, which are met with in our author, are immediately transcribed from the story or the chronicle before him." It is not worth mentioning at all, for how is a quotation to be given, except in the exact words of the authority. In *Henry V.*, Farmer remarks that the maxim of Gallic law, "In teriam Salicam mulieres ne succedant," cited by Archbishop Chicheley in his argument, is found in Holinshed. This is a wonderful discovery; to which may be added that the whole speech, as we have it in Shakspeare, is merely a transposition of Holinshed's prose into blank verse. Nothing more was meditated. Holinshed copied Hall, making the blunder of substituting Louis the tenth for Louis the ninth, which Shakspeare of course followed. Whence-soever derived, the speech bears all the impress of being reported—I speak technically and professionally; and if it contains some historical errors, which rouse the easily excitable spleen of Ritson, we may probably impute them not to Shakspeare, or Holinshed, or Hall, but to the Most Reverend orator himself. On the principle repeatedly laid down in the *Essay*, the dramatist

must be convicted of ignorance, because he did not study the genealogies of "King Pepin, which deposed Childeric," and set every thing right about

"the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great,"

and all the other persons pressed, without much ceremony, into his service by the Caphusian archbishop.

But if it be a cheap piece of Latinity to be able to quote this bit of Salic law, which certainly proves nothing more than that Shakspeare had read Holinshed, and could understand five or six Latin words, Dr. Farmer could not, I think, so easily account for a passage which occurs a little further on, in the speech of the Duke of Exeter (s).

"While that the armed hand doth fight
abroad,"

The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though [r. through] high
and low and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music."

Theobald pointed out the similarity between these lines and a passage in the second book of Cicero's *De Republica*: "Sic ex summis, et mediis, et intimis interjectis ordinibus ut sonis, moderatam ratione civitatem consensu dissimiliorum concinere; et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordiam." In Knight's edition of *Henry V.*, it is justly remarked, that if Theobald had taken the whole passage, as quoted by St. Augustin, the parallelism would seem closer; and it is impossible that it can be accidental. In Shakspeare's time, and for a couple of centuries later, this fragment of Cicero was to be found only in a treatise of St. Augustin, supposed—justly, I think—to have been suggested by the *De Republica*. Where did Shakspeare find it then? We have no translation to help us here. Knight's commentator refers to Plato as the originator of the thought,—observing, that "Cicero's *De Republica* was, as far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's republic; the sentence we have quotes is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shakspeare are more deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy than the

(s) Ought not this learning to be transferred from the duke to the Bishop of Ely?

passage in Cicero;" a position which he succeeds in proving. The most remarkable thing is, that Shakspeare has really caught the main argument of the treatise, and expounded it in a few lines almost as a commentator. In the *Nugæ Curiales* of John of Salisbury, who had evidently read this lost book, the passage does not occur; only half of it is in what was found by Mai. But in the *Nugæ Curiales* we have the simile of the bees, as patterns of good government, with a long extract from "Maro" (*Georg. lib. iv. v. 149, &c.*), and also the distinction between the *manus armata*, —the armed hand which is to defend kingdoms, and the prince, who, as the *caput* of the state, is to hold council at home. It is altogether a puzzling piece of critical inquiry. No illiterate man, at all events, found the passage.

VI. I have, I think, noticed every point of Latin ignorance adduced by Farmer, except one.

"In the *Merchant of Venice*, the Jew, as an apology for his cruelty to Antonio, rehearses many *sympathies* and *antipathies*, for which no reason can be rendered:

'Some love not a gaping pig;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th'
nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.'

This incident, Dr. Warburton supposes to be taken from a passage in Scaliger's *Exercitationes* against Cardan: '*Narrabo tibi jocosam sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis: is dum viveret auditu phormingis sono, urinum illico facere cogebatur.*' 'And,' proceeds the doctor, 'to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phormini* by *bagpipes*.'

"Here we seem fairly caught; for Scaliger's work was never, as the term goes, *done into English*. But luckily, in an old translation from the French of Peter le Loier, entitled, *A Treatise of Specters, or strange Sight, Visions, and Apparitions, appearing sensibly unto Men*, we have this identical story from Scaliger; and, what is still more, a marginal note gives us, in all probability, the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakspeare: 'Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bagpipe*.'

Scaliger was much more read in the days of Elizabeth, than any ordinary dipper into books in the present day may be inclined to imagine. Why

did he not notice the following note by Warburton on *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 1, where Holofernes declares the fashionable pronunciation of words to be "abominable?"—

"This is 'abominable, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the most-redoubtable pedants of that time; on such sort of occasions, Joseph Scaliger used to break out, 'Abominior, ex-cror. Asinitas mera est impietas,' &c., and he calls his adversary, 'Lectum stercore maceratum, demoniacum, recumentum, inscitia sterquilinum, sterces diaboli, scarabæum, larvam, pecus postremum, bestiarum, infame propudium, καβαλμα.'" —Warburton.

I should be very reluctant, indeed, to say that this quotation is literally correct, unless I saw it in Scaliger, among whose works it is scarcely worth while to hunt it out, well knowing the danger of quoting after the bishop, when he does not give a reference; but if it be in Scaliger, as it peers in Warburton, I can only say that Dr. Farmer did not act fairly in passing it by.

So much for the Latin part of Dr. Farmer's performance. It has literally proved nothing towards his purpose. A man, by teasing himself to death in reading Translations, Pantheons, Flores, Sententæ, Delectus, Polymets, Elegant Extracts, and all that miserable second-hand work, might do something towards what is to be found in Shakspeare. He might—*perhaps*—but only perhaps. Is it not a thing as easily to be believed that Shakspeare could read—

"Alia panduntur inanes
Ad ventos,"

soft Pagan Latin of Virgil, as easily as "Sum stentit bene in wisnand wyn-dis wake," &c., the wondrously hard Scoto-Saxon of Douglas; or endeavour to master the smooth verses of *Æneid*, as the rugged hexameters of Stanyhurst.

The knowledge or ignorance of Shakspeare with respect to the modern languages remains to be considered. The consideration will be brief; and with that, and some reflections on dramatic composition in general, I shall, with the permission of Mr. Yorke, release my reader in the next Number.

W. M.

DON CARLOS, CHRISTINA, AND THE SPANISH QUESTION.

Our article must be bitter and biting. Not that we are bilious, but that we are angry. We mean to hold up to public indignation the heartless, reckless, unprincipled, anti-national policy of the foreign department of affairs in the Whig government of this country. We ask for a calm and deliberate hearing. To-day, and in this Number, we propose to look at "*the Spanish Question.*" During the recess, we may have other opportunities of turning the attention of our readers to those of Poland, Cracow, South America, the East, and Switzerland. "Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice."

There is one general charge, which we bring forward at once against Lord Palmerston and his abettors, with respect to the foreign policy of the Whig government, and that charge is the following: The Whig foreign policy is, first, an ignorant, and, secondly, an anti-British, policy. This charge we can substantiate by arguments and by facts; all the former, however, being founded on the latter. We have called it "a general charge," because it applies to every foreign question which the Whigs have handled: the French question—the Dutch-Belgian question—the Polish question—the Turkish and Egyptian question—the Canadian question—the Mexican question—the boundary United States question—the Portuguese question—the Cracow question—and the Spanish question: every question, in fact, which has been touched from 1831 downwards, by these incapable and anti-British counsellors of the crown. In every case, and on every subject, they have shewn themselves either grossly ignorant of British interests, or perversely and criminally opposed to them—or both. We shall confine our examination, to-day, to the Spanish question, rendered doubly interesting and increasingly pressing by the success of Whig bribes in the army of Don Carlos. We pledge ourselves to shew, that in this question the Whigs have acted most ignorantly, or most traitorously, or both.

The Spanish question may be divided, as far as Great Britain is concerned, into three parts: first, the question of the succession to the throne of Spain on the death of Ferdinand VII.; secondly, the question of the constitution, and the

local rights and privileges of the provinces which have risen to defend them, together with the civil war in those provinces; and, thirdly, the bearings of the two prior questions on British interests and alliances.

We are aware that there are the general questions of legitimacy, of monarchical governments in Europe, and of intervention and non-intervention in the affairs of neighbouring states, likewise involved in this subject; but with these we shall not meddle. So we are not ignorant that the interests of France, Italy, Portugal, and Sardinia, are deeply concerned in the issue of this struggle; and that those of France are diametrically opposed to those of England. But the examination of these questions would require many volumes, and, after all, bear little on British interests and opinions. It is our purpose to take up the British part on of this question, and to shew that from the death of Ferdinand VII., on September 29th, 1833, to the present day—a period of six years—the interests of Great Britain in the Spanish succession, constitution, and war, have been shamefully sacrificed.

And that there may be no mistake as to our meaning, we allege, that they have been so sacrificed to a disgraceful and inordinate love of office, which has rendered it necessary, on the part of the Whigs, to purchase (to please their supporters), by treason abroad, a majority in the House of Commons; that they have been so sacrificed to a blind alliance with France, not merely on those questions where we could act together, but on those where our interests were evidently opposed to each other; that they have been so sacrificed to a love of revolutionary and democratic principles,—a love which was ignoble, creeping, cringing, and wanting daring and courage, and which, therefore, whilst it lost us the alliance of kings, gained not for us the alliance of the people; and, finally, that they have been so sacrificed to a fatal ignorance of the principles of political economy, of sound and statesmanlike diplomacy, and, above all, of British policy.

We shall proceed, without further preface, to establish the two following propositions, as regards the "*Spanish Question*" in its relations to British interests and British policy.

1st. That the whole conduct of the Whigs on the question of the succession to the throne of Spain on the death of Ferdinand VII.,—on the question of the constitution, and the local rights and privileges of the provinces which have risen to defend them, and on the civil war in those provinces,—has been opposed to the policy of Great Britain from the treaty of Utrecht to the treaties of Vienna in 1815, and even down to the policy of England in 1830.

And 2d. That the conduct of the Whigs on these questions has been—1st, ignorant; or, 2d, anti-British; or, 3d, both the one and the other. Their policy and conduct have been favourable to their own interests, to French views, and to the general progress of democracy in Europe, but have been injurious to the honour, alliances, reputation, and commercial interests of Great Britain.

To the right understanding of this question it is necessary very briefly to recapitulate the events of the last century with relation to Spain. Let us commence with the history of the treaty of Utrecht.

When the Duke of Anjou was declared King of Spain in November 1700, and when the French nation was mad with joy at the event, Louis XIV. exclaimed, "The Pyrenees exist no longer!" The meaning was obvious. France and Spain were thenceforth, in the opinion of the monarch, to be regarded as one; and Europe became wisely and universally alarmed. The death of Charles II. of Spain, and his will in favour of the house of Bourbon, threw all the free states of the continent into consternation. The first object, after the peace of Ryswick, which engaged the attention of Europe, was the settlement of the Spanish succession. The competitors for the succession were Louis XIV., the Emperor Leopold, and the Elector of Bavaria. Louis and the emperor were both grandsons of Philip III. The dauphin, and the emperor's eldest son, Joseph, king of the Romans, had therefore a double claim, their mothers being two daughters of Philip IV. The right of birth was in the house of Bourbon, the king and his son, the dauphin, being both descended from the eldest daughters of Spain; but the imperial family asserted in support of their claim,—beside the solemn and ratified renunciations of Louis XIII. and XIV. of all title to the Spanish succession,—the

blood of Maximilian, the common parent of both branches of the house of Austria—the right of male representation. The Elector of Bavaria claimed, as the husband of an archduchess, the only surviving child of the Emperor Leopold by the Infanta Margaret, second daughter of Philip IV., who had declared her descendants the heirs of his crown, in preference to those of his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa; so that the son of the elector, in default of issue by Charles II., was entitled to the whole Spanish succession, unless the testament of Philip IV. and the renunciation of Maria Theresa, on her marriage with the French monarch, were set aside. But not only did these legal titles to inheritance require that the Prince of Bavaria should succeed to the Spanish monarchy, but the general interests of Europe rendered it indispensable. These general interests partly, though not wholly, preponderated, and the first celebrated treaty of partition was signed through the temporising policy of William and Louis XIV. by England, Holland, and France. In this treaty it was stipulated that on the demise of the King of Spain without issue, his dominions should be divided as follows:

1st. Spain, her American empire, and the sovereignty of the Netherlands, were assigned to the Electoral Prince of Bavaria.

2d. The kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the ports on the Tuscan shore, and the marquisate of Final in Italy, the province of Guipuzcoa, with all the Spanish territories beyond the Pyrenees, on the mountains of Navarre, Alava, and Biscay, were granted to the French dauphin.

And, 3d. The dukedom of Milan was allotted to the Archduke Charles, the second son of the Emperor Leopold.

When this treaty came to be known, Charles II. would not ratify its provisions. He constituted the Electoral Prince of Bavaria his sole heir, agreeable to the testament of Philip IV., in favour of the descendants of Margaret, his second daughter, to the utter exclusion of the offspring of Maria Theresa, her eldest sister, and the whole house of Bourbon, also excluded by the Pyrenean treaty.

The conduct of William of England, in acceding to the arrangements of the first partition treaty can only be excused on the ground that he was not in a condition to begin a new war; that

the English parliament had reduced the army to 7000, and these all native subjects. Still, though the first partition treaty was made too favourable to the house of Bourbon, it was not so favourable as the court of Louis XIV. and his subjects desired; and France was deprived by it of immense territories conceded to the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, as well as of the dukedom of Milan.

The death of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, and the unexpected recovery of the King of Spain, led to a second treaty of partition, by which the following arrangements, less beneficial to France, were decided on:

1st. Spain and her American dominions were assigned to the Archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor.

2d. Naples, Sicily, the marquisate of Final, the towns on the Italian shore, and the province of Guipuzcoa, were allotted to the French dauphin, together with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which their native prince was desired to exchange for the duchy of Milan.

3d. That the country of Binche should remain as a sovereignty to the Prince of Vaudemont.

4th. In order to prevent the union of Spain and the imperial crown in the person of one prince, provision was made, that in case of the death of the King of the Romans, the archduke, if raised to that dignity, should not succeed to the Spanish throne.

And, 5th. That no dauphin or king of France should ever wear the crown of Spain.

Thus, upwards of a century and a third of another century ago, the policy of Great Britain, even under disadvantageous circumstances, triumphed, which was that of excluding Spain from the possibility of being united to France. There was also another principle then established, which was, that of the right of Great Britain to take such measures as her government should think necessary to prevent the aggrandisement of France by the addition of Spain to her territories. This second treaty, though less favourable to France than the first, was still viewed with jealousy by the English people.

On the death of the King of Spain, Louis XIV. appeared at first to hesitate whether he would accept the will, or adhere to the treaty of partition. The dangers of adopting the first course, and the safety of following the latter,

were foreseen; but Louis XIV. could not resist the vanity of placing his grandson on the throne of Spain: he accepted the will by the advice of his council, and the Duke of Anjou was crowned at Madrid as Philip V.

Nor does the fact of the temporary recognition of Philip V. by King William and the British houses of parliament at all demonstrate the permanent consent of Great Britain to the aggrandisement of France by the will of the deceased Spanish monarch; since, as soon as all the arrangements were made, that "Grand Alliance" was formed, the avowed objects of which were, "the procuring satisfaction to the Emperor Leopold in regard to the Spanish succession; the obtaining of security to the English and Dutch for their dominions and commerce; the preventing the union of the two great monarchies of France and Spain; and the hindering the French from possessing the Spanish dominions in America."

Then came the death of William and the joy of France. But the latter was of short duration. Queen Anne adopted the objects of the Grand Alliance; Marlborough was appointed commander-in-chief; and war was declared on the same day against France, by the courts of London, Vienna, and the Hague.

In 1711, the House of Lords voted, "That no peace can be safe or honourable should Spain and the Indies be allowed to remain with any branch of the house of Bourbon."

In 1712, the general conference was opened at Utrecht for restoring tranquillity to Europe. The death of the dauphin and of his eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy, as well as of his son, the Duke of Brittany, excited, to a greater degree than ever, the reasonable apprehensions of the combined powers, lest that union of the two monarchs, which it had been the chief object of the war to prevent, should at last be completed after all their successes, by the death of a puny child (the Duke of Brittany). The British ministry counselled the French monarch, 1st. That Philip V. should either resign the crown of Spain, or transfer to his younger brother, the Duke of Berry, his right to the crown of France. 2d. That should Philip consent to the resignation, his right to the crown of France should be preserved entire; and that in the meantime Naples and Sicily, with Montserrat and Mantua, should be erected into a kingdom for

him. 3d. That all those territories should be annexed to France on Philip's accession to that throne, except the island of Sicily. And, 4th. That Spain and her American dominions should be conferred on the Duke of Savoy, instead of his own dominions, and in full satisfaction of all his demands as one of the combined powers.

These proposals were rejected. Philip V. preferred the certain possession of the Spanish crown to the eventual succession to that of France. Louis XIV. consented to the renunciation of his grandson, and it was registered in the books of the parliament of Paris, and solemnly received by the states of Castile and Arragon.

The treaty of Utrecht, of the 31st March, 1713, then followed, by which it was declared: "That whereas the securities and liberties of Europe can by no means bear the union of the crowns of France and Spain under one and the same prince, Philip V., now established on the Spanish throne, shall renounce all right to the crown of France; that the Dukes of Berry and Orleans, the next heirs to the French monarchy after the infant dauphin, shall, in like manner, renounce all right to the crown of Spain, in the event of their accession to the crown of France; and that in default of Philip V. and his male issue, the succession of Spain and the Indies shall be secured to the Duke of Savoy."

The pledges of Philip V. were carried into full effect; and Lord Lexington went to Madrid purposely to witness the several renunciations and other acts requisite to complete the article agreed upon as necessary to prevent the union of the two monarchies. "Not Britain alone, but all Europe,—not the present age alone, but all posterity," said the British minister of those days, "are deeply concerned in force and validity being given to these arrangements." No treaty of equal import to the general interests of Europe was, in fact, ever negotiated till that of 1815; one of the leading principles of which was, the restoration of ancient power as it stood previous to the inroads of the French Revolution: for which the treaty of Utrecht served as a material basis, recognising, at the same time, the perfect independence of the several states in their own internal concerns.

When Philip V. had terminated his public acts of renunciation, he proposed a constitutional settlement of the

crown, by the introduction of a fixed law of succession. The deputies to the General Cortes, then sitting at Madrid, received from their constituents "full and sufficient power to confer upon the subject," as appears by the statute then passed, bearing date May 10, 1713. The preamble of this law also declared, that it was enacted from motives of expediency, "*as well as to obviate the possibility of a foreigner again succeeding to the Spanish crown.*" It was, therefore, ruled and enacted, that the agnatic, or male lineal succession, should prevail in Spain, to the exclusion of females, except in certain cases. This statute stands recorded among the laws of succession in the Spanish Code, printed by order of Charles III., in 1805, as the only ones held to be in force and vigour. It forms the basis of the rights of Don Carlos V., and its provisions could not be altered, unless by means equally as solemn and legal as those by which it was made binding. Had this law been allowed to take its due course on the demise of Ferdinand VII., Spain might have been saved the calamities of a six years' war, the policy of Great Britain preserved, the interests of this country remained intact, and the spectacles would not have been presented of British troops defeated by Spanish mountaineers, and of British agents employed to sow and encourage treason and traitors.

M. Mignet, who is a French Whig coadjutor of our Whigs at home, has defended the admission of females to the crown of Spain, at the same time that he has declared, that had France admitted female succession, "she would have renounced her nationality." But why this distinction? The reasons he has given are as unsatisfactory as his deduction. But be this as it may, it was the law of Spain; males first, and females only in default of males. It was the law from the treaty of Utrecht to 1833; and the Whigs were bound, on the demise of Ferdinand, to protest against any alteration.

In 1830, after the fourth marriage of Ferdinand VII. with the Princess Christina of Naples, that monarch was prevailed on by this usurper to publish a royal decree containing his sanction to a pretended law, alleged to have been passed by his father forty-one years before, but no trace of which was to be found in the national code.

By this pretended law, which was now brought forward in opposition to the treaty of Utrecht, and to the established and recognised law of succession, it was declared, that "in the Cortes of 1789, deliberations were held respecting the expediency of restoring the method established by law and immemorial custom in the succession; and, bearing in mind the immense benefits derived from its observance for more than 700 years, and particularly those resulting from the union of the crowns of Castile and Arragon, through the order of succession established by law ii. title 15, partida 2, the Cortes prayed that this law should be revised by the publication of a pragmatic sanction." "Wherefore," said the decree, "it is ordered, that the said law and pragmatic sanction should be thereafter kept, this being expedient to our royal service, to the welfare and utility of the public cause of our subjects, and besides, to my will." This pretended law and pragmatic sanction were to re-establish the succession of females and foreigners to the throne of Spain, which had been specially provided against by the treaty of Utrecht and the law of succession, and for the attainment of which important objects Europe had made war on Louis XIV. and Philip V.

This illegal and anti-national change was so obviously opposed to the treaty and the law of succession in question, that the government of Charles X. protested against it, since that monarch felt that England would have the right to make war against Spain if the treaty of Utrecht should be thus flagrantly and insolently violated.

The bill of Reform and the events of 1830 arrived. The Whigs played into the hands of Christina. Why? The answer is clear:—They rejected all that was Conservative, both at home and abroad; they had two lines of conduct to pursue, and they preferred that which was anarchical and revolutionary. Yet they were not ignorant of the illegality of the proposed change, and they advised Ferdinand VII. to endeavour to prevail on the Infante Don Carlos to surrender up his claims to the throne, and strip his children of their birthright. This was in 1832. The attempt was made, and the Count de Alcudia was the negotiator, but he failed; and the Whigs perceived that their object could not be accomplished by the means they had first resolved to resort to.

Unable to prevail upon Don Carlos to consent to the proposed spoliation, Ferdinand VII., for the moment, became sensible of the wrong which he was committing, and, in September 1832, he signed a decree by which he abrogated the pragmatic sanction which he had previously published in 1830 in favour of a female succession. This decree was, however, ordered by Ferdinand VII. to be kept secret until the moment of his demise.

Thus defeated a second time in their counsels and hopes, the Whigs advised the Queen Christina to endeavour to obtain her own appointment to the post of regent-consort, "to conduct public affairs during the continuance of the malady of the king;" and, in order to render the measure palatable, to resort to an amnesty of prisoners in custody for their political opinions. This stratagem succeeded; the provincial governors were changed, and all influential appointments were conferred on persons in the queen-regent's immediate interest.

As Ferdinand VII. became gradually weaker and more incapable, the queen, counselled by the Whigs, pressed on him the duty of repealing or recalling the decree of the previous September, which annulled the adhesion he had given, in 1830, to the succession of females to the throne; and, on 31st December, 1832, he was prevailed on, once more, to recognise that female succession.

The Whigs now advised Christina to seek to attach the movement party to her interests, as they had in their capacity of ministers of William IV. sought to attach the O'Connell party to theirs. The heartless and unprincipled game they played at home they advised the young Neapolitan intriguer to play in Spain; and such of the grandees as were "Liberals" were promised that *Spain should be liberalised!* The machinery of 1812 and 1820 was remounted and set to work, and monarchical Europe was kept quiet by the assurances that the queen-consort was resolved to maintain in Spain "her religion in all its splendour, her legitimate kings enjoying the plenitude of their authority, her complete political independence, her ancient fundamental laws," and, in one word, all that looked most Conservative and monarchical.

In spite of all these stratagems, however, the queen-consort felt some

uneasiness, especially as a Carlist insurrection at Toledo had alarmed the king, her husband; and again she had recourse to the counsels of the Whigs. Here was another opportunity presented to them for relieving Spain from an approaching civil war; but, instead of so acting, they advised Christina to publish the pragmatic sanction of March 1830, admitting females to the throne, thus pledging Ferdinand VII. to a line of conduct which he had given many indications of his intention to abandon. This advice was followed; the pragmatic sanction, which was to have been kept secret, was published in the *Madrid Gazette*, and the king could no longer retract without having the appearance of a most weak and fickle prince.

Ferdinand VII., though generally a weak and incapable prince, had moments of lucidity and vigour. In one of these moments, in January 1833, he signed a decree resuming the sovereign powers, and the queen-consort and her Camarilla were thrown into a state of unparalleled agitation. This proceeding again led to conferences with the Whigs and their agents, and yet another opportunity was afforded them for counselling Christina to avert a civil war, by abandoning her unrighteous demand for the abrogation of the law of succession and the principle of the treaty of Utrecht.

The Whigs persevered once more in their former counsels, and pressed on the queen-consort the necessity for obtaining, if possible, a decree from Ferdinand for the Cortes to assemble, in order to take the oath of allegiance to the Infanta Isabel as the hereditary princess. Ferdinand yielded to the persuasions of his consort—the Cortes were convoked—the oath was taken—and even Don Carlos was applied to, to ascertain whether he also would take the oath to his niece. He refused so to do in a manly and energetic declaration; and by that circumstance, as well as by a protest from the King of Naples, whose envoy delivered in that protest from his sovereign against any act intended to affect his eventual right of succession to the Spanish crown, the Whigs and their ally, Christina, were warned that war *must* be the consequence sooner or later of their then proceedings. Still they persevered: the will of Ferdinand VII. was made to correspond with the provisions of

the decrees, and all was prepared for the *dénouement* which was then almost daily expected. So resolved were Christina and her counsellors, the Whigs, on carrying into full effect the whole of their plan, that though the will of Ferdinand established a "*Consejo de Gobierno*," or privy council, "to advise the regent on matters of importance," yet it likewise declared, "but without in any manner binding her to act according to the opinion of that council." Though Europe never before beheld such an instance of folly and audacity as the whole of this proceeding, yet the Whigs were those who counselled it, and were the most forward in enabling Christina to carry it into execution.

The death of Ferdinand at length arrived. The Whigs trembled. Their agents predicted a civil war. Another opportunity was now afforded by the death of the late monarch to retrace their steps, and to insist at least on a marriage or betrothing of the eldest son of Don Carlos to the Infanta Isabel. But their conduct was far different. They began by instantly acknowledging Donna Isabella as the queen of Spain, and her mother as queen-regent. They next counselled the latter to issue a *manifiesto* to the Spanish people; and then to confiscate the property of Don Carlos, and outlaw himself and his children! One word as to that manifesto. This most lying and impudent document asserted that she, the queen-regent, "would maintain most religiously the form and fundamental laws of the monarchy, without admitting dangerous innovations, however respectable they might appear in their origin; for," added this Jesuit princess, "we have already unfortunately experienced their disastrous effects;" adding, "that the best form of government for a country is that to which it is accustomed." Yet, at the very moment this solemn declaration was made, the English government was negotiating with the Spanish refugees on the one hand, and with Christina on the other, for the re-establishment of the government of the Cortes of 1820, if not of 1812.

Then it was that the northern provinces arose; and without any concert or communication with Don Carlos, the loyal inhabitants of Biscay and Navarre refused to participate in the public outrage against their lawful sovereign, and in the attempt to sacri-

fice their ancient *fueros*, or provincial rights and liberties, by a band of factious levellers. From this moment, when Martinez de la Rosa was called to power by Christina, the revolution was consummated, the monarchical principle lost, and Spain urged forward by the French and English governments into all the horrors of a fierce democracy.

And here, we think, is the proper place to discuss with freedom the question, *What ought to have been the policy of Great Britain in this Spanish question?* It has often been said by the unreflecting or the ignorant, "Well, but the Tories were in office in 1830, when Ferdinand VII. first commenced his acts in favour of female succession, and the Tories did not protest against them." Let us look at the value of this objection. The Revolution of 1830 created new interests in Europe. This is the first and capital point to be remembered, and never to be lost sight of, in this discussion.

If Don Carlos had founded in that country a strong but paternal, a truly monarchical but beneficent government, the Revolution of 1830 and all its consequences would have been endangered; and no one felt this more strongly than Prince Talleyrand.

The policy of Christina was clear. That of Louis Philippe was self-evident. But what was that of Great Britain? Let us see.

Was it the policy of Great Britain—we mean, her true and national policy—to identify herself with the revolution of Madrid? Certainly not. Why? First, because it was the interest of England to establish a counterpoise to the democratic influence of the French Revolution in the south of Europe. Secondly, because it was the interest of England to found, or to support a government in Spain, which not only should not play into the hands of the new order of things established in France, but which, by its antique origin, national character, and strong monarchical unity, should keep in order the new French government, and prevent it from becoming too democratic at home, and, above all, from being propagandist abroad. Thirdly, because it was much more probable that the principle of the treaty of Utrecht would be violated at some future time by intermarriages of the Orleans family with Isabel and her children, and even

by the marriage of Isabel with some prince favourable to French interest, even should he not be a French prince, than that the sons of Don Carlos should marry daughters of Louis Philippe: and that by the preservation of the male succession in Spain, even such marriages would not be injurious, or violate the principle of the treaty of Utrecht; whereas by the introduction of female succession, the principle would be at once jeopardised, since nothing would be easier than for French influence to triumph under female government in Spain. For it must not be lost sight of, that Louis XIV. did not propose, when he accepted the crown of Spain for his grandson, to unite the two crowns, but to form such an intimate alliance and bond of friendship between the two countries, that Spain could never move or act without French permission. And it must also be remembered, that Spain was much less likely to become French in her policy, and French in her government, under a male than a female succession. And finally, that with Don Carlos and his sons in Spain, and on the throne, there was a special and positive guarantee, as they were personally, and by conviction, opposed to the democratic principles of the French Revolution. And then, fourthly, it was not the policy of Great Britain to identify herself with the revolution of Madrid, because such a line of conduct was opposed to English interests, both naval and commercial.

We do not propose to examine at any length these propositions; but we shall claim the liberty of enforcing them in a few words.

First, It was the interest of England to establish a counterpoise to the democratic influence of the French Revolution in the south of Europe.

We shall be told "that England, and the Tories, were the first to recognise the new French government in 1830." We admit it; but what then? It is one thing to choose between two evils—a war with France, to establish, for the third time, the elder branch of the house of Bourbon in France—or the recognition of a *de facto* government professing great moderation, and even Conservative principles, notwithstanding it had a democratic origin. But the adoption of the latter course by no means implied that England should encourage the spread of these demo-

cratic revolutions to other countries. Quite the contrary. England is essentially a commercial country. Commerce is prosperous in time of peace, order, and the reign of the laws. The introduction of new forms of government, political experiments, and democratic influence, cannot possibly be favourable to British commerce in Europe. The history of our trade with the Low Countries, with Portugal, and with Spain, during the last nine years, will abundantly confirm the truth of this observation. It was, therefore, to the interest of Great Britain to circumscribe as much as possible the Revolution of 1830; and whilst adopting it in France, as the least of two evils, to aid in preventing its extension to other states.

We have said, secondly, that it was the interest of England to found, or to support a government in Spain, which not only should not play into the hands of the new order of things established in France, but which, by its antique origin, national character, and strong monarchical unity, should keep in order the new French government, and prevent it from becoming too democratic at home; and, above all, from being propagandist abroad.

Why was it the interest of England to do this? First, that France might not, by degrees, become mistress of Spanish councils, and thus destroy the balance of power in Europe. Second, that the principle of the settlement of Europe, by the treaty of Utrecht, might be maintained. Third, that the influence of England in Portugal might not be jeopardised. Fourth, that English trade and commerce might not be injured by a real, though not nominal or apparent union of France and Spain. And, fifth, that by thus keeping both France and Spain in check, the monarchical principles of the English constitution might not be jeopardised by their neighbours, and by the triumph of democracy in the Peninsula or in France.

Thirdly, It was not the policy of England to identify herself with the cause of Christina and the revolution in Spain, because it was much more probable that the principle of the treaty of Utrecht would be violated at some future time by intermarriages of the Orleans family with Isabel and her children, and even by the marriage of Isabel with some prince favourable to

French interest (even should he not be a French prince), than that the sons of Don Carlos should marry daughters of Louis Philippe.

Fourthly, It was not the policy of Great Britain to identify herself with Christina and the Spanish revolution, because such a line of conduct was opposed to English interest, both naval and commercial.

The immediate interests of England were sacrificed by it. The state of disorder into which Spain has been thrown by that revolution has ended in defrauding British holders of Spanish stock of both capital and interest. A wise and prudent government would have foreseen this; but a Whig administration thought the financial interests of British subjects unworthy its attention. The British government was bound to have foreseen that the events of 1830 to 1833 in Spain must lead to a civil war; and that a civil war in Spain must be injurious to British commercial interests. Such has been the case; and although some ignorant French writers continue to assert that England has gained commercially by the Spanish civil war, none possessing his senses is influenced by such statements. Has England gained in her export trade? She has greatly lost by it. Has England gained by the arms and ammunition she has supplied to Christina in such large quantities, and for which she will never be paid? Has England gained by the equipping of the Foreign Legion, and by the non-payment of the wages, the pay of both British officers and soldiers, who were in the service of Christina? Has England gained by the seizure of her merchant-vessels, and their confiscation, when they attempted to supply the Carlist forces on the coast of Biscay with the arms and ammunition they desired? Has England gained by the enormous rate of insurance which British merchants and ship-owners had to pay to insure their goods and vessels against seizure? No; the immediate effects of this anti-British policy have been most disastrous to British interests, naval, financial, and commercial.

And are the permanent interests of England likely to be promoted by the policy which the Whigs have pursued as to Spain? Is it true, as these men allege, that though British interests have suffered for the last six years, in consequence of the civil war in Spain, that

they will hereafter be more than recompensed by an enormous increase of trade and commerce? We answer fearlessly—*No*. The Spanish government of Christina is ruined—bankrupt—obliged to rob churches to find precious metals, and compelled to melt down sacramental plate for the daily wants of the treasury. The Spanish government has increased its debt—diminished its resources—sold its national property—and reduced itself to the necessity of living on taxes. Its credit is gone. Its paper is worthless. Precious metals it has none. Is this the sort of government that can afford to be generous? Is this the sort of government that can reduce its export or its import duties? Why the government of Christina must be bankrupt altogether, unless it shall increase its taxes; and what taxes can it increase but those on luxuries? It follows then, from this statement, that even were the government of Christina disposed to assist the trade and commerce of Great Britain, it cannot do so. In no less deplorable state are the public creditors of Spain. Spain cannot pay her current expenses. How can she pay the interest of the capital of her old and new debts? The stock-jobbers at the Paris Bourse, or at the London Stock Exchange, may send up, if they will, their “active” and their “passive” stock; but they must be reminded, that what is now worth but 28 was worth 78 and upwards before Lord Palmerston recognised the revolution of Christina and Madrid. And, finally, it must not be forgotten that Spain is impoverished as well as her government. Spain is much poorer than she was. She is really poorer, as well as nominally so. The Spaniards must spend less,—must economise; and cannot afford to buy British manufactures: and, therefore, the British merchants and ship-owners, tradesmen and manufacturers, must be the losers.

This is the first part of our case. The Whig foreign policy is an ignorant and an anti-British policy. We have shewn it by facts and by reasonings; and, if disposed, we might here leave it: but we shall pursue it still further.

The question of the right of Don Carlos to succeed to the throne of Spain, we have no intention to treat *ex professo*; but we cannot pass it

over without correcting a mistake of the Duke de Broglie, in the discussion of the French Chamber of Peers, on 9th January, 1837, and which mistake has since then been often repeated, with an air of triumph and success, by both French and English Whigs.

“The French government,” said the Duke de Broglie, “found Isabella II. queen both *de facto* and *de jure*; *de facto*, because at the death of her father, she peaceably ascended the throne; and *de jure*, because either the Cortes of 1713 had not the right to approve the pragmatic of Philip V., or else the Cortes of 1830 had the right to approve the abolition of that very pragmatic.”

To this it must be replied, that a law of succession is neither established nor repealed in the same manner as an ordinary law for the ordinary every-day affairs of the state; that the pragmatic of 1713 was an unilateral and connected act, which contained at the same time the renunciation of Philip V. of his right to the crown of France, and the rules to be followed for the order of succession to that of Spain; that this pragmatic was only the consecration of the principles which served as the basis of the treaties of Utrecht (11th April, 1713), of Rastadt (7th March, 1714), and of London (2d August, 1718); that in 1830, two brothers of Ferdinand were living, and that he had not the power to revive, by his own private will, the right of *cognation* to the prejudice of the right of *rigorous agnation*, by annulling a law cemented by a duration of 140 years, on the faith of which had been contracted all alliances, all the relations of foreign powers, and of reigning families with the Bourbons of Spain, and which had thus become part of the law of Europe; and, finally, and in virtue of the principle of retroactivity, Don Carlos, being born the 29th March, 1788, could not have his rights attacked by the pretended pragmatic of Charles IV., presented to the Cortes of 1789, nor by the decree of Ferdinand of March 1830.

Nor if we look to the general history of Spain from 1713 to the treaties of Vienna in 1815, and especially to the history of the relations of Great Britain and France with that country during that period, shall we be able to discover any variation from the policy of the Utrecht treaty with regard to Spain.

Look to the conspiracy formed by Cardinal Alberoni, in 1718, at the court of Spain, to obtain for Philip V. the regency of France. When discovered, was it not defeated—were not the conspirators punished—was not a Quadruple Alliance formed against Spain—was not the Spanish fleet destroyed and captured by Sir George Byng—and did not Philip V. accede to the terms prescribed by the Quadruple Alliance—and was not Alberoni disgraced? And was not one of the first articles of that Quadruple Alliance treaty for the purpose of maintaining intact the principle of the treaty of Utrecht?

Look to the war of 1742, when the King of Spain attempted to make himself master of the Austrian dominions in Italy, and to the events which followed.

Look to the secret treaty concluded between France and Spain at Fontainebleau in 1743, and to the memorable sea-fight near the bay of Hieres, when both French and Spaniards were compelled to retire. Look at the declarations of war which followed, issued against each other by the kings of France and England, and the European conflict which ensued up to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. During the whole of this contest was not England justly jealous of the alliance of France and Spain; and did she not always insist on the treaty of Utrecht as the charter of European independence, and of the settlement of the European equilibrium? Did not that very treaty provide, as near as possible, for the continuance of the same state of things as that established and settled by the Utrecht treaty?

Look to the events of 1761—to the attempt made by the court of Versailles to involve the interests of France with those of Spain—to the famous “family compact”—to the remonstrance of the British ambassador at the court of Madrid on the daring interposition of Spain in the negotiations between France and England—to the proposal of Mr. Pitt to declare war immediately against Spain—to his resignation because this measure was opposed—to the discovery of the secret treaty—to the recall of the British ambassador from Madrid—and to the declaration of war by England against Spain in 1762!

The “family compact” was a just

subject of war on the part of England against Spain, and the war which was declared was national and popular. But why? Because it was opposed to the treaty of Utrecht; since by this “family compact” the kings of France and Spain bound themselves each mutually to consider the interests of the allied crown as its own, to compensate their respective losses and advantages, and to act as if the two monarchies formed only one and the same power.” This compact, which seemed at length to have produced that intimate union between the French and Spanish monarchies which the treaty of Utrecht was intended to prevent, would of itself have been sufficient, as soon as its true purport was known, to justify Great Britain in declaring war against Spain; a power so intimately connected with her principal enemy (France), that it was become impossible to distinguish the one from the other. The result of the war was the treaty of Paris, and the defeat, for the time being, of the “family compact.”

Look at the indignation of England in 1770, when the Spaniards took possession, at Fort Egmont, of a British settlement in Falkland's Island, grounded on the assurance of the Duke de Choiseul, “that the French king, his master, would be always ready to support the honour of the house of Bourbon, and to fulfil the solemn engagements he had entered into by the ‘family compact.’” Is it not a fact, that war would again have been declared by Great Britain against France and Spain, had not Choiseul been dismissed by the French king?

Look at the war which was made by Great Britain against Spain in 1803, the moment that France demanded assistance from the government of the latter country, by virtue of the treaty of St. Ildefonso of 1796, by which Spain had secretly covenanted to furnish a stated contingent of naval and military force for the prosecution of any war in which France might think proper to engage! The ministry of that day required a full and explicit disclosure of the nature and extent of all the engagements of France with Spain; and when that was refused, the celebrated capture of Spanish frigates, by Graham Moore, followed. France and Spain paid the just price for so iniquitous an alliance *at the battle of Trafalgar!*

Look at the courts of Spain and

Portugal from 1807 to 1809, which began in a clandestine correspondence carried on by the Prince of Asturias with Napoleon, then emperor of the French, on the subject of a projected marriage between the former and a princess of the Bonaparte family; as well as in a treaty between France and Spain, the object of which was to overthrow the principle of the treaty of Utrecht. Spanish patriotism aided British valour, and a treaty of alliance was formed between the governments of the two countries.

Look at the history of the Spanish war of independence, in which Wellington gained such deathless renown, and Soult and Bonaparte sustained such signal defeat. For what did Great Britain expend her treasures and her blood, but to uphold the principle of the Utrecht treaty and the succession to the Spanish crown, which was its natural *sequitur*?

And, finally, look at the invasion of Spain by France in 1823; at the just jealousy and protests of the British government; and at the assurances of France, that the perfect independence of Spain should be maintained when once the reigning monarch should be free in all his acts.

What, we ask with confidence, has been demonstrated by every line—every word, of this rapid *résumé* of Spanish connexion with France, from 1713 to 1823, but this immense fact,—that Great Britain has invariably insisted on Spanish independence on the principles of the treaty of Utrecht, and on that policy which should always prevent French councils from triumphing in Spain?

We have conducted this *résumé* with impartiality, and we have assembled the facts of the last 120 years. And now, we ask, Why was this policy changed? why was it not persevered in? why has the Spanish government been intrusted, with the approbation of the English government, to a weak and ambitious usurper, who is under the influence and direction of the French revolutionary government; and who is set up by the English government in opposition to the legal and constitutional heir to the throne of Spain, whose succession would have been in direct accordance with the treaty of Utrecht, the law of succession then established, and with all the policy of Great Britain as to Spanish affairs

and French influence, from 1700 downwards? We can give no other reply to this question than the statement with which we set out, viz. that the conduct of the Whigs has been, 1st, ignorant; 2d, anti-British; and, 3d, opposed to the policy of this country in all times and under all administrations.

The treaty of Quadruple Alliance, which was organised by Prince Talleyrand and Martinez de la Rosa, was not a treaty advantageous to Great Britain in any one point of view; nor was it in harmony with the treaty of Utrecht, or with the policy of Great Britain from 1700 to 1830. What advantage did it confer on Great Britain? Has the expulsion of Don Miguel from Portugal been favourable to British commerce or British alliances? Quite the reverse. Has the British flag been more respected? have British merchants been more protected? and has British influence been more extensive in Portugal since Donna Maria was raised to the throne of her uncle? Precisely the contrary. Did the expulsion of Don Carlos from Spain lead to the termination of the Spanish war? No. On the 9th July, 1834, that prince returned to the Basque provinces, and found some thousands of Navarrese, Alavese, Biscayans, and Guipuzcoans, grouped around the immortal Zumalacargui. But now, even now, at the moment we are writing, though Whig bribes and Whig gold have succeeded in hatching the darkest treason in the camp of Don Carlos, he has still some 20,000 men who remain faithful to his cause and to the principle of the treaty of Utrecht. Has Great Britain gained any advantage by the reiterated defeat of the British legion in Guipuzcoa and Biscay? Has it been of any advantage to England that General Evans was obliged to retreat; and that British volunteers afterwards applied at the Mansion House of London for means of subsistence, as the government of the profligate and voluptuous Christina would not, if it could, pay one farthing of what it owed to them for their valiant though unsuccessful services? Has England gained any thing, either of reputation, respect, increase of possession, extended commerce, fair fame, or desirable alliance, by her expenditure for five years, off the coast of Biscay, in her blockading squadron? Has England gained any advantage by the large supply she has made, wholly

gratuitously, of arms and ammunition to the cause of the Infanta Isabella? Was Spain, on the death of Ferdinand VII., so powerful, so formidable, so important, as to render it of the greatest importance to Great Britain that the government of Madrid should spread over her her benign and protecting shield? Was it of such vast importance to Great Britain to stand well with Spain, that the former was bound to make all sorts of sacrifices, even of the principle of the Utrecht treaty, and of the policy of 120 years, in order to secure her favour and alliance? Was Great Britain reduced to such a state of weakness and exhaustion, that she could not defend her right and policy in Portugal without the aid of ruined and wretched Spain? Though the Spanish nation was for Don Carlos, and only the *élite* were for Christina, was it of such immense importance to Great Britain that the cause of the queen should succeed, that, rather than it should not do so, it became even necessary to quarrel with that very nation whose independence we had so often defended, and cause a permanent misunderstanding between Great Britain and the people of Spain! Or, finally, was there such a league against British security, the integrity of the British dominions, and the natural allies of England, on the part of the northern, or southern, or central powers of Europe, that a Quadruple Alliance was the only means by which the invasion of England and the peace of Europe could be assured? And was the alliance of France with Great Britain of that immense worth, that, to secure such a result, all British interests in the Peninsula, and all the British policy of 120 years, ought to be sacrificed without hesitation or delay? Was France, when the Quadruple Alliance was formed, so united at home, and so powerful abroad, that, to be allied with her was security to the weakest, and an honour and glory to the most powerful states in the world? We need not reply to these inquiries: it is only necessary to make them: they answer themselves.—No. Great Britain has lost in her alliances, reputation, commerce, fame, and naval and military influence and renown, by the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance; and the only result which has been obtained by it has been to disturb, if not to destroy, the balance of power in

Europe, by attacking the principle of the Utrecht treaty, and of the policy pursued by this country for 120 years.

If we examined the history of the war from 1833 downwards, between the two contending powers in Spain, we would discover but one fact to rejoice our hearts, or to console us for our defeat and disgrace. The humane treaty of Lord Eliot for the prevention of Spanish prisoners from being shot, whilst prisoners, by their opponents, is the solitary exception, and this treaty is due to British Conservatives. The history of the war is most afflicting. On the one side, we have seen ranged national courage, conscientious conviction, love of country, and aversion to revolution and change. On the other side, we have seen an ambitious foreigner, an unprincipled usurper, foreign influence, French arms, intrigue, democracy, revolt, and crime. And Great Britain, for the first time in her history, has been compelled, by the ignorant and unprincipled Whigs, to side with the latter.

Before we terminate this article, by glancing at the negotiations conducted by order of the Whig government for putting an end to the Spanish war, we must say a few words as to the Spanish combatants. Every one acquainted with the Spaniards is aware that he is, above and before all things, a Navarrese, a Catalanian, an Aragonian, a Castilian, an Andalusian, &c.; that he resolutely refuses every usage which is not hereditary; that he will not accept from any strange hand any change which is attempted to be introduced; that he will join at once all who shall raise a standard to oppose an attempt to submit his decision to force; and that Spain is almost the only country in which the words "God and the King" have lost none of their magical influence. The combatants in the northern provinces fought, and still fight, "for their king and their *fueros*." Their king, without their *fueros*, or provincial privileges, would be valueless; their *fueros*, without their king, would be insecure.

The foregoing observations conduct us to the last topic of our article, the negotiations of the Whigs with Maroto, and his subsequent treason.

There were three plans which might have been adopted by even the Whigs, in the summer of the present year. The first was to abandon—wholly abandon—

the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance. The second was to convoke a congress, either at London or Paris, in order to settle, by diplomacy, the whole Spanish question. The third was to effect an arrangement.

The two first of these plans were decidedly to be preferred, but the third might have been adopted with justice and advantage.

Faithful, however, to all their antecedents, the Whigs resolved to attempt to terminate the Spanish war, not by an honourable and just arrangement, but by treason; and the chances for the moment are in their favour.

They had tried their threats in vain: Don Carlos had refused to reply to them. They had tried their Foreign Legion in vain: the Basques had defeated them. They had tried their blockading of the coast of Biscay in vain: supplies did reach the Carlist army in spite of Lord John Hay and his coast-cruisers. Instead of sending authorised agents to Don Carlos and to Madrid to treat, they ordered that attempts should be made to bribe Maroto; that pensions, fortune, honours, should all be offered him, and that promises should be made to the Basques of then *fueros*, if they would lay down their arms and desert the cause of the king. The revolt of Munagorie was first encouraged. Negotiations with the chiefs of the Basque juntas were carried on. Maroto was appealed to as the "deliverer," the "saviour," of his country; and he was asked to say, "if he fought for Don Carlos or for his *fueros*?" At first, he replied, for both. But when asked "if he could not obtain both for his country, which would he prefer?" he replied, "The *fueros*." This was the first point. The rest were soon gained. The bribe was offered—the sop was eaten, and Maroto sold his king for a fortune and ignominy.

There was a transaction to be accomplished, an arrangement to be made, which would have secured peace to Spain, the *fueros* to the provinces, the conservation of the principle of the Utrecht treaty to Europe, and which would have given satisfaction to all but to revolutionary France, and her not less revolutionary allies the Whigs. What was this? It was the convocation of the Cortes *par estamentos*, and the proposal of the marriage of the eldest son of Don Carlos with the Infanta Isabella. Are we told that Don Carlos would have objected? We reply, his

objections might have been overcome. Are we told that the Cortes would have viewed with a jealous eye this arrangement? We reply, the Cortes *par estamentos*, duly convened, would have assented.

Since the preceding observations were written, the treason has been fully consummated. Deserted by Maroto, the popular leader of the Biscayans and Guipuzcoans, Don Carlos was left to the Alaveses and Navarrese battalions. For a moment they appeared disposed to rally, and at last to defend their positions in the fastnesses of Navarre. But treason is contagious. Besides this, the Christinos troops, flushed with victory, advanced to the combat. Union existed no longer among the Carlist forces. Don Carlos was without a regular and an organised army. He was still unwilling to surrender; and has, to the last, insisted that his title of Infante of Spain be restored to him, and that in the event of his nieces dying without issue, the crown shall revert to his descendants. He is now a French prisoner at Bourges, where Louis XI., the Nero of France, was born four centuries ago; and where Bourdaloue, the celebrated preacher, just two centuries since, was astounding France by his eloquence and piety. It was here, also, that Louis XII., in early life, was three years a prisoner in the castle, for rebellion against Charles VIII., and was confined during the night in an iron cage, from which he was released by the solicitations of his wife, the Princess Jane, sister of Charles VIII.

"Train'd in adversity's instructive school,
With justice and with mercy learn'd to rule."

France is now dictating to Spain, and prescribing the form of government, as well as the dynasty which, in her opinion, are best suited to the Peninsula. The rightful heir to the throne "of Spain and the Indies" is a French prisoner in the department of Cher. The French Revolution of 1830 is satisfied; but the treaty of Utrecht is set at naught; the old British policy of the wisest and noblest statesmen of centuries is overthrown; monarchical principles are subverted in Spain by democratical successes; and that country, like Belgium, is subject to the Orleans dynasty.

"Spain requires and will have a national government." We admit it;

but a government founded on usurpation, on fraud, on foreign domination, and, lastly, on treason, is not national. The Whigs have encouraged the usurpation, the fraud, and the foreign domination; and now they have consummated their work by paying for the treason.

Will this treason terminate the war in Spain? Will this treason satisfy the northern provinces? Will the Cortes destroy the constitution of 1837, and decide that its influence shall not extend to the Basque provinces and Navarre? But there is another treason yet more foul which is hatching, under the protection of the Whigs, at the very moment we are writing; and that treason is to play false to the Basques, to disarm them, to occupy their country, to render their rising next to impossible; and then, when they are shorn of their locks and have lost their strength, to

refuse them most of, if not all, their *sueros*, laugh at their credulity, and throw all the blame on the Madrid Cortes.

We have done. We have arrived at an entirely new phase in Spanish affairs. The Whigs, who, up to this time have resorted to a vain blockade, to a fruitless alliance, to an extravagant and continuous grant of arms and ammunition to Spain, have terminated all by having recourse to bribes to Maroto and to the other supporters of Don Carlos. Treason has consummated their ignorance and their want of patriotism. But will the results they anticipate be lasting? No. Spain is not thus to be pacified; and her independence and liberties are not thus to be assured. The Whigs have disgraced themselves and their country; but Spain, in spite of them, will have a national government.—The Spanish question is undecided.

THE LAST "EVE OF SAINT JOHN!"

A LAY OF THE SCOTTISH MIST. A FRAGMENT.

BY BLONDEL-CUMULO-STRATUS.

"St. John the Baptist: martyrdom 29th August."—*Imperial Almanac*.
 "Wednesday, 28th August: changeable."—MURPHY'S *Weather Almanac* for 1839.
 "The age of chivalry is gone!"—BURKE.

MYTTE THE FIRST.

MONTGOMERIE'S banner o'er Eglintoun waves,
 And the sun dances brightly on helmets and glaives.
 "The Tourney! the Tourney!" resounds o'er the hills:
 Little Lugdon runs smiling to sea with its rills,
 And welcomes each host that comes steaming to shore,
 Where thy rocks, O Ardrossan! re-echo the roar,
 And thy coal-trams, heaped high with proud gallants and dames,
 Each dragged by a Sheltie, roll on to the games.

O grand are the doings that Tourney to grace!
 Brave Quintan bides bullets from all, face to face!
 There are blunting of falchions—beheading of spears,
 Cross-cut, to 'scape splinters in valiant careers.
 There are laying down strata of sawdust and sand,
 Splints, probe, lint and styptic, and bandage at hand.
 The knights have their tents, squires, and pumice so handy;
 And, to keep their heads cool, sleep on firkins of brandy!

Sun and earth smile, as if 'twere the Baptist's birth-day;
 The birds carol gaily, the battle-steeds neigh;
 The trumpeters summon "To arms!" and each knight
 Braces on sword and helm, and exults in his might.
 Bold W——— wagers he'll floor his compeer,
 And takes the long odds he will kill him—or near!
 The multitudes haste to the lists shouting glad,
 And the pipers are puffing and playing like mad!

But a change is preparing, unheeded by all!
 While the heralds are marshalling knights from the hall,
 Ere the heroes are lifted and planted astride,
 Or the gay Queen of Beauty her cestus has tied,
 Just as Wamba has taken a huge pinch of snuff,
 Joe Miller's last words—Farintosh, *quantum suff*.:
 And mounted his mule, cracking jokes, face to tail,
 He sees!—and grows sober, sad, silent, and pale!

'Tis the Cloud-King, who comes "with his tail on," in state,
 Unasked and unthought of, and "stormy" with hate!
 "Shall the Prince of the *Ayr* be thus flouted?" he cries,—
 No! pipe up all floods! lift your sluices, ye skies!

They have bidden brave guests from the south, east and west,—
 Fire and steam lent their wings, earth and sea smoothed their breast;
 But the clouds of the north 'throned a mightier power,—
 My prophet has spoke!—'tis the "*changeable*" hour!"

He sweeps o'er the castle in mist and in storm,—
 He drives through the lists to affright and deform;
 His hosts spread his chill gloomy terrors around,
 And scatter his deluges deep o'er the ground:
 While "*Changeable! changeable!*" echoes on high,
 In heart-sinking gusts, like a wild Irish cry;
 And a nebulous visage, broad, florid, and flat,
 Looks down, and proclaims, "I predicted it, pat!"

"No surrender!" the Lord of the Castle exclaims!
 "No surrender!" re-echo knights, heralds, and flames.
 "Boot and saddle!" resounds through old Balintoun hall;
 The steeds are led forth, and bestrode one and all.
 "A fig for the rain!" shout the chivalrous crowd;
 And the challenge ascends to the King's cushion-cloud.
 He hears, and grows black in the face with disdain;
 And then thunders forth, "*Laissez aller! MUCH RAIN!*"

Oh, down came the deluge on corslet and helm!
 A liquid *mitraille*, to blind, pierce, and o'erwhelm.
 The steeds paw and plunge through gilt drapery waves,
 As over their housings it lashes and laves.
 "Ha! ha!" laughs the Cloud-King, "'tis bravely begun!"
 We shall see who'll deserve to be crown'd when all's done.
 Ocean born! Queen of Love and of Beauty approach!
 Doth Phryne fear water?"* She came, and called "Coach!"

All hopeless to melt or run off with the fair,
 The Cloud-King assaults the brave knights' wear and tear.
 Quoth the Sheriff, "How lucky! 'Twill keep the queen's peace,
 As well as the pump of the Paris police."
 But the King of the Tourney rides royally on,
 Though his robe is scoured threadbare—fur, gold, and gloss gone!
 And his rich crimson coronet, di'mond-bespread,
 Is flattened like cabbage-leaves over his head!

* At an Athenian banquet, where Phryne was elected "Queen of Love and Beauty" for the evening, she called for water, and commenced a game of follow-the-leader (then all the fashion at Grecian entertainments), by dipping in her hands and bathing her cheeks, which (contemporary historians declare) only became more freshly roseate by the daring ablution. Her graces, nymphs, and ladies of the bedchamber, who were obliged to imitate her, paid the forfeit of their complexions the art of enamelling not having then been invented. This *exposé* caused "a great laugh at the time" among the men. The women let it pass as a good joke, but one fine day, getting Phryne amongst themselves, stoned her to death!

His train follow gallantly, scorning to yield ;
 The Lord of the Tournament leading a-field ;
 Essaying to bow to the multitude round,
 But stuffy and starch in his gilt corslet bound.
 His draggle-tailed housings of purple and gold
 Keep tripping his steed ; and — oh, sad to behold ! —
 His gay plume, crest-fallen, and shrunk to a quill,
 Droops dangling behind, and just dribbles a rill !

Fierce pours down the Prince of the *Ayr* on the train ;
 Helm, cuirass, and cuirshes, resound with the rain :
 It enters each clink — pierces mail-shifts like lace ;
 Spits in through the visors, and washes each face ;
 Soaks into the stuffing, the padding, the boots ;
 Fills back, sides, and seat — e'en the sponge it ablutes ;
 'Till each knight glalls to " zero " from " blood heat " and " slaughter,"
 And holds (bags and all) full six gallons of water.

The Jester's dry humour was soon washed away,
 By this matter-of-fact mode of moistening clay ;
 His hose, " blue and yellow, per pale," blend their dyes,
 And a green rainbow arches its legs down his thighs !
 " A joke is a joke !" quoth he, seizing his bottle,
 " But this is too much ! May thy rain-croaking throttle,
 Pat Murphy, ne'er glow with sweet whisky again !"
 He drinks — stares, grins, curses, and spits out, — 'tis rain !

The Cloud-King still spurs his Nor-wester in wrath,
 Charging furiously all whom he finds in his path :
 He lays on load vengefully, humbling each crest,
 Tearing pennons from lances and scarfs from each breast ;
 Washing out fine devices from surcoat and shield,
 Or blending them all in a plum-pudding field ;
 A thousand " heraldic anomalies " stewing,
 With sauces of painting and gilding and gluing.

The crest of " the Castle on fire " was put out !
 " The Dolphin " splashed, snorted, and tumbled about !
 " The White Rose " shewed streaks of a rich rusty-red !
 " The Red Rose " was washed to a tin-white instead !
 " The Crane " clapped his wings that the waters were out ;
 And, dropping his " stone," looked about for a trout !
 While " the Swan " sang this dirge, " Man-at-arms, my good fellow !
 I'll thank you to lend me your other umb'rella !"

The growl of " the Dragon " is heard on each gust ;
 But the clasp of his visor is rooted with rust,
 And his chill scaly claws can undo it no more,
 And the dome of the helmet re-echoes his roar,

As his curse on St. George and the ram rings within ;
While clatter and chatter, teeth, tongue, jaw and chin ;
"Till a large " pocket-pistol " he grasps, and lets fly
Through the bars,—and the brandy jerks into his eye !

Old " Ayrshire of Ayrshire " still storms o'er the plain,
All are fish in his net, and they struggle in vain ;
He fills trunk-hose with drench, gay silk slippers with mire ;
Exposes fair shapes in their clinging attire ;
Unstrings the fine bows of the *green* Irvine Club ;
Unbraces the tones that exult " Rub-a-dub ! "
And soaks through Glenlyon's pipes, bag, chanter, drone ;
"Till, like blind puppies drowning, they squeak, squeal, and moan.

" Now clear ye the lists ! " cries the Element King.
" *Faugh a volliagh !* " shouts he of the wild-Kelch wing.
Thither rush the loud winds and fierce rains at the word ;
While clouds, mist, and sleet, spread their wings like a bird
Over galleries, tents, throne, and barriers beyond,
"Till lists, sand, and sawdust, are sunk in a pond ;
And rising in glee that his kindred have won,
Little Lugdon runs over to join in the fun.

Oh, loud are the moans 'mong the multitude round,
Unfeted and mistified, chilled, and half drowned ;
Hoping on against hope for the banquet and ball.
" Ho ! set the floors swimming ; chairs, tables, and all ! "
'Tis the Cloud-King's command,—flood and river obey ;
Himself pierces in through the canopy gay,
Where the bright Queen of Beauty sits throned in her charms,
And, Jupiter-like, drops downright in her arms !

Oh, wild rose the wail of that ladye so meek !
As she felt his wet kisses fall cold on her cheek—
Descend to her neck—o'er her bosom steal fast,
And trickle all chill to her warm heart at last !
" Victoria ! " the Scottish Jove shouts through his sky,
" Prepare for a new constellation on high !
I've won, and I'll wear her in sunshine and storm !
Paddy Murphy, get down ! and go home !—and reform ! "

A PASSAGE IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE REIGN OF
QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Flora that here lies."

THAT "men are but children of a larger growth," is a fact of which we are daily receiving newer and newer proofs. In what congregation of breeched urchins was it ever found, that the mischief in daily perpetration was done by any other than by the renowned "Nobody?" Whether windows were cracked, panels driven in, apples carried off, or whatever else the crime might happen to be, still it was ever "Nobody," and him alone, that had done the deed. This same imp has now grown up with his school-fellows, and infests all our public departments.

The town of Birmingham, some three months since, was left for the whole evening in the possession of a mob. Houses were gutted, and set on fire; and property, to an enormous extent, destroyed, in a town just blest with a new corporation, and a dozen spick-and-sprig new Russell-magistrates; and all the comfort we can now get is, that "Nobody," and him alone, was to blame. After divers consultations with Mr. Scholefield, *M.P.*, the uncle or father to Mr. Scholefield the mayor, a pleasant and convenient gentleman is sent down from the Home Office, to conduct what is called "the Government Inquiry." The *Morning Chronicle* already begins to talk of "the trumped-up case of the Tories;" and there can be no reasonable doubt that after a proper and decorous attention to the customary forms, the gentleman so sent down will return to his employers, and will duly certify them that every thing was properly and correctly conducted at Birmingham on the night of the said alleged riots; and that, if a few houses were burnt down, it is certain that "nobody" did it, and that nobody is to blame.

The matter, however, which presses on our minds, is of a still more serious character. Property is not to be treated lightly; but honour, and character, and life, are still more sacred things. All these, not at Birmingham, but at Buckingham Palace, have been

most cruelly ravaged; and still the excuse is, "nobody is to blame."

What is the disgusting, the melancholy story to which we allude? It is as follows:—

The Lady Flora Hastings, one of a family wholly without stain, occupied a place in the household of the Duchess of Kent. She "came into waiting" on the 10th of January. Being then a sufferer from bilious derangement, she immediately placed herself under the medical treatment of Sir James Clark, the duchess's physician.

This indisposition brought on a most disagreeable, but not unfrequent, concomitant—a considerable swelling of the body. That such a circumstance should give rise to a remark, is not in the least surprising; but ladies of rank and character might have been expected to be somewhat cautious, and delicate, and considerate, in their observations. The object of their suspicions was exposed to their daily observation; her medical attendant was the queen's own physician; no single corroborative circumstance of suspicion could be named. What, then, ought to have been the course adopted? What, but the very opposite of that which was taken?

Without the least communication with the duchess, her natural protectress; without any data whatever but the merest supposition; a conclusion the most revolting and dreadful is at once taken; the guilt of the poor lady is unhesitatingly assumed; and an order issues, that Lady Flora Hastings, except and until she submits to a PERSONAL EXAMINATION, shall no more appear in the royal presence!

The ordeal thus prescribed is one which, to a modest female, must be to the last degree dreadful. We doubt not that many women would prefer the ancient mode of the heated ploughshares. And what had poor Lady Flora Hastings done, to draw upon herself this frightful humiliation? Absolutely nothing!

Well, this detestable outrage was

perpetrated; and the result was, a certainty that all these surmises had been groundless; all the tittle-tattle, the grossest scandal; and that, amidst the whole, the poor sufferer had been an entirely unoffending and blameless victim.

But is this all? Can it be, that such things should be done, and done in a royal palace, and no retribution fall on the guilty party? Yes, it is indeed so; for at the moment at which we write, the whole transaction having terminated, the summing up of the entire affair is, that the slanderers of the palace retain their places; the physician, whose gross ignorance and brutal want of feeling gave currency and strength to the slander, and swelled it into an outrage, is still "*her majesty's physician*;" and the only change of which the court is conscious, is, that Lady Flora Hastings is now in her grave!

And the creature who get up the ministerial newspapers ask, What we would have? and what object can there be in recurring to the subject, now that the poor lady is quietly entombed? If these vermin had the slightest notion of manly feeling, they would not require informing that a cruel act of injustice, more especially when perpetrated on a woman, rankles in the minds of free men, and makes them pant for retribution.

• Who denies that it was natural and proper that, when one of the ladies of the court was the subject of so unhappy an ailment, some inquiry should be made upon the subject? No one; any more than we deny that when a delicate and ailing female is made the subject of the most cruel slanders, and these continuing for weeks and months, the end of the whole should be—*the grace*. Both are perfectly natural; but yet, for all this, there is gross criminality. Every thing, in fact, but the first step of all, was a series of the most disgraceful inhumanities.

And yet the Treasury journalists, as they would tell us that it was "nobody's" fault that Birmingham was set on fire, so they also insist upon it that it was perfectly unavoidable that Lady Flora should be murdered. Very nice people, these; but we should desire to keep as much out of their way as possible.

But let us speak plainly of this question, and award their ducs to the three chief criminals. These are—

1. *Sir James Clark*. We can conceive of nothing worse than the conduct of this man; and it will redound little to the credit of England's highest circles, if he is not speedily left to his duties in the palace, undistracted by any other avocations.

Here is a court physician, the personal attendant on the queen and on the queen's mother; and of necessity surrounded, and probably consulted, by a number of other ladies of noble rank, and of spotless character. Only think for a moment of the monstrous fact, that this man could go and talk to various persons, male and female, of the "pregnancy" of one of these ladies—an unmarried lady, too, of the highest rank and purest character—when, in fact, the lady in question, as he himself is afterwards obliged to admit, "*neither is, nor ever has been,*" in such a condition! Why, there is not a chandler's shop in all Westminster, from which a medical man thus offending could have escaped without a good horsewhipping! But in Buckingham Palace, it seems, the noblest virgins in the realm may be accused of lewdness, and on the clearest and most undeniable proof of the falsehood of the charge, all that follows is, that the false accusers "are very sorry," and "hope the matter may now be permitted to drop!!!"

2. *Lord Melbourne*. Very curious is the position that this person occupies in the whole transaction. From the beginning to the end, *he*, of all other persons, is put forward as the *Motor*. Nothing can more clearly shew the unnatural state of affairs at court.

Here is one of the *Duchess of Kent's* ladies become liable to unpleasant suspicions. Every one can see at a glance, that the most natural and most proper thing to have happened would have been for the queen to have conversed with her mother on this delicate affair. Or, if any difficulty stood in the way, there could have been no reason why one of the senior of her majesty's ladies should not have been deputed to advise with the duchess on the subject. But not only is that not done, but we have it in evidence that the matter was discussed between the queen and her ladies, and that Sir James Clark was deputed to "browbeat" the accused party, without a word having been said to her own patroness, the duchess, on the subject!

Now, Lord Melbourne is held up, by all parties, throughout the correspondence, as the chief adviser and guide in the whole affair. He is therefore answerable for this gross proceeding. Any thing more insulting to the queen's mother, or more unjust to the innocent party accused, cannot be conceived.

But further: Lord Melbourne openly and frankly takes upon himself the sponsorship of the whole affair. That the only reparation that could be made—that reparation which was signally due to the injured lady and her family,—the dismissal of the male offender,—the ignorant, insolent, brutal slanderer—that this piece of justice, specifically demanded, is still refused, is *his act*. Even if we suppose that in so acting he merely panders to royal caprice, that excuse forms no justification. A man of honour, appealed to by a mother—and such a mother as the dowager marchioness—for the merest act of justice, had but one course open to him. A moment's hesitation, even, would have been disgraceful. But he has not merely hesitated,—he has deliberately refused! And, whether as a nobleman, insulting, in cool blood, a lady of higher rank and better blood than his own, or as a man, outraging all gentle and manly feelings; that denial stamps his name with a depth and breadth of disgrace which has had no parallel in modern times. We know the miserable plea that is offered—his duty to his sovereign!—a pretext which gives the last finishing touch to the ignominy. Lord Melbourne, under the pretext of obsequiousness, is betraying his sovereign! What if he, caring little who is court physician, merely falls in with predilections which he finds to exist?—his duty, assuming

as he does to manage both the court and the cabinet, was to offer his sovereign honest and honourable counsel, and to enforce it by his strongest argument—his tendered resignation. This was his plain path and duty. By shrinking from it, he may have spared himself and his mistress a momentary uneasiness; but he has extensively injured the queen in the affections of her people, and has irretrievably ruined his own fame.

3. The highest culprit we will not, because we *cannot*, name. There is an evident determination, throughout the published correspondence, to screen *somebody* from the just indignation of the irritated relatives of the deceased. We cannot, therefore, fix the charge on any party; and we shall not imitate the original error, by surmising guilt which we cannot prove. *Another* party, however, it is clear there is, and, shrouded within the innermost precincts of the palace, she still remains. And in this quarter the ultimate and the highest criminality must rest. Sir James Clark was the ready, and unhesitating, and unfeeling instrument; Lord Melbourne the sponsor—almost the bravo, called in to bully and to fight for his employers. But the moving spirit of the whole transaction,—the real perpetrator of this deed of slow, ruthless, excruciating, torturing murder, still skulks behind! And there she must remain, we fear, for the present, acting the part of the evil genius of the monarchy. For, if this first specimen is to be taken as a sample of the future, a very few years will suffice to bring the throne of England into about an equality of comfort, strength, and security, with the sister sovereignties of Portugal and Spain!

TWO SONNETS ON A LATE SOARING EXPEDITION TO THE LORDS.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

I.

ON SPRING RICE, IN THE CHARACTER OF GANYMEDE.

WHEN, as the poets sing, high-judging Jove,
In plenitude of premiership decreed
To give, with grace, his favourite Ganymede
From earth — the lower House — a kindly shove,
In pitchfork fashion, to the House above,
He sent his own brave bud, with hastiest spick,
Upon that noble mission, to proceed :
Down swooping from the sky the eagle drove,
And caught the youth, and upward towered again,
Into Jove's court of peers. As fine a flight
Has Rice, the soaring Superficial, ta'en
At Melbourne's bidding. Therefore doth the wight,
In order that his name should be *en règle*,
Choose Ganymede as type, and writé himself Monteagle.

II.

ON SPRING RICE, IN THE CHARACTER OF DANIEL O'ROURKE.

But not alone to Ganymede in fame
Is our up-springing statesman like. Another
Proud hero of romance, an Irish brother
(See Crofty Croker), Dan O'Rourke by name,
Has in his flying match done much the same.
Dan, from a dirty bog where he was sticking,
Bothering and sweating, bungling, blundering, kicking
— A mock to all, a'ching of jeer and game —
Mounted an Eagle, and so reached the moon :
So Spring, all floundering in the dismal ma's
Of his Exchequer blundering, hailed the boon
Which his Mount-Eagle sent him in distress.
But better Rice than Rourke has done the trick,
Because John Bull, not he, has played the lunatic.

M. O'D.

Chequers, Downing Street, Sept. 29.

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OF RABELAIS.

BY AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

"Quæres à nobis, Gracche, cur tantopere hoc homine delectemur? Quia suppeditat nobis, ubi animus ex hoc forensi strepitu reficiatur et aures convicio defossæ conquiescant. An tu existimas aut suppetere nobis posse quod quotidie dicamus in tanta varietate rerum nisi animos nostros doctrinâ excolamus? Aut ferre animos tantam posse contentionem, nisi eos doctrinâ eâdem relaxamus? Ego vero fateor me his studiis esse deditum: ceteros pudeat, si qui ita se literis abdiderunt ut nihil possint ex his neque ad communem afferre fructum, neque in aspectum lucemque proferre. Me autem quid pudeat? Qui tot annos ita vixi iudices ut ab illis nullo me unquam tempore aut commodum aut otium meum abstraxerit, aut voluptas advocarit aut denique somnus retardarit."—*Quoth Cicero, on behalf of the Poet Archias.*

"Furthermore, seeing the lawes are excerpted out of the middle of moral and natural philosophie, how should these fooles have understood it, that have, by G—, studied lesse in philosophie than my mule? In respect of humane learning, and the knowledge of antiquities and history, they were truly laden with those faculties as a toad is with feathers. And yet of all this the lawes are so full, that without it they cannot be understood, as I intend more fully to shew unto you in a peculiar treatise, which on that purpose I am about to publish."—*Quoth my master, the good Pantagruel.*

CHATLAUBRIAND,—the gentleman born and bred,—the scholar, book-read and travel-taught,—the enthusiast, with the chivalry of days gone by,—the man of

genius, with the consciousness of the past and present, and the insight vouchsafed to mighty minds of that which is to come,—has declared how

much the world owes, and must ever continue to owe, to those master-spirits whose conquests have been purely intellectual,—to Homer, Dante, Rabelais, and Shakspeare; and has demonstrated, that in the altered state of society no future author can exercise the like power: in other words, that the time for “*universal individualities*” has for ever passed away. “Those parent-geniuses (he observes) appear to have borne and suckled all the others. Homer fertilised antiquity: Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Horace, Virgil, were his sons. Dante, in like manner, fathers modern Italy, from Petrarch to Tasso. Rabelais created the literature of France: Montaigne, Lafontaine, Molière, descend from him. England owes all to Shakspeare. People often deny the authority of these supreme masters: they rebel against them!—enumerate their defects,—accuse them of tediousness, prolixity, absurdity, and bad taste,—even while robbing them, and decking themselves in their spoils; but they struggle in vain beneath their yoke. Every thing is painted with their colours; every where they stamp their impress. They invent names and words, which have enriched the general vocabulary of nations. Their sayings, their phrases, have become proverbs; their fictitious characters, real persons, who have hens and lineage: they open horizons whence rush forth floods of light; they sow ideas, the germs of a thousand others; they furnish imagination, subjects, styles, to all the arts. Their works are inexhaustible mines, or the very bowels of the human mind.” Of Homer and Shakspeare it is not now my purpose to speak in other than general terms. I am led to say something about Rabelais, his life, and works; and to do so without some allusion to his great compeers would not be desirable, if it were indeed possible. First, a distinction strikes us between the fortunes, in respect to fame, of “the dead kings of melody,” and the more mortal men of genius. The glory of Dante and Rabelais is great upon earth; but it is not boundless; it is sensible of climate; it is touched by manners; it is affected by time, and by events. Thus, whilst their works will always, I apprehend, continue to be the sources whence every mark-worthy current of their country’s literature may

be traced, on the other hand, the works of Homer and of Shakspeare must, from their pure essence, for ever exercise an universal influence on the literature of civilised mankind: and wherefore so? Because they are unalloyed by any thing of mere mortal clay; because they are not circumscribed by circumstance; because they are not affected by the qualities or conditions of time or place; and because they have within themselves a principle of life and motion, and a power of creation which must preserve them inexhaustible and incorruptible as the ocean floods. From their inscrutable depths all poetry will flow—into their bosom all poetry will ebb, for all generations. Their nature may be nearly, and in some :—worthy points best, described in words attributed to Orpheus—words, in my mind, the grandest which have ever been addressed to the cradle and the grave of all things:

Ὠκεανὸν καλῶ πατέρ’ ἄφθτον αἶνι οἶοντα
 Ἀθανάτων τε θεῶν γενέσιν ὄντων τ’ ἡνθρώπων
 Ὃς περικυμένῃ γαῖῃ περὶ τέρμινά κελκῖν
 Ἐξ οὐπὲρ πῦντις ποταμοὶ καὶ τᾶσα βελύσσει.

Following forth the simile, I would proceed to say, in these works of Homer and of Shakspeare, vast and illimitable to our mental vision as the ocean is to our physical view, there is no touch of individuality—no touch of idiosyncrasy. There is nothing in common between the breathing men and the inspired poems,—no more, at least, than there was between the divine oracles and the incapable substances from which, at his caprice, the king Apollo, god of prophecies, caused them to issue; now from the bosom of an oak, now from the recesses of a cavern, and now from the cold lips of a chiselled stone.

The works, then, of Homer and of Shakspeare may be spoken of without reference to the men by whom they were produced. This cannot be done with respect to Dante and to Rabelais. Hence the distinction. That savour of mortality which connects the dead author with his living book is in no sort to be discovered in the works of the two mightier masters. The breath was breathed, and it gave life: its mission was performed, and it ceased to be; but its creations live, and will live always. With the men Dante and Rabelais, however, some portion of their

works died: more sunk into oblivion with their generation. The Florentine and the Frenchman, and something, too, of their respective fortunes, were bound up in their works; more, however, in the instance of Dante than of Rabelais. Therefore, he who chose to play the buffoon approaches nearer in the spirit to Homer and to Shakspeare than the author of the *Divina Comedia*. Dante created as well the language as the literature of his country. His style amongst authors is even as that of the Catholic king, *Yo el Rey!* His work is not alone Italian,—it is personal: Dante himself it is who sees, encounters, and describes every shape named in his astounding narrative. He has, with a forlorn audacity, seized the pen which dropped from the hand of the apostle. Yet, alas for human nature! we are made to feel that whether, vain mortal! he leads us through Purgatory, Paradise, or Hell, every good and evil passion of his heart is still in Florence. The poem, too, is the most unfeignedly melancholy that was ever yet composed: it has the shadow of Dante's life upon it.

"All's cheerless, dark, and deadly!"

His career was one of struggle, labour, unmitigated suffering. The haughty spirit was crushed to the dust. He had felt the bitterness of exile: *magnus venerandusque cliens*, he had felt the bitterness of the stranger's hospitality; and oh! spite of fortune, beyond the imagination of the fervid satirist in the whirlwind of his passion, the descendant of the Frangipani he had stretched forth his hand on the highway, lest he perish, and eaten of the bread of charity. In truth, he passed through life "a man forbid." Love and ambition he had wooed in vain; and even to slake his burning heart in vengeance was denied him. The mortal of divine genius — he that should have been honoured as the hero or the demigod, was driven from every shrine and sanctuary, as though he were of the profane herd. *Procul, o procul este profani!* And he died miserably! Yet, no! Death must have been a release—an ushering to that repose he had never known on earth. Glory beamed from the poet's brow; but he had preyed upon his own heart. The bitterness was passed: it had been of the olden time; it was long before the parting pang. "Weep not," saith

Jeremiah, "for the dead; but weep ye sore for him who goeth forth from the place, and returns no more." There is no trace of withering passion or sorrow upon the seventy years of the Frenchman's existence; though he too was a statesman, and a vigorous champion in the lists of theology, where all combats are to the utterance. The sayings and doings of Gargantua and Pantagruel were not more different from the *Divina Comedia* than the lives of their respective authors. Yet neither is it possible to separate the idea of Rabelais the man from his works. *Maitre Alcofribas* is always present upon the scene, even though he omit an all hail! such as *Beuveurs, très-illustres; et vous Goutteurs, très-précieux!* No inconsiderable portion of his work (I beg to be understood throughout as alluding to his romance only) has accordingly died with him and his generation,—more, however, with his generation than with him; for, allowing for the local and personal allusions we have lost, Rabelais still lives and plays a part in his own person and character, in all the better passages of the work. His life threw no shadow like to Dante's: in its philosophy and its humour, it harmonised with a composition in which there is all manner of inspired wisdom, and a most learnedly libidinous frolic with absurdity. Not in any rage of party, or politics, or religious enthusiasm, or of aught else which might lead the calm and all-sufficient mind astray,—not in any excess of mental agony, when the soul, crushed by circumstances, renders forth divine emanations, did Rabelais write. And herein was he like to Homer and to Shakspeare, and superior to Dante. The inspiration arising from excitement, originating in or referring to mere self, must always have about it some taint of the "earth, earthy." The poet who has never "penned his inspirations" for lack of adequate excitement; the poet (type of a much more numerous class) who, were it not for what the individual man had in this frail world of ours done and suffered, would, peradventure, have had no inspirations at all to pen, are both of an order far inferior to those in whom the principle of philanthropy and beneficence—of love (as we apply it to the cherubim)—is so strong, that in pouring forth the effusions of their divine inspiration, they do but fulfil the law of

their creation and existence. But Rabelais's inspiration was as genuine and as genial as that of Homer and of Shakspeare,—of the great master who preceded him, and of the great master who closed that mighty century which the Frenchman himself had so worthily, and, as I shall prove, so augustly, opened. Mighty, indeed, was the century which burst from the chaos of the middle ages, and seemed morally as the early world did physically, with monstrous and irreproducible growths,—the century which stands quite alone in the history of human intellect,—the century of Bacon and Galileo, of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, of Carlo Borromeo and of Hervey,* of Sidney and of Ercilla, of Spenser, Cervantes, Camoens, Tasso, Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Titian, Domenichino, Rubens, Vandyke, Velasquez, Michael Angelo! And with a surpassing glory was this century closed by our own Shakspeare,—a glory comparable only to that of a setting sun, the symbol of Divinity, to which, from the veriest first, the outward eye has rendered worship, and still continues so to do, although the mind have in its self-assertion become cognizant of an immaterial Deity.

This century, Rabelais opened with his romance: he has himself told us, jestingly, how he wrote it:—

“For in the composing of this lordly book, I never lost nor bestowed any more, nor any other time, than what was appointed to serve me for taking of my bodily refection,—that is, whilst I was eating and drinking. And, indeed, that is the fittest, and most proper hour, wherein to write these high matters and deep sciences: as Homer knew very well, the paragon of all philologues; and Ennius,—the father of the Latin poets, as Horace calls him,—although a certain sneaking jobbernal alleged that his verses smelled more of the wine than oil.”

In other words, he wrote at those leisure hours when, satisfied with himself, and loving of all human kind, he was quite fancy free, and could create his own world whereunto to transport enough of the reprehensible error and vice of the actual world in which he was moving as a minister of good, to strike the gazer to whom he exposed his magic glass with the conviction of his own error, absurdity, or vice, as it stood in the abstract magnified. Francis I.

might have taken a lesson from the vain ambition of Picrochole, and from the calm and august moderation of Gargantua, as he might have gathered maxims of political wisdom from well nigh every page of the *Chronicles*. Strange it may appear, but it is no less true, that Rabelais was the most aristocratic of all authors. He, indeed, it was that wrote for an “audience fit though few.” The “thrice-illustrious drinkers” whom he addressed were kings and Cæsars, captains and conquerors, prelates and princes of the church, statesmen and philosophers, scholars and gentlemen. These were his companions whilst in the busy world, and these kindred spirits he addressed from his retirement,—thus rendering idle the intervals of his laborious life as a divine and a physician. Buffoonery he was obliged to use, from the circumstances of the age. Indelicacy belonged to it: language was then stark naked. He has himself in his prologue explained to the judicious reader the nature of his work, and intimated the reason for the garb he makes it assume.

“Alcibiades, in that dialogue of Plato's which is entitled ‘The Banquet,’ whilst he was setting forth the praises of his schoolmaster Socrates (without all question the prince of philosophers), amongst other discourses to that purpose, said that he resembled the Silenes. Silenes of old were little boxes, like those we now may see in the shops of apothecaries, painted on the outside with wanton tovisish figures, as harpies, satyrs, bridled geese, horned hares, saddled ducks, flying goats, Thiller harts, and other such-like counterfeited pictures at discretion, to excite people unto laughter, as Silenus himself, who was the foster-father of good Bacchus, was wont to do; but within those capricious caskets were carefully preserved and kept many rich jewels, and fine drugs, such as balme, ambergreece, anammon, musk, civet, with several kinds of precious stones, and other things of great price. Just such another thing was Socrates. For to have eyed his outside, and esteemed of him by his exterior appearance, you would not have given the peel of an onion for him, so deformed he was in body, and ridiculous in his gesture. He had a sharp pointed nose, with the look of a bull, and countenance of a fool: he was in his carriage simple, boorish in his apparel, in fortune poore, unhappy in his

wives, unfit for all offices in the commonwealth, always laughing, tipling, and merrily carousing to every one, with continual jibes and jeers, the better by those means to conceal his divine knowledge. Now, opening this box, you would have found within it a heavenly and inestimable drug, a more than humane understanding, an admirable virtue, matchlesse learning, invincible courage, unimitable sobriety, certaine contentment of minde, perfect assurance, and an incredible misregard of all that for which men commonly do so much watch, run, saile, fight, travel, toyle, and turmoile themselves.

"Whereunto (in your opinion) doth this little flourish of a preamble tend? For so much as you, my good disciples, and some other jolly foolles of ease and leisure, reading the pleasant titles of some bookes of our invention, as *Gargantua*, *Pantagruel*, *Whippot*, &c., are too ready to judge that there is nothing in them but jests, mockeries, lascivious discourse, and recreative lies; because the outside (which is the title) is usually, without any further inquiry, entertained with scoffing and derision. But truly it is very unbeseeeming to make so slight account of the works of men, seeing yourselves avouch that it is not the habit makes the monk, many being monasterially accounted, who inwardly are nothing less than monachal, and that there are of those that weare Spanish caps, who have but little of the valour of Spaniards in them. Therefore is it that you must open the book, and seriously consider of the matter treated in it. Then shall you finde, that it containeth things of farre higher value than the boxe did promise; that is to say, that the subject thereof is not so foolish, as by the title at the first sight it would appear to be.

"And put the case, that in the literal sense, you meet with purposes merry and solacious enough, and consequently very correspondent to their inscriptions, yet must not you stop there as at the melody of the charming syrens, but endeavour to interpret that in a sublimer sense, which possibly you intended to have spoken in the jollitie of your heart. Did you ever pick the lock of a cupboard to steale a bottle of wine out of it? Tell me truly; and if you did, call to mind the countenance which then you had? Or did you ever see a dog with a marrow-bone in his mouth,—the beast of all others, saies Plato, lib. ii. *De Republick*, the most philosophical? If you have seene him, you might have remarked with what devotion and circumspectness he wards and watcheth it: with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what

affection he breaks it; and with what diligence he sucks it. To what end all this? What moveth him to take all these paines? What are the hopes of his labour? What doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little marrow. True it is, that this little is more savoury and delicious than the great quantities of other sorts of meat, because the marrow (as Galen testifieth, 3 Facult. Nat. & 11 de Usu Partium) is a nourishment most perfectly elaborated by nature.

"In imitation of this dog, it becomes you to be wise, to smell, feelee, and have in estimation these faire goodly books, stuffed with high conceptions, which, though seemingly easie in the pursuit, are in the cope and encounter somewhat difficult. And then, like him, you must, by a sedulous lecture, and frequent meditation, break the bone, and suck out the marrow,—that is my allegorical sense, or the things I do myself propose to be signified by these mythological symbols, with assured hope, that in so doing you will at last attaine to be both well-advised and valiant by the reading of them; for in the perusal of this treatise you shall finde another kinde of taste, and a doctrine of a more profound and abstruse consideration, which will disclose unto you the most glorious sacraments, and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth your religion, as matters of the publicke state, and life æconomical."

I may add, that the monstrous buffoonery with which some of the noblest passages of sublimest truth are surrounded was necessary for his protection. It enabled him to mystify dunceheads, and rendered it easy for his high friends to countenance and uphold him against the illiberal and superstitious. He well knew, that one who shewed to the world at large as a mere prattling buffoon could never be made the object of popular resentment—the victim of popular fury. Mankind are very much of the opinion declared by the French minister, when he procured the passport for Yorick, as jester to the Dane,—"*L'homme qui rit n'est jamais dangereux.*" The people know, too, that even "hard words break no bones," and in all ages have loved to laugh at churchmen. No zealot, then, let him preach never so fiercely, could get the multitude to sympathise with them in condemnation of the jester,—of him who declared, "I truly hold it for an honour and praise to be called and reputed a frolic Gualter and Robin Goodfellow; for under that name am I

welcome in all choise companies of Pantagruelists." Assuming the show of the jester, the multitude invested him with all the privileges, and all were in those days necessary. To be charged with heresy, atheism, and the practice of "arts inhibited," was then to the accused as though the wings of Azrael flapped in his ears. In the reign of Louis XIII., and under the enlightened rule of Cardinal Richelieu, Urbain Grandier, a dignified ecclesiastic, was burned alive in Loudun, which is only a few miles from Rabelais's native place; and burnt, too, on the evidence of nuns, and by the hands of friars (I mean no pun), for those very crimes of heresy and magic whereof Rabelais was accused. In our time, and, above all, in free and merry England, we can little appreciate the difficulties and dangers under which, notwithstanding the countenance of Francis I., and the firm friendship of lofty and illustrious friends, this great and good reformer laboured. But not the protection of the court, not the assumption of buffoonery, would have availed him against the enemies he raised, if it were not, at the same time, that in the eye of God and man his life had been beautiful and comparatively blameless. Every hypocrite, every base or bad man, every unworthy cumberer of the soil, was his enemy. The friends he boasted were few; the Pantagruelists were only those whose learning and intellect placed them far in advance of their age. But the rude and honest multitude, if they understood little of the essence of the romance—if the "mysteries, as well in what concerneth religion as matters of publike state and life economical," remained undisclosed to them, yet lent them their hearty laugh, and would believe no ill of one whose only arts as practised amongst them were to bring health to their bodies and comfort to their souls. Passing once again from the man to the author, let me observe, that not only is the romance less affected than the *Divina Comedia* by the author's idiosyncrasy, but, as I said, he draws nearer to the universal two than Dante. He has in the same degree the creative power; he, too, can take the dry bones and breathe into them, and declare, "*Ossa arida dabo vobis spiritum ac riveris.*" He, likewise, in common with Homer and Shakspeare, has that cheerful, genial feeling, which enables him to

look upon all nature with a loving eye. Beneficence is an essential attribute of a creator. In the works of Homer, Rabelais, and Shakspeare, there is nothing affected, nothing maudlin, nothing morbid: a healthy, hearty, manly feeling pervades all. In each, again, is observable an exquisite refinement of perception of the law of all that is good, and the essence of all that is beautiful; and a most wondrous delicacy of delineation, under the guidance and inspiration of that law and essence. The men they draw in all their mixed nature are unequalled as individuals, and become the founders each of a class whereof not one (imitate as you may, you other poets! approaches in *moral fitness* to the prototype. Observe, for one instance, how far short the hero of Virgil's famous epic falls of an Homeric hero, measure him with the very least of them. The great author of the *Georgics* has not even succeeded in making the pious Æneas a gentleman. But here let me take occasion to do Dante justice, and remark, that throughout his works he always appears himself a grand and noble gentleman. He has drawn himself,—he has sketched Manfred,—he has spoken for Francesca di Rimini. We know himself,—we see that he can appreciate the ill-starred hero and the erring lady; we bow to him in heart, and soul, and senses, in company with the immortal three. Of these I now exclusively speak. In all there is that excessive delicacy of touch in delineating or treating of ladies and gentlemen which could belong only to those who knew and felt, and were personally conscious of the subtle differences which distinguish the gentleman proper from the mere nobleman, or mere plebeian. And how strangely in their importancitures have they not only jumped beyond the age—each his own—but anticipated all time! When has the world seen nobler gentlemen than Achilles and Patroclus, than Hector and Sarpedon? Has the sun ever shone upon ladies fairer, or more *miniarde*, than Helena (*δια γυναικων*), divine amongst women, and Calypso (*δια θεων*), divine amongst goddesses? Has St. James's ever echoed to the tread of nobler gallants than the youth, or Almack's ever ushered to the bridal Ladies Emily or Frances more accomplished and more charming than the maidens, educated at Theleme under

the auspices of the good Gargantua? Has any body since the days of Elizabeth encountered any thing in the garb of womanhood superior to the beautified Ophelia—the gentle Desdemona—passionate Juliet—gracious Cordelia—sweetest Imogene! No! These creatures were all wrought out of the poet's brain. False, subtle Greece, had never an Achilles except him that Homer gave her—the soul of truth and honour—of generosity and noblest enthusiasm—the mirror of chivalry for godlike Alexander and all future heroes. No! amidst all that *Græcia mendax* has dared in history, she never dared to depict or claim a second hero like to the goddess-born son of Læus. Calypso, doubtless, doth still adorn her enchanted island; for, as goddesses, though abandoned, cannot die; but she is for aye lost to mortal vision, since the wisest man, the divine Ulysses, preferred his bag to immortality. So says Cicero, —*utulam suam prætulit immortalitati*. And yet worse; the Lady Helena has appeared no more, not even in the person of the famed Aspasia. Rabelais imagined the Thelemites in an age when men were rare, and women, in the court of France, were but just brevetted to the rank of ladies. They had become companions of the men, but language had not yet been mystified for their use. How immaculous, then, is the delicacy with which Rabelais has conceived and drawn the fair ideal of what ladies should be; a fair ideal which, I fear, has never yet been quite fulfilled in France, if, indeed, it has any where else. I am not so surprised at his describing the characteristics of a complete gentleman; I believe him to be that which he drew: the whole picture of the abbey and its inhabitants is delicious. But of this anon; now for the Thelemites:—

“So nobly were they taught, that there was neither he nor she amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen so valiant knights, so noble and worthy, so dextrous and skilful both on foot and a-horseback, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, then were there. Never were seen ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, lesse

fioward, or more ready with their hand and with their needle, in every honest and free action belonging to that sexe, then were there. For this reason, when the time came, that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a minde to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies; namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress, and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein, and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony: and did entertaine that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no lesse vigour and fervency, than at the very day of their wedding.”

Truth it is, up to this present hour, notwithstanding the march of intellect, we know no more, physically or morally, about ladies and gentlemen, than in their rude days Homer and Rabelais preconceived for us, and than Shakespeare drew; but from his own imagination. There was no Horatio at the English court, and not even a man of honour (could you forget that she breakfasted on strong beer, a quartern loaf, and red-herrings) was likely to have been the original of an Ophelia or an Imogene. Creators embody their characters, and portray them from that generous and sublime nature they are conscious and cognizant of in themselves. But this privilege is confined to them; others must be content to copy from their models. Yet the attributes of gentleness (using it in the most extended sense) have been the same from all time. Gentleness is the same in all climates, in all ages; it is quite independent of fashion, manners, customs, and all conventional rules whatsoever. The man of suffering in the Old Testament is, alike in prosperity and adversity, a thorough gentleman; but the spell lies in the essence and the art-magical, in the application of the essence and law of gentleness to its attributes. Now, the essence lies in goodness, and goodness of nature; the habit and the inclination of good. “This,” as Lord Bacon says, “of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity;” and the guiding principle or law by which all the attributes, the differences, properties, and accidents of gentleness, must be put into act, is honour. This Rabelais well

explains in treating of the rule of Theleme :—

"All their life was spent, not in lawes, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds, when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a minde to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed, *DO WHAT THOU WILT*."

"Because men that are free, well-borne, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur to that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called *HONOUR*."

All three great masters, moreover, agree in this—an abhorrence of moral exaggeration. They have no demons of good or evil. The intellectual man is drawn by them as a being frail at the best, subject to conflicting feelings and passions, mixed motives and impulses, would be under the circumstances in which he moves. Besides, there is in their works a current of sound, practical, worldly sense, of which you are made always conscious. They delight in giving birth to *speciosa miracula*; they abound in prodigies, but they produce no mere monsters. Humour is common to all. By the first it is necessarily used sparingly, the second riots, the third revels in it. In all three, too, as Chateaubriand observes with respect to *Héranger*, "there is beneath the surface of gaiety a substratum of melancholy, which belongs to whatever is sincere and permanent in the human mind." Alas! it is the condition of the Fall! The divinest genius must bear a shadow from the doom upon its earthly tabernacle! The great masters of pathos are Homer and Shakspeare; in giving utterance to it, their very words become weird melodies. Witness the lamentations over Patroclus and over Hector; witness passages that will at at once usurp the memory in *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Roméo* and *Juliet*. The structure of Rabelais's book was averse to pathos; yet where it is at all admissible, as in Gargantua's harangue to the vanquished, his letter to his son Pantagruel, and in other passages, there is no lack of

it. That Rabelais possessed the power, is indubitable. The works of each and all were very popular in their lifetime, as are all works that have in them the true elements of greatness. In fine, Shakspeare, Rabelais, and Homer, stand alone in the world's story as reformers who have wrought good to all generations without working injury or annoyance to that in which they lived. They are the only conquerors who never caused a tear to be shed, save in that heavenly sorrow which purifies the heart. These are points of similarity which suggest themselves to me as establishing a relation amongst the three. As to Shakspeare and Homer in the essence, in the supremacy and purity of genius, in which no question of degree can be entertained, the relation between them is one of identity. Homer flourished in one age of the world, addressed his own audience, and appears surrounded by the lesser lights of literature; Shakspeare flourished in another age, addressed his audience, and is seen encircled by a different band. It is only, however, as the sun is observed to shine in opposite hemispheres, different stars are in the firmament, other constellations adorn the heavens, other nations and other natural productions are enlightened, and fostered upon the earth's surface; but the great luminary itself aloft, and apart from all, is still the same, and so will be till time shall be no more. Men, too, find spots upon the embodiments of genius in the works of Homer and Shakspeare, as they do upon the sun's disc. Why should they be purer than the source of light?

Having now touched upon points of similarity, and other matters concerning these master-spirits, let me now address myself especially to Rabelais. In his romance, independent of the admixture of perishable self, there were elements in the construction which must ever keep it a sealed book to the millions; for instance, in addition to the quaint buffoonery and grossest indecency, there are the multitudinous dialects of French in which it is written; the vast variety of words, phrases, idioms from other languages, dead and living, which are introduced. In short, the scholar, the accomplished linguist, the man of the world, the lover of frolic, fun, and conviviality, and the scholarly enjoyment of com-

munion with the human heart, can alone understand, relish, and learn from the chronicles of him to whom Paris is indebted for its yellow river, and of his thrice-renowned son, the friend of Panurge, who made the miracle-teeming voyage in search of the magic bottle. Great, high, mighty, and peculiar, then, O gentle reader! is the glory of belonging to the very small and most illustrious confraternity of Pantagruelists!

“The king can make a belted knight,
A marquess, duke, and a’ that;”

and with equal felicity may there be a manufacture of Knights of the Garter, Bath, Holy Ghost, Golden Fleece—ay, even of sovereigns ~~themselves~~ (we see it every day); but it is in no human power, and in no mere human effort, to make a Pantagruelist. He must have the feelings and inspirations of one of Nature’s gentlemen, and have tasted of the discipline of Poncecrates. Thus much gentle, and especially, O fair reader! have I thought it fit to state, that you might be made aware how great is the favour which it is proposed to confer upon you through the pages of this delectable journal. Think not, however, that the humble writer of this paper takes to himself merit so exalted as the above would imply. The task which he has undertaken for your gratification, and to spread the renown of Pantagruelism amongst this people, is but a ministerial one. He will abstract for your behoof certain passages, as well from the life, as from the romance of *Maitre Nicolas*, which may go as safely into families, as any elderly gentleman who dines out upon the strength of jesting, and has to attend so closely to his joke and his dinner, that he has no leisure nor no appetite for any unprofessional mischief. I say this only to quell the fears which the sex must (from the vulgar error respecting Rabelais and his works) entertain; for, in truth, old Rabelais is directly the reverse of an immoral writer. But that I am able to lay certain of these pearls of price before you, cutting away the coarse and foul thread by

which they were strung together, and to do this in such sort that you may enjoy their beauty, is due to the labour of Sir Thomas Urquhart, who rendered the three first books into the English tongue; and the liberality, ability, and Pantagruelian zeal of Theodore Martin of Edinburgh, who has caused to be reprinted from the very scarce original edition,* a copy of the work; and prefixed thereto, from his own pen, introductory notices respecting the author and translator. Mr. Martin has discharged his duty, both as editor and biographer, with judgment and fidelity, with discretion and ability, in a manly—ay, in a Pantagruelian manner.

The sketch of Urquhart’s life is a very melancholy one. It contrasts strangely with the fortunes of the author he translates. Sir Thomas was a learned, a gallant, a loyal, and most unfortunate gentleman. Take this very brief outline of his personal history from Mr. Martin. It is quite new to you, unless you have read Urquhart’s treatises; for, from these is it gathered:—

“Sir Thomas Urquhart was descended from a family of very high antiquity and consideration in the north of Scotland, which had long been in possession of the greater part, if not the whole, of the shire of Cromarty, besides enjoying a considerable estate in Aberdeenshire. The office of sheriff-principal of the shire of Cromarty also rested in their hands, and the family influence and distinction were further strengthened by an extensive lay patronage, and the admiralty of the seas from Caithness to Inverness. About the year 1600, his father, Thomas Urquhart, married Christian, daughter of Alexander, fourth Lord Elphinstoun, at that time high-treasurer of Scotland; and in the fifth year of this marriage, our author, the eldest son of the family, was born. Of his early education nothing is known, but a passage in his *Logopandecticon* seems to indicate that it was not so liberal as it might have been. He acquired ‘the elements of his philosophy’ at Aberdeen, ‘under the conduct of one Master Seaton,’ and he mentions his Alma Mater with the enthusiasm of the generous scholar; by the extent and variety of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious he was an apt and busy

* The Romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel, translated from the French of Dr. Francis Rabelais, by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, Knight. Reprinted from the original editions. Edinburgh, 1838. Thomas G. Stevenson, 87 Princes Street. The work is printed uniform with the books of the Maitland Club, by which Urquhart’s original treatises were lately published.

one. At an early age, and 'before his brains were ripened for eminent undertakings,' he went abroad, where he gave proofs that the soldier's sword was as familiar to his grasp as the scholar's pen. That the range of his travels was tolerably comprehensive, is apparent from the mention of his library, wherein, he says, there were not three books 'that were not of my own purchase, and all of them together, in the order wherein I had ranked them, like a complete nose-gay of flowers, which, in my travels, I had gathered out of the gardens of above sixteen several kingdoms.' His skill as a linguist, to which his writings bear ample testimony, is illustrated by the fact that, 'after his peregrination of France, Spain, and Italy, for speaking of some of those languages with the liveliness of the country accent, they would have had him pass for a native.'

"Upon his return home, he was present on the side of the Barons at the Trott of Turreff in 1639, and, a few weeks after, set sail from Aberdeen for England, along with several other gentlemen of his party, and there entered the service of Charles I., by whom he was knighted at Whitehall on the 7th of April, 1641. His father's death, in August 1612, recalled him to Scotland, where he found the family affairs in a state of almost inextricable confusion, in consequence of that gentleman's imprudent facility of disposition, which seems to have carried him inadvertently into wasteful and expensive habits. Although the embarrassments in which the family estate was thus involved were, in Urquhart's own words, enough 'to appal the most undaunted spirits, and kill a very Paphlagonian partridge, that is said to have two hearts,' yet he at once took them upon his own shoulders;" of course, in vain.

"Besides the importunate burden of pecuniary cares, pulling down, as he says, 'the vigour of his fancie, and violently holding at what otherways would have ascended above the sublimest regions of vulgar conception,' Urquhart's works are crowded with details of other grievances, that might well have fretted a less impetuous or unworldly spirit than his. His farms were ravaged, his tenants slain, his library pillaged, garrisons were saddled upon him, and he was stripped of his church patronage, while old stipends were augmented, and new ones created by what appeared to him a most superfluous disuniting of parishes. Of course, these annoyances lose nothing in the telling; but, making every allowance for Urquhart's favourite propensity to exaggerate, it is easy to understand how severely the growing ruin of his ancient

and honourable house, and the ceaseless distractions of a more than usually troubled life in a most troublous time, must have pressed on a mind like his, where the pride of ancestry and scholarly ambition were the absorbing passions. 'I should have been a Macenas to the scholar,' he says, 'a pattern to the soldier, a favourer of the merchant, a protector of the tradesman, and upholder of the yeoman, had not the impetuosity of the usurer overthrown my resolutions, and blasted my aims in the bud.' He suffered the curse of a man, whose imagination is possessed by a fair ideal which it is impossible he should realise, and his mind spent itself between passionate remonstrances against the untowardness of his fortunes, and fruitless anticipations of what was never to be accomplished. 'There is a melancholy earnestness, almost approaching to insanity,' as has been well remarked by his last editor, 'in Urquhart's wild speculations on what he might have done for himself and his country, but for the weight of worldly incumbrances.'

"Shortly after Charles I. had fallen on the scaffold, Urquhart joined the rising, in which Mackenzie of Pluscarden, Munro of Lamlair, and others, possessed themselves of the garrison of Inverness, and erected the standard of royalty in that town. For his share in this transaction, his name was proscribed as rebel and traitor by the Estates in Parliament on the 2d March, 1649. He emerged again at the disastrous field of Worcester, on the 3d September, 1651, where he was taken prisoner, stripped of his property, and nothing left him. 'that fortune could despoil him of,' but the fair revenue of his health and his good spirits.

"Of money, he tells us, he lost on that day five hundred pounds' worth English; but, worse than all, he had 'above 10,000 crowns' worth of papers embezzled without recovery.' He was carried to London, and for some time detained in rigid confinement, but was released by the Council of State upon parole, in consequence of the personal recommendation of Cromwell.

Nothing certain is known of the rest of his career. It has been said that he was afterwards committed to the Tower by the council of state—that he escaped thence beyond the seas, and there died of a fit of excessive laughter on hearing of the restoration of Charles II. Mr. Martin very properly doubts this; and with reason. I concur with him in thinking that, had Urquhart lived so long, he would have finished his trans-

lation of Rabelais, as he undertook and promised. It is impossible not to admire the energy wherewith, amidst such sad reverses of fortune, and dire embarrassments, he continued to prosecute his literary pursuits, and to accomplish works of such weight and magnitude. He was singularly well qualified by his general knowledge, familiarity with science and languages, with men and nations, and by the peculiar turn of his mind, and it may be of his fortunes, and by his mastery over our noble and copious tongue, to be the translator of the famous *Chronicles* into English. The very defects of his mind were herein rather of advantage than otherwise:—

“Urquhart’s mind ~~was~~ one of those strange compounds of anomalies, which sets classification at defiance. Rich in various knowledge, a rigid mathematician, acute and vigorous in thought, of a sound and practical judgment in many points, yet carried away by the most fantastic conceits, and cherishing the wildest chimeras as the most unquestionable facts. In his mind, truth is constantly becoming interfused with fiction, possibility with certainty; and the hyperbolical extravagance of his style only keeps even pace with the prolific shootings of his imagination.”

Certainly, his dreams of a universal language, as he propounded it, are very wild. In these days of practical science and wonderful exploit, I will go no further. And the following beats even a dispute I once heard between two Irish Orangemen, one of whom having declared that his family was Protestant since the Reformation, the other swore his ancestors were Protestants before the birth of Christ.

“In his *Promptuary of Time*, he has traced his family descent in an unbroken series up to the red earth, out of which Adam the Protoplast was created. With the most amusing gravity, he ascribes the origin of the family name to Esormon, prince of Achaia, anno 2139 A.C., who, ‘for his fortune in the wars, and affability in conversation,’ was surnamed by his subjects and familiars *Ουροχαερος*, that is to say, *Fortunate and well-beloved*. In his *Logopandecticism*, again, he talks of his ancestors having enjoyed his patrimonial estates ‘for one-and-twenty hundred years and upwards;’ while, at another place, he asserts that ‘they belonged to his progenitors five hundred and twenty years before the incarnation.’ He is particular as to the twenty odd

years. And all this was gravely published the very same year that he put forth his most genial translation of the book of Rabelais, which contained the chapter ‘Of the Original and Antiquity of the great Pantagruel.’”

Enough of Urquhart! No Englishman, however, should have afforded him less space in a paper on Rabelais, written for the multitude, who never can hope to approach him in the original. The translation is a noble monument of Industry and Will struggling with Adversity. Mr. Martin’s remarks are just and happy:—

“The buoyancy and unembarrassed sweep of its general character, which gives his Rabelais more the look of an original than of a translation, its rich and well-compacted diction, the many happy turns of phrase that are quite his own, have fairly earned for it the high estimation in which it has long been held. His task was one of extreme difficulty; and there have, perhaps, been few men besides himself that could have brought to it the world of omnigenous knowledge which it required. It was apparently Urquhart’s ambition to realise in his own person the ideal of human accomplishments—to be at once

‘Complete in feature and in mind,

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.’

He had left no source of information unexplored, few aspects of life unobserved; and, in the translation of Rabelais, he found full exercise for his multiform attainments. Ably as the work has been completed by Motteux, one cannot but regret that the worthy knight of Cromarty had not spared him the task.”

The translation, however, is not without grave faults. In the more exalted strains of Rabelais’s eloquence he falls far short of his original; and he constantly commits the fault of adding epithets to the abundance used in the French, and in endeavouring (heinous offence!) to try to improve upon his author. Yet, withal, the translation must always transmit the name of Urquhart, conjoined with that of Rabelais, as an humble yoke-fellow in fame. My own peculiar opinion of the translation is, that it would be easy to take any given chapter in the volume, and do it more faithfully, and altogether better into English, than Urquhart has done; but when I look at the whole work, and see how evenly, harmoniously, and ably,—with what

genial heartiness,—with what unflagging vigour,—with what exuberant, bounding, and generous spirit, it is all rendered from first to last,—my admiration of the linguist, the scholar, and the labourer is extreme. But now for the man Francis Rabelais. Mr. Martin says:—

“ Francis Rabelais was born at Chinon, a little town of Touraine, in 1487. His father, Thomas Rabelais, was a vintner there, and kept a cabaret at the sign of the Lamprey. It has, indeed, been said, that he was an apothecary, and proprietor of the farm of La Devinière, in the neighbourhood of Chinon; but the other account seems the more probable, and it is the one adopted by the editors of the last great French edition. He sent his son Francis to be educated by the monks of Seville, an abbey not far from Chinon, but the boy's progress under their care was so backward as to occasion his removal to the University of Angers, where he studied for some time at the Convent of La Baumette, but apparently with no better fortune than before. It was at this establishment that he formed an acquaintance with the brothers, Du Bellay—a connexion which lasted through life, and ultimately proved of the greatest service to him.”

With great respect for Mr. Martin, and the editors to whom he alludes, and with the conscious timidity of one who speaks from internal conviction, without the needful examination of the facts which led others to their conclusions, I hold the old opinion, that Rabelais was the son of an apothecary, the Seigneur de la Devinière; and I am perfectly certain that he was born, as it is admitted upon all hands he was bred—a gentleman. It is clear, from all the accounts, that no expense was spared upon his education, and that he had the very best, from his earliest years, that the country could afford. It is evident, also, that he exercised throughout his life, from the commencement to the close, that not merely freedom, but waywardness of locomotion and of will, which no professed enemy of humbug ever could have accomplished without the aid of ample pecuniary means. In the edition of 1732, which is my Rabelaisian breviary (and to which I never have, and now never shall, prefer any other) the account of his condition on starting in life appears particularly clear. His father was a tenant under the abbey of Seville, for the property of La De-

vinère; and to the charge of the monks of the community under which he held he committed, perhaps of right, perhaps of courtesy, the education of his son in his childhood. After a time, he sent his son to a higher school, where he had a playfellow who became a cardinal, and who always remembered his schoolmate; and, no doubt, did all for the promotion of the philosopher's worldly views which he desired or would permit. A monastic body always, and in all countries, made a good landlord; and the sanctity of the soil sparing many depredations, together with the uniformly beneficial nature of the agreement with the corporation, made the state of the ecclesiastical tenant, or vassal, infinitely superior to that of his brother laymen. La Devinière lay in the wine district of Chinon; it was near to the abbey of Seville; and it produced the best wine in the country. So is it stated in *Particularitez de la Vie de M. F. Rabelais*, prefixed to the remance in the good old edition of 1732; and, moreover, there be other circumstances stated to confirm my view of the matter. Speaking of Rabelais, the writer says: “ Son frere ou neveu qui estoit aussi aprentice au dit Chinon, et seigneur au dit lieu de la Devinière, y a vecu et est accommode et est decede sans en avoir eue cens dix-huit, n'a laisse qu'un fils fort peu spirituel, qui est mort a l'hospital après avoir mangé plus de vingt mille livres de bien, qu'il avoit eu bons heritages, et particulièrement au lieu de la Devinière, ou croissent les meilleurs vins de Chinon, et qui est proche de l'abbaye de Seville.” Now, if we only consider the true meaning of one or two words in this statement, and reflect upon one or two circumstances, it will be seen that there is no reason whatsoever for doubting its perfect accuracy, or supposing that Rabelais's father was a mere vintner. Now, first, our English word “farm” is not at all calculated to convey the meaning of “la maison de la Devinière,” or “le lieu de la Devinière.” We are told of the abbey of Seville, “dont dépend la maison de la Devinière.” We are also told that it was near the abbey (the monks were excellent judges of sites and localities); and that “le lieu” (or “pays,” for, in the sense in which “lieu” is here used, they are synonymous)—that is to say, the region or

district of La Devinière produced the best wines of Chinou; meaning, of course, the best species of wine, taking its name from this little town of Touraine. La Devinière, in a word, was, to the surrounding wine-country, what Johannansberg now is to its neighbourhood. The very circumstance of La Devinière being so rich in produce, would compel its seigneur to be a dealer in wine. Yet you would not convey a very correct impression of his condition and occupation, to modern ears, if you called him a wine-merchant. Feudal rights and feudal etiquette are no more in young France. But a German nobleman sells the produce of his forests—boars, and all other species of game—to the burghers of the neighbouring cities; yet he thereby loses no rank, nor does his dignity “moult a feather.” In Italy, at this hour, the nobleman, whose revenue proceeds chiefly from his vineyards, sells his wine, without reproach or degradation. The ground-floor of his palace is made his warehouse. And, instead of standing to reason, that as in Italy, so in all the wine-countries of old France, no stain could ever attach to nobility for the noble’s being engaged in the sale of wine, or in bartering it for other merchandise. In many instances, to be engaged in trade or merchandise caused a forfeiture of one’s nobility: not so in others, and especially in the wine countries. The ancestors of the great Mirabeau had been merchants and nobles at Marseilles. One of them, appearing before Louis XII., was recognised as noble, although actually engaged in commerce!

And who prouder than Mirabeau of the pure blood of his forefathers? They emigrated from Florence, as nobles, during the troublous days of the struggle between Guelfs and Ghibelins; and changing their ancient name, Arreghatti, under the Gallicised name of Riquetti, boasted five hundred years of French nobility. It is plain, then, that the proprietor of La Devinière might have sold wine, and yet be noble; or, in other words, a gentleman. Francis I. boasted to be “le premier gentilhomme de la France.” In the one sense, then, he might be a vintner; and wine, no doubt, was kept in his house (humble as it would be at that time, in a provincial district of France), as it now is in an Italian nobleman’s palace; nay, according to the custom

of the district, wine might be sold and drunk at the house of Rabelais’s father. Doubtless, it would so be by the vine-dressers of the district, by sundry of those belonging and attached to the neighbouring abbey, and by the occasional traveller—by the pilgrim, merchant, minstrel, student, or mere wayfarer. To confound a house of this kind with a modern inn, or the owner of it with the keeper of a cabaret, is obviously a mistake. Perhaps, in our own day, certainly, in that of our fathers’, many such houses as I have supposed Rabelais’s father’s house to be, existed in the less populous and cultivated, and more remote, districts, of Scotland and Ireland. The proprietor of the house which opened its door to the traveller, boasted that the land you surveyed around consisted of his paternal acres, which had descended from sire to son for generations. He, too, was a gentleman, a seigneur. In some apartment devoted to the general use the wayfarer was received. Hospitality was extended to him through the courtesy of his host; but no man was allowed to treat the place as his own inn, and to do what he liked in it. No; the host was lord and master, even though he permitted his wealthier guest to leave some due reward in return for his entertainment, whilst the poor were relieved from charity. Such, precisely, is the state of things at this moment in travelling through the more recently populated states of America—Kentucky, Tennessee, &c. You enter a farm-house, claim hospitality, and are entertained by mine host, in company with his family and labourers; and, unless you have particularly charmed him by your conversation overnight, he or the goodwife will receive an equivalent in dollars next morning for your entertainment. But “I guess,” if you either called him or treated him like an innkeeper, he would soon shew you a bowie-knife and the outside of the door. If, too, we look back, and contemplate the state of the provinces in our own country in the time of Henry VIII., when there was no such thing as a gentleman-farmer, but gentlemen then farmed their own land, we shall easily understand what sort of house and household was kept by the Seigneur de la Devinière. We can see the crowd in the common hall, in which the family at large, domestics, labourers, and all, were assembled,

reinforced by the straggler from the neighbouring town, the jolly visitor from the convent, and all the other motley personages that chance would daily collect about the hearth; at which, doubtless, in his childhood, Rabelais had lingered to hear strange tales. How much his future life was affected by these young impressions one may not know, yet it is impossible to conceive that they must not have exercised strange power; and that, peradventure, his thirst for omnigenous knowledge, his spirit of free inquiry, his love of travel, of strange scenes and new sensations, of all manner of lore, whether practical or theoretic, mechanical or moral, may not have had its first inspiration and impulse from the tales that he heard, and the men that he saw, under his father's roof-tree. In Rabelais's time, the bustling, stirring spirit, the intense energy, the motley intercommunication of all things, and the barbaresque splendour of the middle ages, continued in a great degree to exist. The words of Chateaubriand, applied to an earlier period, were still true:—"These were the times of the marvellous in every thing. The almoner, the monk, the pilgrim, the knight, the troubadour, had always adventures to tell or sing. In the evening, seated on the benches in the chimney-corner, they listened to the romance of King Arthur, of Ogier the Dane, of Lancelot of the Lake, or the story of the Goblin Orthon. Among these tales were to be heard also the *Servante of the Jongleur* against a felon knight, or a narrative of the life of a pious personage." No doubt, besides a stock of facts—of useful facts—ay, and of facts available as the foundation for principles, were to be gathered from the narratives and conversation of these motley groups. I am much in error if more useful knowledge might not have been acquired in that chimney-corner, than at the new-fangled schools of your professed utilitarians.

In furtherance of my argument, there remains for me but to remove one obstacle,—the apothecary. "What, ho, apothecary!" I am not in the least afraid to grapple with him. Certainly, I am ready to admit that if he were an apothecary upon the model of those created by Shakspeare in England, and Molière in Rabelais's own country, the functionary "*qui n'avait pas accoutumé à parler à des visages*," it

would be very difficult, indeed, to fancy that he could have been Seigneur de la Devinière, after the fashion of other seigneurs of *la belle France*. But how the supposition could have ever entered the mind of any body who read Rabelais's own prologue is very extraordinary. Yet the error is an old one. Now, however, gentle reader, dismiss from your mind all remembrance of the modern French apothecary whom Molière victimised; and think of Shakspeare's only for the purpose of contrasting his inventory of valuables for an apothecary's shop, with Rabelais's own account of the contents of an apothecary's *boutique*, or warehouse:—

"In his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stunn'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes: and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty
seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of
roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a
show."

This contrasts strangely with the right rare and precious articles whereof Rabelais speaks. Every thing he mentions was of highest value, in those days when French commerce with the countries that produced the articles was difficult, tedious, and expensive. On the very face of the prologue, it is evident the Seigneur de la Devinière was an apothecary of a very different order from the Warwickshire disciple of Æsculapius, whom Shakspeare chose to locate in a country whose language has no word that answers to, or is analogous to, our word "apothecary." Equally certain it is that at the time, and in the state of society wherein Rabelais's father lived, he might have been an apothecary in such sort as to reconcile all manner of differences respecting his station. His means it would be quite absurd to doubt. The primitive and the early, and, as I would submit, the meaning in the days of Francis I., of apothecary, was the keeper or possessor of a warehouse, or, as the Americans call it, a store. *Αποθήκη* is literally a store; but it was generally applied in the Greek, as again in the equivalent Latin word, *horreum*, to a place in which wine or corn was stored: and a keeper of wine and of corn, in his house at La Devinière, no doubt old Rabelais was.

That he may have been, moreover, a merchant, drawing in addition "from the Orient" its precious stones, and still more precious drugs, I can also well admit. He might have been the store-keeper for the neighbouring convent, on some of whose inmates the duty of practising physic would in that age devolve. He might, by his tenure or his caprice (but more probably by the former, as his dissolute descendant, with whom the name ended, or at least was quite eclipsed, was also an apothecary), have been obliged to purvey certain commodities, and to perform certain offices for the monastic body under which he held; but that, upon the evidence, and under all the circumstances and collateral considerations, the father of our Rabelais could have been a mere vintner, or a mere apothecary, from the depth of my soul I believe to be impossible. Men will at least think charitably of this argument, if they only recollect that, unlike minds, names can be acclimated—

"Cælum len animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

So sings the poet, and he is right; but with words it is otherwise; and without confessing them, with Mirabeau, to be things—that is, generally—they are things wherever they may have found a home when looked at from a distance. Sooth to say, a word is like the shield of our childish days, about the quality of which the gallant knights quarrelled on the highway,—the golden side was turned to one, the silver to the other: it was only when the chances of the combat had thrown each upon the side whence he had not before gazed that they found, as the life-blood ebbed fast away, that they were both right and both wrong. The judicious reader will not alone be indulgent to the inference thus drawn, but acknowledge and adopt it; "for the general," however, I would submit a case, for which I choose to go to a land in that earlier state of society where any gentleman might, without derogation, keep a store, and, besides, exercise high functions of the state, and for the people—that is, in other words, be practically, as some theorists think, the only species of nobleman that is not a nuisance. I go to America, and there I find a visible and living history, and map

of European civilisation. In the one instance, I travel from the story of age to age—from the present to that wherein history is quite mute, and tradition melts into mere fable; in the other, I pass from province to province, until I get into the primeval forest, and am again physically, as I was before morally, in the presence of impassible and inscrutable Time. Very well! but as in many of these provinces, so in many of these ages, I find a want. A judge is a judge all over America. What is an American judge? A fellow who curses, draws his knife to call counsel to order, squats himself on the bench, with his heels flung aloft—spits, smokes, and drinks brandy, in the judgment-seat. What is an American judge? An industrious, able, eloquent, and most learned individual—a professor, with a renown unequalled—a writer on law quite unapproached in these latter days, and destined to take his place with Bacon, Coke, Holt, Hale, and Somers—"the enlightened magistrate of nations"—the first authority as a lawyer in the world. Both are true. You may, in the person of him who wrote the book on equity, and the treatise of the "Conflict of Laws," find the one at Cambridge, Massachusetts; the other it might not be so pleasant to encounter, but he abounds in the backwoods. In few words, Joseph Story is a judge, Nehemiah Van Rensselaer is a judge; in like manner, Smith is an apothecary, and Rabelais was an apothecary. But the articles vended, and the position of the people, were very different.

If Mr. Martin should be able to reconcile this theory to his conscience, I am quite sure he would rejoice at it; for no man could evince a more generous spirit in endeavouring to rescue the memory of Rabelais from the idle imputations cast upon it by stories, chiefly suggested by passages in his own romance. The truth is that, from Rabelais's boyish days, he applied himself to study with a zeal rarely equalled, never excelled. "It was his aim," says Père Niceron,* "to become grammarian, poet, philosopher, physician, jurisconsult, and astronomer." And Mr. Martin adds:—

"And his works demonstrate how completely he succeeded. He possessed

a peculiar aptitude for the acquisition of languages; an aptitude which afterwards shewed itself in his command of Italian, Spanish, German, English, Hebrew, and Arabic. At this period he was a perfect master of the Latin and Greek tongues; the latter of which had for some time been attracting the attention of the most enlightened minds in Europe. Within the walls of Fontenay-le-Comte, however, a Greek book was regarded as no better than a work of magic; while the man who possessed the key to its secrets was looked upon as a trafficker in 'the arts inhibited;' and it appears, by a letter from Budæus to a friend, that Rabelais's attachment to the Greek writers drew down upon him the hatred and persecutions of his fellow monks."

It was said he was obliged to leave the monastery for his debaucheries; but, it has been well observed, these would be the last thing to drive him from such a place. He obtained permission to change his order from that of St. Francis to that of St. Benedict, and went into another convent; but soon left it, and renounced the regular habit of an order.

"After rambling up and down for some time, in the diligent pursuit, as he himself (in his petition to Pope Paul III.) says, of medical knowledge, he settled in Montpellier, after taking his physician's degree at its university, and practised that profession there with credit and success. It appears, from Rabelais's epistle dedicatory to Godeirod d'Estissac, bishop of Maillezais, of an edition of the *Aphorisms of Hippocrates*, and the *Ars Parva of Galen*, published at Lyons in 1532, and highly esteemed by the medical and literary men of the time, that his lectures on physic at the University of Montpellier had excited considerable attention. Such was the distinction he had attained, that he was selected by the university as their deputy to procure a restoration of the privileges of which one of its colleges had been denuded by the Chancellor Duprat. The means employed by Rabelais for obtaining access to the chancellor have formed the subject of a story, which may be found in all his biographies; but it is too obviously a fabrication from an incident in his own romance (the introduction of Panurge to Pantagruel, b. ii. c. 9), to be worth notice. He succeeded in the object of his mission; and his services to the university were perpetuated in a custom, still, according to the *Biographie Universelle*, in existence, by which every student is required to attire himself in Rabelais's gown, upon receiving his physician's degree there.

"In 1533, we find him established at Lyons, where he was hospital physician, and taught and practised for several years. At the commencement of the year 1534, his friend, Jean du Bellay, then bishop of Paris, having occasion to pass through Lyons on his way to the papal court, regarding the divorce of Henry VIII. of England, took Rabelais along with him in the capacity of his physician; thus enabling him to realise what had been long his passionate wish, a personal acquaintance with Italy and the Eternal City."

Through Cardinal Du Bellay, his old schoolfellow, and other friends, aided by two learned cardinals, he was relieved from ecclesiastical censure.

"By their exertions, a bull in his favour was obtained gratis, contrary to the usual practice. It was granted on 17th January, 1536, in terms of his request, allowing him to return into any house of the Benedictine order that would receive him: and to practise physic, on condition of his doing so without hope of fee or reward. This release from the ecclesiastical disabilities, consequent upon his transgression of the church's rules, enabled the Cardinal du Bellay to assign him a place in his abbey of St. Maur des Fossees, near Paris. Here he remained till the year 1543, when he was appointed by Du Bellay to the cure of Meudon; and he continued in the zealous discharge of the duties of this station down to the time of his death. 'Ever mindful,' says Nicéron, 'to instruct his people, he made it part of his care to give their children a knowledge of church music, of which he was himself a thorough master. His house was always open to the poor and wretched, whom he assisted to the utmost of his means; and he was in the habit of drawing men of learning and science about him, to confer with them upon their several pursuits. Against women, however, his gates were barred, and his reputation on this score is wholly without blemish. This,' he adds, 'is the uniform testimony of contemporary biographers; and Antony le Roi, who wrote a life of him in 1649, avers that such was then the prevailing tradition at Meudon. His knowledge of medicine rendered him doubly useful to his parishioners, who invariably found him ready to minister to their wants, both bodily and spiritual.' He died at Paris, 9th April, 1553, in the Rue des Jardins, parish of St. Paul, and was buried in the cemetery of that church."

No man can seriously believe the vulgar story about the blasphemy and indecency of his dying hour. It may

have been the work of some idle jest-monger, who laid an offspring he dared not own at Rabelais's door; but, in my mind, it was more probably the weak invention and filthy device of those worthy monks whom he had caused to be consigned to several puncheons full of devils. Never, would it appear, did mortal man more diligently possess himself of the means of doing good to his fellow-creatures; never did any body more zealously and devotedly endeavour to mitigate the woes of human kind. It was said of Democritus, that he spent his time in the wisest manner, in contemplating the works of nature, and railing at the passions and proceedings of man (I quote from a loose recollection of the passage). But by how much more noble a spirit was not our Rabelais animated! He, too, contemplated nature, both in her exterior features and her hidden mysteries. All the elements, and all created things, however mute to others, bore to his soul a pregnant voice. "and lent to it their choicest impulses." His heart was strong, yet chastened in the consciousness of wisdom. He had won for himself

"That content, surpassing wealth.
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crown'd."
He was free from ambition, avarice, and lust—the demons that beset humanity—not simply so, but even averse to advancement, and careless of self—and secure against all female blandishments, without resorting to the expedient of the philosopher, who destroyed his eyesight, lest he might be allured through the eye—that window of the passionate soul—and so be dragged to earth from his divine contemplations. Thus he preserved to old age all his corporal faculties, for the sake and the use of his rational soul. Hence his crown of glory, which is that of a passionless HEALING. He fulfilled in the spirit the fancy breathed by Homer for a man in the flesh. Unscathed and incapable of wound, he witnessed all that we vain mortals are wont, after various phases of the like scenes, to do and suffer; but he never entangled himself in the

throng, or compromised himself in the conflict. He saw and felt all that was noble, true, and generous, amongst those who struggled; and with a courage and a purity which makes that courage which cannot quail, he supported them generously—and most generously, because most wisely. He gave them the labours, bodily and mental, of half a century—of almost, according to the ancient computation, two generations of man. No man had a keener sense of ridicule—a more discursive habit of fun. The one was mentally electric: it only required that his eye should touch the object. The other was illimitable. Neither could the world of reality chill it, nor the world of imagination exhaust it. Every thing his intellect chose to magnetise became fun.

Yet did he neither "deride the joys nor the griefs" of the multitude. As a divine, a lawyer, and a physician, and as one deeply learned in the arts and sciences, he lent to his brethren, during the long life vouchsafed to him, more varied and more truly beneficial aid than any man ever did before. If any other possessed the means, he had not the beneficence to put it into act. On leaving this phantasmal scene, he might have truly said, with one of his greatest children, the poet Béranger—

"*J'ai donc utilisé ma vie.*"

The knowledge of the heart and mind of man, which he acquired in his intercourse with him under those confidential circumstances to which the practice of some profession essential to the weal of soul or body can alone admit, enabled him, with his profound general knowledge, to deal with his fellow-men in the most exalted character which a human benefactor can assume, and which, with one exception in the world's story, I believe to have been peculiarly his own.

Thus much of the man—thus much of the book generally! Hereafter, more of the book in its several parts and its multifarious tendencies, and of Maître Alcofaribas, when he condescends to appear personally on the scene.

MINISTERIAL TEARS.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?"—HORACE, Ode XVII. lib. ii.

LORD JOHN R—SS—L (*pulls out a white handkerchief*).

WHY, M—lb—ne, will you vex me so !
 You are not fated yet to go,
 And leave your place and pelf :
 I cannot, cannot ever bear,
 Without you even these to share —
 Thou best half of myself !

Oh ! should the Tory fates decree
 To take my *Mel* away from me,
 (Oh ! may that day be distant !)
 I swear — nor do I swear in vain —
 I never will alone sustain
 The blow, but that same instant

Pack up my traps ; and then together
 We'll sail, or wait for better weath' :
 My M—lb—ne, isn't it so ?
 And, though *præcedence*,* it is true,
 I wait, my friend, to yield to *you* —
 We'll go ! together go !

For me — I know not if the Scale
 Of Themis, or the crooked tail
 Of Scorpio, one or t'other,
 My planet is : but this I see,
 Our horoscopes as close agree
 As though thou wert my brother.

True *Gemini*, my *Mel*, are we !
 And sure it was our destiny
 To rise and fall together :
 None but an *unnatural* † force
 Can us true Siam twins divorce,
 (Oh, sympathetic tether !)

Some such attempt has just been made,
 And deeply, too, the plot was laid, —
 I thought we were *bespoke* :
 The Rads had surely made an end
 Of us, but Fortune stood our friend,
 And warded off the stroke.

Away, then, Melly, with your fears !
 And I, too, now will dry my tears ;
 And let us both be calm.
 An abbey I will vow to Jove ;
 And you, at least, to royal love
 Will sacrifice a *Lamb*.

— " Ibimus, ibimus,
 Utunque præcedes !"

† Tory-Radical.

CATHERINE : A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR.

CHAP. VIII.

Enumerates the accomplishments of Master Thomas Billings—introduces Brock as Dr. Wood—and announces the execution of Ensign Macshane.

WE are obliged, in recording of this history, to follow accurately that great authority, the *Calendarium Newgaticum Roagorumque Registerium*, of which every lover of literature in the present day knows the value; and as that remarkable work totally discards all the unities in its narratives, and reckons the life of its heroes only by their actions, and not by periods of time, we must follow in the wake of this mighty ark—a humble cockboat. When it pauses, we pause; when it runs ten knots an hour, we run with the same celerity; and as, in order to carry the reader from the penultimate chapter of this work unto the last chapter, we were compelled to make him leap over a gap of five blank years, ten years more must likewise be granted to us before we are at liberty to resume our history.

During that period, Master Thomas Billings had been under the especial care of his mother; and, as may be imagined, he rather increased than diminished the accomplishments for which he had been remarkable while under the roof of his step-father. And with this advantage, that while at the blacksmith's, and only three or four years of age, his virtues were necessarily appreciated only in his family circle, and among those few acquaintances of his own time of life whom a youth of three can be expected to meet in the alley, or over the gutters, of a small country hamlet,—in his mother's residence, his circle extended with his own growth, and he began to give proofs of those powers of which in infancy there had been only encouraging indications. Thus it was nowise remarkable, that a child of four years should not know his letters, and should have had a great disinclination to learn them; but when a young man of fifteen shewed the same creditable ignorance, the same undeviating dislike, it was easy to see that he possessed much resolution and perseverance. When it was remarked, too, that, in case of any difference, he

not only beat the usher, but by no means disdained to torment and bully the very smallest boys of the school, it was easy to see that his mind was comprehensive and careful, as well as courageous and grasping. As it was said of the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, that he had a thought for every body—from Lord Hill to the smallest drummer in the army—in like manner Tom Billings bestowed his attention on high and low,—but in the shape of blows. He would fight the strongest and kick the smallest, and was always at work with one or the other. At thirteen, when he was removed from the establishment whither he had been sent, he was the cock of the school out of doors, and the very last boy in. He used to let the little boys and new-comers pass him by, and laugh; but he always belaboured them unmercifully afterwards; and then it was, he said, his turn to laugh. With such a pugnacious turn, Tom Billings ought to have been made a soldier, and might have died a marshal; but, by an unlucky ordinance of fate, he was made a tailor, and died a —, never mind what for the present; suffice it to say, that he was suddenly cut off at a very early period of his existence, by a disease which has exercised considerable ravages among the British youth.

By consulting the authority above mentioned, we find that Hayes did not confine himself to the profession of a carpenter, or remain long established in the country; but was induced, by the eager spirit of Mrs. Catherine most probably, to try his fortune in the metropolis, where he lived, flourished, and died. Oxford Road, Saint Giles's, and Tottenham Court, were, at various periods of his residence in town, inhabited by him. At one place, he carried on the business of green-grocer and small coalman; in another, he was carpenter, undertaker, and lender of money to the poor: finally, he was a lodging-house keeper in the Oxford or Tyburn Road; but continued to exercise the last-named charitable profession.

Lending as he did upon pledges, and carrying on a pretty large trade, it was not for him, of course, to inquire into the pedigree of all the pieces of

plate, the bales of cloth, swords, watches, wigs, shoe-buckles, &c., that were confided by his friends to his keeping; but it is clear that his friends had the requisite confidence in him, and that he enjoyed the esteem of a class of characters who still live in history, and are admired unto this very day. The mind loves to think that, perhaps, in Mr. Hayes's back parlour the gallant Turpin might have hob-and-nobbed with Mrs. Catherine; that here, perhaps, the noble Sheppard might have cracked his joke, or quaffed his pint of rum. Who knows but that Macheath and Paul Clifford may have crossed legs under Hayes's dinner-table? and whilst the former sang (so as to make Mrs. Hayes blush) the prettiest, wickedest songs in the world; the latter would make old Hayes yawn, by quotations from Plato, and passionate dissertations on the perfectibility of mankind. Here it was that that impoverished scholar, Eugene Aram, might have pawned his books, discounted or given those bills at three "moons" after date which Sir Edward has rendered immortal. But why pause to speculate on things that might have been? why desert reality for fond imagination, or call up from their honoured graves the sacred dead? I know not; and yet, in sooth, I can never pass Cumberland Gate without a sigh, as I think of the gallant cavaliers who traversed that road in old time. Pious priests accompanied their triumphs; their chariots were surrounded by hosts of glittering javelin-men. As the slave at the car of his Roman conqueror shouted, "Remember thou art mortal!" before the eyes of the British warrior rode the undertaker and his coffin, telling him that he too must die! Mark well the spot! A hundred years ago, Albion Street (where comic Power dwells, Mulesia's darling son)—Albion Street was a desert. The square of Connaught was without its penultimate, and, strictly speaking, *naught*. The Edgware Road was then a road, 'tis true; with tinkling wagons passing now and then, and fragrant walls of snowy hawthorn blossoms. The ploughman whistled over Nutford Place; down the green solitudes of St. Vencign Street the merry milkmaid led the lowing kine. Here, then, in the midst of green fields and sweet air—before ever omnibuses were, and Pine-apple Turnpike and Terrace were

alike unknown—here stood Tyburn: and on the road towards it, perhaps to enjoy the prospect, stood, in the year 1725, the habitation of Mr. John Hayes.

One fine morning in the year 1725, Mrs. Hayes, who had been abroad in her best hat and riding-hood; Mr. Hayes, who for a wonder had accompanied her; and Mrs. Springatt, a lodger, who for a remuneration had the honour of sharing Mrs. Hayes's friendship and table; all returned, smiling and rosy, at about half-past ten o'clock, from a walk which they had taken to Bayswater. Many thousands of people were likewise seen flocking down the Oxford Road; and you would rather have thought, from the smartness of their appearance, and the pleasure depicted in their countenances, that they were just issuing from a sermon, than quitting the ceremony which they had been to attend.

The fact is, that they had just been to see a gentleman hanged,—a cheap pleasure, which the Hayes family never denied themselves; and they returned home with a good appetite to breakfast, braced by the walk, and tickled into hunger, as it were, by the spectacle. I can recollect, when I was a gyp at Cambridge, that the "men" used to have breakfast-parties for the very same purpose; and the exhibition of the morning acted infallibly upon the stomach, and caused the young students to eat with much voracity.

Well, Mrs. Catherine, a handsome, well-dressed, plump, rosy woman, of three or four and thirty (and when, my dear, is a woman handsomer than at that age?) came in quite merrily from her walk, and entered the back-parlour, which looked into a pleasant yard, or garden, whereon the sun was shining very gaily; and where, at a table covered with a nice white cloth, laid out with some silver mugs, too, and knives, all with different crests and patterns, sat an old gentleman, reading in an old book.

"Here we are at last, doctor," said Mrs. Hayes, "and here's his speech." She produced the little halfpenny tract, which to this day is sold at the gallows-foot upon the death of every offender. "I've seen a many men turned off, to be sure; but I never did see one who bore it more like a man than he did."

"My dear," said the gentleman addressed as doctor, "he was as cool

and as brave as steel, and no more minded hanging than tooth-drawing."

"It was the drink that ruined him," said Mrs. Cat.

"Drink, and bad company. I warned him, my dear,—I warned him years ago: and directly he got into Wild's gang, I knew that he had not a year to run. Ah, why, my love, will men continue such dangerous courses," continued the doctor, with a sigh, "and jeopardize their lives for a miserable watch or a snuff-box, of which Mr. Wild takes three-fourths of the produce! But here comes the breakfast, and, egad, I am as hungry as a lad of twenty."

Indeed, at this moment Mrs. Hayes's servant appeared with a smoking dish of bacon and greens; and Mr. Hayes himself ascended from the cellar (of which he kept the key), bearing with him a tolerably large jug of small beer. To this repast the doctor, Mrs. Springatt (the other lodger), and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, proceeded with great alacrity. A fifth cover was laid, but not used; the company remarking, that "Tom had very likely found some acquaintances at Tyburn, with whom he might choose to pass the morning."

Tom was Master Thomas Billings, now of the age of sixteen; slim, smart, five feet ten inches in height, handsome, sallow in complexion, black-eyed, and black-haired. Mr. Billings was apprentice to a tailor, of tolerable practice, who was to take him into partnership at the end of his term. It was supposed, and with reason, that Tom would not fail to make a fortune in this business, of which the present head was one Beinkleider, a German. Beinkleider was skilful in his trade (after the manner of his nation, which in breeches and metaphysics—in inexpressibles and incomprehensibles—may instruct all Europe), but too fond of his pleasure. Some promissory notes of his had found their way into Hayes's hands, and had given him the means not only of providing Master Billings with a cheap apprenticeship, and a cheap partnership afterwards; but would empower, in one or two years after the young partner had joined the firm, to eject the old one altogether. So that there was every prospect that, when Mr. Billings was twenty-one years of age, poor Beinkleider would have to act, not as his master, but his journeyman.

Tom was a very precocious youth, was supplied by a doting mother with plenty of pocket-money, and spent it with a number of lively companions of both sexes, at plays, bull-baitings, fairs, jolly parties on the river, and in such like innocent amusements. He could throw a main, too, as well as his elders; had pinked his man, in a row at Madam King's, in the Piazza; and was much respected at the Round-house.

Mr. Hayes was not very fond of this promising young gentleman; indeed, he had the baseness to bear malice, because, in a quarrel which occurred about two years previously, he, Hayes, being desirous to chastise Mr. Billings, had found himself not only quite incompetent, but actually at the mercy of the boy, who struck him over the head with a joint-stool, felled him to the ground, and swore he would have his life. The doctor, who was then also a lodger at Mr. Hayes's, interposed, and restored the combatants, not to friendship, but to peace. Hayes never afterwards attempted to lift his hand to the young man, but contented himself with hating him profoundly. In this sentiment Mr. Billings participated cordially, and, quite unlike Mr. Hayes, who never dared to shew his dislike, used on every occasion when they met, by actions, looks, words, sneers, and curses, to let his father-in-law know the opinion which he had of him. Why did not Hayes discard the boy altogether? Because, if he did so, he was really afraid of his life, and because he trembled before Mrs. Hayes, his lady, as the leaf trembles before the tempest in October. His breath was not his own, but hers; his money, too, had been chiefly of her getting,—for though he was as stingy and mean as mortal man can be, and so likely to save much, he had not the genius for *getting* which Mrs. Hayes possessed. She kept his books (for she had learned to read and write by this time), she made his bargains, and she directed the operations of the poor-spirited little capitalist. When bills became due, and creditors pressed for time, then she brought Hayes's own professional merits into play. The man was as deaf and cold as a rock; never did poor tradesman gain a penny from him; never were the bailiffs delayed one single minute from their prey. The Beinkleider business, for instance, shewed pretty well

the genius of the two. Hayes was for closing with him at once; but his wife saw the vast profits which might be drawn out of him, and arranged the apprenticeship and the partnership before alluded to. The woman heartily scorned, and spit upon her husband, who fawned upon her like a spaniel. She loved good cheer; she did not want for a certain kind of generosity. The only feeling that Hayes had for any one except himself was for his wife, whom he held in a cowardly awe and attachment: he liked drink, too, which made him chirping and merry, and accepted willingly any treats that his acquaintances might offer him; but he would suffer agonies when his wife brought or ordered from the cellar a bottle of wine.

And now for the doctor. He was nearly seventy years of age. He had been much abroad; he was of a sober, cheerful aspect; he dressed handsomely and quietly in a broad hat and cassock; but saw no company except the few friends whom he met at the coffee-house. He had an income of about a hundred pounds, which he promised to leave to young Billings. He was amused with the lad, and fond of his mother, and had boarded with them for some years past. The doctor, in fact, was our old friend Corporal Brock—the Rev. Dr. Wood now, as he had been Major Wood fifteen years back.

Any one who has read the former part of this history must have seen that we have spoken throughout with invariable respect of Mr. Brock; and that in every circumstance in which he has appeared, he has acted not only with prudence, but often with genius. The early obstacle to Mr. Brock's success was want of conduct simply. Drink, women, play—how many a brave fellow have they ruined!—had pulled Brock down as often as his merit had carried him up. When a man's passion for play has brought him to be a scoundrel, it at once ceases to be hurtful to him in a worldly point of view; he cheats, and wins. It is only for the idle and luxurious that women retain their fascinations to a very late period; and Brock's passions had been whipped out of him in Virginia; where much ill health, ill treatment, hard labour, and hard food, speedily put an end to them. He forgot there even how to drink; rum or wine made this poor, declining gentleman, so ill that he

could indulge in them no longer, and so his three vices were cured. Had he been ambitious, there is little doubt but that Mr. Brock, on his return from transportation, might have risen in the world; but he was old, and a philosopher: he did not care about rising. Living was cheaper in those days, and interest for money higher: when he had amassed about six hundred pounds, he purchased an annuity of 72*l.*, and gave out—why should he not!—that he had the capital as well as the interest. After leaving the Hayes family in the country, he found them again in London: he took up his abode with them, and was attached to the mother and the son. Do you suppose that rascals have not affections like other people's hearts, madam—ay, hearts—and family-ties which they cherish! As the doctor lived on with this charming family, he began to regret that he had sunk all his money in annuities, and could not, as he repeatedly vowed he would, leave his savings to his adopted children.

He felt an indescribable pleasure (*"suave mari magno,"* &c.) in watching the storms and tempests of the Hayes ménage. He used to encourage Mrs. Catherine into anger when, happily, that lady's fits of calm would last too long; he used to warm up the disputes between wife and husband, mother and son, and enjoy them beyond expression: they served him for daily amusement; and he used to laugh until the tears ran down his venerable cheeks at the accounts which young Tom continually brought him of his pranks abroad, among watchmen and constables, at taverns or elsewhere.

When, therefore, as the party were discussing their bacon and cabbage, before which the rev. doctor with much gravity said grace, Master Tom entered; Doctor Wood, who had before been rather gloomy, immediately brightened up, and made a place for Billings between himself and Mrs. Catherine.

"How do, old cock?" said that young gentleman familiarly. "How goes it, mother?" And so saying, he seized eagerly upon the jug of beer which Mr. Hayes had drawn, and from which the latter was about to help himself, and poured down his throat exactly one quart.

"Ah!" said Mr. Billings, drawing breath after a draught which he had

learned accurately to gauge from the habit of drinking out of pewter measures which held precisely that quantity; "Ah!" said Mr. Billings, drawing breath, and wiping his mouth with his sleeves, "this is very thin stuff, old Squaretoes; but my coppers have been red hot since last night, and they wanted a sluicing."

"Should you like some ale, dear?" said Mrs. Hayes, that fond and judicious parent.

"A quart of brandy, Tom?" said Dr. Wood. "Your papa will run down to the cellar for it in a minute."

"I'll see him hanged first!" cried Mr. Hayes, quite frightened.

"Oh, fie now, you unnatural father!" said the doctor.

The very name of father used to put Mr. Hayes in a fury. "I'm not his father, thank Heaven!" said he.

"No, nor nobody else's," said Tom.

Mr. Hayes only muttered "Base-born brat!"

"His father was a gentleman,—that's more than *you* ever were!" screamed Mrs. Hayes. "His father was a man of spirit; no cowardly sneak of a carpenter, Mr. Hayes! Tom has noble blood in his veins, for all he has a tailor's appearance; and if his mother had had her right, she would be now in a coach-and-six."

"I wish I could find my father," said Tom; "for I think Polly Briggs and I would look mighty well in a coach-and-six." Tom fancied, that if his father was a count at the time of his birth he must be a prince now; and, indeed, went among his companions by the latter august title.

"Ay, Tom, that you would," cried his mother, looking at him fondly.

"With a sword by my side, and a hat and feather, there's never a lord at St. James's would cut a finer figure."

After a little more of this talk, in which Mrs. Hayes let the company know her high opinion of her son—who, as usual, took care to shew his extreme contempt for his father—the latter retired to his occupations; the lodger, Mrs. Springatt, who had never said a word all this time, retired to her apartment to the second floor; and, lighting out their pipes and tobacco, the old gentleman and the young one solaced themselves with half an hour's more talk and smoking; while the thrifty Mrs. Hayes, opposite to them, was busy with her books.

"What's in the confessions?" said Mr. Billings to Doctor Wood. "There were six of 'em besides Mac: two for sheep, four housebreakers; but nothing of consequence, I fancy."

"There's the paper," said Wood, archly; "read for yourself, Tom."

Mr. Tom looked at the same time very fierce and very foolish; for, though he could drink, swear, and fight, as well as any lad of his inches in England, reading was not among his accomplishments. "I tell you what, doctor," said he, "—you; have no bantering with me,—for I'm not the man that will bear it, —me;" and he threw a tremendous swaggering look across the table.

"I want you to learn to read, Tommy dear. Look at your mother, there, over her books; she keeps them as neat as a scrivener now, and at twenty she could make never a stroke."

"Your godfather speaks for your good, child; and for me, thou knowest that I have promised thee a gold-headed cane and periwig, on the first day that thou canst read me a column of the *Flying Post*."

"Hang the periwig!" said Mr. Tom, testily. "Let my godfather read the paper himself, if he has a liking for it."

Whereupon, the old gentleman put on his spectacles, and glanced over the sheet of whitey-brown paper, which, ornamented with a picture of the gallows at the top, contained the biographies of the seven unlucky individuals who had that morning suffered the penalty of the law. With the six heroes who came first in the list we have nothing to do; but have before us a copy of the paper, containing the life of No. 7, and which the doctor read with an audible voice.

"Captain Macshane.

"The seventh victim to his own crimes was the famous highwayman, Captain Macshane, so well known as the Irish Fire-eater.

"The captain came to the ground in a fine white lawn shirt and night-cap; and, being a Papist in his religion, was attended by Father O'Flaherty, Popish priest, and chaplain to the Bavarian envoy.

"Captain Macshane was born of respectable parents, in the town of Clonakilty, in Ireland, being descended from most of the kings in that

country. He had the honour of serving their majesties King William and Queen Mary, and her majesty Queen Anne, in Flanders and Spain, and obtained much credit from my Lords Marlborough and Peterborough for his valour.

"But being placed on half-pay at the end of the war, Ensign Macshane took to evil courses; and, frequenting the bagnios and dice-houses, was speedily brought to ruin.

"Being at this pass, he fell in with the notorious Captain Wood, and they two together committed many atrocious robberies in the inland counties; but these being too hot to hold them, they went into the west, where they were unknown. Here, however, the day of retribution arrived; for, having stolen three pewter pots from a public-house, they, under false names, were tried at Exeter, and transported for seven years beyond the sea. Thus it is seen that Justice never sleeps; but, sooner or later, is sure to overtake the criminal.

"On their return from Virginia, a quarrel about booty arose between these two, and Macshane killed Wood in a combat that took place between them near to the town of Bristol, but a wagon coming up, Macshane was obliged to fly without the ill-gotten wealth: so true is it, that wickedness never prospers.

"Two days afterwards, Macshane met the coach of Miss Macraw, a Scotch lady and heiress, going, for lumbago and gout, to the Bath. He at first would have robbed this lady; but such were his arts, that he induced her to marry him; and they lived together for seven years in the town of Eddenboro, in Scotland,—he passing under the name of Colonel Geraldine. The lady dying, and Macshane having expended all her wealth, he was obliged to resume his former evil courses, in order to save himself from starvation; whereupon he robbed a Scotch lord, by name the Lord of Whistlebinkie, of a mull of snuff; for which crime he was condemned to the Tolbooth prison at Eddenboro, in Scotland, and whipped many times in publick.

"These deserved punishments did not at all alter Captain Macshane's disposition; and on the 17th of February last he stopped the Bavarian envoy's coach on Blackheath, coming from Dover, and robbed his excellency

and his chaplain; taking from the former his money, watches, star, a fur-cloak, his sword (a very valuable one); and from the latter a Romish missal, out of which he was then reading, and a case-bottle."

"The Bavarian envy!" said Tom, parenthetically. "My master, Benkleider, was his lordship's regimental tailor in Germany, and is now making a court suit for him. It will be a matter of a hundred pounds to him, I warrant."

Dr. Wood resumed his reading. "Hum—hum! A Romish missal out of which he was reading, and a case-bottle."

"By means of the famous Mr. Wild, this notorious criminal was brought to justice, and the case-bottle and missal have been restored to Father O'Flaherty.

"During his confinement in Newgate, Mr. Macshane could not be brought to express any contrition for his crimes, except that of having killed his commanding officer. For this Wood he pretended an excessive sorrow, and vowed that usquebaugh had been the cause of his death,—indeed, in prison he partook of no other liquor, and drank a bottle of it on the day before his death.

"He was visited by several of the clergy and gentry in his cell; among others, by the Popish priest whom he had robbed, Father O'Flaherty, before mentioned, who attended him like wise in his last moments (if that idolatrous worship may be called attention); and likewise by the father's patron, the Bavarian ambassador, his Excellency Count Maximilian de Galgenstein."

As old Wood came to these words, he paused to give them utterance.

"What! Max!" screamed Mrs. Hayes, letting her ink-bottle fall over her ledgers.

"Why, be hanged, if it ben't my father!" said Mr. Billugs.

"Your father, sure enough, unless there be others of his name, and unless the scoundrel is hanged," said the doctor; sinking his voice, however, at the end of the sentence.

Mr. Billugs broke his pipe in an agony of joy. "I think we'll have the coach now, mother," says he; "and blessed if Polly Briggs shall not look as fine as a duchess."

"Polly Briggs is a low slut, Tom, and not fit for the likes of you, his excellency's son. Oh, fie! You must

be a gentleman now, sirrah, and I doubt whether I sha'n't take you away from that odious tailor's shop altogether."

To this proposition Mr. Billings objected altogether; for, besides Mrs. Briggs before alluded to, the young gentleman was much attached to his master's daughter, Mrs. Margaret Gretel, or Gretchen Beinkleider.

"No," says he, "there will be time to think of that hereafter, ma'am. If my pa makes a man of me, why, of course, the shop may go to the deuce, for what I care; but we had better wait, look you, for something certain, before we give up such a pretty bird in the hand as this."

"He speaks like Solomon," said the doctor.

"I always said he would be a credit to his old mother; didn't I, Brock?" cried Mrs. Cat, embracing her son very affectionately. "A credit to her; ay, I warrant, a real blessing! And dost thou want any money, Tom? for a lord's son must not go about without a few pieces in his pocket. And I tell thee, Tommy, thou must go and see his lordship; and thou shalt have a piece of brocade for a waistcoat, thou shalt; ay, and the silver-bilted sword I told thee of; but Tommy, Tommy! have a care, and don't be a drawing of it in naughty company at the gaming-houses, or at the"—

"A drawing of fiddlesticks, mother! If I go to see my father, I must have a reason for it; and instead of going with a sword in my hand, I shall take something else in it."

"The lad is a lad of nouse," cried Dr. Wood, "although his mother does spoil him so cruelly. I look you, Madam Cat; did you not hear what he said about Beinkleider and the clothes? Tommy will just wait on the count with his lordship's breeches. A man may learn a deal of news in the trying on of a pair of breeches."

And so it was agreed, that in this manner the son should at first make his appearance before his father. Mrs. Cat gave him the piece of brocade, which, in the course of the day, was fashioned into a smart waistcoat (for Beinkleider's shop was close by, in Cavendish Square). Mrs. Gretel, with many blushes, tied a fine blue riband round his neck; and, in a pair of silk stockings, with gold buckles to his

shoes, Master Billings looked a very proper young gentleman.

"And, Tommy," said his mother, blushing and hesitating, "should Max—should his lordship ask after your—want to know if your mother is alive, you can say she is, and well, and often talks of old times. And, Tommy" (after another pause), "you needn't say any thing about Mr. Hayes, only say I'm quite well."

Mrs. Hayes looked at him as he marched down the street, a long, long way. Tom was proud and gay in his new costume, and was not unlike his father. As she looked, lo! Oxford Street disappeared; and she saw a green common, and a village, and a little inn. There was a soldier leading a pair of horses about on the green common; and in the inn sate a cavalier, so young, so merry, so beautiful! Oh, what slim, white hands, he had; and winning words, and tender, gentle, blue eyes! Was it not an honour to a country lass that such a noble gentleman should look at her for a moment? Had he not some charm about him that she must needs obey, when he whispered in her ear, "Come, follow me!" As she walked towards the lane that morning, how well she remembered each spot as she passed it, and the look it wore for the last time! How the smoke was rising from the pastures, how the fish were jumping and splashing in the mill-stream! There was the church, with all its windows lighted up with gold, and yonder were the reapers sweeping down the brown corn. She tried to sing as she went up the hill—what was it? She could not remember; but, oh, how well she remembered the sound of the horse's hoofs, as they came quicker, quicker—nearer, nearer! How noble he looked on his great horse! Was he thinking of her, or were they all silly words which he spoke last night, merely to pass away the time and deceive poor girls with! Would he remember them, would he?

"Cat, my dear!" here cried Mr. Brock, *alias* Captain, *alias* Dr. Wood; "here's the meat a-getting cold, and I am longing for my breakfast."

As they went in, he looked her hard in the face. "What, *still* at it, you silly girl? I've been watching you these five minutes, Cat; and be hanged but I think a word from Galgenstein,

and you would follow him as a fly does a treacle-pot!"

They went into breakfast; but, though there was a hot shoulder of mutton and onion-sauce, Mrs. Catherine's favourite dish, she never touched a morsel of it.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Thomas Billings, in his new clothes which his mamma had given him, in his new riband which the fair Miss Beinkleader had tied round his neck, and having his excellency's breeches wrapped in a silk handkerchief in his right hand, turned down in the direction of Whitehall, where the Bavarian envoy lodged. But, before he waited on him, Mr. Billings, being excessively pleased with his personal appearance, made an early visit to Mrs. Briggs, who lived in the neighbourhood of Swallow Street; and who, after expressing herself with much enthusiasm regarding her Tommy's good looks, immediately asked him what he would stand to drink. Raspberry gin being suggested, a pint of that liquor was sent for; and so great was the confidence and intimacy subsisting between these two young people, that the reader will be glad to hear that Mrs. Polly accepted every shilling of the money which Tom Billings had received from his mamma the day before; nay, could with difficulty be prevented from seizing upon the cut-velvet breeches which he was carrying to the nobleman for whom they were made. Having paid his adieux to Mrs. Polly, Mr. Billings departed to visit his father.

CHAP. IX.

Interview between Count Galgenstein and Master Thomas Billings, when he informs the Count of his parentage.

I don't know, in all this miserable world, a more miserable spectacle than that of a young fellow of five or six and forty. The British army, that nursery of valour, turns out many of the young fellows I mean; who, having flaunted in dragoon uniforms from seventeen to six and thirty; having bought, sold, or swapped during that period some two hundred horses; having played, say fifteen thousand games at billiards; having drunk some six thousand bottles of wine; having consumed a reasonable number of Nugee coats; split many dozen pairs of high-heeled Hoby boots, and read the newspaper and the army-list duly, retire

from the service when they have attained their eighth lustre, and saunter through the world, trailing from London to Cheltenham, and from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Baden, their idleness, their ill-health, and their *emui*, "In the morning of youth," and when seen along with whole troops of their companions, these flowers look gaudy and brilliant enough; but there is no object more dismal than one of them alone, and in its autumnal or seedy state. My friend, Captain Popjoy, is one of them who has arrived at this condition, and whom every body knows by his title of Father Pop. A kinder, simpler, more empty-headed fellow, does not exist. He is forty-seven years old, and appears a young, good-looking man of sixty. At the time of the army of occupation, he really was as good-looking a man as any in the dragoons. He now uses all sorts of stratagems to cover the bald place on his head, by combing certain thin, gray side-locks over it. He has, in revenge, a pair of enormous moustaches, which he dyes of the richest blue-black. His nose is a good deal larger and redder than it used to be; his eyelids have grown flat and heavy; and a little pan of red, watery eyeballs, float in the midst of them; it seems as if the light which was once in those sickly, green pupils, had extravasated into the white part of the eye. If Pop's legs are not so firm and muscular as they used to be in those days when he took such leaps into White's buckskins, in revenge his waist is much larger. He wears a very good coat, however, and a waistband, which he lets out after dinner. Before ladies he blushes, and is as silent as a schoolboy. He calls them "modest women." His society is chiefly among young lads belonging to his former profession. He knows the best wine to be had at each tavern or café, and the waiters treat him with much respectful familiarity. He knows the names of every one of them; and shouts out, "Send Markwell here!" or "Tell Cuttriss to give us a bottle of the yellow seal;" or, "Dizzy voo, Monsure Borrel, noo donny shampang frappy," etc. He always makes the salad or the punch, and dines out three hundred days in the year; the other days you see him in a two-franc eating-house at Paris, or prowling about Rupert Street or St.

Martin's Court, where you get a capital cut of meat for eightpence. He has decent lodgings, and scrupulously clean linen; his animal functions are still tolerably well-preserved, his spiritual have evaporated long since; he sleeps well, has no conscience, believes himself to be a respectable fellow, and is tolerably happy on the days when he is asked out to dinner.

Poor Pop is not very high in the scale of created beings; but, if you fancy there is none lower, you are in egregious error. There was once a man who had a mysterious exhibition of an animal quite unknown to naturalists, called "the wusser." Those curious individuals who desired to see the wusser, were introduced into an apartment where appeared before them nothing more than a little, lean, shrivelled, hideous, blue-eyed, mangy pig. Every one cried out swindle and sham. "Patience, gentlemen, be easy," said the showman; "look at that there hammal; it's a perfect phenomenon of hugliness; I engage you never see such a pig." Nobody ever had seen. "Now gentlemen," said he, "I'll keep my promise, has per ill; and bad as that there pig is, look at this here" (he shewed another); "look at this here, and you'll see at once that it's a wusser." In like manner the Popjoy breed is bad enough, but it serves only to shew off the Galgenstein race, which is *wusser*.

Galgenstein had led a very gay life, as the saying is, for the last fifteen years; such a gay one, that he had lost all capacity of enjoyment by this time, and only possessed inclinations without powers of gratifying them. He had grown to be exquisitely curious and fastidious about meat and drink, for instance, and all that he wanted was an appetite. He carried about with him a French cook, who could not make him eat; a doctor, who could not make him well; a mistress, of whom he was heartily sick after two days; a priest, who had been a favourite of the exemplary Dubois, and by turns used to tickle him by the imposition of a penance, or by the repetition of a tale from the *recueil* of Nocé, or La Fare. All his appetites were wasted and worn, only some monstrosity would galvanise them into momentary action. He was in that effete state to which many noblemen of

his time had arrived, who were ready to believe in ghost-raising, or in gold-making, or to retire into monasteries and wear hair-shirts, or to dabble in conspiracies, or to die in love with little cook-maids of fifteen, or to pine for the smiles or at the frowns of a prince of the blood, or to go mad at the refusal of a chamberlain's key. The last gratification he remembered to have enjoyed, was that of riding bare-headed in a soaking rain for three hours by the side of his grand-duke's mistress's coach; taking the *pas* of Count Krahwinkel, who challenged him, and was run through the body for this very dispute. Galgenstein gained a rheumatic gout by it, which put him to tortures for many months, and was further gratified with the post of English envoy. He had a fortune, he asked no salary, and could look the envoy very well. Father O'Flaheity did all the duties, and furthermore acted as a spy over the ambassador—a sinecure post; for the man had no feelings, wishes, or opinions—absolutely none.

"Upon my life, father," said this worthy man, "I care for nothing. You have been talking for an hour about the Regent's death, and the Duchess of Phalaris, and sly old Fleury, and what not; and I care just as much as if you told me that one of my bawlers at Galgenstein had killed a pig; or as if my lackey, La Rose, yonder, had made love to my mistress."

"He does!" said the reverend gentleman.

"Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé!" said La Rose, who was arranging his master's enormous court periwig, "you are, hélas! wrong. Monsieur le Comte will not be angry at my saying that I wish the accusation were true?"

The count did not take the slightest notice of La Rose's wit, but continued his own complaints.

"I tell you, abbé, I care for nothing. I lost a thousand guineas t'other night at basset; I wish to my heart I could have been vexed about it. Egad! I remember the day when, to lose a hundred, made me half mad for a month. Well, next day I had my revenge at dice, and threw thirteen mains. There was some delay; a call for fresh bones, I think; and would you believe it? I fell asleep with the box in my hand!"

"A desperate case, indeed!" said the abbé.

"If it had not been for Krähwinkel, I should have been a dead man, that's positive. That pinking him saved me!"

"I make no doubt of it," said the abbé. "Had your excellency not run him through, he, without a doubt, would have done the same for you."

"Psha! you mistake my words, Monsieur l'Abbé (yawning); I mean—what cursed chocolate!—that I was dying for want of excitement. Not that I care for dying; no, d— me, if I do!"

"When you do, your excellency means," said the abbé, a fat, gray-haired Irishman, from the Irish College at Paris.

His excellency did not laugh, nor understand jokes of any kind; he was of an undeviating stupidity, and only replied, "Sir, I mean what I say; I don't care for living; no, nor for dying either; but I can speak as well as another, and I'll thank you not to be correcting my phrases as if I were one of your cursed school-boys, and not a gentleman of fortune and blood."

Herewith the count, who had uttered four sentences about himself (he never spoke of any thing else, sunk back on his pillows again, quite exhausted by his eloquence; the abbé, who had a seat and a table by the bedside, resumed the labours which had brought him into the room in the morning, and busied himself with papers, which occasionally he handed over to his superior for approval.

Presently Monsieur La Rose appeared.

"Here is a person with clothes from Mr. Beinkleider's. Will your excellency see him, or shall I bid him leave the clothes?"

The count was very much fatigued by this time; he had signed three papers, and read the first half-dozen lines of a pair of them.

"Bid the fellow come in, La Rose; and, harkye, give me my wig: one must shew one's self to be a gentleman before these scoundrels." And he therefore mounted a large chestnut-coloured, orange-scented pyramid of horse-hair, which was to awe the new-comer.

He was a lad of about seventeen, in a smart waistcoat and a blue riband; our friend, Tom Billings, indeed. He carried under his arm the count's destined breeches; he did not seem in the least awed, however, by his ex-

cellency's appearance, but looked at him with a great degree of curiosity and boldness. In the same manner he surveyed the chaplain, and then nodded to him with a kind look of recognition.

"Where have I seen the lad?" said the father. "Oh, I have it! My good friend, you were at the hanging yesterday, I think?"

Mr. Billings gave a very significant nod with his head. "I never miss," said he.

"What a young Turk! And pray, sir, do you go for pleasure, or for business?"

"Business! what do you mean by business?"

"Oh, I did not know whether you might be brought up to the trade, or whether your relations be undergoing the operation."

"My relations," said Mr. Billings, proudly, and staring the count full in the face, "was not made for no such thing. I'm a tailor now, but I'm a gentleman's son; as good a man, ay, as his lordship there; for *you* ain't his lordship—you're the Popish priest, you are, and we were very near giving you a touch of a few Protestant stones, master."

The count began to be a little amused; he was pleased to see the abbé look alarmed, or even foolish.

"Egad, abbé," said he, "you turn as white as a sheet!"

"I don't fancy being murdered, my lord," said the abbé, hastily, "and murdered for a good work. It was but to be useful to yonder poor Irishman, who saved me as a prisoner in Flanders, when Mailborough would have hung me up like poor Macshaugh himself was yesterday."

"Ah!" said the count, bursting out with some energy, "I was thinking who the fellow could be ever since he robbed me on the Heath. I recollect the scoundrel now, he was a second in a duel I had here in the year 9."

"Along with Major Wood, behind Montague House," said Mr. Billings. "I've heard on it," and here he looked more knowing than ever.

"You!" cried the count, more and more surprised; "and pray who the devil are you?"

"My name's Billings."

"Billings?" said the count.

"I come out of Warwickshire," said Mr. Billings.

"Indeed!"

"I was born at Birmingham town."

"Were you, really?"

"My mother's name was Hayes," continued Billings, in a solemn voice; "I was put out to nurse along with John Billings, a blacksmith; and my father run away. Now do you know who I am?"

"Why, upon honour, now," said the count, who was amused,—“upon honour, Mr. Billings, I have not that advantage.”

"Well, then, my lord, *you're my father!*"

Mr. Billings, when he said this, came forward to the count with a theatrical air; and, flinging down the breeches of which he was the bearer, held out his arms and stared, having very little doubt but that his lordship would forthwith spring out of bed and hug him to his heart. A similar piece of *naïveté* many fathers of families have. I have no doubt, remarked in their children; who, not caring for their parents a single dot, conceive, nevertheless, that the latter are bound to shew all sorts of affection for them. His lordship did move, but backwards towards the wall, and begun pulling at the bell-rope with an expression of the most intense alarm.

"Keep back, sirrah!—keep back! Suppose I *am* your father, do you want to murder me? Good heavens, how the boy smells of gun and tobacco! Don't turn away, my lad; sit down there at a proper distance; and, La Rose, give him some Eau de Cologne, and get a cup of coffee. Well, now, go on with your story. Egad, my dear abbé, I think it is very likely that what the lad says is true!"

"If it is a family conversation," said the abbé, "I had better leave you."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, no! I could not stand the boy alone. Now, mister; ah! what's your name? Have the goodness to tell your story."

Mr. Billings was wofully disconcerted; for his mother and he had agreed that, as soon as his father saw him, he would be recognised at once, and, mayhap, made heir to the estates and title; in which, being disappointed, he very sulkily went on with his narrative, and detailed many of those events with which the reader has already been made acquainted. The count asked the boy's mother's Christian name, and being told it, his memory at once returned to him.

"What! are you little Cat's son?"

said his excellency. "By Heavens, *mon cher abbé*, a charming creature, but a tigress—positively a tigress. I recollect the whole affair now; she's a little, fresh, black-haired woman, a'n't she? With a sharp nose, and thick eyebrows, ay? Ah! yes, yes," went on my lord; "I recollect her, I recollect her; it was at Birmingham I first met her; she was my Lady Trip-pet's woman, wasn't she?"

"She was no such thing," said Mr. Billings, hotly; "her aunt kept the Bugle Inn on Waltham Green, and your lordship seduced her."

"Seduced her! oh, 'gad, so I did; stap me, now, I did. Yes, I made her jump on my black horse, and bore her off like—like *Æneas* bore away his wife from the siege of Rome! hey, l'Abbé?"

"The events were precisely similar," said the abbé; "it is wonderful what a memory you have!"

"I was always remarkable for it," continued his excellency. "Well, where was I,—at the black horse! Yes, at the black horse. Well, I mounted her on the black horse, and rode her *en croupe*,—egad, ha, ha!—to Birmingham; and there we billed and cooed together like a pair of turtle-doves; yes!—ha—that we did!"

"And this, I suppose, is the end of some of the *billings*?" said the abbé, pointing to Mr. Tom.

"Billings! what do mean? Yes, oh, ah, a pun, a *calambour*: *fi, donc*, M. l'Abbé." And then, after the wont of very stupid people, M. de Galgenstein went on to explain to the abbé his own pun. "Well, but to proceed," cries he; "we lived together at Birmingham, and I was going to be married to a rich heiress, egad! when, what do think this little Cat does! She murders me, egad! and makes me *manquer* the marriage. Twenty thousand, I think it was, and I wanted the money in those days. Now, wasn't she an abominable monster, that mother of yours, hey, Mr. a—What's-your-name!"

"She served you right!" said Mr. Billings, with a great oath, starting up out of all patience.

"Fellow!" said his excellency, quite aghast, "do you know to whom you speak!—to a nobleman of seventy-eight descents; a count of the holy Roman empire; a representative of a sovereign? ha, egad! Don't stamp, fellow, if you hope for my protection."

"D—n your protection!" said Mr. Billings, in a fury. "Curse you and your protection too! I'm a free-born Briton, and no — French Papist! And any man who insults my mother — ay, or calls me feller, had better look to himself and the two eyes in his head, I can tell him!" And with this Mr. Billings put himself into the most approved attitude of the Cockpit, and invited his father, the reverend gentleman, and M. La Rose, the valet, to engage with him in a pugilistic encounter. The two latter, the abbé especially, seemed dreadfully frightened: but the count now looked on with much interest; and, giving utterance to a feeble kind of chuckle, which lasted for about half a minute, said,—

"Paws off, Pompey; you young hang-dog, you—egad, yes, aha! 'Tou honour, you're a lad of spirit; some of your father's spunk 'in you, he? I know him by that path. Why, sir, when I was sixteen, I used to swear—, to swear, egad, like a Thames waterman, and exactly in this fellow's way! Buss me, my lad; no, kiss my hand, that will do," and he held out a very lean, yellow hand, peering from a pair of yellow ruffles; it shook very much, and the shaking made all the rings upon it shine only the more.

"Well," says Mr. Billings, "if you wasn't a-going to abuse me nor mother, I don't care if I shake hands with you: I ain't proud!"

The abbé laughed with great glee; and that very evening sent off to his court a most ludicrous, *spicy* description, of the whole scene of meeting between this amiable father and child, in which he said that young Billings was the *élève favorite* of M. Kitch, Ecuyer, le bourreau de Londres, and which made the duke's mistress laugh so much, that she vowed that the abbé should have a bishoprick on his return; for, with such store of wisdom, look you, my son, was the world governed in those days.

The count and his offspring meanwhile conversed with some cordiality. The former informed the latter of all the diseases to which he was subject, his manner of curing them, his great consideration as chamberlain to the Duke of Bavaria; how he wore his court-suits, and of a particular powder which he had invented for the hair; how, when he was seventeen, he had run away with a canoness, egad! who was afterwards locked up in a convent,

and grew to be sixteen stone in weight; how he remembered the time when ladies did not wear patches; and how the Duchess of Marlborough boxed his ears when he was so high, because he wanted to kiss her.

All these important anecdotes took some time in the telling, and were accompanied by many profound moral remarks; such as, "I can't abide garlic, nor white-wine, stap me, nor sauer-kraut, though his highness eats half a bushel per day. I ate it the first time at court; but, when they brought it me a second time, I refused—refused, plit me and grill me if I didn't!" Every body stared; his highness looked as fierce as a Turk; and that infernal Kiahwinkel (my dear, I did for him afterwards)—that cursed Kiahwinkel, I say, looked as pleased as possible, and whispered to Countess Fritsch, 'Blitzchen Frau Grahm,' says he, 'it's all over with Galgenstein.' What did I do? I had the *entrée*, and demanded it. 'Altesse,' says I, falling on one knee, 'I ate no kraut at dinner to-day; you remarked it, I saw your highness remark it.'

"I did, M. le Comte," said his highness, gravely.

"I had almost tears in my eyes, but it was necessary to come to a resolution, you know. 'Sir,' said I, 'I speak with deep grief to your highness, who are my benefactor, my friend; my father; but of this I am resolved, I WILL NEVER EAT SAUER-KRAUT MORE; it don't agree with me. After being laid up for four weeks by the last dish of sauerkraut of which I partook, I may say with confidence—it don't agree with me. By impairing my health, it impairs my intellect, and weakens my strength, and both I would keep for your highness's service.'"

"Tut, tut!" said his highness; 'tut, tut, tut.' Those were his very words.

"Give me my sword or my pen," said I; "give me my sword or my pen, and with these Maximilian de Galgenstein is ready to serve you; but sure,—sure, a great prince will pity the weak health of a faithful subject, who does not know how to eat sauerkraut?" His highness was walking about the room, I was still on my knees, and stretched forward my hand to seize his coat.

"GEBT ZUM TEUFEL, sir," said he, in a loud voice (it means 'Go to the

deuce,' my dear),—' Ghet zum teufel, and eat what you like!' With this he went out of the room abruptly, leaving in my hand one of his buttons, which I keep to this day. As soon as I was alone, amazed by his great goodness and bounty, I sobbed aloud—cried like a child" (the count's eyes filled and winked at the very recollection); "and when I went back into the card-room, stepping up to Krahwinkel, 'Count,' says I, 'who looks foolish now?'—'Hey, there, La Rose, give me the diamond——Yes, that was the very pun I made, and very good it was thought. 'Krahwinkel,' says I, 'who looks foolish now?' and from that day to this I was never at a court-day asked to eat sauerkraut—never."

"Hey there, La Rose! Bring me that diamond snuff-box in the drawer of my *secretaire*;" and the snuff-box was brought. "I look at it, my dear," said the count, "for I saw you seemed to doubt; there is the button—the very one that came off his grace's coat."

Mr. Billings received it, and twisted it about with a stupid air. The story had quite mystified him; so he did not dare yet to think his father was a fool—his respect for the aristocracy prevented him.

When the count's communications had ceased, which they did as soon as the story of the sauerkraut was finished, a silence of some minutes ensued. Mr. Billings was trying to comprehend the circumstances above narrated; his lordship was exhausted; the chaplain had quitted the room directly the word sauerkraut was mentioned—he knew what was coming. His lordship looked for some time at his son, who returned the gaze with his mouth wide open. "Well," said the count; "well, sir! What are you sitting there for? If you have nothing to say, sir, you had better go. I had you here to amuse me—split me—and not to sit there staring!"

Mr. Billings rose in a fury.

"Harkye, my lad," said the count, "tell La Rose to give thee five guineas, and, ah—come again some morning. A nice, well-grown young lad," mused the count, as Master Tommy walked wondering out of the apartment; "a pretty fellow enough, and intelligent too."

"Well, he is an odd fellow, my father," thought Mr. Billings, as he walked out, having received the sum

offered to him. And he immediately went to call upon his friend Polly Briggs, from whom he had separated in the morning.

What was the result of their interview is not at all necessary to the progress of this history. Having made her, however, acquainted with the particulars of his visit to his father, he went to his mother's, and related to her all that had occurred.

Poor thing, she was very differently interested in the issue of it!

CHAP. X.

Shewing how Galgenstein and Mrs. Cat recognise each other in Marylebone Gardens—and how the Count drives her home in his carriage.

About a month after the touching conversation above related, there was given, at Marylebone Gardens, a grand concert and entertainment, at which the celebrated Madame Aménaide, a dancer of the theatre at Paris, was to perform, under the patronage of several English and foreign noblemen; among whom was his excellency the Bavarian envoy. Madame Aménaide was, in fact, no other than the *maitresse en titre* of the Monsieur de Galgenstein, who had her a great bargain from the Duke de Rohan-Chabot at Paris.

It is not our purpose to make a great and learned display here, otherwise the costumes of the company assembled at this fête might afford scope for at least half a dozen pages of fine writing; and we might give, if need were, specimens of the very songs and music sung on the occasion. Does not the Burney collection of music, at the British Museum, afford one an ample store of songs from which to choose? Are there not the memoirs of Colley Cibber! those of Mrs. Clark, the daughter of Colley? Is there not Congreve, and Farquhar—nay, and at a pinch, the *Dramatic Biography*, or even the *Spectator*, from which the observant genius might borrow passages, and construct pretty antiquarian figments? Leave we these trifles to meaner souls! Our business is not with the breeches and periwigs, with the hoops and patches, but with the divine hearts of men, and of the passions which agitate them. What need, therefore, have we to say that on this evening, after the dancing, the music, and the fireworks, Monsieur de Galgenstein felt the strange and welcome

paings of appetite, and was picking a cold chicken, along with some other friends, in an arbour—a cold chicken, with an accompaniment of a bottle of champagne—when he was led to remark that a very handsome, plump little person, in a gorgeous stiff damask gown and petticoat, was sauntering up and down the walk running opposite his supping-place, and bestowing continual glances towards his excellency. The lady, whoever she was, was in a mask, such as ladies of high and low fashion wore at public places in those days, and had a male companion. He was a lad of only seventeen, marvelously well dressed—indeed, no other than the count's own son, Mr. Thomas Billings; who had at length received from his mother the silver-hilted sword, and the wig, which that affectionate parent had promised to him.

In the course of the month which had elapsed since the interview that has been described in the former chapter, Mr. Billings had several times had occasion to wait on his father; but though he had, according to her wishes, frequently alluded to the existence of his mother, the count had never at any time expressed the slightest wish to renew his acquaintance with that lady, who, if she had seen him, had only seen him by stealth.

The fact is, that after Billings had related to her the particulars of his first meeting with his excellency, which ended, like many of the latter visits, in nothing at all, Mrs. Hayes had found some pressing business, which continually took her to Whitehall, and had been prowling from day to day about Monsieur de Galgenstein's lodgings. Four or five times in the week, as his excellency stepped into his coach, he might have remarked, had he chosen, a woman in a black hood, who was looking most eagerly into his eyes; but those eyes had long since left off the practice of observing; and Madam Catherine's visits had so far gone for nothing.

On this night, however, inspired by gaiety and drunk, the count had been amazingly stricken by the gait and ogling of the lady in the mask. The Reverend O'Flaherty, who was with him, and had observed the figure in the black cloak, recognised, or thought he recognised, her. "It is the woman who dogs your excellency every day," said he. "She is with that tailor lad

who loves to see people hanged—your excellency's son, I mean." And he was just about to warn the count of a conspiracy evidently made against him, and that the son had brought, most likely, the mother to play her arts upon him—he was just about, I say, to shew to the count the folly and danger of renewing an old *liaison* with a woman such as he had described Mrs. Cat to be, when his excellency, starting up, and interrupting his ghostly adviser at the very beginning of his sentence, said, "Egad, l'Abbé, you are right—it is my son, and a mighty smart-looking creature with him. Hey! Mr. What's-your-name?—Tom, you rogue, don't you know your own father!" And so saying, and cacking his beaver on one side, Monsieur de Galgenstein strutted jauntily after Mr. Billings and the two ladies.

It was the first time that the count had formally recognised his son.

"Tom, you rogue," stopped at this, and the count came up. He had a white velvet suit, covered over with stars and orders, a neat modest waist and bag, and peach-coloured silk stockings, with silver clasps. The lady in the mask gave a start as his excellency came forward. "Law, mother, don't squeeze so," said Tom. The poor woman was twitching in every limb; but she had presence of mind to "squeeze" Tom a good deal harder; and the latter took the hint, I suppose, and was silent.

The splendid count came up. Ye gods, how his embroidery glittered in the lamps! What a royal exhalation of musk and bergamot came from his wig, his handkerchief, and his grand lace ruffles and frills! A broad yellow riband passed across his breast, and ended at his hip in a shining diamond cross—a diamond cross, and a diamond sword-hilt! Was any thing ever seen so beautiful? And might not a poor woman tremble when such a noble creature drew near to her, and deigned, from the height of his rank and splendour, to look down upon her? As Jove came down to Semele in state, in his habits of ceremony, with all the grand cordons of his orders blazing about his imperial person—thus dazzling, magnificent, triumphant, the great Galgenstein descended towards Mrs. Catherine. Her cheeks glowed red under her coy velvet mask, her heart thumped against the whalebone prison of her

stays. What a delicious storm of vanity was raging in her bosom! What a rush of long-pent recollections burst forth at the sound of that enchanting voice!

As you wind up a hundred-guinea chronometer with a twopenny watch-key—as by means of a dirty wooden plug you set all the waters of Versailles a raging, and splashing, and storming—in like manner, and by like humble agents, were Mrs. Catherine's tumultuous passions set going. The count, we have said, slipped up to his son, and merely saying, "How do, Tom?" cut the young gentleman altogether, and passing round to the lady's side, said, "Madam, 'tis a charming evening, egad it is!"* She almost fainted: it was the old voice—there he was, after seventeen years, once more at her side!

Now I know what I could have done. I can turn out a quotation from Sophocles (by looking to the index) as well as another. I can throw off a bit of fine writing too, with passion, smiles, and a moral at the end. What, pray, is the last sentence but one but the very finest writing? Suppose, for example, I had made Maximilian, as he stood by the side of Catherine, look up towards the clouds, and exclaim, in the words of the voluptuous Cornutus Nepos:

Ἄνασι Νέφελαι
Ἀοιδῶν φαντασί
Ἀρσενίαν φέσιν ἐνδύχνηται, κ. τ. λ.

Or suppose, again, I had said, in a style still more popular:—The count advanced towards the maiden. They both were mute for a while; and only the beating of her heart interrupted that thrilling and passionate silence. Ah, what years of buried joys and fears, hopes and disappointments, arose from their graves in the far past, and in those brief moments flitted before the united ones! How sad was that delicious retrospect, and, oh, how sweet! The tears that rolled down the cheek of each were bubbles from the choked and moss-grown wells of youth; the sigh that heaved each bosom had some lurking odours in it—memories of the fragrance of boyhood, echoes of the hymns of the young heart!

Thus is it ever—for these blessed recollections the soul always has a place; and while crime perishes, and sorrow is forgotten, the beautiful alone is eternal.

"O golden legends, written in the skies!" mused De Galgenstein, "ye shine as ye did in the olden days! We change, but ye speak ever the same language. Gazing in your abyssal depths, the feeble ratioci—"*

There, now, are six columns,* of the best writing to be found in this or any other book. Galgenstein has quoted Euripides thrice, Plato once, Lycophron nine times, besides extracts from the Latin syntax and the minor Greek poet. Catherine's passionate embreatings are of the most fashionable order; and I call upon the ingenious critic of the X— newspaper to say whether they do not possess the real impress of the giants of the olden time—the real Platonic smack, in a word! Not that I want in the least to shew off; but it is as well, every now and then, to shew the public what one *can* do.

Instead, however, of all this rant and ronsense, how much finer is the speech that the count really did make? "It is a very fine evening,—egad it is!" The "egad" did the whole business; Mrs. Cat was as much in love with him now as ever she had been: and, gathering up all her energies, she said, "It is dreadful hot too, I think;" and with this she made a courtesy.

"Stufing, split me!" added his excellency. "What do you say, madam, to a rest in an arbour, and a drink of something cool?"

"Sir!" said the lady, drawing back.

"Oh, a drink—a drink by all means," exclaimed Mr. Billings, who was troubled with a perpetual thirst. "Come, mo—, Mrs. Jones, I mean: you're fond of a glass of cold punch, you know; and the rum here is prime, I can tell you."

The lady in the mask consented with some difficulty to the proposal of Mr. Billings, and was led by the two gentlemen into an arbour, where she was seated between them; and some wax

* There were six columns, as mentioned by the accurate Mr. Solomons; but we have withdrawn two pages and three quarters, because, although our correspondent has been excessively eloquent, according to custom, we were anxious to come to the facts of the story.

Solomons, by sending to our office, may have the cancelled passages.—O. Y.

candles being lighted, punch was brought.

She drank one or two glasses very eagerly, and so did her two companions, although it was evident to see, from the flushed looks of both of them, that they had little need of any such stimulus. The count, in the midst of his champagne, it must be said, had been amazingly stricken and scandalised by the appearance of such a youth as Billings in a public place, with a lady under his arm. He was, the reader will therefore understand, in the moral stage of liquor; and when he issued out, it was not merely with the intention of examining Mr. Billings's female companion, but of administering to him some sound correction for venturing, at his early period of life, to form any such acquaintance. On joining Billings, his excellency's first step was naturally to examine the lady. After they had been sitting for a while over their punch, he bethought him of his original purpose, and began to address a number of moral remarks to his son.

We have already given some specimens of Monsieur de Galgenstein's sober conversation; and it is hardly necessary to trouble the reader with any further reports of his speeches. They were intolerably stupid and dull; as egotistical as his morning lecture had been, and a hundred times more rambling and prosy. If Cat had been in the possession of her sober senses, she would have seen in five minutes that her ancient lover was a lunatic, and have left him with scorn; but she was under the charm of old recollections, and the sound of that silly voice was to her magical. As for Mr. Billings, he allowed his excellency to continue impudently, only frowning, yawning, cursing, occasionally, but drinking continually.

So the count descanted at length upon the enmity of young Billings's early *liaisons*; and then he told his own, in the year six, with a burgomaster's daughter at Ratibon, when he was in the Elector of Bavaria's service—then, after Blenheim, when he had come over to the Duke of Marlborough, when a physician's wife at Bonn poisoned herself for him, &c. &c.; of a piece with the story of the canoness, which has been recorded before. All the tales were true. A clever, ugly man, every now and then is successful with the ladies; but a handsome fool is irresistible. Mrs. Cat listened and listened.

Good Heavens! she had heard all these tales before, and recollected the place and the time—how she was hemming a handkerchief for Max, who came round and kissed her, vowing that the physician's wife was nothing compared to her—how he was tired, and lying on the sofa, just come home from shooting. How handsome he looked! Cat thought he was only the handsomer now; and looked more grave and thoughtful, the dear fellow!

The garden was filled with a vast deal of company of all kinds, and parties were passing every moment before the arbour where our trio sat. About half an hour after his excellency had quitted his own box and party, the Rev. Mr. O'Flaheity came discreetly round; to examine the proceedings of his diplomatical *chef*. The lady in the mask was listening with all her might; Mr. Billings was drawing figures on the table with punch; and the count talking incessantly. The father confessor listened for a moment; and then, with something resembling an oath, walked away to the entry of the gardens, where his excellency's gilt coach, with three footmen, was waiting to carry him back to London. "Get me a chian, Joseph," said his reverence, who infinitely preferred a seat, gratis, in the coach: "that for!" muttered he, "will not move for this hour." The reverend gentleman knew that, when the count was on the subject of the physician's wife, his discourses were intolerably long; and took upon himself, therefore, to disappear, along with the rest of the count's party, who procured other conveyances, and returned to their homes.

After this quiet shadow had passed before the count's box, many groups of persons passed and repassed; and among them was no other than Mrs. Polly Briggs, to whom we have been introduced in the morning. Mrs. Polly was in company with one or two other ladies, and leaning on the arm of a gentleman, with large shoulders and calves, a fierce cock to his hat, and a shabby genteel air. His name was Mr. Moffat, and his present occupation was that of door-keeper at a gambling-house in Covent Garden; where, though he saw many thousands pass daily under his eyes, his own salary amounted to no more than four-and-sixpence weekly,—a sum quite insufficient to maintain him in the rank which he held.

Mr. Moffat had, however, received some funds—amounting, indeed, to a matter of twelve guineas—within the last month, and was treating Mrs. Briggs very generously to the concert. It may be as well to say, that every one of the twelve guineas had come out of Mrs. Polly's own pocket, who, in return, had received them from Mr. Billings; and as the reader may remember that, on the day of Tommy's first interview with his father, he had previously paid a visit to Mrs. Briggs, having under his arm a pair of breeches, which Mrs. Briggs coveted: he should now be informed that she desired these breeches, not for pincushions, but for Mr. Moffat, who had long been in want of a pair.

Having thus episodically narrated Mr. Moffat's history, let us state that he, his lady, and their friends, passed before the count's arbours, joining in a melodious chorus, to a song which one of the society, an actor of Betterton's, was singing:

" 'Tis my will, when I am dead, that no
 tear shall be shed,
No 'Hic Jacet' be graved on my stone;
But pour o'er my ashes a bottle of red
And say a good fellow is gone,
 My brave boys!
And say a good fellow is gone."

"My brave boys" was given with vast emphasis by the party; Mr. Moffat growling it in a rich bass, and Mrs. Briggs in a soaring treble. As to the notes, when quavering up to the skies, they excited various emotions among the people in the gardens. "Silence them blackguards!" shouted a barber, who was taking a pint of small-beer along with his lady. "Stop that infernal screeching!" said a couple of ladies, who were sipping ratafia in company with two pretty fellows.

"Dang it, it's Polly!" said Mr. Tom Billings, bolting out of the box, and rushing towards the sweet-voiced Mrs. Briggs. When he reached her, which he did quickly, and made his arrival known by tipping Mrs. Briggs slightly on the waist, and suddenly bouncing down before her and her friend, both of the latter drew back somewhat startled.

"Law, Mr. Billings!" says Mrs. Polly, rather coolly, "is it you? Who thought of seeing you here?"

"Who's this here young feller?" says towering Mr. Moffat, with his bass voice.

"It's Mr. Billings, cousin, a friend of mine," said Mrs. Polly, beseechingly.

"O cousin, if it's a friend of yours, he should know better how to conduct himself, that's all. Har you a dancing-master, young feller, that you cut them there capers before gentlemen?" growled Mr. Moffat, who hated Mr. Billings, for the excellent reason that he lived upon him.

"Dancing-master be hanged!" said Mr. Billings, with becoming spirit: "if you call me dancing-master, I'll pull your nose."

"What!" roared Mr. Moffat, "pull my nose! My nose! I'll tell you what, my lad, if you durst move me, I'll cut your throat, curse me!"

"O Moffy—cousin, I mean—'tis a shame to treat the poor boy so. Go away, Tommy, do go away; my cousin's in liquor," whimpered Madam Briggs, who really thought that the great door-keeper would put his threat into execution.

"Tommy!" said Mr. Moffat, frowning horribly; "Tommy to me too? Dog, get out of my sss—" *sight* was the word which Mr. Moffat intended to utter; but he was interrupted, for, to the astonishment of his friends and himself, Mr. Billings did actually make a spring at the monster's nose, and caught it so firmly, that the latter could not finish his sentence.

The operation was performed with amazing celerity; and, having concluded it, Mr. Billings sprung back, and whisked from out its sheath that new silver-hilted sword which his mamma had given him. "Now," said he, with a fierce kind of calmness, "now for the throat-cutting cousin: I'm your man!"

How the brawl might have ended, no one can say, had the two gentlemen actually crossed swords; but Mrs. Polly, with a wonderful presence of mind, restored peace, by exclaiming, "Hush, hush! the beaks, the beaks!" Upon which, with one common instinct, the whole party made a rush for the garden gates, and disappeared into the fields. Mrs. Briggs knew her company: there was something in the very name of a constable which sent them all a flying.

After running a reasonable time, Mr. Billings stopped. But the great Moffat was no where to be seen, and Polly Briggs had likewise vanished. Then

Tom bethought him that he would go back to his mother ; but, arriving at the gate of the gardens, was refused admittance, as he had not a shilling in his pocket. "I've left," says Tommy, giving himself the airs of a gentleman, "some friends in the gardens. I'm with his excellency the Bavarian henry."

"Then you had better go away with him" said the gate people.

"But I tell you I left him there, in the grand circle, with a lady, and, what's more, in the dark walk, I have left a silver-hilted sword."

"O my lord, I'll go and tell him then," cried one of the porters, "if you will wait."

Mr. Billings seated himself on a post near the gate, and there consented to remain until the return of his messenger. The latter went straight to the dark walk, and found the sword, sure enough. But, instead of returning it to its owner, this discourteous knight broke the trenchant blade at the hilt ; and flinging the steel away, pocketed the baser silver metal, and lurked off by the private door consecrated to the waiters and fiddlers.

In the meantime, Mr. Billings waited and waited. And what was the conversation of his worthy parents inside the garden ? I cannot say ; but one of the waiters declared, that he had served the great foreign count with two bowls of rack punch, and some biscuits, in No. 3 : that in the box with him were first a young gentleman, who went away, and a lady, splendidly dressed and masked : that when the lady and his lordship were alone, she edged away to the further end of the table,

and they had much talk : that at last, when his grace had pressed her very much, she took off her mask, and said, "Don't you know me now, Max ?" that he cried out, "My own Catherine, thou art more beautiful than ever !" and wanted to kneel down and vow eternal love to her ; but she begged him not to do so in a place where all the world would see : that then his highness paid, and they left the gardens, the lady pulling on her mask again.

When they issued from the gardens, "Ho ! Joseph La Rose, my coach !" shouted his excellency, in rather a husky voice ; and the men who had been waiting came up with the carriage. A young gentleman, who was dosing on one of the posts at the entry, woke up suddenly at the blaze of the torches and the noise of the footmen. The count gave his arm to the lady in the mask, who slipped in ; and he was whispering La Rose, when the lad who had been sleeping hit his excellency on the shoulder, and said, "I say, count, you can give me a cast home too," and jumped into the coach.

When Catherine saw her son, she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him with a burst of hysterical tears, of which Mr. Billings was at a loss to understand the meaning. The count joined them, looking not a little disconcerted ; and the pair were landed at their own door, where stood Mr. Hayes, in his nightcap, ready to receive them, and astounded at the splendour of the equipage in which his wife returned to him.

THE OXFORD NONJURORS; OR, THE APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION IN
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH DENIED BY THE WRITERS OF
"THE TRACTS FOR THE TIMES."

WE undertake to establish, to the satisfaction of all who will accompany us in our researches, and fairly consider the evidence which we are about to adduce, that the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* are enemies to the apostolical succession in the Anglican Church. We may state, in the outset, that we do not intend to enter upon the disputed points of *Neology* with which these Tracts abound. All such questions we leave to others. But we engage to convict the writers, on their own recognised principles, of being enemies to the apostolical succession in our Anglican Church, and to prove that their views are destructive of that succession. Our arguments will be derived from what, to some persons, may, at first sight, appear a very trivial circumstance: but, trivial as it may appear, it is not the less an indication, as will be seen in due time, of the leanings and principles of the authors of these Tracts. A feather thrown into the air will point out the direction of the wind: and apparent trifles frequently indicate the secret views and inclinations of the human mind. The circumstance to which we refer, and on which we mean to take our stand, for the purpose of establishing our position, is this, namely, *the application of the name and title of bishop to Hickes and Collier, two Nonjuring clergymen of the last century.*

We refer our readers to two particular Tracts, Nos. 74 and 76; the former entitled, "Testimony of Writers in the later English Church to the Doctrine of Apostolical Succession;" the latter, "Testimony of Writers in the later English Church to the Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration." As we have already stated, we are not about to discuss the doctrines maintained in these Tracts. All our remarks will, therefore, refer to matters connected with two names in the list of writers, and to the *titles* which are added to the names in question. These two Tracts are made up of passages selected from various authors, commencing with Jewell and Bilson, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and ending with that of Mant,

in the present: and we wish our readers especially to notice, that these names are given as those of writers of the English Church; for, as will presently be seen, this point is one of considerable importance in this discussion. At the head of each extract is placed the name of the author, with his designation, according to his rank and station in the church. We select a few names, merely as a specimen of the mode adopted by the authors of the Tracts:—

"Hooker, presbyter and doctor.
Andrews, bishop and doctor.
Donne, doctor.
Hammond, presbyter and doctor.
Heylin, presbyter and confessor.
Ken, bishop and confessor."

We now come to the names of Hickes and Collier. At the head of two extracts from their writings, the names stand thus:—

"Hickes, bishop and confessor.
Collier, bishop and confessor."

We must again remark, that the testimonies in the Tracts in question are given as those of writers of the English Church; and the titles are intended to designate the stations which the authors occupied in that church. We ask the writers, then, Of what church were Hickes and Collier bishops? Certainly, not of the Church of England, as at that time, and at present, constituted. What sees did they occupy? And who are their successors? Let these questions be answered by the writers of the Tracts. They are indeed bound to answer them. The simple fact is, that Hickes and Collier were not bishops of the English Church, nor of any church: they were merely pretended bishops among the Nonjurors, who were deprived for refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary. How, then, can the writers of the Tracts, as clergymen of the Church of England, have the hardihood to call them bishops, and bishops, too, of the Anglican Church? Until now, Hickes and Collier were never so designated—not even by their own party, at the period when the pretended consecrations took

place. There is no evidence to prove that they were ever so designated before the appearance of these Tracts.

Before we advance further, we would remark that the same *title* is applied to Hickes and Collier, in the recent article on the *Tracts for the Times* in the *Quarterly Review*. The writer of that article speaks of Bishop Hickes and Bishop Collier! Now, this single circumstance, notwithstanding any avowals to the contrary, affords ample demonstration that the article was written by one of the party: not, indeed, by one of the three principal writers, but by one who is intimately connected with them; for no one except a partisan, or, at all events, one deeply imbued with the same principles, would have used such a designation, seeing that the term has never been adopted till now by any writer, whether friendly or otherwise to the principles of the Nonjurors. We cannot but express our decided conviction, that the whole affair is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of reviewing. In periodicals of little merit and no reputation, an author may frequently be permitted to review his own production; but such a course ought not to be adopted by the conductors of a work so respectable and so influential as the *Quarterly Review*. To us, indeed, it is a matter of surprise that the talented editor did not perceive, that the single circumstance to which we have alluded was abundantly sufficient to prove, even if other evidence were wanting, that the article in question proceeded from one of the party. The editor may publish a *disclaimer*; but nothing which he can allege will remove the impression, that the *Quarterly Review* is now an ally of the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*. It is not possible for any man, not intimately connected with the writers of the Tracts, to designate two Nonjuring clergymen as bishops.

The authors of these Tracts avow themselves to be the advocates of primitive rules and primitive practices. They profess great reverence for apostolical tradition, and the canons and customs of the early Church. Nor have they hesitated to declare their conviction

that, in some respects, the Church of England has departed too far from the discipline and practice of the primitive Church. When men make such professions, they ought to be consistent: they ought to be careful not to assert principles, without duly considering the consequences which must flow from those principles. On their own ground—ground chosen by themselves—we intend to meet them in this paper: and we pledge ourselves to prove, that, by admitting Hickes and Collier to be bishops, they are acting in violation of all the canons, all the customs, and all the practices of the Church, from the apostolic age down to the present moment. And, further, we shall make it appear, that the principle involved in the admission that Hickes and Collier were bishops, is destructive of the apostolical succession in the Anglican Church: in other words, that if Hickes and Collier were bishops, as these writers allege, there are no canonical bishops in England at the present moment, nor the slightest vestige of the apostolical succession. It is not necessary for us to decide whether Hickes and Collier were bishops: they are so regarded by the writers of the Tracts. And we now proceed to point out the consequences which are involved in their admission.

In the first place, we quote the 56th of the Apostolical Canons:—

"Let not a bishop presume to ordain in cities and villages not subject to him. And if he be convicted of doing so, without consent of those to whom such places belong, let him and those whom he has ordained be deposed."*

These canons are of great antiquity. By some they are attributed to the apostolic age; and it is certain that they were framed not later than the end of the second or the beginning of the third century.

In the next place, we turn to the Nicene canons. The Council of Nice, assembled A.D. 325, and its canons, have ever been received in the Church. It is the first of the four councils, which are held in such reverence by the Church of England. The 8th canon

* Επισκοπον μη τολμᾶν ἐξω των αὐτοῦ ὡρων χειροτονίας ποιεῖσθαι, εἰς τὰς μη ὑποκειμένας αὐτῇ πόλεις καὶ χωράς. εἰ δὲ ἐλθῇ τούτου πεποιθὼς παρὰ τὴν των κατεχόντων τὰς πόλεις ἐκείνας τὰς χώρας γνώμην, καθαιρεσθῶ καὶ αὐτός, καὶ οὗς ἐχειροτονήσῃν.—LABB. et COSS., tom. i. 31; or BEVERIDGE'S Pandect, i. 24.

determines that "there must not be two bishops in one city."^{*}

We descend a little lower, and give the following quotation from the 13th Antiochian canon:—

"Let no bishop go from one province to another to ordain, except he be invited by the letters of the metropolitan and the bishops who are with him. But if he goes disorderly to ordain men, all is null that is done by him."[†]

The Antiochian canons were framed in a synod held at Antioch, A.D. 341, and have ever been received by the Church.

The Sardican canons, framed in a synod held at Sardica, A.D. 347, may next be referred to. We give a portion of the 15th canon:—

"If a bishop ordain one a minister that belongs to another parish, let the ordination be void, except he have the consent of his proper bishop."[‡]

A.D. 381, the second general council assembled at Constantinople. The following is from the 2d canon:—

"Let not bishops go out of the diocess, unless invited, for ordination, or any other ecclesiastical office."

The 6th canon declares:—

"By heretics, we mean those who, pretending to confess the sound faith, have separated themselves, and made congregations contrary to our canonical bishops."[§]

In the next place, we quote from the canons of the Council of Chalcedon, one of the four general councils. The 6th canon provides—

"That no one be ordained to any ecclesiastical order at large [that is,

without a title]; and the holy synod has determined that the ordination of those who are ordained at large be null."^{||}

And, lastly, the 22d canon of the synod at Antioch contains the following determination:—

"Let not a bishop go into another city or district, not pertaining to him, to ordain any one, unless with the consent of the proper bishop of the district. If any one dare to do so, let the ordination be invalid, and himself be punished by the synod."[¶]

On these canons we take our stand against the writers of the Tracts. The authority of these canons has never been questioned: yet every one of them is violated by these writers, in the admission that Collier and Lickes were bishops, as we shall presently demonstrate.

In the first place, by the 36th Apostolical canon, by the 13th Antiochian canon, by the 15th Sardican canon, by the 2d canon of the Council of Constantinople, and by the 22d canon of the synod at Antioch, no bishop can perform ecclesiastical offices in the diocess of another. Subsequent to the revolution in 1688, there were two sets of bishops in England; those who adhered to the government of the land, and those who refused to take the oaths to William and Mary, and who were in consequence deprived of their sees. Now, be it remembered that the bishops who adhered to the government had possession of the sees; they performed all episcopal acts; and our present bishops are their successors. It must also be observed, that the validity of our orders at present depends

* "Ut in civitate una non videantur duo episcopi esse."—LABB. et COSS., ii. 15.

† Μηδὲνα ἐπισκοπον τολμῶν ἀφ' ἐκείνης ἐπαρχίας ἐν ἑτέρῃ μεταβαίνειν, καὶ χειροτονῆσαι, ἢ μὴ ταρκαλῆδεις ἀδικεῖν διὰ γραμμάτων τούτων μητροπολίτου καὶ τῶν συν αὐτῷ ἐπισκόπων, ὧν ἐν τὴν χώραν παρερχεται. Εἰ δὲ ἀτελέσθαι ὑπακτῶς ἐπὶ χειροθέσει τινα, ἀκούσῃ μὲν τοῦ αὐτοῦ πρεσβυτέρου τυγχάνειν.—LABB. et COSS., ii. 368. BEVERIDGE'S Pundect, i. 443.

‡ Εἰ τις ἐπισκοπος ἐξ ἐκείνης παροικίας βουλῇ αὐτῆς ἐπὶ ἑτέρας, χωρὶς τῆς συγκατάθεσως τοῦ ἰδίου ἐπισκοποῦ, ἐν τινι βαθμὶν καταστήσῃ, ἀκούσῃ καὶ ἀβιβάσῃ ἢ τοιαυτῇ ἢ καταστάσει νεμίζοιτο.—LABB. et COSS., ii. 640. BEVERIDGE'S Pundect, i. 503.

§ Ἀλλήλους δὲ ἐπισκοποὺς ὑπερδύκειν μὴ ἐπιβαίνειν ἐπὶ χειροτονίας, ἢ τισὶν ἀλλαῖς οἰκονομίαις ἐκκλησιαστικαῖς.—LABB. et COSS., ii. 947.

|| Αἰρετικούς δὲ λεγόμενους, τοὺς τὴν πίστιν μὲν τὴν ὑγιὴν προσποιουμένους ὁμολογεῖν, ἀποσχισθέντας δὲ καὶ ἀντισυναγόντας τοῖς κανονικοῖς ἡμῶν ἐπισκόποις.—LABB. et COSS., ii. 950.

¶ Μηδὲνα δὲ ἀπολιλυμένως χειροτονεῖσθαι. τοῖς δὲ ἀπολύτως χειροτονουμένοις ὡρεῖν ἢ ἀγία συνάδος ἀκούσῃ χεῖν τὴν τοιαυτὴν χειροθέσειαν.—LABB. et COSS., iv. 757. BEVERIDGE'S Pundect, i. 118.

¶ Ἐπισκοπον μὴ ἐπιβαίνειν ἀλλοτρίᾳ πόλει τῇ μὴ ὑποκειμένη αὐτῷ ἐπὶ χειροτονία τινος, ἢ μὴ ἀρὰ μετὰ γνώμης τοῦ οικείου τῆς χώρας ἐπισκοποῦ. ἢ ἐν τολμῇ μὲν τῇ τοιαύτῃ, ἀκούσῃ εἶναι τὴν χειροθέσειαν, καὶ αὐτὸν ἐπιτιμίας ὑπὸ τῆς συνάδος τυγχάνειν.—LABB. et COSS., ii. 572. BEVERIDGE'S Pundect, i. 450.

on the validity of the acts performed by the bishops subsequent to the Revolution. But some of the deprived bishops also pretended to perform episcopal acts; and by these bishops Hicles and others were consecrated. The acts of both sets of bishops could not, according to the preceding canons, be valid, since the one or the other must have been intruders. The question is, Which were the intruders, the bishops in possession, or the bishops who had been deprived? The writers of the Tracts, as far as they are concerned, have decided this question; for, by calling Hicles and Collier bishops, they have admitted the validity of the consecrations, which were performed by the deprived bishops; and, consequently, according to the views of these writers, the government bishops were intruders, and their acts invalid. The conclusion is, on the principles of these men, that there are no true bishops in England, and that the apostolical succession is lost.

As members of the Anglican Church, we are bound to believe that, as the acts of both sets of bishops immediately subsequent to the Revolution could not be valid, the bishops who were in possession were alone authorised to discharge the episcopal functions, and that the consecrations of Hicles and Collier were null and void. If we are correct in this belief—and, as churchmen, we cannot believe the contrary—the writers of the Tracts are not even members of the Anglican Church, but followers of the Nonjurors of the last century! Before, however, we pursue this matter further, it may be desirable to give a brief sketch of the Nonjuring schism subsequent to the Revolution in 1688. We term the separation a *schism*; though the Tract writers, by admitting the validity of the consecrations of Hicles and Collier, have fixed that odious brand on the church to which they profess to belong.

When James II. quitted his throne and the country, the Protestant party was divided into several sections. All agreed that the nation should not be subjected to the rule of a Popish prince, but they were divided in opinion respecting the settlement of the go-

vernment. Some of them advocated a regency in the name of James II., believing that nothing could absolve them from their oaths to that monarch. When, therefore, William and Mary were seated on the throne, Sancroft, and several of his brethren, refused to take the oath to the government, and were, in consequence, denominated Nonjurors.* It became necessary to deprive the bishops of their sees. This was done, and others were consecrated to the vacant posts. For some years the deprived bishops lived quietly, without making any attempt to perpetuate the schism by consecrating others to the episcopal office. The Nonjuring bishops were highly esteemed as good and conscientious men, even by those who condemned their separation. About the year 1692, however, steps were taken to continue the schism, while some of the surviving deprived bishops began now to evince a different spirit from that, by which at first they appeared to have been actuated. The bishops in possession were designated schismatics, and the Established Church was reproached as not being the true Church of England. At this period Hicles and Wagstaffe were consecrated by three of the Nonjuring prelates. Collier was consecrated by Hicles at a subsequent period, and he and some of his brethren consecrated others. In the year 1793, a Nonjuring bishop of the name of Cartwright was living at Shrewsbury, where he practised as a surgeon. At the present moment no Nonjuring congregation exists, so that the schism is extinct, having died a natural death.

Several of the deprived bishops were opposed to continuing the schism; and many of the clergy saw their error, and returned to the communion of the Church on the death of Lloyd in 1709. Among these were Nelson, the author of *The Fasts and Festivals*, and Dodwell, who had been one of the strongest assertors of the claims of Sancroft and his brethren. Dodwell saw and argued, that the deprived bishops could not continue the succession, unless they had gained, by their deprivation, a power which they had not by their consecration. This argument is unanswerable, and fatal to the pretensions of Hicles

* The Nonjuring bishops who were deprived, were Sancroft, archbishop; Lloyd, bishop of Norwich; Turner, bishop of Ely; Frampton, bishop of Gloucester; White, bishop of Peterborough; and Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells.

and Collier. Consecration only does not confer the power of conveying the episcopal character to others; consequently, the deprived bishops could not continue the succession. By a valid consecration the episcopal character is conferred; but the parties consecrated cannot transmit that character, unless duly authorised to do so. In 1705, Dodwell published his *Case in View Considered*; proving that, if the deprived bishops left their sees vacant by death or resignation, the Nonjurors could not continue the separation without incurring the guilt of schism. On the death of Lloyd in 1709, he wrote to Ken, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, to ascertain if he challenged their subjection. Frampton of Gloucester was also living; but he, though he had refused the oaths as a public man, had never separated from the Church of England. Ken, therefore, was at this period the only bishop who could, on their own principles, claim their subjection. Ken replied that he did not challenge their subjection, and advised them to return to the communion of the Church and close the breach. This amiable man also resigned all his claims to his successor, Bishop Kidder. Many of the Nonjurors, therefore, and those the most distinguished of the party, followed Ken's advice. Dodwell now wrote *The Case in View now in Fact*; in which he proved, that to continue the separation since the death of Lloyd was schismatical, and that the deprived fathers had no power to appoint their successors. The rest, however, with Hikes at their head, became more violent in their opposition, alleging that the Church of England was not a true church. In 1713, therefore, Collier was consecrated by Hikes.

Now we ask, how the writers of the Tracts can, as professed members of the Church of England, have the effrontery to admit that Hikes and Collier were bishops, when even the most distinguished of the Nonjurors themselves did not recognise them in that character?

A few selections from the correspondence of Dodwell will place the matter in a still clearer light. It will be evident to the reader, that the writers of these Tracts possess no claim whatever to the confidence of churchmen.

In a letter dated January 11, 1709-10, Dodwell thus writes: "I have received yours, and have already written to my Lord of Bath and Wells, as the only survivor of the invalidly deprived bishops; and, as thereby having the power now to free not only his private diocese, but the whole national Church, from the schism introduced by filling the sees. This I take to be sufficient upon our principles, who cannot justify our separate communion on any other ground than that of the schism, provided there be no other, whom we do not yet know of, who does claim and can prove a better title to some one episcopal altar of our national Church by succession to some of our deceased fathers, than the present incumbents." Alluding to the consecration of Hikes and Wagstaffe as successors to the deprived bishops, Dodwell remarks in the same letter, "It will not be sufficient to prove them validly consecrated bishops, unless they were also put in possession of some particular church, by the same provincial synod by which they were consecrated, which, I am apt to think, was a thing not foreseen, if there were any such clandestine consecrations." From this last clause it appears that Dodwell was not certain that any such consecrations had taken place.

In another letter dated March 2, 1709-10, Dodwell, alluding to Ken's advice, writes, "We are here fully satisfied that there is not now any longer any altar in our national church opposite to another altar of the same church, that can justify the continuance of our separation. Accordingly, our two families here were at church on February the 26th, the first Sunday in Lent."

Nelson quotes, in one of his letters, a part of Ken's reply to himself on the same subject. "Ken," he says, "assures me that he was always against that practice which he foresaw would perpetuate the schism, and declared against it; and he apprehends it was always the judgment of his brethren that the death of the canonical bishops would render the invaders canonical, in regard the schism is not to last always." Ken adds, "I presume Mr. Dodwell, and others with him, go to church, though I myself, being a public person, do not; but to communicate with my successor in

that part of the office which is unexceptionable, I should make no difficulty."

In allusion to the consecration of Hickes and Wagstaffe, Ken thus writes to Dodwell:—"As for any *clandestine* claim, my judgment was always against it."

From these extracts it is clear that Ken, and Dodwell, and Nelson, and the most distinguished of the Nonjurors, believed that the separation could not be continued without incurring the guilt of schism, and that the consecrations of Hickes and Wagstaffe were null and void. This belief was grounded on the canons of the Church; yet the writers of these Tracts have ventured to pronounce a decision, which, if correct, invalidates all the orders and ministrations of the Anglican Church, since the bishops in possession could not have been true bishops, if Hickes and Collier were so. According to their own doctrine, therefore, the Church of England is a mere schismatical assembly; yet these very men step forward, as they say, at the present moment to instruct their countrymen in what they are pleased to term certain *neglected truths*. Is this one of the *neglected truths*—namely, that Hickes and Collier were bishops of the Church of England, and that our present bishops are schismatics? It is manifest from the Tracts, that the writers entertain a strong predilection for several of the unsound opinions of the more violent Nonjurors; such as *prayers for the dead*, and the notion of the *eucharistic sacrifice*. In short, the opinions of the writers of the Tracts are simply those of Hickes and Collier revived. We would remind our readers that the Nonjurors were disaffected to the house of Hanover and the Protestant succession, and are the writers of the Tracts well affected to that succession? Are they friendly to the revolution settlement? We suspect, judging from Dr. Pusey's sermon on the 5th of November, that they are not. Suppose any of the Stuart family were now in existence, and they had contrived to continue a succession of pretended bishops (who would have been bishops, if Hickes and Collier were so), the writers of the Tracts would be bound by their principles to acknowledge the exiled line, and to connect themselves with the schismatical bishops. Adopting,

as the writers of these Tracts do, the peculiar views of the Nonjurors; and admitting the validity of their consecration, it is high time for our bishops to rouse themselves to check the progress of opinions, which are subversive of the Anglican Church, reducing it to a mere schismatical assembly without orders or valid ministrations, and destroying the apostolical succession in our ministry.

We are not putting a forced construction on the views of the writers of the Tracts; we are only carrying them to their legitimate consequences. The canons to which we have referred are still in force. The Church of Rome professes to be guided by them, though she acts in violation of them in sending bishops into England, where true and canonical bishops are in possession of the sees. But the Church of Rome acts consistently with her principles; for she asserts that we are in a state of schism, and consequently cut off from the apostolical succession. If, however, the bishops of England, subsequent to the Revolution, were true bishops, as every churchman is bound to admit, then Hickes and Collier were only pretended bishops; or, on the other hand, if the latter, as these writers admit, were canonical bishops, Tillotson and his brethren were not true bishops. So that, according to Messrs Pusey, Keble, Newman, and Co., the bishops of our Church at the Revolution were not lawful bishops, and their successors in their respective sees at the present moment, having derived their orders from schismatical intruders, are in the same lamentable condition; and, consequently, the apostolical succession in England has failed. These are tremendous consequences, but they are legitimate ones from the principles avowed by these writers. Surely such men, with opinions at variance with the principles of the Church of England on so vital a question as that of the validity of her orders, ought not to be permitted to pursue their course uninterrupted by episcopal or other interference.

It is an acknowledged principle amongst all churchmen, and admitted by the writers in question,—a principle founded on canons already quoted, and which are still in force, that there cannot be two canonical bishops in one

see, nor two apostolical lines of succession in one church.⁴ In one case or the other there must be schism, and the consequent nullity of orders and ministrations. Every faithful son of the Anglican Church is satisfied that the schism was with the Nonjurors; but, as these writers have made an admission which involves the charge of schism against our Church, and which transfers the line of succession, subsequent to the Revolution, from the bishops in possession to Hicckes and Collier, they cannot be regarded as members, but must be viewed as the enemies, of our Established Church.

The writers of the Tracts occupy this very same ground in arguing against the pretensions of the Romanists in this country, and therefore they cannot charge us with imputing to them a principle which they do not recognise. They hesitate not to declare that the ministrations of Romish bishops in English dioceses are schismatical and *invalid*; and if the ministrations of the bishops of the Church of Rome are *invalid*, on the very same ground the acts of the Nonjurors must have been *null and void*. In coming to this decision against the Romanists in England, the writers appeal to the very canons which we have quoted; yet they lose sight of them altogether in the case of the Nonjurors. Nay, one of this party, on the strength of these canons, argued, not many months since, in the *British Magazine*, that the projected episcopal church in Paris could not be erected without a breach of the canons, unless with the consent of the Popish diocesan. It is evident, therefore, that these men are very sensitive on some occasions lest the canons should be violated, while they are systematically violating them themselves by admitting the validity of the consecrations of the Nonjurors. The writer in the *British Magazine* ought to have remembered that there are other canons which allow of interference in sees that are filled with heretics, which, even in the estimation of the writers of the Tracts, must be the case in France, where the Church of Rom. is dominant. She is guilty

of imposing new articles of faith; and, consequently, is exposed to the charge of heresy.

There is another ground on which it may be proved that Hicckes and Collier were not true bishops. Where did the deprived bishops exercise their episcopal office? Not in the dioceses from which they were removed, but in the diocese of London, a diocese in which they could claim no jurisdiction, even according to their own principle, that they were unjustly deprived of their own sees. Even if they had not been deprived, they could not have exercised the episcopal office in the diocese of London without permission from the bishop. It is evident, therefore, that their deprivation could not confer a right to do that in the diocese of London, which they could not have done legally even if they had been in actual possession of their own sees. Yet all their acts were performed in that diocese.

But it may be alleged that Hicckes and Collier were true bishops, inasmuch as their consecrators were not deprived of their episcopal character when they were deprived of their sees. We readily admit that the civil power could not deprive them of their episcopal character; but it could restrain the exercise of the office, by taking away those dioceses in which alone it could be legally exercised. The deprived bishops continued true bishops, but without authority to discharge the episcopal functions. We mean simply this, that had they complied, no new consecration would have been necessary, but merely the assignment of a diocese by the crown. Bishops from any other episcopal church are true bishops in England; but they cannot execute episcopal authority, nor convey the episcopal character to others. This was the position of the deprived bishops. On the principle admitted by the writers of the Tracts, what becomes of the sacraments, of which they speak so much? Alas! the sacraments cannot be validly administered, since there are no true priests in England, if the consecrations of the Nonjurors are allowed; and the orders of the writers

⁴ Τι τούτο; μιας πόλεως πολλοί επισκοποι ήσαν, ενάκτως. Such is the language of St. Chrysostom. This principle was acted on by the Nonjurors, who contended that the possessors were not lawful bishops. Again, according to the ancient fathers, "secundus est nullus,"—a second bishop is no bishop at all.

themselves are merely pretended orders. Yes, on their own admission, they are mere laymen, placed in the very same circumstances as the lowest dissenting minister in the land; while his Grace of Canterbury, and all our bishops, are destitute of the episcopal character. "Schismatical bishops," says St. Cyprian, "are not true bishops;" and Dodwell remarks, that consecrations in schism are null and void. "The mischief of schism," says the latter, "is nullity of orders and sacraments in the persons guilty of separation." Now it is admitted on all hands that there was a schism subsequent to the Revolution; and the question is, were the Nonjurors, or the parties in possession, guilty? These writers, by admitting that Hicckes and Collier were bishops, thereby allowing the validity of the acts of the Nonjurors, have decided that the bishops in possession were the schismatics; and, as it is an acknowledged principle that the orders conferred by schismatics are invalid, it follows from the principles of these men that we are cut off from the apostolical succession altogether. We have stated that a Nonjuring bishop existed a few years since at Shrewsbury. We ask the writers whether he was a true and canonical bishop? If Hicckes and Collier were bishops, so was this individual. Nay, according to the views of the authors of the Tracts, he was the only true bishop at that time in England; and if he does not now survive, there is no longer any canonical bishop in this country. He was the last of the apostolic line in our land.

The Nonjurors, who adhered to Hicckes and Collier, acted consistently with their principles. They boldly asserted that Tillotson and his brethren were not true bishops; and that the Established Church was not a true church. This assertion was grounded on the canons already quoted. The Nonjurors perceived that Hicckes and

Collier on the one part, and Tillotson and his brethren on the other, could not be canonical bishops; they perceived that schism must be incurred by one party or the other. Believing that they constituted the true Church of England, they denounced those who were in possession of the sees.* All this was consistent. But the writers in question have sworn canonical obedience to the present bishop of Oxford; who, if Hicckes and Collier were bishops, as they allege, has no claim whatever to the episcopal character; and their oath of canonical obedience is a mere farce.

There cannot be two co-ordinate jurisdictions in one diocese, which must have been the case if Tillotson and his brethren, and Hicckes and Collier, with the other Nonjurors who were pretended to be consecrated, were all lawful bishops. This difficulty was seen by the Nonjurors themselves; for, though they alleged that the possessors were not lawful bishops, yet they appear to have entertained some scruples on the subject, and therefore they took refuge under a subterfuge, calling Hicckes and Collier suffragans. It is very probable, too, that the writers of the Tracts may resort to the same evasion. The case, however, is not in the least altered by this line of argument. Suffragans could only be appointed by the bishops in possession; and when appointed, they acted under the direction of the diocesans. Bishops suffragan were the *choriepiscopi* of ancient times, who were the *vicarii* of the bishops in times of necessity, acting by commission from those in possession of the sees. "In the primitive Church," says an author who is held in reverence by the writers of the Tracts, being himself a Nonjuror, "there were bishops frequently placed in villages of the larger dioceses, who were from thence called *choriepiscopi*; but they were subject to the bishop of the city, under

* The following extract from "A Form of Admission of Penitents," which was framed by a Nonjuring bishop, will shew what their views were on this subject:—

"As true penitents for the sin of schism, of which you have expressed so lively a sense, you have desired, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, to be united to our communion, which in truth is the truly catholic and faithful remnant of the Britannie churches, which, by the grace of God, for years past, hath borne its testimony against the world,—I say against the world, for truth against error, for right against wrong, for unity against schism, for swearing in truth and righteousness against forswearing, for loyalty against rebellion,—and, in a word, for every thing that is just and lawful against what is manifestly unjust and unlawful, both in church and state."—*Life of Kettlewell*. Appendix, lxi.

whose jurisdiction the village was, and therefore could act nothing but by his license and commission."* It is stated by another very learned author, that "at the beginning of the Reformation some attempt was made in England to restore these *chorepiscopi*, under the name of suffragan bishops, to be consecrated by the archbishop, and two other bishops, and to have the same power as suffragans formerly had within this realm; but none were to have or act any thing properly episcopal without consent obtained from the bishop of the city in whose diocese he was."†

Now, supposing Sancroft and Lloyd could appoint suffragans—for Hicke was nominated by the former, and Wagstaffe by the latter—still they could not constitute them their successors, to act after their decease. What, then, becomes of the consecration of Collier, who was consecrated by Hicke? If Hicke and Wagstaffe had even been true bishops, they could not have consecrated others to the episcopal office, unless Sancroft and Lloyd possessed the power of appointing their successors, which power was never recognised by the Church. But the writers of the Tracts, by admitting the validity of Collier's consecration, must believe that Hicke was not merely a true bishop, but that he had the power to appoint a successor. Nay, they must admit that the line of succession was in Hicke, and not in the bishops of the Anglican Church, since it could not be continued in both parties. If, however, Hicke and Collier had been suffragans, their authority must have ceased with the death of the bishops by whom they were appointed; and on this ground even, Collier, who was consecrated by Hicke, could not have been a bishop.

Nor could Hicke and Collier be bishops at large, or without sees; for the canons already quoted appoint that bishops should be ordained to particular districts. The sixth canon of Chalcedon prohibits absolute ordinations; and the canons of that council are admitted by the Church of England, and also by the writers of the Tracts.

By the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 381, it was decided, that by heretics they understood those who, pro-

fessing the same faith, yet made a separation from canonical bishops. At the revolution, there was no difference in points of faith between the bishops in possession and the Nonjurors. As, therefore, there could not be two sets of canonical bishops, it follows, that if Tillotson and his brethren were truly consecrated, Hicke and Collier were heretics, and consequently not true bishops. Now, it is admitted by these writers that heretics cannot transmit valid orders; "but it may be said, that we have really no valid orders, as having received them from a heretical church. True, Rome may be so considered now; but she was not heretical in the primitive ages."‡ Heresy, according to the ancient Church, may be of two sorts: *first*, when new articles of faith are made and imposed as terms of communion, as is the case with the Church of Rome; and, *secondly*, when persons separate from a true church, and appoint pretended bishops, and intrude into sees belonging to others, which was the crime of the Nonjurors. In ancient times, even if a bishop was unjustly deprived of his see, he did not, on that account, separate from the Church, if the successor was not a heretic, but sound in the faith.

In connexion with this subject, we will now direct the attention of our readers to one of the most extraordinary acts which we have ever witnessed. In the list of subscribers to the selections from the fathers, now in a course of publication in Oxford, are the names of many of our bishops; and besides our own bishops, there are the names of some of the Scottish prelates. Our surprise was unbounded when we read the following:—

"Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ross and Argyll.

"Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh."

Now, we ask the writers what right they have to apply the title of lordship to these gentlemen? Why is it not applied to the American bishops? What constitutes the difference between a bishop of the American and a bishop of the Scottish episcopal Church? There are, in fact, no such persons as the Lord Bishop of Ross and Argyll,

* Brett's *Church Government*, p. 215. Part II. p. 63.

† Bingham's *Antiquities*.

‡ Tracts.—No. XV. p. 10.

See, also, Hammond's Works, Vol. II.

and the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh : and thus these writers are actually deceiving, or, at all events, aiming at deceiving, the public. And if they will make the attempt in such a case as that which we have pointed out, what security have we that attempts of a graver kind will not be made? The men who can practise upon the credulity of the people in such a case are not to be trusted in any of their statements. If they can endeavour to induce the belief that there are such persons as the Lord Bishop of Ross and Argyll, and the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh, in the nineteenth century, when the trick may so easily be detected, can the public depend on their statements respecting antiquity, when there are so few who have the ability, and fewer still who have the inclination to take the trouble, to detect the imposture? We hear complaints of John M'Ilale, for assuming the style and title of a bishop in Ireland; yet he has just the same right to the style and title in Ireland as the bishops of the episcopal Church in Scotland have to that of *lordship*. Our bishops are lords, because there is a temporal barony attached to their sees, from which the title is derived; but the bishops of the episcopal Church in Scotland have no more claim to the designation, than the bishops of the episcopal Church in the United States. No man simply as a bishop has a right to the title. Of this fact the writers in question are well aware; consequently, they could have adopted this scheme only for the purpose of misleading the unthinking and the ignorant. Such mean attempts are surely disgraceful to any cause, and to the supporters of any cause. Nor can any analogous case be found, except in the tricks and impostures of Jesuits and Papists. We are not among those who have been eager to prefer the charge of Popery against the writers of these Tracts; but, really, we are constrained to admit, that the fact to which we have alluded is neither more nor less than a Popish trick for the purpose of deceiving the public.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that, on principles admitted by all churchmen, the bishops who adhered to the government at the revolution, or the Nonjurors, were schismatics; and that, consequently, the ordinations and consecrations of one party or the other were null and void. As church-

men, we are constrained to assert, that the schism was with the Nonjurors, and that, consequently, their orders were invalid, Hickeys and Collier not being true and canonical bishops. The writers of the Oxford Tracts have admitted that they were true bishops; and this admission, as we have shewn already, involves, according to the canons to which we have referred, and to which in other cases these writers refer, the nullity of all orders conferred by the government bishops at the period of the revolution, as well as all orders conferred by our present bishops, who are the successors of the bishops appointed by King William. On the principles of these writers, therefore, the apostolical succession is lost in England. On their own shewing, there cannot be two lines of succession in one church: subsequent to the revolution, however, there were two parties who claimed the succession; and the authors of the Tracts have decided, by admitting the validity of the consecrations of Hickeys and Collier, that the succession was with the Nonjurors. Thus they deny the succession in the Church of England altogether: and yet call themselves churchmen. Let it be remembered that these men are the first in recent times to acknowledge that Hickeys and Collier were bishops. Churchmen have never done so, because they could not without believing that our own bishops are merely nominal, and not true bishops. The inconsistency of the writers of the Tracts is most remarkable. In speaking of the episcopal Church in Scotland, they tell us that clergymen of the Church of England going to Scotland ought not to exercise their ministry without placing themselves under the direction of the bishops in that country; yet they allow of consecrations performed in England at the commencement of the last century by men who acted in open defiance of the bishops of our national Church, and who were to all intents and purposes schismatics. We venture to propose a case to the writers of the Tracts. Suppose some half-dozen of our present bishops, for some offence committed, were deprived of their sees. Would these men have the power of conferring valid orders and canonical consecrations, and of continuing the apostolical succession? This was the exact position of the deprived bishops at the period of the

revolution; and Hickes and Collier were exactly in the same state as any one would be, who, in the event of such a proceeding as that which we have now supposed, should be consecrated by those who might be deprived of their sees by the supreme authority in the country, namely, an act of the imperial parliament.

Now, we ask, what opinion can the public entertain of men who, while acting as clergymen of the Anglican Church, can presume to recognise Hickes and Collier as bishops; and as bishops of the Church of England, too, when the Nonjurors were in actual separation from her communion, and denounced her as having no claim to being a true church of Christ? On the principles of the Nonjurors, and according to the views of the writers of these Tracts, therefore, our Church is schismatical and false, and the apostolical succession is at an end. Such must be the belief of the Oxford writers; for it is involved in the admission that Hickes and Collier were bishops. The line of succession was continued, if their views are correct, in Hickes and Collier, from whom it descended to those whom they consecrated; and when that line failed, as it did fail, at the end of the last century, the succession became extinct in England, and the orders of our Church and the ministrations of our clergy are null and void. If the English bishops in the days of Hickes and Collier were not true bishops, which could not have been the case if the Nonjurors were so, our bishops in the present day cannot be true and canonical bishops. These writers, therefore, have aimed a more fatal blow at the apostolical succession in this country than has ever been directed against it by the attacks of Papists and Dissenters. They may cry up the apostolical succession in their Tracts; but if their recognised views are correct, it no longer exists in Eng-

land. Their own belief must be that it has ceased, or they would never claim Hickes and Collier as bishops. To place themselves, therefore, in the line of succession, these men must go over to the Church of Rome, which alone, according to their principles, is able to establish any fair claim to its possession.

We have one further remark to offer on this subject. It is this. In designating Hickes and Collier bishops of the Church of England, the writers acted by design, or they acted ignorantly. If they acted ignorantly, all their pretences to soundness of views and an acquaintance with the sense of antiquity fall at once to the ground, and no one can in future rely on any statement which they may put forth on matters of doctrine or discipline; for, having fallen into one error of no small magnitude, they may justly be suspected of falling into others. But if they acted from design, then they are the enemies of the Anglican Church, and opposed to all her claims of apostolical succession; and no professions of attachment, however strong, will wipe off the dark stain from their reputation. In this dilemma we now leave them. Let them extricate themselves if they are able. No! they cannot extricate themselves. It will require more Jesuitism and sophistry than even they possess to extricate them. We have unmasked their pretences, and the effects will not soon be forgotten. We have met them on their own principles — principles respecting which they are so fond of declaiming; and we have convicted them either of gross ignorance, or actual dishonesty of purpose, and enmity to the Church of England. The most appropriate designation for such men, and that by which henceforth they ought to be distinguished, is this, namely, — THE OXFORD NONJURORS.

THE LEGEND OF BECKET.

PART II.

AMIDST the uproar that prevailed in the castle on the morning when the escape of the prisoners had been discovered, the gentle soul of Zuleika was in a whirlwind of agitation. Need it be told, that her eyes had never closed in sleep during the whole momentous night? Before midnight, she had stolen from her handmaidens, and ascended to the highest battlements of the castle; and there concealing herself from the observation of the guards, she had watched the opening of the gate, and the stealthy departure of the prisoners. She could even distinctly recognise the features of her beloved in the moonlight; and yet she dared not murmur a farewell. With suspended breath, and throbbing pulse, she had watched the whole party gliding from shade to shade, and from tree to tree; she had seen them gain the plain: and, at last, when they had reached a place of safety, she saw one of the number turn to take a parting look, while the action, still more than the tall figure, of the person, assured her that it was Becket. In a moment he would disappear for ever; and no longer able to repress her emotion, she had waved a last adieu, and thrown her arms to heaven in an agony of supplication. She then descended to her bower to listen—to tremble at the faintest breath—to hear in every sound the recapture of her lover—and the long day and night that followed, while her fierce parent was employed in hot pursuit, did not bring to her terrors one moment of intermission. At last, when her endurance could have lasted no longer, she heard the distant trumpet of her father on his return. She rushed immediately to the gate, and saw the cavalcade approaching, every steed reeling with the long pursuit, while the riders were exhausted with fatigue and useless rage. But Becket was not there—oh, joy! he was now safe! Instead of waiting to welcome the return of her parent, and soothe his indignation, she hurried back to her apartment, and threw herself upon the divan, while the whole pent-up agony of suspense burst forth in welcome tears and sobs, until her eyes

were closed in sleep, and her heart lulled into forgetfulness.

But short-lived, alas! was this feeling of tranquillity with which she contemplated the escape of her lover. Even when she had but half woken, she felt a shadowy consciousness of deprivation that made her shudder at the thought of returning to a clearer perception of her loss: and when, at last, she opened her eyes, they fell upon the rich vase in which she had been accustomed to place the flowers she daily received from Gilbert. And there stood the last that she had received three mornings ago, and their leaves were dried up and withered. But where was he who had been wont to renew them? She wandered to the garden to find relief in change and motion: but there all was desolation to her desolate heart; even the slaves amidst their labours, seemed to be soulless phantoms, who mocked and deepened, rather than relieved, the solitude. The form and voice that to her feelings had hitherto constituted the living soul of this earthly paradise, were no longer here, and therefore all around her was dead. The walks he had smoothed for her tread—the favourite flowers he had planted for her acceptance—the places in which they had held brief but delightful intercourse—and the words he had uttered there, were now the only realities she could find, the only thoughts to which she gave willing access; but these were now like withered herbs and flowers, whose fragrance has exhaled, and left nothing but dust and bitterness. Even when at last she repaired to the presence of her father to greet his return, the apartment, together with the look and words of the wrathful, disappointed old man, brought back the trying scene she had so lately seen there, when Becket had preferred a Christian's death to the possession of the world and herself also; and, overwhelmed by that burst of recollection, she fell at the emir's feet. This action only drew his concentrated rage upon her own head.

"Child of a foolish mother!" he shouted, "dost thou weep for a fugitive Nazarene, because he is here no longer?"

Or dost thou not rather shed tears of indignation because he has escaped the penalty of rejecting thee? Were it not that I deem thy spirit to be as mine, in this vile outrage, so may the Prophet bless me as mine own hand would make me childless! Away, then, my child, with these idle drops, or only weep because our wrongs are unrevenged!"

He then caused the trumpets to sound, and his bands to be mustered; and, after a hasty farewell to his daughter, he departed for the Saracen camp, still trembling with fury, and hungering for revenge.

Amidst the long silence that now succeeded in the castle, Zuleika could muse and sorrow unrestrained; and therefore she silently pined from day to day among remembrances of the past. But from this gloom there slowly emerged, at length, a solitary star, upon which she could fix her eyes, and feel that all was not yet dark. Fondly although Herbert had loved her, yet he had rejected her, because he would not reject his God. Rather than this, he had braved the worst, and shewn his readiness to die. And what was that glorious religion which had prompted so sublime a sacrifice? This he had uttered in accents that sunk into her soul; and although they were forgot amidst the late tumult of her feelings, yet now, in the hour of her deep, silent affliction, they returned with a tenfold impressiveness. The communication, indeed, had been brief; and yet it had sufficed to furnish glorious revelations of immortality, and heaven, and those who inhabit it, and of the love of the Incarnate One by whose tears and agonies such blessings had been procured, so that she saw her lover had even done well and wisely in rejecting all for their sake. Thus the germ of Christian faith, first endeared to her by the words and example of her beloved, was received and cherished in a soil prepared by the purest of earth's emotions; so that heavenly faith and earthly love sprang up and grew together, like two trees that fondly interweave their branches, and impart to each other strength and security. No sage, however skillful, could have well separated what pertained to the one from what belonged to the other feeling, or have decided where the one commenced or the other ended. Whatever she knew and felt of the heavenly principle was all identified

with the look, the voice, the words, the actions of him who had at once taught her to love and adore.

Such for days and months were her feelings, continually growing in intensity, until at last they produced a deed unparalleled in the annals of female devotedness. She felt that Syria was no longer her country, nor the dwelling of her fathers her congenial home. She will leave all behind her, and repair to Panguestan. She will find England in whatever part of the mighty ocean it may be situated, and roam through its cities until she has found her beloved. Alas, poor trembler!—how will she who almost turns pale at the rustle of the breeze, encounter the thunder of the tempest? Her path on earth has hitherto been a garden carpeted with flowers, and she can scarcely set her foot upon the ground for very tenderness; and yet she will traverse a journey whose magnitude transcends her powers of calculation, while every step will be upon the rocks or among the thorns. Even should she reach the land so fondly desired, how will she be able to express her wishes to the people of a strange speech by whom it is inhabited? And even if by a miracle she finds the object of her search, yet will her coming be met with a welcome? In his own land he assuredly has sought some kindred partner, and his door must be closed against every other affection.

All these obstacles occurred to her thoughts, and yet they could not shake the steadfastness of her purpose. What to her was the splendour with which she was now invested, or the lofty station she was so well fitted to adorn, when all was weariness to her spirit? It was but the grandeur of the tomb, from which wandering, and danger, and pain, would be a blessed relief. Let the days of hunger and exhaustedness, the nights of watching and dread, the wild beasts of the desert, or men more perilous than all, assemble in her path, and conspire her overthrow—and let them prevail, as prevail they surely must, against a head so helpless—then, so let it be! That head will bow without murmuring to the doom! It is better so to perish amidst the strife or the tempest, or sink beneath the toils of the journey, than thus to pine, like the living among the dead. There was no heart here to sympathise with her, or soul to comprehend her thoughts; and if she tarries,

it is but to die. And then, too, a strange hope, that tremblingly rose within her even at the most dependent hour, predominated above every other argument. It was, that a power not of earth would be with her to lead her in safety. She could appeal from the depths of her fond, young, innocent soul, to that Being who now obtained its secret homage, that her mission was connected with nobler purposes than those of mere earthly affection. In seeking her lost one, she sought the object of a love that pointed heavenward; and, as he had led her thus far upon the way, she sought to enjoy the same guidance to the end. Sacred and beautiful affection!—and so like that which angels feel, or the beatified who have become as the angels—how seldom and how brief are thy visits to the bowers of earth, even when fond hearts are most devoted!

She had no sooner resolved on the course which she meant to follow, than she proceeded immediately to realise it; and the execution of the plan was as strange as the conception. She departed from her paternal home, as if she had merely addressed herself to some ordinary walk for recreation. She did not change one article of her dress, or lay aside any of her wonted ornaments: she did not even provide herself with food for the day, or a single piece of money for the expenses of her strange pilgrimage. A journey so transcending all common calculation was equally beyond such ordinary preparations: but what could they have availed in a course like this? Covered with her veil, she passed the guards, who bowed their faces to the earth before her; with the same slow and tranquil step, she moved onward from field to field, until the castle was left behind her. She reached the defile that opened between the mountains, where a few steps would shut out from her view her father's home, and find her a lonely, helpless wanderer upon the wilderness of the world; but still she wavered not—she paused not—she did not even turn, for a farewell look. Her face was steadfastly set in the direction which, she had been taught, would lead to the sea-coast, where the Christians had established their dominion; and, supported by that wonderful enthusiasm which was now her predominating principle, she persevered in her journey hour after hour, endur-

ing without a single regret those extremities of weariness, hunger, and thirst, of which she had sometimes heard strange tales, without being fully able to comprehend their import.

During the course of the day, the fierce sunshine of a Syrian sky beat upon the head of Zuleika; and for the last ten hours, her path had been wholly among rugged mountains and the beds of dried up torrents, among which nothing could be found for human subsistence, nor a cottage to cheer the solitude. If inhabitants had dwelt among these recesses, they had fled to cities and fortresses, at the approach of war, and abandoned all to the wild beast or the armed warrior. And now evening was at hand; the sun was just touching the verge of the horizon, and forthwith all would be darkness, while the path of the maiden was every moment becoming more rugged and uncertain. She was compelled to look round for a place of shelter, indifferent whether it might be that of a rock or tree, under which she might stretch her exhausted frame, when, upon looking forward, she found that she had approached the verge of what had, at one time, been a human habitation. It was a small cave in a rock, at the entrance of which was a strong door; and in front of it was a small garden, in which grew a few fruits and herbs, that presented a grateful contrast to the surrounding barrenness. The place itself was so concealed that few could have discovered it: and yet even here the hand of violence had been stretched forth, for the garden-fence was torn down, the door of the cave had been burst from its fastenings, and a stone cross, that had stood beside the entrance, was shattered into fragments, as if the fiercest hatred had assailed it. This little grotto had evidently been the retreat of some Christian anchorite, whose piety and poverty had been equally unavailing against a merciless enemy—nay, perhaps, his blood had even drenched the threshold of his lonely sanctuary. But the heart of Zuleika was too innocent and tender to entertain such painful suspicions; instead of these, a feeling of gratitude wholly occupied her at the thought of finding such a home in the wilderness. She ate of the garden fruits, and drank of the clear, tiny fountain that flowed in the midst; and while thus occupied, she experienced a sensation of luxury which the rich banquets of her father's

hall had never imparted. She then secured the door; and amidst darkness and loneliness she stretched herself upon a bed of dried leaves with which the cave was furnished, and tranquilly composed herself to sleep, in the confidence that He who had guided would also watch and protect. A deep repose succeeded; and then came soothing dreams, in which countenances of more than mortal loveliness seemed to look upon her and smile approvingly, while in tones that far transcended the sweetest music they exhorted her to persevere, for that her pilgrimage would end in joy.

On the morning she awoke with a gladdened heart, amidst the singing of birds that seemed to call her forth to the journey; and after another frugal meal, she went on her way, still carefully holding her course in the direction of the Christian boundaries. Having descended the mountains, and entered the plains, she had now arrived at the chief place of danger, for it was a debatable ground keenly contested by Frank and Saracen: and in such a territory where people only met to combat, a helpless, errant maiden was in peril from either party. And such she was now doomed to find it. At mid-day, when the hot air was quivering, while every breeze was like the breath of a furnace, a distant sound of galloping alarmed her; and on looking, she saw a troop of horsemen sweeping onward, while the white, parched grass was crumbled into clouds of dust in their furious approach. In an instant, a band of marauding Arabs was at hand.

"Whither goest thou, my child?" cried the chief, from the front, and speaking in a tone of derision. "Thy aunt and thy sisters sit under the black veils of our tents, and have covered their heads with dust because they have no ornaments: send them, then, these golden rings and gems of price, that their hearts may bless thee!"

Zuleika, however secluded her life had been, had heard enough of the customs of the desert to know that this salutation was but the "Stand, and deliver," of the Arab robbers: and, fearful of exciting their wild spirits by delay, she strewed the sand in an instant with ankle-rings, and bracelets, the rich ornaments of her girdle, and the jewels of her hair, while the captain, whose eyes flashed fire at such a prize, threw

himself on the ground to secure it. She now hoped they would permit her to depart in peace, and made a motion for this purpose; but the captain sternly commanded her to remain. The rich plunder he had gained only increased his avaricious thirst; and he had already calculated that the possessor of such ornaments would yield a still more costly ransom.

"Whither away so fast, pretty maiden?" he cried; "art thou already weary of thy kindred?"

"Oh! let me depart," she exclaimed imploringly, and clasping her hands in supplication,—“let me hasten to the land of the Christians!”

"By the seven heavens!" shouted the orthodox Mussulman, "thou striketh me to the dust with horror! Thou go to the country of the Nazarenes!—to the dwellings of the unclean swine!—And what wouldst thou there?"

To this question Zuleika returned no answer—what could she have replied to this brutish plunderer? In the meantime the whole band, who had gathered into a narrower ring, almost overwhelmed her with the flash of their dark eyes, as they looked at her beauty, and heard the tones of her voice with astonishment. The captain saw this feeling among his wild followers with uneasiness, and was eager to bring matters to a conclusion.

"Foolish wanderer from the shadow of the Prophet!" he cried, "thou shalt not go to the children of perdition, to bow down with them in the worship of Eblis. Thou shalt rather dwell beneath the shelter of our tents, and among the daughters of the faithful, until thy friends have received thee at our hands!"

She was immediately mounted upon a horse, in spite of her cries and entreaties: the chief took hold of the bridle; and the whole party set off at a rapid gallop in a direction that would soon have carried her, not only into the depths of the wilderness, but beyond the power of resuming her journey.

They had thus continued their flight for nearly two hours, while the country before them was always becoming more wild and desolate, when a most unwelcome apparition suddenly startled them. Above a gentle eminence, at the foot of which they had arrived, there suddenly rose a harvest of spears, and then a troop of mounted warriors,

whose armour and red crosses at once indicated the cause to which they belonged. No sooner did the Christians see the turbans of the enemy, than, with a war-cry that made the wilderness ring, they couched their lances, and came down the slope at headlong speed, while the ground rocked beneath the hoofs of their heavily barbed horses. Not for a moment did the slightly armed Arabs dream of abiding the din of such an encounter; instead of this, they scattered widely over the plain to confound their pursuers, each choosing his own way, and trusting to the fleetness of his steed. As for the captain, who still kept a secure hold of his captive's bridle, he also set spurs to his horse; but this was done so suddenly that the other animal fell to the ground with its fair rider. The marauder was distracted at the thought of losing the rich ransom, and endeavoured, with oaths and blows, to raise the fallen steed; but that moment of delay decided his fate. The lance of the Christian leader pinned him to the ground; and almost at the same instant, Zuleika was raised from her fallen steed by the opportune deliverer.

He was astonished to find one so lovely, and evidently of such rank, in the company of these wild plunderers, and concluded that she was a captive who had fallen into their hands. In the wars of Palestine he had learned somewhat of the Arabic tongue, and, in a gentle tone, he said to her, "Whence comest thou, fair lady?"

Zuleika looked up; and the aspect as well as the voice encouraged her. The knight was a man of years, and the hair upon his temples and upper lip was silvered, although his step and bearing still indicated the strength of an approved warrior, while his tones were those of an affectionate father addressing his child. She briefly told him that she had left her father's home on a pilgrimage to Franguestan; and that she had been taken captive by the band from which he had now delivered her.

The crusader was astonished when he learned her purpose. He had been accustomed to the idea of even ladies making pilgrimages to the ends of the earth, for he was from England—the land of pilgrims; but the idea of a young Syrian maiden travelling alone to Europe, on such an errand, was far beyond the wildest flight of his imagination.

"And why," he asked, "of all places that could be found, have you chosen those most hated of your people?"

"I go," she replied, "that I may find and worship the God of the Christians."

"And what country of Christendom hast thou selected for such a purpose?" exclaimed the more and more astonished and now bewildered warrior.

"It is England," she said; "for there I shall find him who can best instruct me."

"And what," rejoined the warrior, "is the name of this instructor?"

"It is Gilbert," replied the maiden in tremulous accents, and turning her eyes upon the ground.

The knight leaned his chin upon his clenched gauntlet, while he tried to recall the names of the bookmen and priests of England, who were either famed for sanctity or theological erudition; but that of Gilbert did not enter into the catalogue.

"Certain," he said to himself, "this looks either like a miracle or a case of downright insanity! And how dost thou hope, fair lady," he said, "to be nourished and protected in such a journey?"

With a look that suddenly shone with enthusiasm, she answered, "The God to whom I go will nourish and protect me! It was He, kind warrior, who sent thee even now to deliver me."

The look, the tone, and sentiment united, swept away whatever scepticism still lingered in the mind of the crusader. "Yea, thou art protected," he cried with a flash of her own spirit, "and thou shalt assuredly succeed!"

Crossing himself devoutly, and uttering a fervent ejaculation, he turned to his followers, and briefly told them the circumstance, adding, "What say ye, my mates, would it not be blasphemy to think that such a purpose could fail; and shall we not be employed in a holy deed if we further her on the journey?"

The English and crusading enthusiasm of the men-at-arms was equally excited by the tale, and shaking their spears aloft, they exclaimed, "Death to all who oppose her!" Desisting, therefore, from their original purpose of penetrating into the country in quest of chivalrous exploits, they agreed to conduct Zuleika in safety to the coast. Their march was turned towards the Christian territories, which they entered at evening; and the heart of

Zuleika leaped with joy when she found herself surrounded by pilgrims and red-crossed soldiers, and heard the melody of church-bells that summoned them to Christian devotion. At an early hour of the morning the travellers resumed their journey, and soon reached the town of Ptolemais; where the benevolent old knight consigned Zuleika to the charge of a venerable abbess upon a vessel, already loading in the harbour, was ready to sail to England. With paternal care, also, the good warrior supplied, from his small store of Saracen plunder, a sum of money sufficient to defray the expense of her passage; and as he gave it to the captain of the ship, he added many an impressive charge for her welfare, during the voyage.

We need not describe the astonishment and awe with which our gentle pilgrim beheld, for the first time, the vast expanse of ocean, and felt herself borne into a new world of existence, while nothing but sea and sky were around her. Nor need we allude to the perils of such a voyage in those days of unskilful navigation, when the calendar of the saints was the only shipman's card, if the land or the stars were invisible. Nor shall we describe the miserable accommodations of a ship's hold, in which goods and passengers were huddled and shaken together, amidst total darkness and dismay, while the reeling of the ship, and loud oaths and prayers of the perplexed navigators, only deepened the confusion. All this was barely tolerable to the iron-nerved children of the north; but what a contrast to the silken delicacy in which the youth of Zuleika had been lapped up from the slightest breeze! And yet her heart failed not; or if it wavered, it was only for a moment. The wondrous and indomitable purpose that inspired her was still triumphant over every emergency; and when even the boldest trembled and wept amidst dangers that laughed at all human courage, she thought of her destined mate to whom the winds were wafting her, and of that God who holds them in the hollow of his hand, and who would carry her onward in safety. None of these persons who sailed with her understood her language, and they wondered to see a tender maiden so lonely and yet so uncomplaining; and when the ocean was tranquil, they made a thousand vague guesses at the

purposes of one who had so left her native home for such new and trying emergencies. At length, after nearly two months of hazardous sailing had been finished, a shout of joy was raised by all on board; and when Zuleika ascended to the crowded deck, every eye was fixed upon the distant shore, that loomed like a haze on the horizon, while every voice exclaimed in a tone of fondness, "England! England!" The maiden gazed with tears of ecstasy upon the spectacle: this, then, was the country of Gilbert, and the land of her adoption! As the vessel flew onward, like a bird to its native nest, Zuleika beheld the tall ramparts of a warlike city, and beneath it a spacious harbour crowded with ships, and the passengers could soon recognise and hail those friends who awaited their coming. The anchor fell, and all hurried on shore; and when Zuleika had touched the strand, she knelt, and stretched forth her hands to it, like some fond child seeking a mother's embrace, while she exclaimed with tears of affection, "I have found thee, oh beloved island! give me then a home and a grave."

In a few moments the rapt enthusiast stood alone, for all with whom she sailed had dwellings to which they could repair; and when she looked up, she saw before her the crowded streets of Dover. Wagons, sledges, and packhorses, like continual and opposing streams, were passing from the town to the ships, or from the ships to the town, laden with merchandise and provisions; and the thousands of inhabitants, who thronged the streets, all seemed to have an important share in that bustle which never experienced a moment's pause. And there Zuleika stood alone, entranced and bewildered, gazing at the novel spectacle of such crowds, with the feeling of a sleeper at the countless phantasms of a dream, and scarcely yet believing that all was not a vision from which she would awake, amidst the seclusion of her native bower. But all was a fearful reality; and whither now shall she turn? But she had already provided for so strange a difficulty. Two words only of the English language were treasured up in her heart, one of which was "London," and the other "Gilbert." By the first, she hoped to find the city, and by the last, the presence of her beloved.

In the prosecution of her purpose, the fair Syrian took her station beneath the shelter of a large wooden balcony; and as the people passed by, she raised her voice in a tone of interrogation, exclaiming, "London! London!" For a short space she was unnoticed; but at length several stood still, arrested by her strange demeanour, and foreign appearance, while others rudely laughed at the spectacle. She boldly drew her veil more closely round her head, and repeated the piteous cry. At length, a townsman, more courteous than the rest, addressed her, but, in return to his questions, her only reply was, "London! London!" while she looked hither and thither with a sad, inquiring countenance. The heart of the man was touched; and, making signs for her to follow, he led her through the town, until they reached the broad highway, that formed the thoroughfare to the metropolis. Then pointing in the proper direction, and repeating the word "London," he made signs for her to prosecute her journey. The heart of the maiden was glad, for she found that she could make her wishes understood; and hoping for similar success during the whole way, she proceeded with a buoyant step. She was on the road to the city of Gilbert; and after having crossed such lands and seas, what hindrances could now interpose to withhold her from her beloved! She even looked ahead to see if the bright domes of London were not rising in the distance. Alas! she knew not that a mighty journey lay still before her, and that every step was fraught with danger even to the stoutest warrior or the holiest anchorite.

She had thus continued for nearly three hours to travel onward, avoiding as much as possible the notice of casual passengers, until she grew faint with weariness and hunger, so that she was obliged to sit down upon a stone on the highway; and when she looked round, in the vain hope of finding some wild fruits for a scanty meal, she soon felt that the soil of England was unlike the bountiful plains of her native Syria. The blight of Norman oppression had compelled the poor to search for subsistence with the birds and beasts, and even to browse upon the very leaves when the roots of the earth had been consumed. As she thus sat weary and sad, with folded hands and depressed head, a peasant, who happened to pass by, was

touched with her forlorn condition, and addressed her with gentle words; but when he heard the sweet, mournful tones of her voice, as she exclaimed, "London!" and pointed to the way on which she was bound, his pity increased, for he saw that she was a helpless stranger, as well as a wanderer. He pointed to his little grange that stood apart from the highway, and beckoned her to follow; and Zuleika, beholding in this case another instance of the presiding care that watched over her, immediately followed him to his home. The peasant's wife set bread and milk before the famished traveller, of which she thankfully partook; and her kind host was preparing once more to set her upon the way, and had filled a small basket with provisions to give her at parting, when a terrible noise approached. It was the dreaded sound of a Norman hunt, the curse of England's peasantry; and the blowing of horns, and the baying of dogs, were accompanied with the crash of fences, while the harvest of the kind husbandman was trampled down in an instant. Zuleika, in her terror, looked at him for protection; but he wrung his hands in the helplessness of despair. At last, a triumphant *mot* upon the bugle announced the success of the hunters, and the peasant immediately starting up, as if from a trance, dashed the tears from his eyes, and hurrying to his lair, he emptied it of its contents, with which he proceeded to the door. Zuleika could hear the fierce voices of the Normans who seemed to be devouring the meal thus oppressively exacted; and afterwards there was a crash of goblets and platters, that were wantonly broken, when the meal was over. Then followed sounds of menace and rage from the intruders, while the voice of the peasant was interposed in humble deprecation; and at last, a tall personage, of haughty mien, and richly dressed, entered the humble apartment. He bent his proud eyes for a moment upon the shrinking Zuleika; and as if he had deemed her worthy to be his prey, he issued a brief command to the two squires who followed him to secure her. In an instant the fair pilgrim was seized, and carried to the threshold, and placed upon one of the horses; while the baron, spurning the kneeling farmer from his path, vaulted into the saddle, and gave order to his train to set forward. Thus was Zuleika again

a prisoner, and in the hold of a more terrible keeper than a marauding Arab. Who could have anticipated, in this her forlorn condition, the strange events which, in little more than forty years after, were to be realised by her son upon the same path? In that city where she had stood in the morning so helpless and desolate, he was to arrive, and be welcomed with more than kingly acclamations, while princes and nations would tremble at his coming; and upon this highway, on which she was so lately a wanderer, and now a prisoner, he would move in processional triumph, attended by the songs of myriads and the banners of armed thousands, while knights and nobles would fly to their strongholds, and tremble amidst their guards, at every shout that proclaimed his approach. It was here that the future mother, the source of these stupendous events, but now helpless as infancy without its sacred protection, was borne along at the command of a brutal spoiler. The sun was setting as the party entered a forest, and the autumnal leaves shone like gold as they hung motionless in the stilly evening, while the riders proceeded more rapidly, that they might reach their home before the darkness had closed. Nothing in the meantime crossed their path but large droves of swine, the chief wealth of the Saxon peasantry; and upon these the cavalcade tried their spears in passing, from the mere love of bloodshed and destruction.

They had thus continued their route homeward, fearless of interruption, and were already anticipating the gay feast and dance at the castle, when all at once a stern voice that made the forest ring commanded them to halt. In an instant, every horse was thrown upon its haunches, while the Normans rose in their stirrups, looking round indignantly for the speaker. He deliberately stepped from behind an oak, and confronted them. The man was tall and broad-shouldered, and wore the light dress of a Saxon forer; and for arms, he carried, besides the short, broad Saxon sword in his belt, an arrow in his right hand, while his left held a weighty bow ready bent for execution. This ominous figure bent a look of fearful hatred upon the Norman leader, and thus addressed him: "Another victim to thy den?—another sacrifice to thy lust! Ay! thou knowest me now; the father of the fair-haired

girl who preferred death to dishonour—of the brave boy who perished in attempting her rescue. To thy beads, sir baron! to thy beads!" he added with a horrible sneer, "for the catalogue is right heavy, while the shrift must be brief!"

The whole train remained motionless at such incomprehensible audacity, but not so the baron. Grinding his teeth with rage, and dashing his spurs into the horse's flanks so that it bounded aloft like a deer, he exclaimed, as he snatched his sword from the sheath, "Dog of a Saxon! hence to thy brood, and teach them to thank the sender!" And with that he spurred on, so that another moment would have carried him over the body of the outlaw. But at his first motion, the bow-string twanged, and the forked arrow flew with so true an aim, that the proud Norman tumbled to the ground, and clutched the withering leaves in the agony of death. His fall was but the signal of further slaughter, and a shower of arrows, each of which had its individual aim, flew from trees and bushes, amidst the triumphant shouts of the archers who started from their concealments. Few of the train survived that deadly discharge; and among those who survived, there was no thought but that of instant flight. In a few moments they had disappeared, while the outlaws, indifferent about their escape, gathered round the trembling but still unhurt Zuleika.

The unfortunate exile had thus been speeded onward from violence to violence, and she had been taken and retaken without fully comprehending either circumstance. She, therefore, dreaded some new scene of outrage, while she found herself surrounded by the wild warriors of the greenwood. But her fears were unfounded; for when they saw her looks so expressive of all that is gentle and innocent in womanhood, their stern countenances softened into pity, and the grim leader of the band addressed her in tones wonderfully different from those with which he had lately accosted his enemy. But she could only repeat her usual exclamation, and point in the direction of the metropolis. They determined to shelter her for the night in their forest-haunt, and dismiss her on the morning in peace; and, therefore, having turned her horse loose, that its foot-prints might not betray their course, they led

her through many a tangled brake, until they arrived at their encampment. Here, aged sires and mothers, wives and tender children, were waiting to greet the return of the outlaws; and it was interesting to see with what tenderness those hands so lately dyed with blood were now occupied in dandling the little children, or smoothing a bed of leaves for their repose. These men, indeed, were outlaws, but it was by tyrannical edicts to which neither themselves nor their fathers had assented; and they lived by robbery, but it was only from that wealth which had once been their own. The Norman intruders might hunt them down, and hang them ignominiously on gibbets; but as long as the greenwood retained a shelter, and the yew its branches for bow-staves, so long the Saxon outcasts would defy the barbed war-horses and strong panoply of their oppressors, and wage the battle upon equal terms. Such at this time was the condition of merry England. Every forest contained a band of the dispossessed, smarting under tyranny, and inflicting fearful vengeance; while every plain was the site of a Norman castle, inhabited by a despotic lord and a ruthless soldiery.

Zuleika awoke at an early hour of the morning surrounded by the kind attentions of houseless wives and mothers, for in their eyes to be forlorn and helpless was to be a Saxon and a sister; and, after a plentiful breakfast of rich venison and mighty ale, at which the prowess of the men recalled to her memory the English prisoners of her father's castle, and the huge rations they had consumed, the whole band prepared to shift their place of residence. This was necessary, as they knew that the deed of yesterday would be inquired after, and fearfully denounced. But still the safety of their guest was cared for, and the sylvan chief had commissioned the chaplain of the party to conduct Zuleika to the highway in safety. This ecclesiastic had been driven, like many others, from his charge, because he was found guilty of being a Saxon; and, according to the usual practice of the times, he had repaired to the forest in quest of a new flock. He soon found a troop who, like himself, abhorred the foreign invaders; and, therefore, he became their priest, to bless their expeditions, and consecrate their plunder. When

he heard the errand for which he was now selected, he threw aside his bow and hunting-knife, and equipped himself with the frock and hood of a monk; and thus armed against detection, he took the hand of Zuleika, while many an affectionate wish was uttered for her welfare by the whole band.

As the priest and lady proceeded on the journey, the former would gladly have commenced a conversation; but as he knew no language but his own, and a few words of Latin from his breviary, the meaning of which he had contrived to guess, his wish was unavailing, and therefore he beguiled the weariness of the long way by inventing theories about his mysterious and interesting charge. As for Zuleika, she felt no want of conversation amidst the society of her own thoughts. Her path had hitherto been so strange—so beset with dangers, and deliverances equally inexplicable; her course was so like that of a ship without sail or rudder, but which still continues to be drifted shoreward, at one time by the fierce tempest, and at another by the gentle breeze—what human calculation could be applied to it? She saw that it was a darkness which she could not penetrate, and a depth beyond her power to fathom, and therefore she resigned her perplexities, and herself also, to Him who had thus far so wonderfully conducted her in safety. In this mingled feeling of devoted trust and fervent affection that resulted from the contemplation of the past, she looked forward without dread or anxiety to the future, and felt that it would be a deed of base ingratitude to despair, or even to hesitate.

Miles had been passed in this meditative silence on either side, and now Zuleika must continue her journey alone. The scrip of her guide supplied the materials of a comfortable meal; and when this was ended, he prepared to return to his people. But the good man had reflected upon the means of expediting his charge to London, and he remembered that a small nunnery was on the way, which she would be able to reach after a three hours' journey, and where she could be sheltered for the night. But how to communicate this purpose to his companion was his chief perplexity. At length, necessity, that makes even fools inventive, came to aid his English benevolence. He strip-

ped a piece of bark from a tree, and with a soft, black stone, which he found after a careful search, he sketched upon the inner rind the outline of the building. The picture was indeed rude enough, but still a sagacious eye could discover that it meant a building; for it had a gate that seemed to have swallowed the whole materials of the edifice, and a cross above, of such proportions, that it looked like the main part of the performance. After looking with a complacent regard at this his first attempt in the fine arts, he pointed to it, and then touched the lady's veil, by which he intimated that the house was the habitation of women. He now pointed to the sun, and described a certain space which it must travel; then to the highway, as the course which she must keep; then to the picture; after which he touched her veil once more, and reclined his head, making the signs of one who was falling asleep. Zuleika, whose late necessities had taught her to examine and read the language of signs and looks, soon shewed that she comprehended his meaning. But a new difficulty now started up—how shall he convey his wishes to the abbess, and secure a kind reception for his charge? Bountiful Nature that had made him an artist, had forgot to add reading and writing to her more exalted benefits, so that he could limn a picture, but not write a letter. In this difficulty he bethought himself of his ebony cross of curious workmanship, which he had worn while he was the spiritual director of the sisterhood, and which they would be able to recognise; and, therefore, he hung it round the neck of Zuleika, signifying that she must present it at the gate. Having thus secured her a home for the night, he laid his hand upon her head, and pronounced an affectionate blessing, after which he departed to rejoin his flock in the greenwood.

Zuleika was thus once more left to her own guidance; but she now walked lightly onward. Hope shone before her like a guiding star; new life had invigorated her delicate frame, as well as given courage to her heart; and she had now the prospect of a sisterly reception and shelter, when the journey of the day was over. She had also learnt caution, from the troubled state of the land; so that she often turned aside when strangers

were approaching, or passed them with a quick step, and courteous bend of the head, while her face was carefully veiled from observation. She thus went forward without interruption, until the time had elapsed when the promised dwelling was to appear; and at length she heard its bell summoning the inmates to evening-prayer, while the gray walls soon appeared at a short distance from the highway, and peeping, as if timidly from among the trees. To ascertain that this was assuredly the place, Zuleika cautiously approached it; the carvings of the gateway, the cross, and the windows, all indicated that she was right. The rude knocker was plied, the mute sign of the ebony cross was recognised by the maternal abbess, and the bearer was welcomed as the friend of good Father Cuthbert by the whole sisterhood. When the morning had arrived, they would still have pressed her to remain within the shelter of their hospitable walls. But every step brings her nearer the metropolis; and there only she can be happy, if happiness is to be her lot. To every look of entreaty, to every sign of the nuns that she would yet delay her purpose, her only reply was still, "London! London!" which she repeated with a fervent earnestness that could not be gainsaid.

What we have hitherto related is but a specimen of this wild and wondrous pilgrimage. We shall not continue to trace the course of her difficulties, after she had left the convent, until the walls and ramparts of the capital rose to her view in the distance. Sometimes she was turned from the right path by brutish jesters, who laughed at the thought of having sent her astray; and sometimes she was impeded by the sympathy of those who judged her to be insane, and tried to detain her. Often, too, she was faint with hunger, while none were at hand to relieve her; or if they were at hand, they could not interpret her silent looks of intercession. But imagine these difficulties all surmounted; imagine the banks of the broad Thames in view, and the heart of the pilgrim exulting in the spectacle. Never was sunshine so lovely in her eyes as the bright flow of that majestic river, nor rainbow half so beautiful as the dark bridge of wood that spanned it. But did Gilbert yet live?—was he still a resident in London?—and even if he was, might

he not have forgot Zuleika, and selected some other mate? At one time she ran, as if eager to ascertain whatever was to be hoped or dreaded; at another she stood still, apprehensive of the worst, and anxious to delay the stroke that must end her. She crossed the bridge she knew not how; and on arriving at the extremity, she clung to a pillar, while the streets and crowds wavered before her, like images reflected on a troubled sea. Even that feeling soon gave place to the impulse of a desperate resolution—forward she must go, even if nothing but the arms of death were to receive her. Like one who plunges into a whirlpool from which there never can be recovery, she plunged into the crowd; and long after, her voice was heard, like a drowning cry, in the new exclamation of “Gilbert! Gilbert!”

Mighty and magnificent London!—at this time it conquered nearly forty thousand inhabitants, and justly therefore it was accounted the wonder of the western world. The streets, too, were so numerous, that they were closely crowded together; and they were so narrow, that people could interchange commodities with their opposite neighbours, from the windows aloft that fronted each other, while the crowds moved beneath under the shelter of a perpetual shade. Men and horses struggled along through the well-trodden mire; the loads of wagons brushed both sides of the street, as they were torn through every narrow difficulty by the strength of harnessed bullocks; while each passenger winded his way, like a lithe serpent, through every creek and opening which the dense mass for a moment afforded. Wooden booths, in every direction, were erected under the sloping projections of the houses, within which the industrious merchants sat watching, like spiders amidst the ambushments of a web, while ever and anon they would dart forth upon a stranger, and seize him by the arm, to compel him to turn in and purchase; and other merchants, who carried their shops upon their heads, laden with all that could tempt the appetite or the fancy of man, recited a list of their wares, each endeavouring to out-stun every other noise, and obtain the profitable pre-eminence. And still, amidst the momentary pauses of this earthquake of living sounds, there could be heard a

low, soft, female voice, moving hither and thither, with the cry of “Gilbert! Gilbert!”

But there were also portions of the mighty city filled with spectacles of a different description, and thronged with other multitudes. As the wanderer went upward from the neighbourhood of the river, wider streets opened their commanding vistas to the view, in which there were dwellings, not of timber and straw, but of stone and brick, the honoured palaces of princes; and noble earls were to be seen moving in high procession, while hundreds of mail-clad retainers rode before and behind them, with banners displayed, and trumpets announcing their march. And there, too, could be seen, in rival magnificence, the princes of the church, followed by throngs of attendant priests, who chanted psalms in measured and melodious accents, and scattered blessings among the people, who bent the knee at their approach. But amidst the clank of mail and the proud neighing of curveting war-steeds, the blare of trumpets and the deep-voiced hymning of priests, there was still heard the mingling of one melancholy note—the cry of “Gilbert! Gilbert!”

A voice and form like those of Zuleika could not long remain unnoticed. The idle followed her, and even the busy stood still to gaze and wonder; and while some admired her surpassing loveliness, others laughed at her Eastern costume, and thought it uncouth and barbarous, because it was so unlike their own! As she proceeded from street to street, the crowd gathered in her course like a mountain-torrent, and followed after, wondering at the circumstance, and eager to witness the result; while the little boys who mingled in the train, raised their shrill voices to the stretch, and cried, in thoughtless mockery, “Gilbert! Gilbert!” But she was equally indifferent to the scorn or sympathy of all around her, for her whole soul was wound up to an intensity upon one subject that annihilated every other feeling. For hours she had traversed the city in every direction, she had pierced the crowd every where with her looks, she had explored the numerous lanes and by-ways, while she continued without a pause her piteous invocation—like some stray lamb that, having lost its parent, runs hither and thither with plaintive cries,

undismayed by the sight of streets and the din of multitudes, and careless of a moment's repose until the loved object of its search is found.

And where in the meantime was the object of such wondrous devotedness? Formerly, he would have almost worshipped the faintest echoes of that voice which now invoked him in the streets with accents that seemed as if they could have called the dead from the grave. But, strange to tell, it was even his love of Zuleika that made him deaf to her call! The anguish of that hopeless affection had driven him to the innermost recesses of his dwelling, where he could muse and mourn undisturbed; and thus he of all others was the least likely to know of an event at which the whole city was moved. He had escaped, indeed, from bondage, but freedom had lost its charm; and he had reached London in safety, but it seemed to be no longer his home. He fled from the business of the world, and the society of friends, to live among the remembrances of his Syrian maiden; but thought and solitude could present no balm for a love so deep and so hopeless. At length, despairing of peace, his broken heart longed for the repose of the cloister and the consolations of religion; and then, too, he thought that his midnight prayers at the altar for the conversion of Zuleika would be answered, so that he would meet with her in heaven. Amidst this gloom, in which his life had been passing heavily away, no one was admitted to his presence but his faithful attendant, Richard—he who had accompanied his wanderings, and shared his prison, and who having seen, could also talk of Zuleika.

At this moment they were thus occupied while the procession was slowly moving through the street. "Hark!" cried Richard, listening attentively; "dost thou not hear a strange sound of feet and voices?—it resembles the beginning of a tumult." Becket raised his head for a moment, with an air of indifference, and made no reply. Richard happily was not in love, and therefore could be alive to passing events; and leaving the apartment, he repaired to a window in another part of the house, that overlooked the crowd. He saw the flutter of a long, dark veil, and a woman in an eastern garb; and he heard a name repeated. Could he trust his own ears? He hurried to the

door, and in an instant was among the multitude. Becket, who had not perceived his absence, was astonished to see him burst into the room, pale, breathless, and confounded, and speechless with very eagerness to unfold the mighty secret.

"I have seen her! I have seen her!" at length Richard shouted. "She has come! she is calling upon thee!"

"What meanest thou by this foolery?" cried Becket, angrily. "Of what woman speakest thou?"

"Of Zuleika!—of whom but Zuleika?" exclaimed the servant. "She has come from Itheathenesse to find thee! It is she whom the crowd is following. I beheld her face, and heard her voice!"

"But that I know thou art fasting from the flagon," replied Becket, in rising passion, "I would think thou hadst been holding wassail with some drunken gleeman; but as thou only jestest, the flood will-timed. Hence! and disturb me no longer."

"My honoured and beloved master," exclaimed Richard solemnly, lifting up his hands—"I swear by all we hold sacred, whether in earth or heaven, that even now I beheld Zuleika! She wanders through the street seeking thee, and calling thee by name. Come with me, and behold. If I have deceived thee, then kill me, or spurn me from thy presence for ever!"

As sudden as had been the despair of Becket, was now his belief in the strange tale. He started to his feet, to fly to his beloved—but the mighty rush of hope was too strong for him. He reeled, and fell into the arms of his servant; for even the strength of his frame had given energy to the stroke that thus quelled him. He soon recovered, and seemed animated by double vigour; and briefly exclaiming to Richard, "Bid Githa prepare for a guest!" he was instantly in the street. In a few moments after he was seen pressing through the crowd, with a burden in his arms—it was the insensible form of Zuleika! A smile of rapture was fixed upon her motionless lips, and her arms, even in that deathlike state, were wound round his neck like strong fetters, as he carried her swiftly to the house of Githa, his venerable foster-mother. And now they had met—but who may describe the emotions of that meeting? Even that single moment of bliss would have outweighed the whole agonies of their separation.

THE OPIUM TRADE WITH CHINA.*

THE increase of this, as we may justly call it, iniquitous traffic, within the last ten years, bids fair to exclude the British merchants from China. Nor is this strange. It appears that the growing devotedness of the Chinese to this drug, and the profit necessarily accruing from the sale of it, have caused a most extensive cultivation of it in our Indian territories, and an importation of it into China of an enormous amount, even in the face of the most prohibitory laws. Perhaps the most satisfactory way of bringing the whole question before our readers, will be the very line of statement simply, but judiciously, pursued by Mr. Thelwall.

Our author opens his work with a series of testimonies, some of more value than others, on the properties and effects of opium as a medical drug. In these testimonies, the chief deficiency is the absence of some professional names of greater authority and weight than that of Macnish. The references for practical proofs, however, are judicious, and of weight. It is abundantly evident, that the effects produced on the nervous and animal economy by the habitual use of opium in any shape—even in its most popular and most innocuous forms, the sulphate, nitrate, or muriate of morphia—are of the most destructive kind. The habitual use of alcohol is not half so pernicious as that of opium. The action of alcohol seems to be more confined to the organs of digestion; that of opium tells more upon the nervous system. Certainly, the devotees of the narcotic present more complete personations of mortal *ennui* and misery, than the most determined devourers of the liquid stimulant. The latter present a spectacle wretched enough; but the former look like creatures under the influence of a demon, in whose orgies they feel delight, and from which they dare not abstain, unless they are prepared to encounter and live out a hell even in time.

It is certainly a most striking fact, that the use of opium has increased in England since the institution of temperance and teetotal societies. We have conversed on this subject with several drug-gists, and they express themselves

amazed at the increasing demand there is for laudanum among the poor. This was to be expected. Every right-thinking and Christian man must necessarily see, that as long as a *principle* of action is not implanted in the human heart, so long the abandonment of one outward habit is sure to lead to the indulgence of another. If alcohol ceases to receive the accustomed homage, opium is likely to occupy the forsaken niche. Man was made originally to be a temple for the residence of the Deity. Since that event that caused the moral and physical dislocation of the world, led to the departure, of the primeval glory, and the tabling of the once holy fane which was His dwelling-place, "other gods have had dominion over man." The human bosom cannot exist without the Deity, an idol, or a demon. In the better land, it is the residence of Deity; and, in this world, it is so in the heirs of that better land. In hell, it is the abode of demons. On earth, man's mind, as long as it retains its fallen estate, is the abode of some idol-god. In some cases, that god is Mammon; in others, Irish whisky; in others, gin; and in others, opium; and in many, sensuality of every hue and degree. It is therefore evident, that unless we teach men how to recall the first and holy Inhabitant, all excision must be more or less ineffective. If the disease is not cured, it is to no purpose that we destroy one of its external outlets or developements.

But, even in our preface, we digress from the "opium trade."

"The habit grows upon the wretched victim, till he becomes entirely enslaved to it; and so strong is the necessity of having recourse to the stimulus at the regular hour, that it has even been affirmed that fatal consequences might result from sudden and total abstinence.

"A few extracts, from authors of credit and works of authority, will best illustrate and confirm these statements.

"The use of opium, for the purpose of exalting the spirits, has long been known in Turkey, Syria, and China; and of late years it has been, unfortunately, adopted by many, particularly females, in this country. Russell says that, in Syria, when combined with spices and

* The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China. By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, M.A. of Trin. Col. Cambridge. London, 1839. Allen and Co.

aromatics, he has known it taken to the amount of three drachms in twenty-four hours. Its habitual use cannot be too much reprobated. It impairs the digestive organs, consequently the vigour of the whole body; and destroys also gradually the mental energies. The effects of opium on those addicted to its use, says Russell, are at first obstinate constiveness, succeeded by diarrhœa and flatulence, with the loss of appetite and a suttish appearance. The memories of those who take it soon fail; they become prematurely old; and then sink into the grave, objects of scorn and pity. Mustapha Shatoor, an opium-eater in Smyrna, took daily three drachms of crude opium. The visible effects at the time were the sparkling of his eyes, and great exhilaration of spirits. He found the desire of increasing his dose growing upon him. He seemed twenty years older than he really was. His complexion was very sallow; his legs small; his gums eaten away, and his teeth laid bare to the sockets. He could not rise without first swallowing half a drachm of opium.—See *Phil. Trans.*, xix. 288-290.

“In moderate doses, opium increases the fulness, the force, and the frequency of the pulse, augments the heat of the body, quickens respiration, and invigorates both the corporeal and mental functions, exhilarating even to intoxication, but by degrees these effects are succeeded by languor, lassitude, and sleep; and, in many instances, headach, sickness, thirst, tremors, and other symptoms of debility, such as follow the excessive use of ardent spirits, supervene. In very large doses, the primary excitement is scarcely apparent; but the pulse seems to be at once diminished, drowsiness and stupor immediately come on, and are followed by delirium, sighing, deep and stertorous breathing, cold sweats, convulsions, apoplexy, and death. The appearances on dissection are those which indicate the previous existence of violent inflammation of the stomach and bowels; but, notwithstanding the symptoms of apoplexy which an overdose, when it proves fatal, occasions, no particular appearance of an inflammatory state or fulness of the brain is perceived.”—*London Encyclopædia*, p. 461.

“Their gestures were frightful: those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five: the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. * * * The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its ex-

citement, is terrible: the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid. Several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom: they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose.”—MADDERN'S *Travels in Turkey*, &c., vol. i., pp. 24, 25.

“There is another set of people, however, who live in a still cheaper way than the dervises. Strangers to the pleasures of the table, an opium pill supports, intoxicates them, throws them into ecstasies, the delights of which they extol very highly. These men, known under the name of Theriakis, are mentioned by Monsieur de Tott and others, as being looked upon even in a more despicable light than the drunkards, though I know not that the practice betrays more dissoluteness of morals. They begin with taking only half a grain at a dose; but increase it as soon as they perceive the effect to be less powerful than at first. They are careful not to drink water, which would bring on violent colics. He who begins taking opium habitually at twenty, must scarcely expect to live longer than to the age of thirty, or from that age to thirty-six; the latter is the utmost age that, for the most part, they attain. After some years, they get to take doses of a drachm each. Then comes on a frightful pallidness of countenance; and the victim wastes away in a kind of marasmus, that can be compared to nothing but itself. Alopecia, and a total loss of memory, with rickets, are the never-failing consequences of this deplorable habit. But no consideration, —neither the certainty of premature death, nor of the infirmities by which it must be preceded, can correct a theriak: he answers madly to any one who would warn him of his danger, that his happiness is inconceivable when he has taken his opium pill. If he be asked to define this supernatural happiness, he answers that it is impossible to account for it—that pleasure cannot be defined. Always beside themselves, the theriakis are incapable of work; they seem no more to belong to society. Toward the end of their career, they, however, experience violent pains, and are devoured by constant hunger; nor can their paregoric in any way relieve their sufferings; become hideous to behold, deprived of their teeth, their eyes sunk in their heads, in a constant tremor, they cease to live, long before they cease to exist.”—POUQUEVILLE'S *Travels in the Morea*, p. 297.

“Opium retains, at all times, its power of exciting the imagination, pro-

vided sufficient doses are taken. But when it has been continued so long as to bring disease upon the constitution, the pleasurable feelings wear away, and are succeeded by others of a very different kind. Instead of disposing the mind to be happy, it now acts upon it like the spell of a demon, and calls up phantoms of horror and disgust. The fancy is still as powerful as ever, but it is turned in another direction. Formerly it clothed all objects with the light of heaven; now it invests them with the attributes of hell. Goblins, spectres, and every kind of dis-tempered vision, haunt the mind, peopling it with dreary and revolting imagery. The sleep is no longer cheered with its former sights of happiness. Frightful dreams usurp their place, till, at last, the person becomes the victim of an almost perpetual misery. Nor is this confined to the mind alone, for the body suffers in an equal degree. Emaciation, loss of appetite, sickness, vomiting, and a total disorganisation of the digestive functions, as well as of the muscular powers, are sure to ensue, and never fail to terminate in death, if the evil habit which brings them on is continued.—Macnair's *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, p. 51.

"The foregoing extracts refer to the dreadful consequences of the habit of eating opium, which is the mode of taking this poisonous drug adopted in Turkey, and in some other countries in which the use of opium as a stimulant prevails. The mode of using it which is more commonly adopted in China is different, though it would seem that there also it is sometimes used in much the same way as it is in Turkey.

"The method of preparation is as follows: It is imported in chests, which contain a number of packages of crude opium that has attained a certain degree of consistency. This is first dissolved in hot water; and the extract thus obtained is dried and smoked through a pipe. But the effects of opium, when smoked, are much the same as when swallowed in the crude state. This will appear from the following statements. The first is from *The Chinese*, by John Francis Davis, Esq., vol. ii. p. 434:

"A late memorial to the emperor, from one of the censors, laid open the evil in all its deformity, and shewed its prevalence among the officers of government. 'I have learned,' says he, 'that those who smoke opium, and eventually become its victims, have a periodical longing for it, which can only be assuaged by the application of the drug at the regular time. If they cannot obtain it when that daily period arrives, their limbs become debilitated, a discharge of rheum takes place from the eyes and

nose, and they are altogether unequal to any exertion; but, with a few whiffs, their spirits and strength are immediately restored in a surprising manner. Thus opium becomes to opium-smokers their very life; and, when they are seized and brought before magistrates, they will sooner suffer a severe chastisement than inform against those who sell it.'—See also the whole account, pp. 453-458.

"The following extract from Medhurst's *China* (London, 1838), pp. 56, 57, speaks yet more strongly and plainly: "Those who have not seen the effects of opium-smoking in the Eastern world, can hardly form any conception of its injurious results on the health, energies, and lives of those who indulge in it. The debilitating of the constitution, and the shortening of life, are sure to follow, in a few years after the practice has been commenced; as soon, and as certainly, if not much more so, than is seen to be the case with those unhappy persons who are addicted to the use of ardent spirits. The dealers in opium are little aware how much harm they are the instruments of doing, by carrying on this demoralising and destructive traffic; but the difference between the increase of the Chinese people, before and after the introduction of opium, ought to open their eyes, and lead them to ask themselves whether they are not accountable for the diseases and deaths of all those who have suffered by its introduction. And if it be true that the Chinese increased at the rate of three per cent per annum before the commencement of the traffic, and at the rate of one per cent per annum since, it would be well for them to consider whether the deficiency is not to be attributed, in some degree, to opium, and the guilt to be laid at the door of those who are instrumental in introducing it.'

"Again, in pp. 83-85, we find the following remarks:

"Those who grow and sell the drug, while they profit by the speculation, would do well to follow the consumer into the haunts of vice, and mark the wretchedness, poverty, disease, and death, which follow the indulgence; for did they but know the thousandth part of the evils resulting from it, they would not, they could not, continue to engage in the transaction. Previous to the year 1796, opium was admitted into China on the payment of a duty, when a few hundred chests annually were imported. Since that time the drug has been openly interdicted, and yet clandestinely introduced at the rate of twenty thousand chests annually, which cost the Chinese four millions of pounds sterling every year. This quantity, at twenty grans per day for each individual, would be

sufficient to demoralise nearly three millions of persons. When the habit is once formed, it grows till it becomes inveterate; discontinuance is more and more difficult, until at length the sudden deprivation of the accustomed indulgence produces certain death. In proportion as the wretched victim comes under the power of the infatuating drug, so is his ability to resist temptation less strong; and debilitated in body, as well as mind, he is unable to earn his usual pittance, and not unfrequently sinks under the cravings of an appetite which he is unable to gratify. Thus they may be seen hanging their heads by the doors of the opium-shops, which the hard-hearted keepers, having fleeced them of their all, will not permit them to enter; and shut out of their own dwellings, either by angry relatives or ruthless creditors, they lie in the streets unprotected and despised. It would be well if the rich opium-merchant were sometimes present to witness such scenes as these, that he might be aware how his wretched customers terminate their course, and see where his speculations, in thousands of instances, end. When the issue of this pernicious habit is not fatal, its tendencies are to weaken the strength, and to undermine the constitution; while the time and property spent in this voluptuous indulgence constitute so much detracted from the wealth and industry of the country, and tend to plunge into deeper distress those weak and dependent members of society, who are already scarcely able to subsist at all. In fact, every opium-smoker may calculate upon shortening his life ten years from the time when he commences the practice: one-half of his physical energies are soon gone; one-third of his scanty earnings are absorbed; and feeling strength and income both diminishing, while the demands upon his resources are increased, he seeks to obtain by duplicity what he cannot earn by labour, and thus his moral sense becomes blunted and his heart hardened, while he plunges into the vortex of ruin, dragging with him his dependent relatives, and all within the sphere of his influence. Calculating, therefore, the shortened lives, the frequent diseases, and the actual starvation, which are the result of opium-smoking in China, we may venture to assert that this pernicious drug annually destroys myriads of individuals. No man of feeling can contemplate this fearful amount of misery and mortality, as resulting from the opium trade, without an instinctive shudder. But the most appalling fact of all is, that the trade is constantly increasing."

There is one fact worthy of notice, in

our estimate of the comparative effects of opium and alcohol, viz. that the use of opium necessitates, with the impetuous power of a tyrant, a progressive and almost *geometrical* increase of the quantity after each dose; whereas alcohol may be, and has been, used to a given amount every day; and when the dose is augmented, it is at the utmost in *arithmetical* ratio. This is a most important distinction, even if the deleterious effects were precisely equal. But when we consider that the effects produced upon the nervous system by the habitual use of opium are destructive in the highest possible degree—that the man who has recourse to this indulgence is guilty of suicide, as sure, if not as rapid, as the man who is the subject of a coroner's inquest and of a verdict of *felo de se*; we can see, in the use of this most powerful of narcotics, a habit to be most deeply deprecated and deplored. Opium puts forth the spell of an enchantress—conjures up, during its influence, all bright and beautiful imaginings; and notwithstanding the fact, that the severe penalties exacted of the devotee almost counterbalance the pleasures realised, the dose is yet trebly sweet. Superhuman powers alone are able to burst the spell. A slavery is the portion of the opium-eater, with which West Indian or Egyptian thralldom is not for one moment to be compared. The opium-eater, or smoker, is prepared to lay upon the altar of this god intellectual vigour and moral perceptions, physical health and bodily strength, and to offer all in one dread holocaust.

We are aware that the animal excitement, which ensures a reputation for wit in Almack's, is deemed by not a few a sufficient compensation for having recourse to laudanum; and the literary character believes, what is true for a short, a very short time, that its inspiration is more intense, and prolific of brighter visions, than that of Apollo and the Muses; and the orator, fearing failure, and anxious to make a brilliant display, greedily pounces on this drug, and for the evening reaps the hallucination he expected. But all these repent with tears, and amid the chains from which they cannot extricate themselves, the infatuation which impelled them to gain a moment's rhetorical brilliancy at the cost of health, fortune, and happiness.

We are speaking the experience of many, when we say that *opium excitement* is easily discernible. We have heard speakers under its power. Their volubility and rapidity of conception were obvious; but there was a want of point and of object, a dreaminess and delusion of thought, that to us betrayed at once the cause and fount of thought. This is more or less so in private society. A practised eye can at once point out the gaiety and flow of feeling that originate from a recourse to opium.

It is, therefore, to our minds abundantly clear, that opium is altogether interdicted by religion, morality, medicine, and experience, as a luxury. Its effects are a thousand times worse than those of alcohol; and its narcotic powers, if such *luxuries* are indispensable, may be secured by snuff and tobacco — a Scotch “sneeshin mull” and an aromatic Havannah.

Our author next enters into a very useful estimate of the quantity of opium introduced into China by our East Indian fellow-subjects. The extracts are good, and the evidence too clear and conclusive. The following statements will shew that, if the Chinese are centuries behind Europeans in all the arts and elegances of life, in literature, science, and philosophy, and utterly in religion, that it is not likely that their intercourse and connexion with our countrymen will expedite their approximation to our attainments, or prepare the way for their reception of our religion.

“The following account is taken from an article ‘On the Cultivation of the Poppy,’ in the *Chinese Repository* for February 1837, pp. 473–475:

“In India, the extent of territory occupied with the poppy, and the amount of population and capital engaged in its cultivation, and in the preparation of opium, are far greater than in any other part of the world. Benares, and Behar (Patna), are the chief localities; and nearly every chest of the drug exported from India bears one of their names, according to the part of the country in which it was produced. About one-half of the whole product of India is obtained from Malwa. Though the chiefs of Malwa are under British protection, the management of the soil is entirely beyond the Company’s authority; and both the cultivation of the poppy and the production of opium are free.

The traffic in the drug is also free, excepting ‘transit duties,’ which are levied upon it when passing through the British territories, as most of it does on its way to Bombay, from whence it is exported to China. But in Benares, Behar, and throughout all the territories within the Company’s jurisdiction, the cultivation of the poppy, the preparation of the drug, and the traffic in it, until it is brought to Calcutta, and sold by auction for exportation, are under a strict monopoly. Should an individual undertake the cultivation, without having ‘entered into engagements with the government to deliver the produce at the fixed rate,’ his property would be immediately attached, and the ryot * compelled either to destroy his poppies, or give securities for the faithful delivery of the product. Nay, according to a late writer, ‘the growing of opium is compulsory on the part of the ryot.’ Advances are made by government, through its native servants; and if a ryot refuses the advance, ‘the simple plan of throwing the rupees into his house is adopted. Should he attempt to abscond, the peons seize him, tie the advance up in his clothes, and push him into his house. The business being now settled, and there being no remedy, he applies himself, as he may, to the fulfilment of his contract.’

“Vast tracts of land, formerly occupied with other articles, are now covered with poppies, which require a very superior soil, in order to produce opium in perfection. Hence, its cultivation has not extended over waste and barren lands, but into those districts and villages best fitted for agricultural purposes, where other plants, ‘grown from time immemorial,’ have been driven out before it. But though poppies are now spread over a wide extent of territory, the cultivation is still, as it has long been, rapidly on the increase. In 1821, in the single district of Sarun, belonging to the province of Behar, there were, according to the testimony of Mr. Kennedy (many years collector of land-revenue and deputy opium-agent in that district), between 15,000 and 20,000 bigahs of land (about one-third of an acre per bigah) then under cultivation. In 1829, the amount was nearly or quite doubled; and the produce, in the meantime, had increased in a still greater degree. * * * * *

“The mode of cultivation pursued in the ‘Patna district’ may afford a good idea of that which obtains in other places. The ryot, having selected a piece of ground, always preferring (*ceteris paribus*) that which is nearest his house,

* The ryot is the immediate cultivator of the soil.

encloses it with a fence. He then, by repeated ploughings, makes it completely fine, and removes all the weeds and grass. Next, he divides the field into two or more divisions, by small dikes of mould, running lengthways and crossways, according to the slope and nature of the ground. He afterwards divides the field into smaller squares, by other dikes leading from the principal ones. A pit, or sort of well, is dug about ten feet deep at one end of the field, from which, by a leathern bucket, water is raised into one of the principal dikes, and in this way it is carried into every part of the field, as required. This irrigation is necessary, because the cultivation is carried on in the dry weather. The seed is sown in November, and the juice is collected in February and March, during a period usually of about six weeks. Throughout the whole process, the ryot is assisted by his family and servants, both women and children. As soon as the plants spring up, the weeding and watering commence, and are continued till the poppies come to maturity. Perpendicular cuts or scratches are then made in the rind of the bulbous heads, with a mussel-shell, found in all the tanks of the country. From these cuts the juice exudes, and is daily collected and delivered to the local officers. This is a very tedious process, requiring constant attention. When the poppies are exhausted, their colour changes from green to white. The seeds contain no opium, and the labours of the season are now closed. The cultivator receives about three and a half rupees (Sp. Dls. l. 65) for each seer* of the poppy juice, which is required to be of a specified consistency. This must be such, that a gomastah can take it out of the vessel in which it is brought for delivery by the ryot, and turn it over without its dropping off his hand. If it is not sufficiently dry to admit of this, it is either returned to the ryot for further evaporation, or an additional quantity must be delivered, to make up the deficiency.

"The lands under cultivation are measured every year, and their boundaries fixed, in order to prevent collision among those to whom they are assigned. The government annually enters into an engagement with the cultivators, through an intermediate agency, constructed in the following manner: There is, first, a collector, who is a European; secondly, there are gomastahs, a superior class of men, both in education and caste; thirdly, sudder mattús, a respectable class

of landholders; fourthly, village mattús, the principal villagers, a little superior to the ryots; and, fifthly, the ryots, the chief labourers in the cultivation of poppies. The 'engagement' entered into with the government is this: When the poppy is ripe, and immediately before the period of extracting the juice, the gomastah and his establishment make a circuit of the country, and form, 'by guess,' a probable estimate of the produce of each field.† He then makes the ryot enter into an engagement with him to deliver the quantity thus estimated, and as much more as the field will yield, at the price previously fixed. If he fails to deliver the estimated quantity, and the collector has reason to suppose he has embezzled the deficiency, he is empowered by law to prosecute the ryot in the civil court for damages.

"The product in India, for the last year, it said, amounts to about 35,000 chests. The Malwa averages about 134 lbs. per chest; the other, 116 lbs. The weight of a chest, however, varies, and is sometimes 140 lbs. In Turkey, the product may be 2000, or more chests, annually. In regard to China, we have only the testimony of the counsellor, Choo Tsun, respecting his native province, Yunnan. The poppy, he says, is cultivated all over the hills and open campaign, and the quantity of opium annually produced there cannot be less than several thousand chests.

"From the foregoing statements, derived chiefly from official documents, the reader will be able to form some opinion as to the extent of territory, and the amount of population and capital, now devoted to the production of opium. Taking into account the whole of Turkey, China, and India, it will be seen that many thousands of acres, with millions of the inhabitants, are employed in the cultivation of poppies.†

"The purpose for which the poppy is cultivated and opium prepared to this vast extent in our Indian possessions, is plainly and unequivocally declared in the following extract from an article 'On the Preparation of Opium for the Chinese Market: written in March 1835, and then communicated to the Benares and Behár Agencies; by D. Butter, M.D., Surgeon 63d B.N.I., late Opium Examiner of the Benares Agency.' It was published in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, No. 51, March 1836:—

"The great object of the Bengal

* The seer = 1 lb. 13 oz. 13·866 dr. avoirdupois.

† Would not Heu Naetse, on the strength of the above document, prove a most efficient poor-law commissioner, or schoolmaster—*er.gr.* rector in the new Popish-and-Socinian normal menageries? We will give Heu a certificate.

opium agencies is to furnish an article suitable to the peculiar tastes of the population of China, who value any sample of opium in direct proportion to the quantity of hot-drawn watery extract obtainable from it, and to the purity and strength of the flavour of that extract when dried and smoked through a pipe. The aim, therefore, of the agencies should be to prepare their opium so that it may retain as much as possible its native sensible qualities, and its solubility in hot water. Upon these points depends the virtually higher price that Benares opium brings in the China market, and the lower prices of Behar, Malwa, and Turkey opium. Of the last of these, equal (Chinese) values contain larger quantities of the narcotic principles of opium, but are, from their greater spissitude, and the less careful preparation of the Behar and Malwa, incapable of yielding extract in equal quantity and perfection of flavour with the Benares.

"It therefore becomes a question, how the whole process of the production of opium, from the sowing of the seed to the packing of the chests for sale, should be conducted, so as to preserve, with the least injury, its native flavour and its solubility."—*Chinese Repository*, March 1837, p. 495.

"It may easily be supposed that, from this monopoly of the opium trade, the Indian government must derive a very considerable revenue. I have before me that portion of Mr. Montgomery Martin's elaborate and most valuable work, entitled *Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire*, which relates to Hindostan, and there I find (book iv. p. 360) a 'Statement of the Sales of Opium by the East India Company at Calcutta, from 1798-99 to 1836-37,' from which it appears that

In the season ending	Chests.	Sicca Rupees.
1800 they sold	4,054	for 3,142,591
1810 ..	4,561 ..	8,070,955
1820 ..	4,006 ..	8,255,603
1830 ..	3,778 ..	11,255,767
1835 ..	12,377 ..	13,215,464
1837 ..	16,916 ..	25,395,300

"The value of the sicca rupee varies; it is about 46-100ths of a dollar, or 2s. sterling. Sometimes it amounts to 2s. 2d. At the lower rate, the value of the opium sold in 1837 would amount to 2,539,530l. sterling.

"There follows a table, in p. 361, containing a 'Statement of the Opium exported from Calcutta to China, to the Ports in the Indian Archipelago, and to Europe, from 1795 to 1835;' whence it appears that

In 1795-6, 1,070 chests were exported to China.

In 1834-5, 10,207 (nearly ten times as much!)

Besides which, from Bombay to Damaun there were, of Malwa opium, exported to China,—

In 1821 .. 2,278 chests.

In 1835 .. 12,933 ..

whence it appears that, in fifteen years, the quantity increased nearly sixfold!

"At the same time it is acknowledged, that 'this estimate does not shew the exact quantity brought to China, the table being very incomplete.'

"On turning to another work (already quoted) entitled *China: its State and Prospects, with especial reference to the Spread of the Gospel*, by W. H. Medhurst, of the London Missionary Society, we find, p. 85:—

"The following statement exhibits the consumption of opium during the last twenty years:—

	Chests.	Value in dollars.
1816 ..	3,210 ..	3,657,000
1820 ..	4,770 ..	8,400,800
1825 ..	9,621 ..	7,608,205
1830 ..	18,760 ..	12,900,031
1832 ..	23,670 ..	15,338,160
1836 ..	27,114 ..	17,901,218

"And in a note, it is added,

"The quantity introduced up to (during) the year ending in the spring of 1837, was 34,000 chests, and the deliveries during the month of July of the same year amounted to 4000 chests."

"Thus, in twenty-one years, the quantity imported has increased more than tenfold!

It appears that, upwards of half a century ago, the Chinese government saw the injurious results of allowing opium to be imported, and interdicted the practice under penalties which were annually increased in severity. The Hong merchants were obliged to give securities that no opium was imported in their vessels; and the East India Company, seeing the total destruction of their traffic with China if this narcotic continued to be introduced by their servants, forbade the importation of any quantity of it by their merchants on pain of instant dismissal from their service. We beg to introduce in this place the remarkable letter of a Chinese politician, named Heu Naetsc. His motives and reasonings are worthy of Lord Melbourne's cabinet. Morality is as great a stranger to the Chinese statesman's bosom, as it is to most premiers; and ordinary

humanity as rare in his composition, as in that of the originators and executors of the new poor laws.*

"Heu Naetse, Vice-president of the Sacrificial Court, presents the following memorial in regard to opium, to shew that the more severe the edicts against it are made, the more widely do the evils arising therefrom spread; and that it is right urgently to request, that a change be made in the arrangements respecting it; to which end he earnestly requests his sacred majesty to cast a glance thereon, and to issue strict orders for a faithful investigation of the subject.

"I would humbly represent that opium was originally ranked among medicines; its qualities are stimulant; it also checks excessive secretions, and prevents the evil effects of noxious vapours. In the *materna medica* of Le Schechin, of the Ming dynasty, it is called *afuoyung*. When any one is long habituated to inhaling it, it becomes necessary to resort to it at regular intervals; and the habit of using it, being inveterate, is destructive of time, injurious to property, and yet dear to one even as life. Of those who use it to great excess, the breath becomes feeble, the body wasted, the face sallow, the teeth black; the individuals themselves clearly see the evil effects of it, yet cannot refrain from it. It is indeed indispensably necessary to enact severe prohibitions, in order to eradicate so vile a practice.

"On inquiry, I find that there are three kinds of opium: one is called 'company's,' the outer covering of it is black, and hence it is also called 'black earth,' it comes from Bengal; a second kind is called 'white-skin,' and comes from Bombay; the third kind is called 'red-skin,' and comes from Madras. These are places which belong to England.

"In Keenlung's reign, as well as previously, opium was inserted in the tariff of Canton as a medicine, subject to a duty of three taels per hundred catties, with an additional charge of two taels, four mace, and five candareens, under the name of charge per package. After this, it was prohibited. In the first year of Keeking (1796), those found guilty of smoking opium were subject only to the punishment of the pillory and bamboo. Now they have, in the course of time,

become liable to the severest penalties—transportation in various degrees, and death after the ordinary continuance in prison. Yet the smokers of the drug have increased in number, and the practice has spread throughout almost the whole empire. In Keenlung's and the previous reigns, when opium passed through the custom-house and paid a duty, it was given into the hands of the Hong merchants, in exchange for tea and other goods; but, at the present time, the prohibitions of government being most strict against it, none dare openly to exchange goods for it: all secretly purchase it with money. In the reign of Keeking there arrived, it may be, some hundred chests annually. The number has now increased to upwards of 20,000 chests, containing each a hundred catties. The 'black earth,' which is the best, sells for about 800 dollars, foreign money, per chest; the 'white-skin,' which is next in quality, for about 600 dollars; and the last, or 'red-skin,' for about 400 dollars.† The total quantity sold during the year amounts in value to ten and some odd millions of dollars; so that, in reckoning the dollar at seven mace standard weight of silver, the annual waste of money somewhat exceeds ten millions of taels. Formerly, the barbarian merchants brought foreign money to China, which, being paid in exchange for goods, was a source of pecuniary advantage to the people of all the sea-board provinces; but latterly, the barbarian merchants have clandestinely sold opium for money, which has rendered it necessary for them to export foreign silver. Thus foreign money has been going out of the country, while none comes into it.

"During two centuries the government has now maintained peace, and, by fostering the people, has greatly promoted the increase of wealth and opulence among them. With joy we witness the economical rule of our august sovereign, an example to the whole empire. Right it is that yellow gold be common as the dust.

"Always in times past, a tael of pure silver exchanged for nearly about 1000 coined cash, but of late years the same sum has borne the value of 1200 or 1300 cash; thus the price of silver rises, but does not fall. In the salt agency, the

* "The facts which are stated in the above article are supported by references to a great number of works: among which may be mentioned Thornton's *State and Prospects of British India*; the *Singapore Free Press*; Mr. Flemming's *Papers on Revenue*; and, more especially, Kennedy and Stark in *Evidence on East India Affairs*."

† "For, properly, 1 tael = 10 mace; 1 mace = 10 candareens; and 1 candareen = 10 cash; and 7 mace 2 candareens = 1 Spanish dollar = 4s. 6d. sterling. The tael, therefore = 6s. 10d. English."

price of salt is paid in cash, while the duties are paid in silver: now the salt merchants have all become involved, and the existing state of the salt trade in every province is abject in the extreme. How is this occasioned, but by the unnoticed oozing out of pure silver? If the easily exhaustible stores of the central spring go to fill up the wide and fathomless gulf of the outer seas, gradually pouring themselves out from day to day, and from month to month, we shall shortly be reduced to a state of which I cannot bear to speak.

"Is it said the daily increase of opium is owing to the negligence of officers in enforcing the interdicts? The laws and enactments are the means which extortionate underlings and worthless vagrants employ to benefit themselves; and the more complete the laws are, the greater and more numerous are the bribes paid to the extortionate underlings, and the more subtle are the schemes of such worthless vagrants. In the first year of Taoukwang, the governor of Kwantung and Kwang-se, Yuen Yuen, proceeded with all the rigour of the law against Ye Hangshoo, head of the opium establishment then at Macao. The consequence was, that foreigners, having no one with whom to place their opium, proceeded to Lintin to sell it. This place is within the precincts of the provincial government, and has a free communication by water on all sides. Here are constantly anchored seven or eight large ships, in which the opium is kept, and which are therefore called 'receiving ships.' At Canton there are brokers of the drug, who are called 'melters.' These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are carrying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called 'fast crabs' and 'scrambling dragons.' They are well armed with guns and other weapons, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as if they were wings to fly with. All the custom-houses and military posts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter any of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue. The late governor, Loo, on one occasion, having directed the commodore, Tsin Yuchang, to co-operate with Teén Poo, the district magistrate of Heängshan, they captured Leung Heennee, with a boat containing opium to the amount of 14,000 catties. The number of men killed and taken prisoners amounted to several scores. He likewise inflicted the penalty of the laws on the

criminals, Yaoukow and Owkwan (both of them being brokers), and confiscated their property. This shews that faithfulness in the enforcement of the laws is not wanting; and yet the practice cannot be checked. The dread of the laws is not so great on the part of the common people, as is the anxious desire of gain, which incites them to all manner of crafty devices; so that sometimes, indeed, the law is rendered wholly ineffective.

"There are, also, both on the rivers and at sea, banditti, who, with pretence of acting under the orders of government, and of being sent to search after and prevent the smuggling of opium, seek opportunities for plundering. When I was lately placed in the service of your majesty as acting judicial commissioner at Canton, circumstances of this nature were very frequently reported. Out of these arose a still greater number of cases, in which money was extorted for the ransom of plundered property. Thus a countless number of innocent people were involved in suffering. All these wide-spread evils have arisen since the interdicts against opium were published.

"It will be found, on examination, that the smokers of opium are idle, lazy vagrants, having no useful purpose before them, and are unworthy of regard or even of contempt. And though there are smokers to be found who have overstepped the threshold of age, yet they do not attain to the long life of other men: but new births are daily increasing the population of the empire, and there is no cause to apprehend a diminution therein: while, on the other hand, we cannot adopt too great, or too early, precautions against the annual waste which is taking place of the resources, the very substance of China. Now, to close our ports against [all trade] will not answer; and as the laws issued against opium are quite inoperative, the only method left is to resort to the former system, and to permit the barbarian merchants to import opium, paying duty thereon as a medicine, and to require that, after having passed the custom-house, it shall be delivered to the Hong merchants only in exchange for merchandise, and no money be paid for it. The barbarians, finding that the amount of duties to be paid on it is less than what is now spent in bribes, will also gladly comply therein. Foreign money should be placed on the same footing with sycee silver, and the exportation of it should be equally prohibited. Offenders, when caught, should be punished by the entire destruction of the opium they may have, and the confiscation of the money that may be found with them.

"With regard to officers, civil and military, and to the scholars and common soldiers, the first are called on to fulfil the duties of their rank and attend to the public good; the others, to cultivate their talents and become fit for public usefulness. None of these, therefore, must be permitted to contract a practice so bad, or to walk in a path which will lead only to the utter waste of their time and destruction of their property. If, however, the laws enacted against the practice be made too severe, the result will be mutual connivance. It becomes my duty, then, to request that it be enacted, that any officer, scholar, or soldier, found guilty of secretly smoking opium, shall be immediately dismissed from public employ, without being made liable to any other penalty. In this way, lenity will become, in fact, severity towards them. And further, that if any superior or general officer be found guilty of knowingly and wilfully conniving at the practice among his subordinates, such officer shall be subjected to a court of inquiry. Lastly, that no regard shall be paid to the purchase and use of opium on the part of the people generally."

"Does any suggest a doubt, that to remove the existing prohibitions will detract from the dignity of government? I would ask, if he is ignorant that the pleasures of the table and of the nuptial couch may also be indulged in to the injury of health? Nor are the invigorating drugs, *footsee* and *noctow*, devoid of poisonous qualities: yet it has never been heard that any one of these has been interdicted. Besides, the removal of the prohibitions refers only to the vulgar and common people, those who have no official duties to perform. So long as the officers of government, the scholars, and the military are not included, I see no detriment to the dignity of government: and by allowing the importation and exchange of the drug for other commodities, more than ten millions of money will annually be prevented from flowing out of the central land. On which side then is the gain, on which the loss? It is evident at a glance; but, if we still idly look back, and delay to retrace our steps, foolishly paying regard to a matter of mere empty dignity, I humbly apprehend that when eventually it is proved impossible to stop the importation of opium, it will then be found that we have waited too long, that the people are impoverished, and their wealth departed. Should we then begin to turn round, we shall find that reform comes too late."

"Though but a servant of no value, I have, by your majesty's condescending favour, been raised from a subordinate censorship to various official stations, both at court and in the provinces; and filled, on one occasion, the chief judicial office in the region south of the great mountains (Kwangtung). Ten years spent in endeavours to make some return have produced no fruit; and I find myself overwhelmed with shame and remorse. But with regard to the great advantage, or great evils, of any place where I have been, I have never failed to make particular inquiries. Seeing that the prohibitions now in force against opium serve but to increase the prevalence of the evil, and that there is none found to represent the facts directly to your majesty, and feeling assured that I am myself thoroughly acquainted with the real state of things, I dare no longer forbear to let them reach your majesty's ear. Prostrate I beg my august sovereign to give secret directions to the governor and lieutenant-governor of Kwangtung, together with the superintendent of maritime customs, that they faithfully investigate the character of the above statements; and that, if they find them really correct, they speedily prepare a list of regulations adapted to a change in the system, and present the same for your majesty's final decision. Perchance this may be found adequate to stop further oozing out of money, and to replenish the national resources. With inexpressible awe and trembling fear I reverently present this memorial, and await your majesty's commands."*

In the little work before us, we are exceedingly pleased with the careful and deliberate collation of facts from authentic sources, which make up the first and greatest portion of the volume. These are the real desiderata on this question,—a question assuming greater importance, and fraught with greater consequences, than at any former period of our intercourse with the East. ~~See also~~ Mr. Thelwall, with much judgment, has collected, and submitted to the perusal of the public, in a compressed and manageable form. To these we now call the attention of our East Indian merchants, of our statesmen, of the heads of the church, and the directors of missionary institutions. They are well calculated to tell. If they are despised, we may have to lament the prohibition of our commerce with 300,000,000 in the

* "Manifest errors of the press have been corrected in this and other extracts from the *Chinese Repository*."

East, and to carry in our exclusion the consciousness of having deserved it

"With three extracts from Medhurst's *China*, I will conclude this collection of facts, documents, and authorities, on the subject of the opium trade with China. The first I introduce as confirming, from an independent source, the statements I have already made upon the subject. The second, as shewing, in a clear and forcible manner, how our national and Christian character is degraded in the eyes of the people of China,—and (what is most important of all) how the cause of the everlasting Gospel is compromised by our perseverance in this baneful and abominable traffic. The third answers an objection which the enemies of the Gospel, and of all missionary exertions, will ever be ready to bring forward, in order to screen their own selfish wickedness, by throwing the blame of the evil consequences of their own evil deeds upon the disinterested endeavours of Christians to do good; and which, in consequence of an edict that has recently been promulgated by the court of Peking, the might imagine they had a most favourable opportunity to make use of. It is very important, under such circumstances, to have a testimony so distinct and unequivocal from one who, from long residence in the country, is so intimately acquainted with China:—

"The emperors of China have wisely and patriotically determined, from the very moment they spied the onward march of the threatened evil, to denounce and resist it; and instead of admitting it, on the payment of a duty, have, as rulers, resolutely refused to derive any profit from the vices of the people. In the first year of the late emperor, Keikung (1796), the introduction of opium was interdicted by law; those who were found guilty of smoking it were pilloried and bamboosed; and the venders and smugglers made liable to the severer penalties of banishment and death: so late as the year 1833, the amended law upon the subject was as follows:—

"Let the buyers and smokers of opium be punished with one hundred blows, and condemned to wear the wooden collar for two months. Then, let them declare the seller's name, that he may be seized and punished; and, in default of his discovering the vender, let the smoker be again punished with one hundred blows and three years' banishment, as being an accomplice. Let mandarins and their dependants, who buy and smoke opium, be punished one degree more severely than others; and let governors of provinces be required to give security that there are no opium smokers under

their jurisdiction; and let a joint memorial be sent in, representing the conduct of those officers who have connived at the practice.'

"Thus, as far as law goes, the government of China has ostensibly done every thing in its power to check the growing evil; and one would imagine that these regulations were sufficiently severe to ensure the entire exclusion of the article from the empire. Yet, in the year 1836, a Chinese officer, high in rank, presented a memorial to the emperor, in which he tells him,—

"That, recently, the number of chests imported has exceeded twenty thousand, and that the sum paid annually exceeds eleven millions of dollars. Within the last few years, he adds, 'foreign ships have visited all the ports along the coast, from Canton as far as Chinese Tartary, for the purpose of disposing of their opium; and though the local authorities immediately expelled them, yet the quantity clandestinely sold is by no means small. The foreigners have, besides, a dépôt for opium at Lintin, in the entrance of the Canton river, where they have seven or eight large vessels, called receiving ships, anchored all the year round. In Canton, the native brokers pay the price of the opium to the foreign merchants, when they obtain orders for the drug from the receiving ships. They have also convoys plying up and down the river, which are called fast-crabs and scrambling dragons. These are well armed with guns and pikes, and manned with desperate fellows, who go as if they had wings. All the custom-houses and military stations which they pass are literally stopped with bribes; and if they chance to meet any of the armed cruisers, the smugglers do not scruple to come to an engagement, and bloodshed and slaughter ensue. The governor of Canton lately sent a naval officer, with a sufficient force, and captured a boat laden with opium, seized one hundred and forty chests, and killed and took prisoners scores of smugglers; yet the traffic was not at all checked. Multitudes of the people have but little dread of the laws, while they use every device to escape punishment, and are eager after gain: indeed the laws are, sometimes, utterly without effect.'

"Where a Chinese mandarin undertakes to make, and the emperor consents to receive, such a statement as the above, we may conclude that this, and much more, is true. In fact, opium is not only regularly introduced, but openly sold in all parts of China. Notwithstanding the prohibition, opium shops are as plentiful in some towns of China as gin-shops are in England. The sign of these recept-

acres is a bamboo-screen hanging before the door, which is as certain an intimation there as the chequers are here that the slave of intemperance may be gratified. Into these shops all classes of persons continually flock, from the pampered official to the abject menial. No one makes a secret of the business or the practice, and though the officers of government are loud in denouncing the indulgence in public, they privately wink at what is patronised by their own example, or subservient to their own interests. It is a well-known circumstance, that the government officers come regularly on board the receiving ships at Liutin, and demand so many dollars per chest for conniving at smuggling; while it is currently reported, that even the viceroy of Canton receives a very respectable consideration for winking at these illicit transactions. The military and naval officers sometimes get up a sham-light, in order that they may have to report their vigilance and strictness to Peking; and when the smugglers are remiss in paying the accustomed bribes, they now and then seize a boat or two, to keep them regular and submissive."—*Medhurst's China*, pp. 85–88.

"It has been told, and it shall be rung in the ears of the British public again and again, that opium is demoralising China, and becomes the greatest barrier to the introduction of Christianity which can be conceived of. Not only are the wretched victims of the indulgence themselves impervious to remonstrance, and callous to all feeling; not only must we despair of the conversion of an opium-smoker, almost as much as if his doom were already sealed; but the difficulty of convincing others of the truth of Christianity, and of the sincere intentions of Christians, is greater in proportion to the extent of the opium trade to China. Almost the first word uttered by a native, when urged to believe in Christ, is, 'Why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it directly in defiance of our own laws? That vile drug has poisoned my son, has ruined my brother, and well nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely, those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot wish me well, or be in possession of a religion that is better than my own. Go, first, and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic, and give me a prescription to correct this vile habit, and then I will listen to your exhortations on the subject of Christianity.' Alas! they little know that the one is almost as impossible as the other; and that the work of persuading the growers and venders of opium to relinquish the

source of their ill-gotten wealth, is as difficult as the task of curing a confirmed opium-smoker of his evil habits; and that both are to be effected, alone, by that Power which can cause the Ethiopian to change his skin, and the leopard his spots; and make those who have been accustomed to do evil learn to do well. But, surely, when the evil is known, and its effects seen, the rulers of an empire which professes to be governed by the principles of mildness and equity, will never lend themselves to the promotion of a measure which demoralises a population in such a wholesale manner; and, still less, condescend to derive a profit from that which ruins myriads. The East India Company might, if they would, greatly diminish the trade in opium. If they were to discontinue the growth of it in their own territories, and to bind down the native princes in alliance with them to do the same, while they forbid the transport of it through their dominions, India would then be no longer what it now is,—the great source from whence the evil originates. Were the supplies from India cut off, the inconsiderable stock and inferior quality yielded by Turkey would be far from supplying and satisfying the market, and the practice sunk into desuetude, from the fewer facilities afforded for its gratification. The lands now employed in the cultivation of the poppy being necessarily rich and fertile, would, if laid out in the raising of other productions, be equally valuable to the possessors; and, while the revenue was not diminished, the happiness, health, and industry of the people, would be increased; in addition to which, the Divine blessing would, doubtless, be doubly bestowed on those who renounced an apparent benefit to themselves, in order to extend a real good to others. * * * In putting down the slave-trade, it was not considered too much to maintain a naval force on the coast of Africa; and to abolish slavery in the British dominions, the sum of twenty millions was willingly sacrificed; yet slavery was not productive of more misery and death than the opium traffic, nor were Britons more implicated in the former than in the latter. In the case before us, however, no compensation money could be demanded, and only a few light armed vessels would be required; while the real compensation would be the turning of four millions annually into another channel, to the benefit of our manufactures and the mother country. By paying four millions for opium, the Chinese shew that they have money to spend; and if we can but induce them to take our cottons and woollens instead of our opium, we shall

be blessing them, and enriching ourselves. The money paid for opium is equal to what we give for our teas : thus the Chinese are parting with their produce for what is worse than useless, while it impoverishes their country, and diminishes their population."—*Ibid.* pp. 90-91.

"Should the Chinese ever determine on stopping the trade, it will be from a far different motive than a wish to exclude the Gospel. The determined perseverance and the audacious daring with which the opium traffic is pushed forward, to the real injury of his people, as well as the defiance of his authority, exasperates the emperor a great deal more than the distribution of tracts along the coast. Never was a weak and pusillanimous government more violently roused than the Chinese authorities appear to be on the subject of the illicit traffic in opium. The native dealers in the drug are obliged to flee into holes and corners ; the foreign opium-merchants have been required to leave Canton ; the quiet anchorage of the receiving-ships at Kapsing-Moon has been broken up, and the smugglers obliged to retreat to Hong-kong Bay. In addition to all this, the admiral of the port has declared, that, if the opium-smugglers do not discontinue their illicit transactions, he will bring down thousands of war-junks, which shall hem them in on every side, like the men on a chess-board, so that it will be impossible to escape. If the trade be stopped, therefore, it will be in consequence of the progress of evil, and not the efforts to do good, in China."—*Ibid.* pp. 506, 507.

From the varied proofs and facts which we have presented, it is clear that the use of opium as a luxury is in the highest degree deleterious and ruinous ; that not a few of the most delicious acres of India are absorbed in the cultivation of it ; that smuggling, with all its demoralising effects, is essentially bound up with its history ; that the practice menaces our commercial relationship with China, and interposes one of the most formidable barriers to the extension of the Christian faith and the expansion of European civilisation. These are neither light nor remote topics ; they come home to most classes, and, sooner or later, must tell on our national and social interests. The Chinese begin to identify poison-dealers with Englishmen, and clandestine smuggling with English traffic. Right or wrong, they lay the responsibility of the whole of this nefarious traffic on our

name and nation. It never can be urged as an apology for the continuation of this contraband trade, that we are not to be held answerable for what we cannot put down or regulate. We assert that Britain can suppress it. We have put down the slave-trade in our West Indian colonies ; given the death-blow to smuggling on our coasts, and in the highland districts of Scotland ; and wherever England's flag has floated on the winds, in her efforts to vindicate humanity and secure the rights and liberties of men, victory and success have followed in her wake. As long as we do not shew at least a disposition to protect the Chinese from so iniquitous a trade, we cannot complain if the Celestial Empire shuts us out from its millions, and the court of the celestial king brands us as poisonmongers and barbarians.

The following communication from an Indian resident, of great respectability, is only an additional proof that smuggling is in every instance most demoralising ; and that a *surveillance* ill regulated, and composed of men accessible to extortion and bribery, is worse even than utter neglect :—

"The evils which the cultivation of opium entails upon our fellow-subjects in India, arise partly from the ryots in the opium districts of Patna and Benares being compelled to give up fixed portions of their lands for the production of the poppy. It is true, that the honourable company pay fairly for the lands and labour thus wrested from the ryot (farmer), and did the amount paid by the government find its way honestly into the possession of these people, there might not be so much cause of complaint in this matter ; but the contrary is the case. These payments have to pass through the hands of numerous *employés* of the government ; and scarce twenty per cent of it ever reaches the legitimate owner. The evils of the cultivation, however, do not end here. In consequence of being obliged *forcibly* to cultivate this highly-taxed drug, the peasant is constantly exposed to a suspicion of retaining some part of the produce for private sale ; the surveillance of the police is, therefore, especially directed to these unhappy creatures ; and the oppressions which they are subjected to in this way surpass belief. They are exposed to every sort of annoyance which the ingenuity of the authorised plunderers (the police and the custom-house searchers) can devise, in order to extort bribes. The privacy of their mi-

serable abodes, the sanctity of their females, is intruded upon by these harpies of government; and no redress can be given by the government, unless they abolish the production of this accursed drug. Were the cultivation of it transferred to private individuals, the evil would (as far as the cultivation is concerned) be greatly mitigated; inasmuch as the servants of private individuals would not have power to oppress the natives to the extent possessed by those of the government, and there would be a distant hope of redress to an oppressed native in the government courts. In the customs, I never met an honest native. Those who are employed, enter it with the sole intention of doing the best they can for themselves. Therefore, the bribery and perjury, apparent and acknowledged in the system, is most lamentable.

"I have already said, that the right of search is entrusted to characters such as I have described. Therefore all goods passing the main artery of India—the Ganges—are exposed to it. Now, this right is not in any way used to protect the government; it is held out by the custom-house officers as a means of extorting bribes. This tax upon goods is made in every seamen-house established along the line they have to travel. Nor are merchant-boats alone subjected to these extortions. They fall heavily upon mere travellers, especially pilgrims, and those who travel with their families. The latter usually have a separate apartment for their wives, sisters, and other females, which the officers threaten to enter, under the pretext of suspecting that opium is concealed there; and we know that a respectable Hindoo would sacrifice all he has in the world, rather than expose his wives to insult from these miscreant searchers.

"The same system of extortion exists upon goods and persons conveyed by land, whenever they come within the limits of inland custom-houses.

"To sum up the curse consequent on this right of search, which springs from the government trade in opium, I may say they are as follow:—The exactions and corruptions; the grievous delay; the insolent exercise of low, ill-paid authority; the interruption of communication, by shutting up ferries, roads, and routes; the distress and ruin resulting from false seizures and confiscations (got up by the custom-house people to blind the government); the diversion of trade into channels less impeded; the advance-

ment of price of all goods, by reason of these checks and annoyances; and, worst of all, the demoralisation of the habits of all parties connected with or exposed to the influence of these oppressive and unjust measures."

Mr. Thelwall, with the just feelings of a Christian minister, remonstrates against the supineness of the British government in connexion with this question. He shews the fatal prospects opening up to our eastern commerce; the discredit accumulating on our national character, but especially the obstacles thrown in the way of the evangelisation of vast continents. On this last topic our author speaks with power; but unless he can impart a sense of ordinary decency to Lord Melbourne, straightforwardness to Lord John Russell, and common-sense to that menagerie which English courtesy deigns to dignify with the name of a cabinet, he need not form very sanguine hopes of success. The man who could insult the queen, degrade the church, and disgrace his office by introducing at court, and going out of his way to introduce, the advocate and prime concocter of that beastly and revolutionary abomination called the *Social System*, is impervious to the high and sacred reasonings of this book. He has no one sympathy in common with Mr. Thelwall. The statesman who could introduce to our virgin queen the impugner of the holy relationship of marriage, would feel no scruples whatever in introducing opium* to China. It is the misfortune of our country and the age to be crushed by a ministerial monopoly, which has neither the sagacity of statesmen, nor the dignity of Britons, nor the principle of Christians. Their strength and sting are in their tail; their shelter in danger is in bedchamber-ladies' petticoats; their object, exclusive and consuming, place and pay; and the fruits of their too-long incubation, intestine and civil war at home, contempt and defiance from abroad, a weakened monarchy, an injured church; and all good and great organs in the empire giving simultaneous utterance to a well-known address in parallel circumstances and persons, "*Quousque tandem abutere nostrâ patientiâ?*"

* We suspect that the late colonial secretary, Lord Glenelg, from his well-known somnolency, had been studying or smoking the opium trade with China, instead of minding the colonies.

Mr. Thelwall suggests what we concur in, that government be requested to lay before both houses of parliament annual returns for the last ten years, as follow :—

" 1. The quantity of opium cleared at the custom-houses of Calcutta, Bombay, and all other places in the East India Company's dominions, for China, or for Singapore, or any other port, for the purpose of being eventually conveyed to China.

" 2. The number of vessels under the British flag which have been moored at Lintin, or immediately in the vicinity of the ports of China, as depôts for opium.

" 3. The number, tonnage, and particular character of the vessels which have been, and are employed, in carrying opium from our different presidencies in India to China.

" 4. The treaty of commerce between the East India Company and the Chinese government, or the Chinese authorities at Canton.

" 5. The orders of the East India Company to their commanders and officers, prohibiting them from conveying opium in their ships, when the East India Company had the monopoly of the trade between England and China.

" 6. Copies of the decrees and manifestoes issued by the government of China, whether supreme or provincial, for the prohibition of opium, and the suppression of the trade.

" 7. The quantity of land employed in the cultivation of the poppy within the territories of the East India Company, and the number of persons engaged in that cultivation, and in the preparation of opium.

" 8. Copies of any other Chinese decrees or documents complaining of, or denouncing, any other circumstances of the conduct and transactions of British merchants and residents at Canton,—that all their grounds of complaint and reproach against us may be fully known and investigated."

We put the mere expediency of the question out of view, and ask for an investigation on the ground of principle. It is abundantly evident that we retain our eastern empire and influence not by numbers, arms, or earthly battlements—OUR STRENGTH LIES IN OUR MORAL CHARACTER. Let the reverence and respect which it alone has twined round our history evaporate, and, like Samson shorn of his hair, we shall find Britain like other lands. And no spectacle is so painful to oneself, and so humiliating in the sight of others, as the residuum of former great-

ness—the dregs of departed glory. In such a state, the autocrat of the Russias will rejoice; the protégés of our isle in other parts of the earth will suffer; and the names of statesmen who were deaf to this as to one among many moral appeals, will be preserved in our memories, only to be loaded with our reproaches, and recorded in history with the same feelings and on the same tablets as the biography of the Moslem who burned the library of Alexandria, or of the madman who set fire to the temple of Diana. Their heirloom behind them may be *notoriety*,—celebrity it cannot be. When we behold the governors of a nation most jealous of its moral character clinging to principle, even in a dissolving cabinet—risking all to secure right, and justice, and truth—we see the confluence of the sympathies of the good increasing in volume, and surrounding them as with a rampart; and as Christians we know, that the shield of the great Guardian of Righteousness upon the earth will be lifted over them, and in their fall we see but the preparations of the materials of their speedy and more impressive resurrection to power. There is not only immortality in moral principle, but a deathlessness also in them that grasp it,—

" *Iustum et tenacem propositi virum.
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.*"

The results, most certainly, of this long-continued traffic have been exceedingly detrimental, not only to British character, but to British interest. It appears, from the most recent documents, that the Chinese government, in a fit of exacerbation and revenge, has laid an arrest on the whole British trade with the port of Canton, and, in their sweeping interdicts, prevented spotless cargoes, in unimpeachable vessels, from going outward,—a measure not only unjust, but positively ruinous to those who are unoffending victims. It is visiting the sins of the guilty on the guiltless, and making honesty pay for the profits of past contraband traffic.

This, however, is not the whole mischief. Foreigners of distinction, totally unconnected with the traffic, have been detained as hostages, if we may use the expression, in order to compel those who are supposed holders of opium to

give up all they have of the detested drug to the Chinese authorities. This is not fair, again, to those who have no earthly connexion with the trade; and it must also prove a ruinous loss to the holders of opium, who have embarked capital in that trade almost under the sanction, at least with the *connivance*, of the Chinese authorities. But loss of liberty and property is not the whole amount of the visitation of the emperor's most celestial animosity. It appears, from the memorial of the British merchants at Canton, that those Europeans now in detention are to be held responsible, *even with their lives*, for the unconditional surrender of all the opium possessed by other persons, over whom they can necessarily exercise no control. These are proofs of the passionate vengeance of an uncultivated and savage race. We cannot acquit the British merchants of countenancing smuggling in their trade with China, whether from ignorance, or from the obvious *connivance* of the Chinese authorities, or from a well-ascertained experience of the utter insincerity and hypocrisy of the mandarins and authorities of China; but no one in his senses can vindicate the Chinese in their part of the collision. They have menaced murder, and have been guilty of unwarrantable confiscation of goods. The large fleet of shipping lying at Whampoa, not in any respect chargeable with blame or participation in the opium trade, has been placed among the *détenus* by the Chinese authorities; and the iniquities of a section—iniquities encouraged indirectly and *sub rosa* by China—have been punished in the persons of those who in principle and in practice upheld an above-board and honourable commerce. The real or assumed irritation of the Chinese has influenced their engagements with the English. It appears, from despatches very lately received, that Captain Elliot, on the part of our government, surrendered the opium in the port on the following conditions:—On the surrender of one-fourth, the *détenus* in Canton to have their servants; on the delivery of one-half, the passage-boats to have full permission to run; and on the surrender of the three-fourths, the whole trade to be opened; and after the surrender of the whole, the intercourse and exchange to resume the usual channels. Nothing places the insincerity of the Chinese authorities in

stronger relief than the mode in which they implemented the compact. When one-half of the opium had been surrendered, Mr. Shellibere went to the mandarin and requested that, on terms of agreement, a schooner might be allowed to pass to Canton. The very palpable reply was a volley of stones, and the merciless bambooning of a number of the crew. Capt. Elliot, however, determined to persevere in surrendering the whole 20,000 chests; and, in case of the Chinese persisting in their insulting and unjust conduct, to make Canton too hot for any one to remain in it. This is the right course; these savages must be taught a variety of wholesome lessons. A prompt and vigorous intervention on the part of the British nation will awe them into orderly conduct, and teach them the necessity of just and honourable policy. The only difficulty is the position of the Americans. Jonathan appears disposed to submit to any insult, rather than lose his trade with China. Should this be the fact, we may, by a rash and precipitate policy, turn that important traffic into American ports. Great prudence and cautious policy is doubtless required; and should any calm follow the present excitement, it will be absolutely necessary to fix some permanent arrangements with the Chinese authorities. There cannot be any intercourse with a nation whose authorities, on the reception of a note from Peking, are ready to confiscate the goods and injure the persons of unblemished traders. It is on this part of our intercourse with China that Mr. Thelwall appears to have collected and collated least. He has fixed the whole guilt on British merchants, and it may be, on the British nation. We do not wish to shift the burden from the shoulders on which it legitimately rests; but there is much to palliate and to excuse the opium traffic, as far as mercantile treaty and commercial restrictions are involved. There was not that well-ascertained prohibition on the part of the Chinese, which the first blush would indicate. Their orders were not to be relied on, their sincerity was questionable throughout. There was the semblance of interdict, but the reality of *connivance*. The guilt lies in the *moral*, not in the *commercial* part of the question; and that guilt is precisely the same as that of the dealers in gin, or any other deleterious element; and

he must be aware that opportunities of profit are too tempting to be resisted by the millions, though that profit should be reaped from death-beds and premature graves. We do not vindicate or apologise for this; but the government that extracts an enormous revenue from the sale of *gin*, should be very cautious in hurling its anathemas against them who absorb a lesser revenue from its sister-spirit, opium. At least, consistency demands that any outcry on the iniquities of the latter, should be followed up by a corresponding protest against the abominations of the former. It may be said that there is this difference: the consumers of opium are Heathens, whereas the consumers of gin are Christians. This, however, is a fallacy. Take a gin-drinker from Drury Lane, or the purlieus of Wapping, and an opium-eating serf or mandarin from Capton; and the advantage, both intellectual and moral, is decidedly in favour of the latter. It will be found that the worst of Heathens are those geographically denominated Christians. Surely, then, the difference between the guilt of selling opium at Canton and Whimpao, and that of selling poisonous gin at Fearon's, or Thomson's, in London, is *morally*, though not *commercially* the same. Perhaps, if the statistics of premature deaths and suicides in England arising from whisky and gin-drinking could be contrasted with those of opium-eating in China, a moral guilt would evolve that would prompt another Christian philanthropist to write a book entitled "The Iniquities of the Gin-

trade." We reprobate both. We commend neither gin nor laudanum. Only let it be understood, that the objection to both is *moral*; and the reprobation of the one more than the other must arise from commercial rather than Christian considerations. But, on both grounds, we shall rejoice to see a temperate exercise of national influence and authority, on the part of Britain, in restraining or modifying the opium-trade, and regulating the conditions of our traffic with China. We cannot be too jealous, not merely of evil, but of the appearance of evil, being legible on the face of the national character of England. The enemies of our religion and of our nation are too ready to turn a very little pretext to a plea for rejecting the one and sinking the other; and nations more ignoble and dastardly in character, less scrupulous, and more avaricious, are standing by, like vultures on fields of carnage, preparing to gather spoils out of any quarrel that may arise. Let the honourable name of British merchant retain its weight, even on the Exchange of Canton; and the dignity of the first Christian empire in the world suffer no depreciation in the sight even of the court of Peking. The question to which we have turned the attention of our readers is at the present hour of great moral, commercial, and national moment; perhaps of physiological value also. This, and the very interesting materials we have drawn from various sources, are our best apology for entering at some length on a question, the interest and freshness of which are but of yesterday.

A NEWSPAPER EDITOR'S REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER when I was only ten years of age, and my father made me read to him daily the leading article of the *Courier* newspaper, wondering at the editorial *we*, and fancying to myself the power of a being who dispensed his opinions with the majesty of absolute sovereigns in the promulgation of their decrees. As I could not be a king, but, young as I was, had already tried my hand at what my partial parents called literature, my imagination soared towards that other majesty, which, like the throne of a monarch, has its satellites and its detractors, although in a lesser degree. Next to being king of England, to be the editor of a newspaper, and of the *Courier* news-

paper—that daily organ of intelligence by which my father appeared to govern his own—was all my ambition. This dream of greatness—alas! how little the greatness of an editor is, my experience was to shew—was treated with ridicule by my father, who had in view for me a very different pursuit; but Fortune, strange, capricious Fortune, granted "what my aged sire denied." As I am not writing the history of my life, but merely my political reminiscences, I will pass over the next six years of my existence, and come at once to that period when the town in which I lived, and which had until then been satisfied with feeding daily upon the lucubrations of the London

press, resolved upon having a journal of its own. At this time I had written, and even published, some fugitive pieces of bad poetry, and equally bad prose. The columns of a local newspaper were opened to me through the kindness of the proprietor, who was my friend; and on many occasions I figured in the office as an amateur editor. Professionally, and for bread, however, I had hitherto had no connexion with the newspaper press. The first guinea I ever earned—for I need not say that I had gratified my desire to appear in print at the sacrifice of my purse—was as the paid correspondent of a London paper, to which I sent accounts of the fashionable movements of my place of residence. I was destined, however, simple chronicler as I was of arrivals and departures, to plunge at once into matters of deeper import. A corporal of the Oxford militia, who had been guilty of insubordination, was brought to this place to take his trial before a general court-martial. I attended the court, and sent a report of the trial to London. The man was sentenced to receive a thousand lashes; but scarcely two hundred had been inflicted, when he fainted, and was conveyed back to prison for the humane purpose of healing his wounds, and enabling him to receive the remainder of his punishment. There were circumstances attending this sentence which excited great public notice, and became the foundation of a motion for an inquiry in the House of Commons, by Sir Francis Burdett. It was necessary for this motion that the reporter of the trial should be found; and Col. Wardle, of famous memory, paid me a visit, and received from me a declaration that my report was correct. My acquaintance with Col. Wardle led to an introduction to Sir Francis Burdett, and to all that sort of intimacy which takes place between politicians and their agents, when the former have any purpose to be served. My remark, however, is general,—for the conduct of Sir Francis towards me was gentlemanly and kind. Our united efforts to gain what we called justice for the poor corporal fell, as the French say, *dans l'eau*, perhaps deservedly; but we did not think so at the time. I became intimate with Wardle, and paid him a visit at his house in Tunbridge Wells, where he was residing with his family, and attracting considerable notice;

chiefly, however, through his eldest daughter, an extraordinary girl, who was devoting her own private fortune to put down monopoly and extortion amongst the tradesmen of the Wells. She had turned miller, brewer, milk-seller, and I know not what else, and had laid it down as a principle in every branch of her multifarious occupations, not to discontinue until she had brought the prices down. Wardle himself was a good-natured, pleasant man in his family circle; but wild and extravagant when discussing politics. He was evidently sore at having to play the subordinate to Sir Francis Burdett, and would occasionally indulge in severe remarks upon him. It is now thirty years ago, and yet it seems to me as only yesterday, that I was sitting with him one evening after tea, when the conversation turned upon Sir Francis. "Burdett," said Wardle, "is neither what he is, nor what he fancies himself to be. With all his ideas of equality and reform, you will see him one day in the ranks of the Tories." This was, of course, intended as reproach—the bitterest reproach that Wardle, with his levelling opinions, could make; but the friends of Burdett may give to it a different interpretation. They may say that, even thirty years ago, Sir Francis evinced, even to his closest political associates, an occasional conviction that he was then wrong. Now commenced my knowledge of Mary Anne Clarke; but my acquaintance with her was slight. It was not till a much later period of my life that I saw much of this extraordinary but unprincipled woman; for at the period in question, a coolness had already taken place between her and Wardle; and soon, like most of those who associate for unkind purposes, from the most ardent friends they became the most implacable foes.

I was twenty-two years of age, and still remained in the country. I had abandoned literature, and political relations of every kind, when a gentleman named Shadgett called upon me, and introduced Mr. Wooller, then a printer in London. Mr. Wooller had an intention of starting a second newspaper, which was to be what we should now call Conservative; and which, in order that it might bear its principles upon its front, was to be called "The Brighton Royalist;" for at Brighton it was to make its appearance, and it aspired to the patronage and support of

the court. This paper was to be in Brighton what the *Morning Post* is in London,—the same avowed principles, objects, and views. It was proposed by Wooller to divide the property into three shares, of which I was to hold one. The prospectus was printed, and distributed; the day of the appearance of the first number was fixed, and a good number of subscribers had been obtained, when I received a letter from Mr. Wooller, informing me that he had changed his mind; but very honourably offering to reimburse my outlay. A few days afterwards, there appeared in London the first number of Wooller's *Black Dwarf*. As a speculation, this was probably a much better concern than "The Brighton Royalist" would have proved; but, oh, the inconsistency of political writers! "In one short month—nay, not a month," a paper addressing itself to the passions of republicans and infidels, from the pen which prepared the moral, loyal, and Conservative prospectus of the "Royalist!" and yet Mr. Wooller immediately attracted notice as a patriot in the first degree. Never was a political publication of the kind more successful than the *Black Dwarf*: even old Cobbett was for a time eclipsed. The time was well chosen; men's minds were excited for reform or revolution, and they eagerly drank in the intoxicating draught which was offered to them. The style in which the work was written was calculated to fascinate; and there was an appearance of self-conviction about the writer which commanded attention, even from those who disliked the principles that he professed. The *Black Dwarf* is no more; its author has become a comparatively tranquil man, and receives in private circles, I believe, that esteem which as a politician he so little deserved. How strange are the turns of fortune! Not many weeks after the first appearance of the *Black Dwarf*, I removed to London, and was almost immediately waited upon by my acquaintance Shadgett, who had always professed Conservative opinions, and was induced to join him in starting a weekly publication, which we called the *White Dwarf*. If the respective titles of the two works were the antipodes of colour, so were their contents the antipodes of principle. The *Black Dwarf* was revolutionary, the *White Dwarf* was conservative; the *Black Dwarf* attacked religion, the *White*

Dwarf supported it. I had received a religious education, and saw with pain the progress that infidelity had made. The difference of our success was as great as that of our principles. Some thousands of the *Black Dwarf* were sold weekly, whilst the *White Dwarf* rarely reached a sale of three hundred, although some of the best talent in London had been procured for it. Our purse did not enable us to persevere for the mere pleasure of attempting to do good; and Shadgett recommended an application to the ministry for support. After many objections, I consented to adopt this course; and Shadgett, as the readier way of obtaining an interview with Lord Sidmouth, who was then secretary of state for the home department, wrote to him to say, that he had an important communication to make. The day following the receipt of the letter was fixed by Lord Sidmouth for receiving us. This was my first visit to a minister. I ascended the steps of the Home Office tremblingly; for, in addition to the ordinary timidity of youth, I was ashamed of the falsehood which had been resorted to for the purpose of securing an audience. We were at once introduced to Lord Sidmouth, who was at that time—I am speaking of nearly thirty years ago—a handsome man, with a forehead indicating great intelligence. After some general observations by my partner, Shadgett, about irreligion and republicanism, the minister politely requested us to come at once to the purport of our visit, as his very minutes were numbered by occupation. Finding that Mr. Shadgett was at a loss for the means of extricating himself from his false position, I candidly told his lordship, that the mode which had been adopted to obtain an audience was a *ruse*, of which I was ashamed; and that, so far from having any thing of importance to the government to communicate, we were mere suitors for his patronage and support in a publication of which we were the conductors. My candour was so far well employed, that his lordship, with equal frankness, informed me, that if I had adopted any other course, he would have desired a messenger to shew us to the door. Our conference terminated in our obtaining an order for a hundred copies of our paper to be sent weekly to the Home Office; and for some weeks this was the extent of his patronage. Subsequently, how-

ever, when Mr. Shadgett had withdrawn from the publication, and I stood alone, the number was increased from a hundred to a thousand copies; and, as the general sale had also increased, I found myself in the receipt of a net annual profit of eight hundred pounds. This, for a youth of twenty-two was very handsome; and at that time, if I had chosen to apply for a more permanent mode of remuneration, it would not have been refused. A misunderstanding subsequently, on my refusing to insert an article on the proposal of an addition to the income of the Duke of Cumberland, led to the discontinuation of the work. I thought myself very ill-used at the time; but I owe it to the government of the day, now that I can look coolly and dispassionately upon my own conduct in the affair, to acknowledge that I was in the wrong.

From this period, I attached myself firmly to the political press. A year after the cessation of my relations with the British government, I became the principal editor of an English newspaper published abroad; and leaving that, from domestic circumstances which required my presence in England, I worked my way through the different grades of *employés* upon a London newspaper, until I found myself seated on the throne which I had coveted in boyhood, and was fairly installed as one of the autocrats of the daily press. I look back sometimes with regret to this period of my existence—to the years of alternate excitement and depression which I passed; for, although stripped of the vanity and conceit of editorship, there is really little of gratification in the post; the very turmoil of the occupation has, however, something in it which captivates. Some writers have said, that a passive existence is a melancholy state, and with my nervous temperament, I am inclined to believe that they are right. Nearly fifty winters, and almost incessant labour, have blanched my hair; my cheeks have been hollowed by care, and my step made weak by the continued agitation of my nerves. I have had disappointments and mortifications, and in a premature old age am paying the penalty of the false ambition of youth; yet even now I find the alternation of hope and despondency a more natural condition than that which results from the absence of excitement. I am not ready to admit, with some philosophers, that there is a

happiness even in grief; but I believe, with *Azais*, that there is a magnetic fluid flowing in our veins, and that we are mere beings of alternate expansion and compression. In the difference of quantity or quality of this fluid consists the difference of the races and conditions of men. In our expansions are our enjoyments, in the compression from without are our sufferings: the equilibrium is a state of non-existence.

Before I became a newspaper editor, the public mind had been for years in a state of excitement. In my own time, however, I have witnessed changes which the boldest of the politicians of the last century would not have ventured to predict. To what extent newspaper editors have aided in effecting or retarding the changes of the last three reigns, I will not attempt to say. We have had some choice spirits in this way, and some turbulent ones: their importance, however, may have been overrated by the many, and too little appreciated by the few.

The throne of a newspaper is not without its trappings; but he who fills it has not always an easy seat. Whatever may be the party whose cause he advocates, he has to contend against the "envy, hatred, and uncharitableness" of human nature in their worst form. Distrusted by his own partisans, detested by his political adversaries, harassed within and assailed from without, he totters alike under his own magnificence and the blows of his assailants. But of all editors, the Treasury hack—he who, whilst he is in his own little court of parasites, surrounded by a fictitious independence, holds his power at the will of a Treasury whipper-in, or the caprice of a foreign secretary, is by far the most to be pitied. There is no state of dependence so degrading as this,—no slavery so truly galling and severe. I have avoided this degradation; for, although at one time reputed to be a Treasury scribe, my true condition was one of honourable independence. Under one government, my support was solicited; but my feelings were not forced; and under another, where dictation was attempted, I withdrew from the connexion, preferring the quiet of poverty to a position which was only to be retained by a base subserviency to men who, truckling in their own sphere, imagined that the pen of a writer was to be secured and his soul to be hired at the same time. But I have witnessed all the

whereabouts of the creature, and know well what he is.

It is a pretty general opinion with the public, that the scribes of the Treasury and of the Foreign Office are themselves contributors to the newspapers. This, however, is rarely the case. The mode of communication between the Treasury and its journal* used to be this:—Every morning, the editor, sub-editor, or sub-sub.—for in respectable newspapers the assistant editor has also an *aide*—went to the Treasury and the Foreign Office to learn if there were any news, and to receive instructions as to the tone which the editor was to assume. If the editor in person paid this visit, he was usually received at the Treasury by what is called the patronage-secretary, who is the gentleman charged with the management of the secret machinery of the government, and the drilling of the ministerial members of the House of Commons; in which latter office he is assisted by the official whipper-in. This personage was the medium of communication between the cabinet and the editors of the newspapers which were in their interest; for, notwithstanding the importance attached by some members of the cabinet to the support of newspapers, they rarely condescended to give audience to the editors. This affectation of superiority is almost exclusively confined to the English character. In France, the editors of government newspapers are in direct communication with the ministers; and such is the case even in Germany and Russia, where literary men hold a higher rank than in England, although the pecuniary advantages which they possess may not be so great. At the English Foreign Office, the editor had the high honour of being admitted to the presence of no less a person than the under-secretary of state; but if the sub-editor, or his sub., attended, he was generally turned over to a chief clerk; who, whilst the visitor waited, would communicate with his superior. If an article highly in favour of the government, and calculated, by the tact with which it was written, to serve their cause, appeared in a semi-official paper, it did not follow that the great men thought it worth while to communicate to the writer the expression of their satisfaction, although this was sometimes done;

but if, on the contrary, by neglecting to pay the daily visit, in order to see which way the vane pointed, or from any other cause, the editor should have written some article, or paragraph of an article, which created displeasure, he was summoned to the presence of the secretary of the Treasury, or of the under-secretary of the Foreign Office, as the case might be, and reminded, in polite but very positive terms, that he was not a free agent; and that if the indiscretion were to be repeated, the government would feel it necessary to take some means of letting the public know that they had no direct connexion with his journal. Some curious scenes have resulted from this temporary exercise of free agency. I remember an editor having been once sent for by an under-secretary of state of the Foreign Department; who, in his usual polite, but truly official manner, expressed, in the name of his superior, the deep regret which was felt at the tone which he had for several days assumed; and informed him, that if the same line of conduct were to be persisted in, it would become necessary to inform the different embassies that the minister disowned it. "Your articles," said the under-secretary, "have already led to remonstrances from two of the ambassadors; and his lordship has in vain replied, that as there is not, strictly speaking, an official paper in England, he can only advise not control the editors of those papers by which the government is generally supported. The ambassadors, who cannot conceive that papers affecting to advocate the cause of ministers can contain any article which has not been previously submitted for approbation, turn a deaf ear to all my lord's statements. You will see, therefore, how important it is to be careful in these matters; and understand, that if there be a repetition of such conduct on your part, the government must withdraw its patronage from your paper." Now, it had so occurred, that the very articles complained of by the foreign secretary had given great satisfaction to the premier; and, only on the preceding day, the editor had received from the secretary of the Treasury a letter, in which he expressed, by desire of that noble lord, the pleasure which they had afforded. On producing this important document, and placing it in the hands of the under-

* This kind of Treasury connexion is said no longer to exist.

secretary, he could only express his astonishment, and request, as a particular favour, that the editor would keep secret the difference of opinion which appeared to exist between the premier and the secretary of state on a question of such importance as the foreign policy of the British cabinet. Something of the same kind, with the difference that I had no official connexion with the government, once occurred to myself. Having published, in anticipation of the *London Gazette*, an official despatch, which had been given to me by a friend at the Admiralty, I was destined to wait upon the lord high admiral, that eccentric but amiable man having resolved upon a personal examination of the culprit. It is an old saying, that if you wish to obtain a favour from a great man, you should never wait upon him until he has dined, for food and drink are said to be marvellous sedatives of the anger of man. I did not, therefore, expect a very kind reception, as the time fixed upon for my visit was one o'clock in the day, when the effect of the breakfast must have gone off, and the stomach must be in that state of exhaustion and irritation which results from a redundancy of the gastric juice, with nothing to act upon but the stomach itself. I was little prepared, however, for the storm that I had to encounter. The lord high admiral began with a *Sir* as cold as the glacial pole, and as violent as if the four winds and the thirty-two points were all puffing upon it at the same time. "*Sir*," said the lord high admiral, "how dare you be guilty of such conduct?" Seeing that it was useless to raise my own little voice in such a mighty storm, until I could profit by what sailors call a lull, I allowed royalty to rave on, believing that contradiction would but increase anger; and I was right, for in less than five minutes the tone of his royal highness changed, and, with a manner almost as kind as it had been violent, he invited me to take a chair, and resorted to re-

monstrance, as if ashamed of having tried abuse. In another five minutes I had apologised and made my peace, and no longer saw before me the tyrant sailor stamping the deck, but the polished gentleman doing the honours of his saloon. Before I quitted "the presence," I had not only obtained my pardon, but also a gracious assurance that, on any other occasion when I might be in want of news, I might, instead of being indebted to underlings for it, apply to himself. "They do these things differently in France." In that country there is, attached to the foreign department, a gentleman who is called *chef de la division politique*, and whose duty it is not only to tell the editors of the official and semi-official papers what they are to say, but who, on all great occasions, supplies them with articles for their columns. Every afternoon, a news circular is sent round to the government evening paper, so as to give it, in the way of news, a superiority over the opposition press, and force a circulation which the mere pecuniary aid of the government could not command; and when the government has morning papers in its pay,* official *raisonnements*, as they are called, are frequently sent to them early in the evening, in order that they may appear on the following day. I am sorry to say that, for many years, a sum of twenty-four thousand francs was annually paid by the French government to the editor of a London daily paper, as the condition of his support; and articles were sometimes sent to him from France, which were translated and inserted as his own. This paper stood alone in its corruption. The London press, with all its frailty, is not corrupt; and its general character cannot be affected by a solitary case. If the London press be partial, it is not base; if it be sometimes the organ of malevolence and falsehood, we may pity the party feeling which has enthralled it: but it is not corrupt in the common sense of corruption. Where it strikes,

* Marshal Soult, on his recent return to office, resolved to put an end to the debasing system of a hired press. He withdrew the *subventions* from all the papers, except the *Moniteur*, which is an openly avowed official organ, and the little evening paper called the *Moniteur Parisien*, which is chiefly for the publication of official news in the evening, and the contradiction lies of the morning. The attempt was a very honourable one to the marshal; but I have great doubts of its success. The pay being withdrawn, every paper attacked the government; which, if the pay had been continued, they would have supported, as they had supported other governments, *par principe*,—the principle of being well paid.

to serve its party or its friends, it is not like the hired bravo, who has a tariff for the service of his steel, but the officious agent of evil, anxious to obtain praise from those by whom it is employed. I speak now only of the exceptional portion of the London press, and not generally; for there is no country in which newspapers have maintained so much independence, or merited so much esteem, as in England. The *Macaires* of society have now and then their *Bertrands* on the newspaper press; but we should look in vain, amongst those who affect to govern public opinion, for a *Macaire*. Shortly after the revolution of 1830, an attempt was made to revive the subsidising system, in the solitary instance in which it had been formerly successful in England; but it is due to the French government to say, that it offered money only to obtain justice. It had been sorely annoyed by a series of articles on the civil list, in which every thing that was mean and base was attributed to the king. The remonstrances of friends had been tried in vain, for the author of the articles was a man of some rank, and, from his relations with France, and his access to information, he was supposed to be correct in all that he had stated. A person high at the French court, and intimately connected with one of the proprietors of the English paper in which the attacks on the citizen-king had appeared, undertook to negotiate for a cessation of the course complained of. Every effort was made to obtain, not merely a neutrality as to Louis Philippe, which was all that he had asked for in the first instance, but a direct partisanship; and for this the editor was offered the sum of six thousand francs per quarter. The offer was indignantly refused; but on its being shewn that the French king—or, as *la jeune France* styles him, the King of the French—had been slandered, the columns of the paper were thrown open for his justification, and several communications, which came directly from the French government, were inserted at different times.

The mention of France brings me naturally back to my relations with its ambassador, the wily Talleyrand, the fawning courtier, the refined diplomatist, the political juggler, but the polished man. When Talleyrand was in London, I saw him daily. I had known him previously; for my father

had been, at an early period of the revolution, engaged with him in an affair which brought them frequently together, and which had left upon the mind of the diplomatist all the impression of which it was susceptible. At the restoration, I was presented to him in Paris; and when, many years afterwards, I waited upon him in my editorial capacity, my reception was all that I could have wished. But had I been a perfect stranger to him, I should have been as well received; for Talleyrand, who was all things unto all men, was all graciousness when he had any object, however small in value, to gain. It is, I believe, an established rule with diplomatic men, to be exceedingly civil towards those who may be of use to them; but there are very few who are able to play their part so well, that the actor wholly disappears. Talleyrand had that art in perfection. In his most cunning moments, he wore an air of frankness and sincerity, which disarmed even the most suspicious; and, in inquiring as to the health of his visitor, or that of his wife and children, he appeared to take so personal an interest in what he really cared nothing about, that the devil himself would in a few moments have fallen into his toils. Some of our modern diplomatists have attempted to play their game with Talleyrand with his own favourite weapons; but they always reminded me of two men playing at *écarté*, or the common English game of *pat*, in which one of the players fancies himself to be, what the other really is, well versed in all intricacies of the game, and of those weak points of his adversary on which he founds his hopes of success. If, in these days of knowledge, we had schools of mutual instruction for the catechism of diplomacy, as well as the catechism of the church, the modern tricksters might perhaps approach the ancient; but, as it is, the old school of infamy appears to be the most perfect: at any rate, Talleyrand had no successful rival. Under the mild exterior of the old French nobility, he had the energy of the demagogue and the skill of the Jesuit. I do not remember his ever having been foiled by one of his own class, but he was on one occasion defeated by simplicity itself;—so true is it, that if you wish to cheat Satan, you can only do it by having a hearty contempt for his tricks. My dear old friend, Jeremy Bentham, who of all

men was the most simple as regarded mere worldly matters, informed me that, in the revolution of 1789—which is usually called the great revolution, to distinguish it from the lesser breaking out of 1830, and its still more humble imitators, the affairs of May and June—Talleyrand called upon him, to request that he would prepare a constitution for the French people. Bentham, whose simplicity was made sharp by the suspicion that he entertained of Talleyrand, and knowing that the many-faced diplomatist was already charged with two very opposite missions—one from the Conventionists, and another from a minority in the Convention—turned a deaf ear to his flattery, although, with all his amiable qualities, he was one of the finest men in existence, and frankly told him that he had a horror of double dealing, and a still greater horror for triple negotiators. “You tell me,” said Bentham, “that you have been charged to apply to me [Bentham was a notorious constitution-maker], on the part of the quiet *bourgeoisie* of Paris, to frame a constitution for them, which they will immediately proclaim, and so put an end to the Convention. Now, I have a remarkable dislike of cutting clean paper with a soiled knife; and judge of a party by the agent that is employed. If the good people of Paris want my assistance, they must apply to me through somebody else.” Talleyrand never forgave the straightforward honesty of Bentham; although, many years afterwards, when ambassador from the citizen-king, he dined occasionally with the old philosopher at his house in Queen Square. His diplomacy had been at fault, and his pride was mortified. Yet he had more than once observed, that the simplest persons were not always those who were the most easily gulled. False, however, as Talleyrand undoubtedly was in all his diplomatic relations, I must confess that in those which he had with the press, so far as I was concerned, he shewed considerable candour. It is even a fact, that when Louis Philippe was rendering himself unpopular in France, he took occasion, through the English press, to give him very salutary advice. After the revolution of July, in the affair of June—I think it was June; but, really, there have been so many demonstrations of the “peace and good will” which were aid to be guaranteed by the charter of

1830, that my memory fails me when I have to notice any particular evidence of the *satisfaction of la jeune France*—I had received the first intelligence by courier of the new revolt, and hastened to communicate the intelligence to Talleyrand. He received it with apparent indifference, and merely said, “*Je m’y attendais.*” A day or two afterwards, the providence of battles, which always gives the right to the stronger side, declared in favour of the citizen-king, who, in order that the mild character of his reign might be contrasted with that of the “tyrant” who had been pushed from his throne, declared Paris in a state of siege. Talleyrand, who, with all his experience of the French mob, rampant in victory, paltry in defeat, was less convinced than his royal master of the impunity with which successful force may trample on its victim, was alarmed lest Louis Philippe should have gone too far. On this occasion, as on the preceding one, my own courier had arrived earlier than that of the embassy; and as the French government had neglected to announce the fact by telegraphic communication, I was the bearer of the news. Talleyrand threw off all reserve, and exclaimed, “*Cet homme est fou.*” He was wrong, however; for the Parisians submitted to coercion with a good grace.

Talleyrand was as eccentric as he was clever. In his mode of living he displayed his eccentricity, even more than in his political character. Sometimes he would drink only water at his meals; at others, he would take an almost immoderate quantity of wine. He had a great dislike of medicine; and it was with difficulty, when he was unwell, that his niece, the Duchess de Dino, could induce him to take an aperient pill. Although few men were more disgraced by nature than himself, he was occasionally coquettish in his dress, and wore a coat which a dandy, for its tightness, would have chosen for the display of his shape. From parsimony, however, he was always desirous of seeing his servants in roomy clothing; for, in the event of change, the livery would serve the successor. I was waiting one day at his house in Hanover Square, whilst the Portuguese ambassador was closeted with him, when the tailor brought home one of the gaudy liveries which were to be worn on the occasion of the approach-

ing visit of the Duke of Orleans. One of the footmen having put it on, he was sent by the chamberlain to ask me what I thought of the new livery. "Why," said I, "my good fellow, it is not a coat that you have got; it is a sack." "Yes, sir," replied the man, "I know that; but it is done purposely. If it were to fit closely, the prince would refuse all the liveries, so the tailor has made it very loose to please him; but when he shall have seen me in it, and confirmed the order, the tailor will trick him by taking it in." Now and then, Talleyrand would shew a high degree of independence. It is generally known that the despatches which governments send to their ambassadors pass free, however bulky they may be, unless there be positive information that the seal of the foreign office is employed for contraband purposes. A custom-house officer is naturally very delicate in such matters. A secretary of the foreign office in Paris, who came over very frequently with despatches, had long been in the habit of turning this reserve to good profit. Cases filled with contraband goods, and sealed with the official seal, had long passed through the custom-house at Dover; and it is unnecessary to state that they never found their way to the embassy in Hanover Square. Emboldened by his success, the official smuggler plunged wholesale into the speculation, and at each journey could have stocked a warehouse in Regent Street. At length, however, the cheat was detected. He arrived at Dover; and his cases being taken to the custom-house, were, as usual, passed. They were lying at the door of the custom-house, ready to be taken away, when an officer fancied that he observed, through an opening in one of the cases, one of those cartons in which lace is packed. He communicated his suspicions to his superior, who with great politeness informed the *envoyé* of the presumed discovery. The young gentleman affected great unconcern, and defied the collector of the customs to open the case. "Certainly not," said the collector; "but I shall take the liberty of sending all that you have to London in the charge of two officers, and leave it to the superior authorities to adopt their own course." This was done. On the arrival of the cases in London, a communication was instantly made to Talleyrand, with an intimation that he had only to express

his belief that all the packages bearing his address were really for himself, to prevent the necessity of examination. As the prince felt convinced that his despatches could not require the number of packages which were said to have arrived, he desired that they might be all sent to him, in charge of an officer; and immediately ordered the attendance of the secretary, that he might be present at the opening of them. There was every motive for hushing up this affair, for the guilty party was a friend, if not a relation, of the minister for foreign affairs in France, and a single word from Talleyrand would have saved him and his guilty confederates in the foreign office. Talleyrand, however, was inflexible; and twelve o'clock in the day was fixed upon for the examination of the packages. The offender did not obey the summons, and the search took place in his absence. I was at the embassy at the time, and was requested to be present at the search. The despatches formed about a twentieth part of the bulk. The rest was composed of cases and parcels, containing laces, gloves, silk stockings, ribbons, and millinery of various kinds, all of which was returned to the custom-house, and confiscated in due form. I did not hear, however, that any other punishment was ever inflicted upon the offender than the loss of the goods; and probably other parties had to bear that loss. I know another instance of Talleyrand's independence, which did him much honour. A gentleman named Bergeron, who had been for many years secretary and librarian to a princess, the friend of Talleyrand, was, by her sudden death, deprived of occupation. He was known to the prince as an honourable man, of considerable talent; and was therefore kindly invited to take his meals at the Hôtel Talleyrand, until he could be provided for. One would have thought that a man, who had disposed of a kingdom, could easily have found employment for a *protégé*; but such was not the case. Talleyrand would not ask a favour of the ministry; and Bergeron had been for nearly two years at his charge, when the prince requested me (I had then quitted London, and was engaged in commercial pursuits in Paris) to do something for him, if an opportunity should present itself. I took M. Bergeron into my own office

for a few months ; and was so well satisfied with his conduct, that when I was enabled to place him in a comparatively lucrative situation at Nantes, I felt as much satisfaction at having the opportunity of serving him as if he had been my own brother. The last time that I saw Talleyrand was a few days before his death. He was then very ill, and told me that he felt convinced his end was drawing near. The library, which was the room in which he usually received his morning visitors, was nearly filled with peers, deputies, and men of letters, waiting for his appearance. At two o'clock, he hobbled into the room on his stick ; and, although in an evident state of suffering, entered into conversation with his habitual readiness. It was in a private conversation, in an under tone, that he told me how ill he felt ; but I heard him tell several persons that he was as well as usual, although some of the newspapers had announced that he was dangerously indisposed. In a few days more, the actor of many parts made his bow to the audience, and retired finally from the busy stage of this world. •

Having mentioned the name of Bentham in connexion with that of Talleyrand, I must be permitted to refer more particularly to my acquaintance with that singular man. I had long felt a wish to know him intimately, but had despaired of success, for his habits had become very retired, when, in the year 1824, one of my friends, who had been an *élève* of the philosopher, brought me an invitation from him to dinner. At that time Bentham saw very little company. • Lord Brougham, Lord Nugent, Mr. Buckingham, Dr. Bowring, Col. Thompson, Mr. Walter Coulson, and two or three more, formed the whole circle of his acquaintance. It was very unusual for him to receive more than one person to dinner on the same day : and he would have found it difficult to receive more than two, for his library was his dining-room, and the table was not calculated to accommodate more than four or five persons, of whom himself and his two secretaries made three. This table was placed on a platform, considerably elevated above the flooring ; so that one saw little more of the female who waited at dinner than her head and shoulders. When Bentham had one guest, he placed him opposite to him-

self, his secretaries facing each other. Port and sherry, in decanters, were on the table ; and by the side of the guest was placed a bottle of good French wine, the growth of vineyards belonging to his family. Before sitting down to dinner, one of his secretaries, now a barrister of considerable talent, played an air upon an organ which was placed in the library. As soon as the dinner was over, and the secretaries had each taken a glass or two of sherry or port, they withdrew, and left the philosopher and his guest *tête-à-tête*. Bentham himself drank very little wine ; and having, or affecting to have, nearly lost his taste, he seldom ate of any other dish than a sweet pudding, which was served with the first course. I had been told of his eccentricity, and was therefore fully prepared for what I should meet with. Amongst other things, I was told that if his guest did not retire at about eleven o'clock (the dinner was rarely served before nine), Bentham would not hesitate to give him warning, by drawing on his nightcap without ceremony. This, however, was never done to me, for I was in the habit of going to bed early ; and instead of being signalled out of Bentham's house, the old gentleman always urged me to stay later than I did. On my first visit, I found him walking in his garden, with all the activity of a young man : indeed, his pace was so rapid, that poor Lord Nugent used to complain of the ante-dinner walk. Bentham, who seldom rose from his bed until nearly twelve o'clock in the day—his coffee and gingerbread, of which he was immoderately fond, being served to him there—found the exercise of his garden of great value to his health. When he performed the circle of the garden, he called it *circumgrating* ; when he kept to a straight line, he styled it *elongating* ; and in this way of elongating and circumgrating he would frequently walk a distance equal to four or five miles. A portion of this garden had been cleared for the erection of an apparatus for gymnastic exercises, which he was very fond of witnessing in his young friends, for whom he had erected it, although his age did not permit him to take part in them himself. His dress was sufficiently antiquated to have been antediluvian. He wore his worsted stockings over his knees ; and, under an enormous straw-

hat, his white locks flowed uncontrolled by riband or comb. His dinners were modest as to quantity, but excellent as to the selection; and so admirably dressed, that even the immortal Ude could not have found a fault. In his conversation after dinner, when his secretaries had retired, he was full of anecdote and good-humour. But having been spoiled by flattery into a belief that every thing which he had written was of general interest, he had an unfortunate habit of requesting his guest to read aloud some of his pamphlets, or some sheets of a volume then going through the press; and he appeared mortified if, every now and then, the reading was not interrupted by the expression of the admiration of the reader. I never saw a great and famed man, like Bentham, so spoiled by adulation. If any real friends had spoken freely to him—and with so amiable a creature, it was possible to be free without giving offence—he would have been one of the best authors in the English language; whereas, being confirmed, as he was by flattery, in the belief that whatever he did was well done, his style was almost unintelligible; and it was not until his works had been translated into a foreign language that they could be read. Although liberal, almost to *chartism*, he was in correspondence, up to within a few years of his death, with some of the most distinguished absolutists in Europe, and with even one or two crowned heads, of whom he always spoke with respect. His benevolence was as unbounded as his vanity; but there was nothing of vanity in his benevolence—that came from the heart.

Bentham, like most kind-hearted men, was very sensitive. He forgave every body who had offended him: but every offence was a proof of the injustice or the ingratitude of the offender; and was therefore, with his peculiar views of what man ought to be, a source of pain to his feelings. I have seen the old gentleman affected almost to tears, when he alluded to the unkindness of persons from whom he might fairly have expected different conduct: and, not many months previously to his death, a circumstance occurred, which, if it did not hasten that event, was at least calculated to embitter his latter days. Amongst the few persons who were on terms of intimate acquaintance with Bentham, that eccentric luminary, Brougham, held a

high place. To such an extent had their intimacy proceeded, that Brougham was in the habit of calling Bentham his political father, whilst the latter addressed Brougham as son. Suddenly, however, this intimacy was destined to receive a shock, in the publication of a severe criticism in the *Edinburgh Review* of Bentham's utilitarianism. The old philosopher imagined that he traced the style of Brougham in this article; and indignant that the man who had so frequently lauded his doctrines in their private circle, should thus attack them in print, he wrote to Brougham, desiring him to avow or disavow the article. Brougham immediately disavowed it in a long letter, which Bentham read to me, and in which Brougham stated that the publication had given him much pain. In this letter he entreated Bentham to allow him to plead his defence in person, and for that purpose to fix a day on which he might dine with him. Bentham replied to the letter with an expression of the delight which the disavowal had given him, and a desire that Brougham would fix his own day. This was accordingly done; but on the day fixed by Brougham himself he was made lord-chancellor. There are some men in the world who, even under such circumstances, would have fulfilled the engagement, or, at least, have written to mention the impossibility of keeping it; but, on this occasion, there was neither one nor the other. That Bentham felt a little sore is probable; but, if so, he kept his mortification to himself, and would not admit that he thought he was of sufficient importance to attract to his table a new lord-chancellor on the very day of his appointment. Days and weeks, however, passed over without any thing in the shape of an apology, or the slightest notice by the chancellor. This was vexatious enough; but still the old philosopher uttered no complaint. It was only when the chancellor, in one of his fits of exuberance, uttered in public a severe philippic on the doctrine of Bentham, that the old gentleman acknowledged that the conduct of the chancellor had inflicted pain. When he alluded to this indignity, the tears chased each other down his venerable cheeks; and, subsequently, the name of the offender was sufficient to create a violent agitation. I am willing to believe that, if Lord Brougham

had given himself time for reflection, he would have acted differently; for no man of feeling, who knew Bentham, could have acted in this way deliberately. Even those who disapproved of his theories, could not but respect the amiable motives which gave them birth; for of all enthusiasts and visionaries, Bentham was the most amiable.

Some phrenologists contend that the casts which have been taken of the heads of celebrated lawyers, shew a lamentable deficiency in the organ of conscientiousness; and are of opinion that Lord Brougham, aware of this fact, has, from that consideration alone, refused to allow a cast of his head to be taken, although he has openly, in the patronage of Mr. Simpson and others, who are attempting to introduce a system of public education on phrenological principles, shewn that he is a partisan of the doctrine. I do not know whether it be true that the nature of the education and pursuits of the lawyer has a tendency to check the development of the organ called conscientiousness, or that the head of Lord Brougham is, in this respect, deficient in the external sign; neither do I know whether, in his general conduct as a man, there may be any ground for supposing that he is deficient of conscientiousness: but I am quite sure that, if there be any truth in phrenology, he must have the organ of caution (the phrenologists have another word for it that is less flattering) strongly developed. Whilst he was lord-chancellor, he was in the almost daily habit of communicating articles to a daily paper, but with a degree of caution which few men would have imagined. Not a line of his writing came before the compositors, or even the editor. His communications were made by letter to his brother, by whom they were read to the editor, who wrote as Mr. Brougham read; and, in this way, the leading-articles appeared, without its being possible even to prove that they came from Lord Brougham's pen. On one occasion when an article against the Whig ministry had appeared in *The Times*, it was sent to Lord Brougham, who was then sitting at Westminster in the Court of Chancery. The paper was folded in such a way, that the article might meet the eye readily, and was handed up to the chancellor. Sir Edward Sugden was pleading. The

chancellor laid the paper before him, took his pen, and whilst the public and the bar imagined that he was taking notes of Sir Edward's speech, with whom, from time to time, he held a conversation on the points of his case, the answer was written. Less than a quarter of an hour sufficed for an article of about forty lines full of spirit. When it was done, he made some excuse for quitting the bench for a few minutes, and went into his own room, when it was given to the editor to transcribe; for, although Lord Brougham could write, and write well for newspapers, no man was to be permitted to possess a proof that the articles came from him. I have heard of other instances of his caution in his relations with the newspaper-press; but as they were not like those which I have given within my personal knowledge, I shall not repeat them here.

I have frequently attempted to account for the extraordinary pains which are taken by some persons in England to conceal their connexion with newspapers and other periodicals. They come, cap in hand, to editors to entreat them to support their views; to obtain the insertion of an article, there is no politeness, even to humility, which they do not shew; and when, in presence of the man whose pen they would influence, they are profuse in professions of friendship, yet, in their own circles, they affect to have a profound contempt for the occupation which they follow as amateurs, and would be shocked if they were met arm-in-arm with an editor. This affectation of disdain is not confined to the aristocracy. I remember once sitting in a box of the Adelphi theatre, unseen by a celebrated comic performer of Covent Garden theatre, and hearing his conversation with a companion about some criticism on a piece then before the public. His companion had observed that two or three of the newspapers had treated the author and actors rather severely.

"Newspapers!" said the little actor—"newspapers! who the d—l cares what such fellows as newspaper-men say of plays and performers?"

This gentleman had, on the same morning, written to me to solicit a kind notice of his own performance. There is nothing of this kind in France. Men of title and rank, so far from

being ashamed of having written in newspapers, either put their names at the foot of their articles, or otherwise avow their authorship; and others, who are merely candidates for the notice and support of writers, cultivate their acquaintance in public, as well as in private. I was, some years ago, in the habit of meeting the Duke of Broglie, and other noble writers of the French press, in large *réunions* in Paris, and was struck with the interest that they exerted, not as noblemen, but as writers. Guizot and Thiers would not have become ministers, if they had not been writers; and when ministers, they were just as proud of having it known that they continued to write, as of having risen to the highest distinction as statesmen. This is not the case with a newly created nobleman in England, who owes his elevation, in a great degree, to the press, which, at one time, gave him the means of existence. Although he is still a contributor to the press (clandestinely, it is true), he affects the most sovereign disdain of all public writers; and when urged to explain what he meant by saying that a certain individual was "the honestest fellow on the press," he observed that, in a band of thieves, one fellow might be honestest than the rest.

There is the same feeling in England as to trade. A mere mushroom nobleman blushes, if any person happens to recollect that the fortune which opened the way to title was the result of honest industry. In France, the duke who can trace his nobility through a dozen generations, is proud of associating his name with a manufactory. I have even seen a circular offering champagne wine signed by one of the oldest and wealthiest of the French nobility. There is nothing very surprising in the feeling to which I have alluded, when it is manifested by men of inferior minds, who have risen to worldly distinction by the force of circumstances and the false importance which is attached to money; but it is both surprising and disgusting where we witness it in persons who owe their elevation to their mental superiority. I have known few instances, however, in England where men who owed their distinction to their connexion with the press, appeared to dwell with pleasure on the recollection of the pursuits which had led to their advance-

ment in another sphere of action. One of them was Sir James Mackintosh; another is a splendid ornament of the British senate, who frequently refers to the period when he was a reporter; and, in his intercourse with the reporters of the present day, almost evinces the *esprit de corps* which characterises that class of persons.

Although I was never a reporter myself professionally, I have had much to do with reporters. Some of those who were immediately connected with me are gone to their eternal home; some are still labouring in the same vocation; and others, more fortunate, are at the bar, and deriving large incomes from a profession for which they would never have been able to make the necessary pecuniary sacrifices, but for their salaries as reporters. Of those who are dead, the most eccentric was, I think, poor Proby, who was many years engaged upon the *Morning Chronicle*. My acquaintance with him commenced about four years before his death, and when he was sixty years of age. When a reporter for the *Chronicle*, he attended the House of Lords regularly, for which he had a salary of three hundred guineas per annum, in addition to which he had more than one hundred and fifty pounds a-year as a translator for an evening paper. Being a single man, his income therefore was much above his real wants; but poor Proby was not a man to live within his means, whatever they might be; for he was at once a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*, and would sometimes expend the income of three days upon a single dinner. The memory of this gentleman was so retentive, that it was rarely necessary for him to make a written note of the portion of debate which it was his turn to report. I have frequently seen him standing with his back to the clerk in the House of Lords, like an idle listener, and without pen or paper; and, on the following day, have read two or three columns of his report in the *Chronicle* given with the greatest fidelity, even where the debate had turned upon statistics and figures. It was his custom, when arriving at the office to write out his report, to have a pot of porter before him, and two or three snuff-boxes, containing different kinds of snuff; and, alternately drinking and snuffing, he would write with a rapidity of which one reporter only

in twenty is capable. His reports were not merely faithful as to facts, they were elegant as to language; for, having a fine taste of his own, the speaker always appeared to advantage in the dress in which Proby clothed him. The public, who know nothing of the details of a newspaper, have a false notion of the mode in which reports are given. They imagine that they are taken in short-hand, and then faithfully transcribed from notes of the reporter. Short-hand is, however, little used by good reporters, except for striking passages of a speech which are to be given verbatim. Were the whole of a long debate in the House of Commons to be given from short-hand notes, the quantity would fill a paper three times as large as *The Times*, and neither the speaker nor the reader would be the gainer. Verbatim speeches would contain a great deal of useless verbiage; and, in many cases, much nonsense, which the speakers themselves would be sorry to see in print. Reporters generally take the leading points of a debate; and, when they write out their report, they fill up the chasms partly from recollection, and partly by the necessary connexion of words which the passages themselves supply, and which are the more or less those which the speaker would have used according to the intimacy of the reporter with his style. In France, where the newspapers are much smaller than in England, the reporters are compelled to confine themselves still more to the leading passages of a speech; and the consequence is, that a French debate on any subject of importance, always appears more spirited in the French journals, than a debate in the House of Lords or the House of Commons does in the English papers. The *Moniteur* is the only paper in France in which the debates are given at much length. In order to make it answer the purpose of the proprietors of the paper to report the speeches more fully than the other journals, the government subscribes for as many copies as there are peers and deputies, each of whom receives a paper gratuitously. It is absolutely necessary that there should be something of this kind, as there is not in France, as in England, a paper specially devoted to reports of the sittings of the Chambers; and, without this mode of proceeding, there

would be nothing like a work of reference for debates on subjects of local interest, which the papers generally pay no attention to; but which, for the members themselves, and for a portion of the public, have great importance.

Proby was not a short-hand reporter. I do not know whether he could even write three words in short-hand; yet I never saw better reports, or more faithful ones, where it was necessary to give the very words used by the speaker. The editor of the *Alfred* newspaper, which was started many years ago, and had but a short existence, and who was for some time editor of the *Sun*, had a similar facility. There never were better reporters than these persons, but they were both equally ignorant of the principles of short-hand; or, if acquainted with them, they never adopted them. Such was the facility with which Proby wrote, and so great were the resources of his memory, that, on the occasion of the death of George IV., he wrote a history of the life of that monarch, which occupied twelve columns of a newspaper, between eight in the morning and two in the afternoon, and it rarely occurred that any revision of his manuscript was necessary. The appearance of Proby when he was a reporter of the *Chronicle*, was more than respectable. There was something of the true old English gentleman about it. As he walked to the House of Lords, with his umbrella under his arm (for, like Philippe in his days of citizen-kinship, Proby always carried an umbrella in fine as in foul weather), his portly figure and his powdered hair gave him the look of a peer of the old school. His rubicund countenance indicated good living and good humour, and there was something aristocratic even in the tone of his voice.

The fondness for good living and the bottle at length got the upper hand of Proby's good sense; he became so neglectful of his duties, and disorderly in his habits, that his employers, after many fruitless remonstrances, were compelled to dismiss him. He could still earn bread by occasional contribution; but what was bread to a man who required two pounds of rump-steaks to subdue his appetite, and a bottle of port to quench his thirst? The rapidity with which the current of misfortune runs when once the

sluices are opened, is seen even where prudence and economy attempt to stem its fury; where no effort is made to weaken its force by letting it off through side-channels, it rolls like a torrent, and carries all before it. Proby was not the man to make head against the storm by energy, or to submit partially to privation until its fury had been spent. When the breeze lulled, he revelled; when it blew fresh, he was buffeted by the waves without rudder or canvass to reach a port. I had lost sight of him for some months, when, suddenly, his portly figure stood before me—but how altered in dress! The umbrella was still under his arm, but the twenty-shilling silk protector had been exchanged for the second-hand sixpenny cotton full of holes. His hair was still whitened, not powdered, for flour begged from some scullery-maid had supplied the former luxury of pulverised starch. He wore a hat which had once been that of a gentleman, but which had at last been thrown aside by some hackney-coach-driver as unfit for further use. Coat, waistcoat, and trousers, were all of canvass, scarcely finer than the mainsail of a coal-brig; and in his shoes, which, for months, probably, had been strangers to a visit from Warren's jet, bits of rope looked forth from sockets which had once been graced by black silk. Yet the face of Proby was as round, and his general appearance almost as plump, as in his days of prosperity. There was neither despondency nor humility in his manner; and, in asking me for employment, he made no allusion to his forlorn state. Having told him that I would see what I could do for him, and required his address, he replied that he was for the moment domiciled at the workhouse of Norwood. The workhouse! The fumes of coffee and the delightful reeking of hot rolls, exchanged for water gruel or pea-broth; the rump-steak with its garnish of horse-radish, flanked with potatoes and brown-stout, followed by the juice of the Oporto grape, replaced by suet-dumpling and sour small-beer; and the social, the inspiring meal of tea and toast, existing only in remembrance, to make still less savoury the workhouse-supper of bad bread and worse cheese!

I did not allow Proby to return to Norwood until he had renewed ac-

quaintance with a good piece of beef and a glass of port wine, and had given him an assurance that he should hear from me in a few days. In a week he was sitting in my room dressed in a suit of black, which I had enabled him to purchase by an advance of salary, and with his paste and scissors before him in all the dignity of sub-editorship. For three years the old gentleman performed his duties with diligence and zeal. He was regular at his work, cheerful in the execution of it, and the life of conversation when the work was done. Sickness, however, came over him; and, for three months, he kept his bed with an attack of dropsy. He recovered, in spite of the doctors; and as if for the purpose of giving them the lie, for they had condemned him to death. He resumed his editorial duties, but not with his former vigour; and, in a few months, he was again in bed with another attack of the same disease. During his illness his appetite never forsook him; he ate a pound of meat, and drank a pint of wine daily; and, within two hours of his death, drank a large basin of tea, and ate two rounds of toast. When I last visited him in company with the physician whom I had called in, he was breathing heavily, and spoke with difficulty. The doctor felt his pulse; and, in what he intended to be a whisper, said to me, "It is all over; he has not twelve hours to live!" We quitted, after having given instructions to the nurse to make the necessary preparations for death; but we had not been gone ten minutes, when Proby, rousing himself, and speaking with a firm voice, said, "Nurse, I heard what the doctor said, but he was never more mistaken; I cheated him the last time, and I shall do so this." These were his last words; in half an hour he was a corpse. Brother, sister, son, daughter, cousin, or relation, there was none to cheer him in sickness, or to weep for him when gone; but, oh, how merciful had God been where there were no earthly ties of love and affection! His illness was almost without pain, and death came upon him amid the hopes and expectations of life. The living poverty of Proby may have excited scorn and ridicule, but kings may envy the smooth and quiet passage of his death.

Another of my reporters was C—. He reported for me in the Court of

King's Bench. He had been a shepherd's boy; but, by study and perseverance, had lifted himself out of the sphere in which he was born; and, grappling boldly with society, had forced it to do him justice. The shepherd's boy attracted the notice of the bishop of the diocese in which he lived, and was sent to college as a servitor. Here he soon distinguished himself by his acquirements and the originality of his genius, and carried off those honours of which even Sir Robert Peel has reason to be proud. But C——, who, on the quiet of a college professorship, might have soon attained all the worldly wealth which such a framed mind as his could desire, was anxious to try his fortune on a larger stage. He left college, and entered boldly into public life. Alas! he had not learned at college the arts and contrivances by which men move in the world until they find an opportunity of pushing others from their seats. The days are gone, if they ever did exist, when scholars could pay for their dinner with a Latin verse, or purchase a night's lodging by the recital of a Greek ode. C—— found that the talents which had won the highest honours of the university from rich and titled competitors, would not procure for him the esteem and confidence which he had believed they would command. He was often dinnerless, and bedless, and shirtless, and but for a magazine he must have starved. In a moment of depression he sent an account of his wanderings and his misfortunes to a monthly periodical. His style was beautiful—his tale was affecting. He had drained the cup of poverty to its dregs, and had been the unarmed victim of the beastly pride and insulting insolence of the uneducated, or half-educated, mass. What indignity was there that he had not experienced? What privations that he had not undergone? Poor C—— had even stood at the bar before an upstart county justice, and heard an order given for his committal to prison in virtue of the Vagrant Act. Oh! what a burst of eloquence was that with which the poor student met the appalling insult; with what glorious dignity he bearded the heartless wretch, and compelled him to recall the sentence that he had pronounced! Ten times, at least, have I

read the speech and admired it. It must be eloquence, indeed, which can reach the heart of a coarse-minded man, and make him ashamed of an unworthy act. The publication of C——'s struggles brought him not only the usual magazine remuneration, but, within a few days, an anonymous letter was received for him, addressed according to the signature that he had given to his article under cover to the editor, enclosing a cheque for 20*l.* on a London banker; and desiring that, if he should ever be in want, he might, without scruple, apply at the same place, but without seeking to know the name of the donor. C—— took the 20*l.* but never applied again, for shortly afterwards he was in the receipt of a regular income as a reporter. He entered himself as a student of — Inn, with the intention of qualifying himself for the bar, but some domestic misfortunes assailed him, and he was unable to pay up his terms. Whilst in the height of his pecuniary difficulties, he called, by mere chance, one day at the office of the magazine to which he had sent the relation alluded to, and found a letter, which had been lying there nearly six months, the publisher being ignorant of his address. It was from his unknown friend, requesting that he would call on a certain person in the city. As C——, looking at the date of the letter, did not see that there would be much good in complying with the instructions that it contained, I offered to go for him. The person referred to was a highly respectable merchant. He told me that his brother, who resided in the country, had been deeply interested in C——'s communication in the magazine, and was most anxious to serve him if he should still be in want of assistance. I did not, of course, conceal C——'s position from the brother of this benevolent man. In a few weeks his terms were paid up; and when he was called to the bar, his generous friend, who no longer concealed himself, paid the expenses and was present at the feast. His kindness did not cease here. He enabled C—— to take convenient chambers, and to provide for his support, after having relinquished his connexion with the press, as he was compelled to do in order to devote himself to practice.

THE YOUTH OF JULIA HOWARD.

(Concluded from p. 475.)

CHARLES and Edward had not been gone to Oxford many days, before the mornings, which Miss Simmons and I used to spend almost exclusively in our own society, became diversified—I will not say enlivened—by the visits of Mr. Brett. The attentions of this gentleman were addressed in a manner the most decided and unequivocal to Miss Simmons. They were, indeed, a pair most admirably formed to meet by nature. For nearly thirty years, the Rev. Samson Brett had occupied the joint curacies of two contiguous villages, and the first floor over a grocer's shop in the town of Aylesford. His income, resulting from the stipend of his professional engagements, and the emoluments of his fellowship, was sufficient to enable him to sustain with respectability that position in the better society of the neighbourhood which every quiet, decorous, and solvent clergyman of Tory politics is sure of enjoying, as long as he is buoyed up by the civilities of his squire, and does not allow himself to sink, under the pressure of his circumstances, into a state of familiar intercourse, and of eventual contempt, with the plebeian portion of his parishioners. The attentions of the wealthy were welcomed by Mr. Brett with a bowing and smiling deference, which at once acknowledged their infinite condescension in bestowing, and expressed his heartfelt satisfaction in receiving them. The news, public and private, political and scandalous, which he collected in obeying the call of these periodical invitations, accredited his reception as a favoured guest and distinguished ornament at all the whist and commerce, the tea and supper tables, of that amphibious class of individuals who constitute the main ingredients of every country town society, and who oscillate with the regularity of a pendulum between the extreme limits of their acquaintance; now clinking to the side of their gentility by an ostentatious exhibition of their persons at all the public balls, and races, and music meetings, and now swaying to the side on which

they find their ambition less gratified, but their comfort very considerably enhanced, by sharing the homely hospitalities of the attorney and the apothecary, the chief linen-draper and the principal grocer, of the place. The passing notice of respect which Mr. Brett most rigorously exacted from the poor, as an indefeasible tribute to his long, black garters and his shovel hat, was returned, when volunteered by the opulent farmer or the substantial tradesman, with the second-hand condescensions and civilities which had been conceded to himself by the honoured proprietors of the circumjacent HILLS, and PARKS, and MANOR-HOUSES. He had entered the neighbourhood flushed with the acquisition of some inferior academical distinctions, and preceded by a reputation for eminent talents and extensive attainments. But these qualifications had long been numbered among the things that were. His talents had become torpid during the repose of a quarter of a century, and his attainments only lived among the traditions of the neighbourhood, to authenticate his laconic and dogmatical decisions on all subjects of either temporal or spiritual interest, and to deter the humble or the timid, who might chance to doubt the absolute infallibility of his views, from entering into controversy with a man of such extensive erudition. But for all other purposes, the acquirements of his youth had become extinct. They had pulvverised in secret, like a mummy in its case. Whatever taste or feeling for literature he might once have been blessed with had perished from want of exercise. The figures of his mathematics had faded from his memory; and, with the exception of a few of the most ordinary quotations, all his classical knowledge had slowly and imperceptibly evaporated. In compliance with his early collegiate habits, from a notion of professional propriety, and under the pretence of study, Mr. Brett continued to confine himself during the whole of the fore-

noon to the inviolable privacy of his apartment. But this period of diurnal retirement had gradually changed its destination. It had originally been set apart for the purpose of intellectual cultivation; but idleness had marked and appropriated it as her own. And with his person enveloped in a cumbersome wrapper,—a book spread out before him,—his shaving and writing materials disposed upon one table, and his tea and rolls upon another, the reverend gentleman might be detected, morning after morning, seated at the window of his apartment, and occupied in reconnoitring every object that was passing in the street below, from behind the scanty muslin curtain, till his dilatory breakfast was despatched, and the protracted operations of his toilet were completed. In the days of his bloom—but that was more than twenty years anterior to the time I am writing of—he had been a very favourite partner at all the balls and dances of the neighbourhood, and was rather a distinguished object of female jealousy and speculation. The curious eye might still discover in his manner and his habitments the lingering signs of his necessities in this way. The immaculate brightness of his shoes, the orderly arrangement of his gray and scanty curls, the neat plaiting of his stock and shirt-frill, indicated, even at the extreme noddle-age of fifty-five, an unwillingness to believe that his powers to charm had become impaired, and that his personal attractions had been involved in the waste and ruin of his intellectual accomplishments. He would fain have kept his place among the young, the gay, the gallant, and the fair. But another and another generation had sprung up around him. They had insisted on his receiving his due share of the respect and reverence which they rendered his contemporaries. They had modestly retreated from all his tenders of equality; they had gently urged the necessity of his migrating from the dance to the card-table; and they had at last succeeded in promoting his loath humility from their giddy and unworthy society to the honour of being classed as the agreeable companion of their mammas, and the sedulous attendant on their

aunts. Such was the gentleman whose soul had suddenly been endowed with a capacity of appreciating the charms, and sympathising with the virtues, of Miss Simmons. But at a certain time of life, such attachments very readily arise under the cheering prospect of some substantial, personal advantages. Miss Edgeworth tells us that “Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands.” And the steeple of East Nore was indisputably the exciting cause of the love which had been kindled in the breast of the Rev. Samson Brett. My brother informed me, in a letter, that he had witnessed the birth and development of this passion. The process was most orthodox. The attachment was sown, and sprung up, and very rapidly attained maturity, during a conversation at the Alresford ball, as Miss Simmons delivered her favourable responses to the following interrogatories of her clerical admirer:—

“I think, madam,” said Mr. Brett, on that eventful evening, “that your friend, Mr. Howard, is the patron of the valuable living of East Nore?”

“He is, sir, and also of many others of inferior or superior emolument.”

“Pray, madam, what may be the age of the present incumbent?”

“Really, sir, I cannot speak decidedly on the subject. I should not like, in such a matter, to have my statement quoted; but I rather think I have heard that he is eighty-four.”

“Eighty-four, indeed! Pray, madam, had Mr. Edward Howard any private tutor?”

“Oh, dear, no, sir! Till Mr. Edward went to Oxford, Mr. Howard took the entire direction of his son’s education on himself.”

“I presume, madam, that your highly respected friend has some nephew in orders, or some niece who is married to a gentleman in the church?”

“I have never, sir, understood Mr. Howard to have any such connexions.”

“Whom, then, madam, should you conceive likely to succeed to the rectory of East Nore, on the demise of the present extremely aged and infirm incumbent?”

“Really, sir, I do not believe that

Mr. Howard himself has ever once contemplated the subject."

This interesting dialogue, my brother told me, was begun in the common tone of conversation; but, as the answers became more exhilarating to the hopes of Mr. Brett, it gradually melted into a softer key, and assumed the expression of increasing tenderness; till, at the conclusion of the last sentence, his flame, kindling into a blaze at the idea of an unpromised living and a speedy vacancy, began to scintillate in his eyes, and to demonstrate its fervour by a slight pressure of the tip of his companion's little finger. But on this act of boldness, the lady immediately drew back her hand with a pretty air of coquetry, and retreated, playing with her fan, to the opposite side of the ball-room.

The courtship thus auspiciously commenced was prosecuted in a course of morning visits. "We had, for two or three days in succession, on returning from our walk or drive, found Mr. Brett's card on the hall-table. But, having experienced that we were generally out in the latter part of the afternoon, he changed his time of calling, and began to favour us with his company about half an hour before luncheon; and then lingered on in a dull, desultory, uninteresting farrago of gossip and sentiment, till the announcement of the carriage gave him warning to depart. To me, it was perfectly immaterial whether Mr. Brett was with us or not. His visits were most certainly not to me; and his conversation was just of that description which, demanding no effort of the understanding, might be heard without interfering with the course of my own thoughts; and as long as Miss Simmons played the part of an effective listener and interlocutor, nothing more was required of me than a civil appearance of attention, and an occasional monosyllabic answer when immediately addressed. But after a few more days had elapsed, our morning party had received the addition of a visitor, whose presence I could most gladly have dispensed with: it was Lord Botley, whom I have already mentioned as one of my partners at the Alresford ball.—Poor young man!—Never shall I forget his first entrance among us,—the hurry, the shyness, the awkwardness of it! The servant had scarcely uttered his name,

before he rushed past him into the drawing-room. Without venturing to look either myself or Miss Simmons in the face, and stumbling over two foot-stools, and the outstretched leg of Mr. Brett, he bustled up to the most distant chair he could discover; and then, before he was well seated, began a hurried, gasping, stuttering, incoherent apology for not having called on an earlier day after the ball. We contrived, but with some difficulty, to gather from this harangue the cause of his absence: he had been to Northamptonshire, to see his mother, and had only returned the day before to the neighbourhood. To afford us this important piece of information appeared to have been the exclusive object of his visit, which was hardly of five minutes' duration; when his departure was as rapid as his entrance. We expressed our pleasure in seeing him: Miss Simmons with her accustomed fluency of polysyllabic words; I briefly, and regretting my father's absence. This was his cue to speak, but he did not avail himself of it. A slight pause ensued; and, alarmed at the silence, and the responsibility of having to make another effort in sustaining the conversation, he started from his seat, and, with a world of spasmodic, vaguely intentioned, and misdirected bows, made his exit amid a blaze of blushes. Mr. Brett soon followed him. And, as soon as we were alone, Miss Simmons took me by the hand, and in a tone of real animation said, "My dearest Julia, with all my heart, I congratulate you. His lordship is delightful, handsome, accomplished. An immense fortune,—a viscount. How happy you will be!"

"My dear Miss Simmons, what can you mean?"

"Mean, my dear, that Lord Botley is at your feet."

"Ridiculous!"

"There can be no doubt upon the subject. His lordship was captivated at the Alresford ball. I observed it from the beginning; and now, is it not evident? Why else has he been to Northamptonshire?"

"He told us, to see his mother."

"Yes, to declare to her the state of his affections, and to assure himself of her sanction and approbation, before he ventured on making any further advances."

"How can you talk such nonsense?"

"It is no nonsense: I never was mistaken in an affair of this description in my life. Believe me, every thing is exactly as it ought to be."

"No, indeed; if your views are correct, every thing is exactly as it ought *not* to be. I cannot credit what you tell me of Lord Botley's attachment; I perceive no sign of it. If it be as you suspect, I shall be very sorry; for he is destined to be disappointed of his object. And if he has been to Northamptonshire for the purpose you suppose, he has obtained his mother's consent to his addresses in vain; for most assuredly he never, never can obtain mine."

"Impossible, Julia! You cannot intend to refuse his lordship?"

"I most sincerely hope I shall never be called upon to perform so ungracious a task. But you know that it could never be;—you know why it could never be. Let us not speak of this matter again—it distresses me. The carriage is at the door; we shall have no time for our drive."

How Miss Simmons acquired her knowledge of such affairs I know not; but its accuracy was evinced by the event. From this time, Lord Botley's visits were uninterrupted. Morning after morning, he dispensed to us minute doses of his society, never exceeding a quarter of an hour; but varying in their duration within that period, according to the state of his shyness, and the extent to which Miss Simmons could contrive to pour forth her modulated commonplaces in exchange for his hurried and monosyllabic rejoinders. To myself he scarcely ever spoke; he very seldom, indeed, looked towards me; and then, if our eyes met, his were immediately turned away. Sometimes, by a strong effort, he attempted to approximate the subject of love; and would drop a hint touching on the high blessedness of mutual love and eternal constancy. He once or twice ventured to cite some poetry of an amatory cast; but the quotations were forcibly introduced, without their having even the most remote connexion with the conversation of the moment; and after he had begun to repeat them, his memory invariably deserted him, and left him blushing and stuttering in the middle of the stanza. All these expressive intimations of the passion by which he was

animated were addressed to Miss Simmons; all these light shafts of Love's artillery were aimed at my governess, from whom, I presume, they were expected to glance off, and to hit me in the rebound. An exploit of this kind seemed to exhaust all the little stock of courage which Lord Botley could ever muster to sustain him in our presence. It was as much as his hardihood was capable of; and the sentiment, or the rhyme, had no sooner exploded than he took fright, and scampered away in terror at the report. As for me, I knew not, under these circumstances, what course to take. I felt that Lord Botley's attentions ought to be put a stop to,—that he ought to be informed of the hopelessness of his pursuit. But what was I to do? Had he even dropped a single word to myself, of which I could have taken advantage, I would frankly have declared to him that my affections were already and irrevocably engaged. But his shyness prevented his even affording me such an opportunity. I frequently and earnestly urged upon Miss Simmons the necessity of her taking such a measure; but all my remonstrances were in vain: she would persist in hoping that I should change my mind, and refused taking upon herself the responsibility of annihilating what she called the prospects of so brilliant a marriage for me. And to my father I was afraid to speak; for, besides that I had nothing to report which might authorise such a communication, I perceived that Lord Botley had become a great favourite of his. Though silent, and shy, and awkward to Miss Simmons and myself, he was communicative, unrestrained, and intelligent with him: they were as close friends, in fact, as persons so far divided from each other by their age could be. For hours together, sometimes on the terrace in the garden, sometimes up and down the library or the drawing-room, they would walk and talk,—exposing the sophistries of Locke and Paley,—eulogising Bishop Butler, and Cudworth, and Berkeley,—and communing on high matters of loyal politics, and Catholic Christianity, and transcendental metaphysics. It was evident that they always met with pleasure; and they never seemed to part from one another without feeling that glow of good-will, and that sense of increased attachment, which we all, I believe, experience on taking leave of a

companion whose opinions are in correspondence with our own, after a conversation that has afforded us some new intelligence respecting them, or some additional argument in their support. Under these circumstances, I dared not intimate my suspicions of Lord Botley's sentiments towards me to my father; for I dreaded lest, instead of assisting me in discountenancing his attentions, he should warmly and sedulously engage himself as his advocate.

In the meantime, the courtship of Mr. Brett and my governess was brought to a prosperous conclusion. I was in my dressing-room, writing to Edward, when Miss Simmons entered, and informed me that the proposal had been made and accepted. She spoke of the gentleman with enthusiasm. "His abilities had been distinguished at the university; he had been accustomed to the best society of the neighbourhood; his manners and character were unexceptionable. Their union promised to afford happiness to both, during the years which were yet remaining of their youth, and reciprocal comfort and accommodation to their age. Perhaps she might have been more aspiring in her views; but the wife of a clergyman always held a station of respectability in society; and she had stipulated, as an indispensable condition, that, previously to their marriage, Mr. Brett should take his doctor of divinity's degree."

A postscript to the letter which I was writing when Miss Simmons entered my room informed my brother of her engagement. In his answer to this piece of intelligence he wrote,—"I am very glad to hear Miss Simmons is going to be married. After being with us so many years, now that you want her services no longer, we should not have found it easy to dispossess ourselves of her society graciously, or without an appearance of unkindness towards her. But now this marriage smoothes every difficulty away. She has most conscientiously executed her part in your education; and we have the means of marking our grateful sense of her merits in that respect by providing for her husband. I don't like Miss Simmons,—but she's an excellent person. And I don't like the Rev. Samuel Brett,—but he's a very respectable man. And so give my love to my father, and say that both

you and I are desirous that the patronage of the living of East Nore should be given to Miss Simmons, as a compliment of congratulation on her marriage." My father immediately acceded to our request; and never was application more admirably timed. Within a fortnight, we received intelligence of the death of the superannuated incumbent; and within the second month, Dr. and Mrs. Brett returned from their short marriage-tour to Paris, and established themselves in his comfortable rectory. At East Nore they are still residing; where, with the aid of super-excellent management, and the widow of a general officer domesticated among the family, they succeed in making twelve hundred a-year do duty for two thousand, and are regarded with universal deference and consideration: the lady, as a perfect model of taste, refinement, fashion, elegance, and accomplishment; the gentleman, as a person of judgment, erudition, and coolness; a dignified ecclesiastic, a justifier of the peace, and the most inflexible and rubicund of Tories.

I feel that it is strange to write thus lightly of character, who, however deficient they may be in brilliant and attractive qualities, are usually so much more deserving of consideration than of censure. But the bitterness of my heart mingles itself with all my thoughts, and involuntarily gives a severe and sarcastic turn to my views and my expressions. The stream of life is poisoned at the source, and the evidences of the infection are exhibited in all the operations of its faculties. I am a thing alone. I have no participation in the ordinary interests of existence. The ties that might have united me with my kind are severed with the disappointment of my strongest, deepest, and tenderest affection. A grieving spirit has exalted me above all considerations of the trivial distinctions and petty appliances in which others find the gratification of their pride, their vanity, and their ambition. I have still a reservation of tears and pity for their sorrows; but I have no sympathy in their happiness, and nothing but contempt for the insignificant objects which they set their hearts upon, and which they waste away their lives in the pursuit of.

The time was now fast approaching when we were to leave Hampshire for

London. The months that had elapsed since Charles Lydgate's leaving us, had rather increased than attenuated the force of my unhappily placed attachment. All the circumstances around me tended to fan and cherish it. The incessant flirtation which was carried on between Mr. Brett and Miss Simmons; the sentimental tone of their conversation; the timid but persevering assiduities of Lord Botley,—all conspired to keep the subject of love continually present to my mind. They forced my thoughts into one course, and that the most unfortunate which, at my age, and in the perilous state of my affections, they could possibly have pursued; and they prevented me from turning my attention to other things, in which I might gradually have learned to find an interest, and thus have afforded scope for time and absence, those mighty agents, to effect the good work which a merciful Providence has assigned to them—the obliteration of the painful impressions of the heart. Besides which, I now became acquainted with the writings of Byron. They had been very wisely kept from me in my childhood, and it would have been well if I had always remained ignorant of them. I caught the general enthusiasm for his poetry, as it was natural for such a girl to do. *Childe Harold*, or the *Giaour*, or the *Corsair*, was never out of my hand; and the most striking passages of each were deeply engraven on my memory. It was the most pernicious food my soul could, at such a moment, have fed upon. Instead of inspiring me with strength to combat against my passion, those books led me to fancy that there was something amiable in the weakness that submitted to it. They taught me to consider my character as exalted in proportion to the devotedness, the exclusiveness, the intensity, and the pertinacity, of its attachment. They flattered and betrayed me into a notion that I possessed myself of a certain heroic pitch of virtue by loving so tenderly, and so deeply, and so constantly, and by loving on without requital and in spite of hope.—But did I really love without requital and without hope?—No, that I could not believe. Charles had reminded me at parting, that we should meet in town. His words I fondly construed into an intimation of his anxiety to meet me again. “Perhaps,”—I some-

times, in my happier moods and more sanguine frame of mind, would murmur to myself,—“perhaps I am unjust towards him; perhaps he counts the hours of separation with a solicitude as earnest as my own.” But no, that certainly was not the case. It was at the close of a sultry evening in the middle of May, a few days previous to our leaving the country for London, that my father called me from my moonlight walk in the shrubbery to give me a letter from my brother. Edward informed me in it that Charles Lydgate and himself were inseparable. “Never,” he wrote, “were men so happy. We are out with the stag-hounds three times a-week; on the intervening days, we go long excursions on the river; we dine at some village or other, and we row back to Oxford by moonlight. I am myself only moderately and rationally happy; but as for Charles, his spirits don't run, they gallop away with him. They are sometimes almost more than I can bear; and I was actually awakened the night before last by hearing him, through the division of our college-rooms, singing and laughing in his sleep.”—Why did this letter cast a deeper gloom over my mind?—Why was I sad because he was so happy?—Oh! I feared that such gaiety and carelessness of heart were incompatible with any real affection for myself. If he loved as I did, he could not be thus happy during his absence from me. The following lines were written at day-break on the succeeding morning:—

I lingered in a woody glade,
And round the moonbeams threw
Their silvery light and chequered shade
Upon the glistening dew;
And all that silent, lonely hour,
I thought on one apart,
And wished that love conferred the
power
To commune heart with heart;
But, wafted on the moonlight tide,
Carelessly carolled he;
And, as the languid oar he plied,
Breathed not a thought on me.

Upon a restless couch I lay
In interrupted sleep;
And often would I wake and pray,
And in my slumbers weep.
Through all the changes of my dream,
His coldness moves my tears;
His name of every prayer the theme,
My guardian angel hears;

While he, in sweet, unbroken rest,
 'Mid visions bright and fair,
 Recalls the form he loves the best,
 But mine appears not there.

Sadly I rose at break of day,
 And ignominiously strove
 By other thoughts to chase away
 Remembrance of my love;
 And vainly strove,—each trivial thing,
 The faintly sighing wind,
 The fading flower, the shower of spring,
 Brought back my grief to mind:
 But merrily with hound and horn,
 In forests green rode he;
 And every care he laughed to scorn,
 But most all care for me.

And ever thus the weary time,
 From dawn to darksome eve,
 My lowly, solitary rhyme,
 Of mournful words I weave:
 And when I mark the laughing face
 Of one whose heart is free,
 I wish oblivion would erase
 The thought that preys on me.
 But no! that wish was rashly framed;
 My soul would not forego,
 For any joy that could be named,
 The pain that loves him so.

May 20, 1830.

At the moment these stanzas were written on the envelope of my brother's letter, from which I have now transcribed them, I felt painfully convinced that Charles could not possibly retain any affection for myself, and yet preserve the buoyancy of his spirits unoppressed by separation; but, in an instant after, my imagination lighting on some more cheerful argument, would call back the spirit of hope, with all its force and vigour, to my breast; and then again, with the recollection of Edward's description of Charles's happiness, I would relapse into a state of despondency. In London, however, all would be decided. There would be no hunting to withdraw him from us then. He would, of course, be continually with my brother, and at our house. I should be able, from his manner, to judge how he was affected towards me; and, at all events, be delivered from the torture of uncertainty.

On reaching Upper Brook Street, we found Lord Botley, who had been summoned to town on business a few weeks before us, sitting with my brother and awaiting our arrival. Charles Lydgate was also in town, and in Green Street, but we did not see him that evening. Extraordinary was the change which so short a time, passed in

the best part of London society, at the height of the season, had affected in Lord Botley. Even I, who was watching every step or sound in the house or in the street, with a feverish hope that it might harbingers the appearance of Charles Lydgate, was struck by the alteration. His entrance into the world, the attaining the full privileges of being of age, the taking his seat in the House of Lords, the acquiring the control and mastery of his own possessions, the introduction among men into a share in the great concerns and active business of life, seemed to have inspired him with a true sense of his position, and shewn him the necessity of making a strong and resolute struggle against his natural reserve. His shyness was now only perceptible in a slight coldness and hesitation which appeared in his first address, and which almost immediately gave way to a frank and easy cordiality. That awkwardness which had so often been commented on by Miss Simmons, and laughed at by myself, was no longer in existence. It had originated in the peculiar character of his early studies and pursuits, which, by separating him from the intercourse of his contemporaries, and confining him to the company of his tutors, had kept him in ignorance and without the use of the habits and conventions of society; but it had already become worn down by his free circulation in the world, and only just so much remained behind as seemed to give no unpleasant touch of individuality to his manner. After a short visit, and telling my father all the newest news of the day, and seeing that we were both quite well, which seemed to be his great object of interest, he took his leave. My father asked him to dinner for the morrow.

On that day Charles Lydgate also dined with us. I was wrapped in immeasurable contentment; for, though Lord Botley was on my right hand, I could bear his presence with perfect equanimity, and respond to his observations with admirable civility; for Charles was on my left. Besides this cause of happiness, my spirits were childishly elated by the prospect of going that evening to the Opera; and I had never yet been at a public theatre.

"Your expectations are raised so high," said Charles, "that they never can be satisfied. What do you imagine you will see and hear there?"

"Oh, I shall see dancing like flying, and hear all the songs we used to sing together in Hampshire executed so finely, that I shall be ashamed of ever singing them again!"

"On the contrary, I should conceive that hearing them with all the exaggerated emphasis and false ornament of the stage, would teach you to value your simple mode of singing them the more."

I knew that this was a mere empty compliment, but still the praise pleased and cheered me.

"But," continued Charles, "nobody goes to the Opera for the sake of the music."

"So I am told, but I suppose I may listen to it if I like; and I think I shall like to do so very much."

"Julia," said my father, "will be able to appreciate the pleasures of the Opera more fully some time hence, after having heard the same music performed by the same voices, and seen the same steps repeated by the same dancers two nights a-week, for the rest of the season. I have given her part of a box with Mrs. Smythe Chorley, a Yorkshire cousin of mine."

"Of course, my dear papa, I can't as yet understand the full extent of your kindness, but I am not quite so rustic as Mr. Lydgate fancies me. I know we are not always to be listening to the Opera, and that all our agreeable friends are to visit Mrs. Chorley and myself in our box, and to be so very pleasant as to make us careless of the music and dancing."

"Allow me to correct you," interrupted Lord Botley; "though nobody thinks it necessary to listen to the music, all rational persons are extremely silent and attentive to the dancing!"

"Oh, thank you, I won't forget your hint; but, Mr. Lydgate, I shall expect you to come and talk to us very often indeed."

"Charles go to your opera-box!" exclaimed my brother; "my dear Julia!—the thing's impossible!—He would not dare do it!"

"Not dare?"

"It would be an infidelity of the most unpardonable description. He is always expected to be on duty from half-past ten, at the latest, till the fall of the curtain, and to take his seat in the centre pit-box, behind the chair of Lady Elizabeth Fordham."

This name was no sooner uttered,

than all my happiness was dispersed: my heart was pierced to the centre; a spirit was aroused within me, which has never from that moment ceased to exercise its restless and implacable ascendancy. Never, never shall I lose the recollection of the first keen, electric, poignant pang of jealousy. Emotions are too subtle in their nature to be made intelligible by any form of speech. They cannot be represented by any felicity of expression. We may body forth the dreams of the imagination; we may find language to declare the results of our investigations; we are endowed with the means of impressing on the minds of others all that study, or fancy, or contemplation, may have inscribed upon our own: but the Almighty has been merciful to man; He has not permitted that the wretched should be able, by any, however curious or elaborate, combinations of written words to disturb the serenity of the happy, by transfusing into their breasts a reflected sense of the tortures of the passions. It is by experience only that we can acquire an apprehension of the anguish which follows the detection of the inconstancy of those we love. We must ourselves have suffered the grief of a wronged affection before we can understand what that grief can be, or commiserate the wretch who suffers under its infliction; but to those whose range of knowledge and of sympathy has been thus miserably extended, who have learned in the school of jealousy the depth and the poignancy of the pains it brings, no effort of eloquence is needed. They have learned a lesson, which can never be forgotten. To them it is only requisite to sketch the situation; and the memory at once supplies the omission, and informs them what must, under such circumstances, be felt, with a full and thrilling emphasis, which would be rather weakened than enhanced by any laboured amplification of expression. Charles Lydgate loved another! My faculties were stunned. Sounds were addressed to me, but my mind could not gather the purport of them. My heart beat audibly; my pulses throbbed; my throat was full to choking; there was a dazzling mist before my eyes; happily the words which had so distressed me were spoken after the desert had been served. It was no longer necessary for me to remain at the table, and I immediately

left the dining-room. As I withdrew, I heard my father say, "Julia, I see, is quite impatient to be at the Opera; I hope Mrs. Chorley will call for her early."—So mistaken are we when we presume to speculate on what is passing in the breast of another. My father thought that I was moved by the anticipation of future pleasure, while I was really suffering an agony of present pain. Never shall I forget the misery of the time that followed, when I found myself alone in the drawing-room. There came thronging on me a rapid succession of strong emotions, of awakened pride, of self-humiliation, of keen resentment, and of deepest tenderness; a mass of confused and bewildering thoughts, and a world of hurried and contradictory resolutions. At length I heard the party coming up-stairs from the dining-room. My tears were wiped away, my sobs suppressed. I endeavoured to be calm, and I, at least, succeeded in being still and silent. Immediately after coffee, my brother and Charles left us for the Opera. When Edward's cab was announced, Charles happened to be near me. I had determined never to speak to him again; but the impulse of the moment was irresistible. My pride gave way, and I mentioned Lady Elizabeth's name to him. I forget what I said,—“You had better go, or Lady Elizabeth will be offended;” or, “If you remain with us any longer, Lady Elizabeth will think you have deserted her.”—I cannot remember what my words exactly were, but his brief reply contradicted Edward's insinuation by a contemptuous sarcasm on her age and person. I distantly alluded to his past attentions to myself;—my father approached us;—my brother reminded his friend that the carriage was at the door;—Charles had no opportunity of answering me; and, though relieved of the extreme bitterness of heart which I had before experienced, I was cast back upon my former state of miserable and irritating uncertainty. Till Mrs. Smythe Chorley called for me, I walked impatiently up and down the room, longing for her arrival; not that I cared for the Opera, but that I might be again in the same place with Charles, and watch his movements, and try to discover from them some indication of his feelings.

My father did not accompany us to the theatre. When we arrived there, my

mind was so intently fixed upon one object, that the splendour of the house and the performances of the stage obtained no hold of my attention. My eye ranged over the seats of the pit, and penetrated the dark recesses of every box, in search of Charles; and when the door of our own opened to admit any of Mrs. Smythe Chorley's innumerable visitors, I looked eagerly towards it in expectation of his appearance. Lord Botley joined us almost immediately on our arrival. He informed me of the names of the singers, the merits which the connoisseurs admired, and the defects which they condemned, in the style of each of them. He pointed out to me the several persons of celebrity—statesmen—warriors—poets—beauties—who happened to be present; and he told me to whom the different boxes belonged. His words murmured about my ears, but I did not understand their meaning; but “yes,” “no,” “indeed,” “thank you,” were the only answers which were required of me; and these, at certain intervals, I was yet enough mistress of myself to make. I did not venture to speak to him of Charles. After remaining with us about an hour, he vacated his seat. He had not long left the box, when my brother came, and, for a few moments, occupied his place. Of him I inquired where Charles was. “I very soon found you out in the pit,” I said, “but I have not been able to discover Mr. Lydgate.”

“It would be very strange if you could, Julia, for Lydgate is in Lady Elizabeth Fordham's box, which is immediately under your own!”

From that instant, longing to be at home and alone, with my heart beating and the tears trembling in my eyes, dreading the observation of those around me, ashamed of myself, irritated against Charles, abhorring Lady Elizabeth, loathing the performance, and yet neither seeing any thing nor hearing any thing, I sat perfectly motionless, as if altogether absorbed in what was passing on the stage.

In the interval between the opera and the ballet, Charles entered our box, and took the chair behind me. Before I was aware of his presence, I caught the notes of his clear, cheerful voice, inquiring, “How I had been pleased, and whether the opera had come up to my expectations?”

could hardly speak; he was near me, and that was some relief. I dreaded his leaving the box, for then he would be out of my sight, and would return to my rival; and yet, wronged, angry, indignant, jealous, miserable as I was, I answered him carelessly, distantly, abruptly. I knew that, unless I made an effort, by keeping up the conversation to detain him in the box, he would inevitably leave it; and yet, with that strange inconsistency and contrariety of conduct into which all strong passions hurry us, I not only would not make the slightest exertion to keep him with us, but, by my brief, negligent, and almost pettish replies to his observations, adopted the very course which must have had the effect of sending him away. He left us, and then I reproached myself for my folly, and was wretched.

I saw no more of Charles, till, at the end of the ballet, my brother and Lord Botley returned to conduct us to our carriages. There, in the crowd in the round room, I again saw him with Lady Elizabeth Fordham on his arm. Even then I considered her old and large. They were talking and laughing. It was evident in the course of of this conversation, that my name was mentioned,—I saw the odious woman take up her glass and direct it towards me. What could Charles have been saying? Here was another subject of anxiety for my harassed mind to work upon.

I like recording the mistakes which I have, from time to time, found people fall into, when drawing conclusions respecting the secret feelings and sentiments of their companions from a view of what they observe in their external conduct. It is a silly and injurious practice, and the discovery of any instance of such a mistake ought to have some effect in preventing us from incurring it. Mrs. Smythe Chorley said to my brother, as he was leading her to the carriage, "Your sister, Mr. Howard, was quite delighted with the opera. At first, indeed, she could do nothing but look about her and admire the house; but afterwards, her whole soul seemed absorbed in the music. She does not, I perceive, *entre nous*, give very, very much encouragement to either of her admirers. She is, perhaps, rather pleased and flattered by the attentions of Lord Botley, but she is decidedly annoyed by those of Mr. Lydgate."

On reaching home, I found my father was sitting up for me. This vexed me; I was longing to be alone and quiet, if not at rest. He was in the library, where he had ordered refreshments to be set for me, and was waiting to hear my account of the opera, and to reap, in witnessing my delight, his share of the pleasure which he had anticipated for us both, in giving me my box. As I entered the room, he extended both his hands towards me, and exclaimed, with a voice of cheerful salutation and inquiry, "Well, Julia?" He expected that I should run towards him and give him a rapid, glowing, enthusiastic description of all that I had seen and heard. Withdrawing as far as possible from the light of the lamp, I flung myself on a sofa and returned him no answer.

"Why, Julia, my love," continued my father, after a pause, "don't you mean to speak to me? Have not you any thing to tell me?"

"I have nothing to tell you."

"Did you like the opera? Did it satisfy your expectations? How were you amused?"

"Really, I don't know."

"Not know!—But Sontag—Pasta—Taglioni—what did you think of them? Are they not wonderful?"

"I dare say they are."

"Something has happened to vex you. My love, what is the matter?"

"There is nothing the matter, sir, that I'm aware of."

After these abortive attempts to induce me to speak, there ensued a silence of some minutes. My father poured himself out some wine and water, and took a biscuit, which I heard him breaking into small pieces, and crunching between his teeth as he ate. These slight but continuous sounds were excruciating to my harassed nerves and exhausted spirits. I could not forbear exclaiming, "Good Heavens, sir, what an intolerable noise you are making with that biscuit!—How I do wish there were no such things as biscuits!"

"You are not well, my child," replied my father, anxiously; "I am sure you cannot be well."

"Well! I am well enough."

"I am sorry to hear it," said my father; "for nothing but illness could excuse your extraordinary ill humour."

"I am tired—I'm sleepy—I must go to bed!"

"Won't you take some refreshment first?"

"No, I had rather not."

"A glass of wine?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing."

"Will you have some tea sent to your room?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!—pray, pray, don't tease me so."

"Good night," said my father, in a cold tone of disappointment; and he rose and rung the bell for my maid. I took my candle, and, without answering him, or kissing him, as had been my custom every night from the day of my birth to that wretched hour, I hurried up-stairs, and shut myself up in my dressing-room.

This was the only occasion on which that *unquestionable spirit*, which Shakespeare enumerates among the distinctive marks of a true lover, ever overmastered me so far, as to betray me into a single word or act of disrespect and unkindness to my father. It has rendered me pettish with my brother, irritable in society, impatient with my maid; but never before, or since, did it render me so ungratefully—so wickedly forgetful of my filial duty. Never shall I forgive myself my behaviour on that night. Even now, the thought of it never passes across my mind without awakening a feeling of contrition at my heart. My dearest, dearest father, may my years of suffering be received by Heaven and yourself as an expiation of the sin which I then was guilty of!

It was at daybreak, on the following morning, that I rose and wrote down the stanzas below: I had composed them during the dark but sleepless hours of the night:—

Oh, sound the knell, a deeper knell,—

Than ever pealed above the dead;

And louder let the dirges swell

Than ever hymned a spirit fled.

For why to cold, insensate things

Should rites of woe be duly given?

While none fair pity's tribute brings

To hearts by wrong'd affection riven.

To die is but to gain relief

From all the sorrows life has borne,

To lose the memory of grief,

The blush of shame, the sense of scorn.

But, oh! to love, and yet to know

The loved one hath for thee no care,

Is evermore the parting throes,

And lengthening pang of death to bear.

Then sound for those nor dirge nor knell,

By death delivered from all pain:

For those the notes of sorrow swell

Who love, and are not loved again.

Need I repeat that I do not print these verses as good in themselves, but as true specimens of the sort of verses, rude and unpolished, which the heart dictates in its misery?

It was only a few days after the opera, that, as I was sitting in the back drawing-room writing to Mrs. Brett, Charles and Edward came in. On the table near the window two pictures were standing, which had just been sent home, and of which my father had not yet determined the places they were to occupy. The one was an exquisite sketch of myself by Lawrence, a perfect specimen of his inimitable chalk drawings; the other was a picture of Edward's favourite hunter, by Cooper. "Don't disturb yourself, Julia," said my brother, as they entered; "I have only brought Lydgate here, for a moment, to see the picture."

I felt a thrill of joy come over me. I was gratified that Charles should take an interest in my portrait; and though I appeared intent upon my letter, my hand was still, and my attention on the alert to catch whatever observations he might make upon it.

"Is it not capital?" demanded my brother.

"Exquisite, beautiful—and so very like!" replied his friend.

I knew it was so: and I was delighted that he should see it so; for of that I had been in doubt. I thought of the difference that subsisted between myself and Lady Elizabeth Fordham. Not even Lawrence, with all his skill, could have made such a picture of her.

"It is really quite inimitable," he continued; "the beautiful carriage of the head." I'd give the world for such a picture."

I was in ecstasy—my hand trembled—my heart beat quickly—the tears of exulting love started into my eyes—and my ears tingled with impatience to catch the words that followed. There was a pause. I was on the point of speaking, to express how pleased I felt at his admiration of my picture, when Charles renewed his criticism.

"If," he said, "there is a fault, which I doubt, perhaps the colour is rather too light a bay; and I'm not quite sure but there is something not altogether right about the off fetlock."

Good Heavens! it was then the picture of Edward's hunter which he had all this while been looking at and admiring. How bitter was the revulsion

of feeling which I experienced at that instant! I was overpowered with a sense of injured affection and insulted vanity. I blushed deeply, burning, at the thought of the ridicule, the jests, the contempt, that would have followed, had I by a single word discovered the mistake into which I had been betrayed. My first impulse was to run out of the room; but I was incapable of rising from my seat. My tears flowed fast, but my back was to the light; I kept my head down, as if occupied with my letter, and they were not perceived.

"Who painted it?" inquired Charles: "did you say Cooper?"

"Cooper," replied my brother.

"It's really quite excellent. I can hardly bear to leave it." He retreated, with his back turned towards the picture as he withdrew.

"Stop a moment," said Edward: "there is something else for you to see. You have not looked at Lawrence's sketch of Julia."

"Is that finished *already*? You said he was taking her. Hum! very good. Sir Thomas always is successful with women. He does the eyes so well."

Such was his only observation. Euthusiasm as he had been about the picture of his friend's horse, he had nothing more to say about that of his sister. They bade me good bye; excused themselves for the interruption they had occasioned to my studies; and departed, leaving me laden with as oppressive a weight of wretchedness as it is possible, I apprehend, for a human creature to endure and live.

It were tedious to detail all the circumstances which, by slow degrees, obliterated every remaining hope, and eventually confirmed me in the afflicting persuasion of Charles's indifference. If I would, I could not. To recite the weary catalogue of my exertions to recover his attentions, and the defeat which they invariably encountered;—to relate how I secretly laboured in the attainment of the most difficult accomplishments, because I had heard him admire them in another, and was doomed to witness his utter carelessness of them, when the laborious acquisitions were exhibited by myself;—to enumerate every little indication, which succeeded in deepening the impression of his disregard into a full conviction of it;—to repeat every word which sounded coldly, every action which marked a want of consi-

deration, every look which testified to the absence of a kindness corresponding with my own, were as impracticable as to count the atoms that tremble in the air, while watching the direction of its current.

Why, under these circumstances, did my heart retain its affection unimpaired? No attachment ever needed to itself a sufficient plea for its existence. The object whom we love stands distinguished in the throng of company as a more gifted and peculiar being. As the eye follows him, no grace is wanted to his movements; as the ear drinks his accents, no eloquence is absent from his tongue. There is a kind of halo round him; and he stands conspicuous in the fulness of a bright and searching light, which reveals the slightest play of his features, while every other object appears to be confusedly mingled in obscurity. But Charles Lydgate fully justified the sentiments I entertained for him. He was universally admired, and a favourite in every society. Besides, he was the friend of Edward. I was constantly hearing some anecdote of his skill, his kindness, his generosity, or his wit. He was hourly recalled to my recollection; and we were almost always some part of every day together. He was the first who ever sought an interest in my affections. When my love was won, I possessed no power of recalling it. My heart is tenacious of its impressions. Constancy is an invincible instinct of my nature. My attachments may be wronged: they cannot be destroyed. It is said that *love expires with hope*. Surely this cannot be true. It seems as if I had for years known nothing but despair; and yet my love is not extinguished.—But I may, perhaps, have deceived myself.—It is so difficult to believe ourselves altogether forsaken, to think upon a past affection, and not suspect the possibility of its return, that I may have been ignorant of the actual state of my own mind, and secretly have anticipated a revival of his tenderness, even while I sat, and wept, and repeated, over and over again, that all hope was lost.

Then there was a time, when the very kindness of his nature induced him to treat me with an ill-considered pity, which tended to keep alive my lingering doubts of his indifference. He perceived the pleasure which I

received from being occupied in his service; and, long after every feeling of tenderness for me had departed, there was hardly a day in which he did not intrust me with some commission—some music to be transcribed, some drawing to be copied, some extract to be made, or some trinket to be purchased for his sisters. Once, at a ball, the tears started to my eyes on witnessing his attentions to another. Charles perceived my agitation; vanity is as keen of sight as love or jealousy. He left his partner, and came to the chair beside me; and there was a smile of encouragement, a softness of voice, a gentleness of manner, as he sat conversing with me, which discovered the compassionate motive of the action. If, as his excursive fancy fixed itself on some new rival with a longer and a steadier interest, I evinced my apprehension of it, and ventured a remark upon his fickle admiration, he would make light of my suspicion, and leave me with the mournful alleviation of believing that, though I was myself forsaken, another was not loved. But this faint sensibility for my sufferings, this dying echo of his former tenderness, was but of brief duration. Before I had been out two seasons, every trace of peculiar kindness in his manner had gradually worn away, and was succeeded by a heartless familiarity, which had all the intimacy, without any of the affection, of relationship. He became habituated to the presence of my sorrow. He could see the troubled beating of my heart, and feel no sympathy with my afflictions. If I spoke to him of his inconstancy, he heard me without emotion, and answered me with some irrelevant remark. The springs of pity had become exhausted by the duration of my strong and my increasing claims upon them. As it often is with the victim of some mortal and lingering malady, that she is at first attended by all the vigilance of the excited affections, and then less and less anxiously watched, and then becomes neglected for every trivial care or pleasure, till at length the solicitude of her friends and relatives appears to be wearied out, and all apprehension lost in the protraction of her danger—so was it with me. I bore about with me the humiliating consciousness of my unrequited love, as the one permanent impression by which the fact of my existence was made known to me. I was aware—I

was capable of—no other feeling than that aching oppression of the heart, which results from the disappointment of our strongest affections. But my sorrow had become a matter of indifference to him by whom it was inflicted, and had no longer any relief to look for from his commiseration. In the meantime, I also had gained a wonderful ascendancy over the external indications of my suffering. As Charles, without any consideration for my presence, began to talk, as he often would, of his admiration of others, I gradually became inured to the anguish which such themes occasioned, and, without being less alive to the pain, acquired a perfect power of concealing it. I could hear him expatiate on the objects of his versatile admiration, and could even deliberately discuss with him their beauties or their accomplishments. I once saw the miniature of one he loved fall accidentally from his pocket-book; and such a thorough mastery over myself had I attained, that I praised the likeness, and gave him back the picture. Human nature has a miserable facility in adapting itself to circumstances. It will exist in the dark and airless obstruction of the prison-house. It may be sustained by poisoned aliment. Life may by degrees be brought to endure any, the most aggravated accumulation of afflictions. But, oh! it had indeed been mercy if so severe a discipline had been spared me, and I had fallen in the bloom of my youth, and love, and happiness, as an early tenant of the grave, which I now so long to occupy.

I have forgotten to mention that Lord Bolley proposed for me. My father, my brother, my own *pride*, all urged me to accept him. But I happily escaped the snare into which so very, very many women fall. I declined marrying a man whom I did not love, for the sake of shewing a man whom I do love that I could marry somebody.

Thus my youth escaped me. My form has wasted—my cheek has become thin and pale; and if I did not rouge, I should look as ghastly as a ghost. Mr. Milnes has written:—

“He who from love hath undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold than one
Who has never loved at all:

A grace within his heart hath reigned
Which nothing else can bring.
Thank God for all that I have gained
From that high suffering !”

And such may be the case with men. They may derive a grace from the “high suffering” of love, and may have cause to be grateful to Heaven for its infliction. With *them*, love only takes its place among the other passions which are stirring in their breasts; and it may serve to soften the austerity, to refine the grossness, to stimulate the indolence, to ennoble the selfishness, of their nature. For *them* the “high suffering” of love may be rich in all the most salutary influences which the soul derives from the discipline of sorrow. But *with women* the very reverse of this is the case. Love, with its cares and duties, is the only earthly purpose of their existence; and the “*high suffering of love*,”—the epithet should be changed when applied to them,—“*the deep suffering of love*,” resulting from its wrongs, and its disappointments, tears away from them the only hope of a happiness suited to their nature; their only security of that support in the troubles, of that guidance in the difficulties, and of that defence in the oppressions, of the world, which are rendered indispensable by the weak and dependent constitution of their being. It leaves them in life, without any useful or important business to pursue—with energies wasted, and affections that only exist to torture their possessor. And thus the “*high suffering of love*” brings no grace, and teaches no good lesson, to them. So, at least, has it been with me; and, unless my observation has deceived me, with innumerable others. My temper has become irritable from the constant oppression of my mind; my voice querulous, from the wearing and incessant anxiety of my heart. All the ordinary amusements, and the little trivial concerns, on which my acquaintance occupy themselves, are to me not merely uninteresting, but annoying and vexatious. There is hardly a word addressed to me, which does not fall upon my ear as an impertinent interruption to the stillness in which all deep feelings delight in investing themselves, and to the abstraction of one overpowering thought. My father, I am convinced, is not deceived by the

efforts I have made to conceal my affection from the discovery of the world. He always speaks of me as *poor Julia*; and always addresses me with a softness of voice which bespeaks commiseration. The other day, on hearing it reported that Charles was going to be married, my father said, “I pity the poor lady; for if she love her husband, she will be doomed to pine away in the bitter consciousness of his indifference. No woman will ever fix him. His affections are restless and desultory. His heart and eye have acquired habits of change. He could not be constant. Besides, from the peculiar popularity of his manners, he is always so secure of obtaining a large portion of the current kindness of society, that he will feel no gratitude for the deep, sincere, and more enduring affection of a wife, because he has never been taught to know the value, by experiencing the want of it. The man who encounters no frowns abroad, will generally be found to entertain a very light appreciation of the smiles that welcome him to his home.”

When my father said this, I felt conscious that he anticipated the pain which the news of Charles’s marriage would have on me, and that his words were meant for my comfort. Yes, I still retain my place in his affections! But all other hearts are estranged from me. The love of my brother is completely chilled. He has found me silent, and believed me sullen. He has seen a constant cloud upon my brow, which no change of time, or scene, or society, has succeeded in dispersing; and, ignorant that there is any cause for my deep-rooted melancholy, he seems to have cast me off from his regards, as one whose disposition is unblest of nature, and with whom his buoyant and sanguine spirit is incapable of any sympathy or communion. “Never ask Julia’s opinion,” said he, the other morning, when Miss Drummond was consulting me about some arrangements for the evening: “never ask Julia’s opinion, for nothing ever pleases *her*. She only exists for the purpose of finding fault, and creating objections. She seems to go about the world with a pair of yellow spectacles eternally upon her nose, and a bitter taste perpetually in her mouth.” Miss Drummond laughed, and I blushed; but I made no attempt to

justify myself. How could I? Is not the accusation true? The world condemns me as cold and selfish. Early in the last spring, six or seven friends of my brother's called in Brook Street, to arrange with him about forming a boating-club. I was in the front drawing-room when they were announced; but, little thinking that I should overhear any conversation about myself, I escaped into the next room before they entered. I had not been there three minutes, when, as if looking at my picture, one of them said, "I wonder Miss Howard never married." "Married!" exclaimed a second; "she refuses every body. Her heart's as hard as a stone, and as cold as an icicle. She's a perfect petrification." "I should not have thought *that*," said a third. "I should have supposed, from the expression of her countenance, that some sorrow had severely touched her." At this there was a general laugh of derision; and one of the party said, "Her countenance expresses nothing but ill-temper, discontent, and overweening selfishness." "She is a cantankerous old maid," added another, whom I recognised, by his voice, as a man whose attentions I had put a determined check to not six weeks before: "she is a cantankerous old maid, fretting and snarling over the loss of her beauty." "How strange it is," observed one of the party, "that Howard's sister should be so unlike himself!"—Thus thought of, thus spoken of, with an incurable grief at the heart, have I not sufficient cause for melancholy? When I am dead—but I am not likely to die—they will know that I am neither cold nor selfish. I have left all I have to Charles.—Thus the fairest portion of my life has been consumed in unprofitable care. The nightshade has wound itself about the roses of my youth, and tainted all their sweetness. What has been the monotonous history of all my days and months for the past eleven years? When we are in the country, and

Charles is not resident in the same neighbourhood, my heart is afflicted by the pain of his absence, and by a world of vague and ever-varying jealousies, which spring up to torture me, from my knowledge of his fickleness. When we are in London, and he is also there, he always calls every day upon my brother, and I sit and count the hours till he arrives. Sometimes he only rides up to the door, and summons Edward to the Park; and they depart together without his entering the house. Then I catch a glimpse of him, for a moment, from the window, and am cast back to await the morrow in a state of slow and wearying expectation. And thus my early years have been consumed. The period which to others is most bright and cheerful, has to me been altogether dark and joyless. I only live to long for the moments which bring Charles into my society; and, when he leaves it, to wish away the long and dreary interval that must elapse between his departure and his return. I only live to exchange the aching pain of separation for the keen perception of his indifference—to trample beneath my feet all the flowers of existence—to tear its blossoms open—to cast their leaves upon the winds—and to see extended on either side, through the long perspective of the past and of the future, one unvaried scene of utter, hopeless, and miserable gloom. My life has, indeed, been "a blank," as to its external circumstances, but a most troubled history as to the inward workings of the soul. And of how many a woman—of how many a single woman, who, like myself, had her affections sought and gained by one who cared little to retain them,—ay, and of how many a married woman, who pines in the withering sense of the indifference of the husband of her choice and love, may the secret story be perused in the few pages which record the sorrows of the blighted youth of Julia Howard!

THE CHURCH AND THE CHARTISTS.

WE are no alarmists,—we were never afraid that the constitution would be overturned by the Radicals, or the Church by the Dissenters; but while, on the one hand, we never joined the chorus of croakers, we never thought, on the other hand, that the existing evils might safely be left to themselves. If you had a catarrh, or a boil, which, though threatening no permanent danger, was yet productive of great present inconvenience, you would be justly dissatisfied if the physician under whose care you were, placed neglected the relief of the local symptoms; and that, forsooth, because you were in no danger of losing your life. Now this is exactly the condition of the country: there is an eruption—merely a cutaneous eruption—attacking no vital part, but yet, like the North-*British* violin, causing great annoyance and irritation. The Church, then, being our spiritual physician, we ask, What has the Church been about? We are now to answer this question. The object of a church establishment is to encourage and foster “holiness and pureness of living;” the object of a legal establishment is to prevent and punish crime. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the question, how much more efficient the Church might be made; we have to examine how far it *has* made use of its present power: and we think we shall be able to shew that the clergy of our apostolic church have strenuously exerted themselves in stopping the spread of the moral pestilence. Mr. Feargus O'Connor advised the Chartists to go to their parish churches,—not for a continuance, oh, no, that would not have suited his purpose at all—then they would have been shewn how contrary to religion, how prejudicial to their own interests, their practices were,—but to go once, to turn out the regular congregation, to annoy the officiating minister, and to evidence their disrespect both for God and man. This sapient advice has been pretty generally followed, and it is probable that there are few Chartists who have not been once within the walls of a church. The manner in which this feat has been achieved has been for the most part characteristic enough. No one ventured to go alone; ignorant and misguided as they were, they dared not face thus

the awful majesty of Religion under her most solemn aspect. They would have been unable to bear the sense of the Divine presence in the house more immediately consecrated to God; and, overcome by the unwonted feelings produced by such a scene, “those who came to scoff might, perhaps, have remained to pray.” They came, then, not singly, but in crowds, as little children, who like to be together in the dark; and as the country bumpkin whistles to keep up his spirits when he passes a churchyard, so did these unhappy men smoke pipes and talk aloud to keep up *their* courage. Under such circumstances, various sermons were addressed to them; and these we purpose to notice, not only as respects the sermons themselves, but as respects the right of the preachers to preach them. It is somewhat remarkable, that none of “the new maniacs,” have taken upon themselves to advise the people on this important subject. Dr. Pusey spoke out boldly enough once in the pulpit at St. Mary’s; but nobody ever feared that Radicalism was making progress in the University of Oxford; and perhaps it is as well that they should say nothing about the matter,—for, with the best intentions, they have marvellously little judgment. Dr. Pusey and his friends are, doubtless, learned men; and if too much learning have made them mad (though ten times the quantity have not had such an effect on Dr. Blomfield or Dr. Kaye, Dr. Turton, Dr. Dealtry, Dr. D’Oyley, or Dr. Whittaker),—if, we say, too much learning have made them mad,—we are not the persons to ridicule their misfortune; certain it is, that none of the sermons addressed to the Chartists have proceeded from the so-called “Oxford divines.” With this exception, all the parties into which the Church is unfortunately split have joined in warning their followers of the dangers of disloyalty. Tories, and Whigs, and Whig-Radicals—orthodox and evangelical, and those who are both, and those who are neither one nor the other—Stanley, bishop of Norwich; and Close, of Cheltenham; and Dr. Whittaker, of Blackburn; besides a host of smaller lights, have preached especially to the Chartists: and we were rather sur-

prised to find Stanley coming forward so boldly as he has done. Perhaps his lordship is hardly aware how much credit is due to him; but by the time he has read this paper (and read it of course he will), he will be fully enlightened. We are willing to believe that Dr. Stanley expected, after the power of legislation stupidly called emancipation had been conceded to the Romanists, in consequence of the bullyings and bellowings of O'Connell, &c., that the Papists would remain quiet, and make no attempt to overthrow the Church, whose bulwarks had been thus weakened; that after "reform" had been granted to the *vox turba*, the mob would have made no further use of their sweet voices,—just as a fractious child, to quiet whose roaring you give one apple, never gets up a second roar to obtain another. We are willing to believe that Dr. Stanley expected, even though the temporalities of the Church were given up into the hands of avowed enemies, that she would still have remained intact and inviolate,—like the golden shields of the temple, when King Rehoboam let in the Egyptians. We say we are willing to believe all this, and not only because we would rather consider him inexperienced and short-sighted than deliberately a traitor, but because we really are persuaded that this is the true light in which to regard his conduct. It arose, in a great measure, perhaps, from his own frank and unsuspecting temper; he may have supposed that all men were as well disposed as he was himself; and, certainly, since his elevation to the bench, he has given very little occasion "to the enemy to blaspheme." But the Bishop of Norwich has preached a sermon to the Chartists, and a good sermon; and a sermon that has been published, and extensively circulated.* In it he told them that he held very liberal opinions himself (very much so, indeed, my lord, or you would not have subscribed to a volume of Unitarian sermons); but that, notwithstanding these liberal opinions, for which he had met with no small degree of obloquy, he was as far from approving of their riotous conduct and unreasonable

demands as any man in the kingdom. This is very right, and very true; but may we ask you one question, my lord bishop? Were you not an active politician yourself, and a partisan of that party which has recourse *invariably* to agitation? Are you not "verily guilty concerning your brethren,"—ay, almost as much so as Lord John Russell, who one day tells the populace that it is quite right for them to meet together to discuss their grievances,—that he likes to fear of their innocent amusements,—that they are a remarkably quiet and well-disposed set of people,—always sing "God save the queen!" after their meetings, and pull off their hats to the rector; and the next day feebly tries to put down, by the butt-end of a proclamation, the very meetings that are so loyal and so laudable? There was a young man at Cambridge, we will not say at what college, who, when being examined at his "little go," was asked, "What is the first proposition that Paley undertakes to prove in his *Evidences*?" The studious youth remembered that the first words of the book were, "I think it unnecessary to prove that mankind stands in need of a revelation;" and, making a slight mistake, he exclaimed, "Paley says he thinks it is unnecessary to prove that mankind stands in need of a *revolution*." Surely, my lord, you did not read the great philosopher in the same way! Before we touch upon any of the sermons lying before us, we must notice the admirable spirit and temper with which Bishop Stanley behaved towards Archdeacon Bathurst. The latter felt aggrieved, because, having walked in all the ways of his father, the late bishop, his hereditary Whig-Radicalism did not make the see of Norwich an heirloom in the family of Bathurst. He took an early opportunity of interfering, and that, too, in a very ungentleman-like way, with the episcopal functions of Dr. Stanley; and most mildly and quietly, yet most effectually, did the bishop repress him. On this present occasion, his lordship has flung overboard his consistency, and has done his duty, and done it well, towards the people of his diocese. Let us hear

* A Sermon preached in Norwich Cathedral on Sunday, August 18th, 1839. By the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Norwich, before an Assemblage of a Body of Mechanics termed Chartists. London, 1839. Printed by permission of his Lordship. John Limbird.

how his lordship talks to his motley auditory:—

“ My bearers, I have lived much and long amongst the poor, and I trust I have ever been to them, as in duty bound, a friend anxious, as an Englishman and a Christian minister, to support their rights, and advocate the liberties of the people. I have always, in public and in private, through evil report and good report, defended their rights and their cause, against whatever I thought unjust oppression. I have always felt for their distresses, and laboured, as far as in me lay, to relieve them; but I will not, to court their favour or gain popularity, conceal my opinions and refrain from speaking the truth when I think it right, however unpalatable to them or to you; and I would, therefore, again remind you that, in following the advice of those who are now trying your passions, your hatred and anger, against the rich, you are going the way, in the end, to harm yourselves and your cause, as well as to bring down upon your heads that condemnation which a righteous God has declared against all persons who prefer their own interests to the interests, the property, the life of all about them, be they rich or poor.”—P. 8.

This is well put, and it is only doing justice to the bishop to observe, that he has, in a very able manner, proved that the plans of the Chartists are against their own interests. Is it not singular that, on the Sunday following that on which this excellent sermon was delivered in Norwich Cathedral, a sermon was addressed to the same deluded men by the Popish priest, in which he exaggerated the hardships of their condition, and inflamed their minds to the very verge of open revolt, taking for his text, Luke iii. 11, “ He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, perversely interpreting our Lord to inculcate a community of goods! But who comes here! What! is Saul also among the prophets?

“ I contend that law and religion can never be separated; if you attempt to dissociate or disunite them, it is like attempting to dissociate and disunite the soul from the body, expecting when you have done so to find a living man before you. The body without the spirit is dead; faith without works is dead; re-

ligion without politics is dead: the one is the body, the other is the soul. Read this—the Bible—from beginning to end, and tell me whether in its code of laws you find one of them all that does not apply to this world, and to this world only? These are the laws of God. For whom? For angels? For archangels? For devils? For archdevils? No; but for man. They are the laws of God, to be kept,—where? In heaven? In hell? No; but upon earth. ‘Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.’ The laws here given are given to man, for him to keep on earth; that by so keeping the law, and doing the will of God here, he may liken himself to the angels that are in heaven; and thus in this probationary state prepare himself, by a life of holiness, for that place at God’s right hand where there are pleasures for evermore. Nothing can be clearer than this; and to talk about religion, the application and practice of Divine truth, having no connexion with politics, is at one blow to break up and sweep away the whole building of God.”

Who is the author of all this? Why, the *Reverend Joseph Rayner Stephens*, at pp. 22–23 of the first number of his *Political Preacher*.* We will now see how Mr. Stephens preaches upon this most lawful and needful of subjects, as he considers it. He thinks the people are oppressed. Well; does he go and talk to their oppressors? Does he harangue the rich and the mighty, as the prophets did of old? This, we should think, under such circumstances, would have been his duty; but no! he talks to the brickmakers, and not to Pharaoh: his theme is the Poor-law; and listen to the *Political Preacher*:—

“ They” (that is the Egyptians) “ dealt mercifully as well as wisely with them” (that is, the Israelites, in slaying their male children), “ in comparison with the dealings of the poor-law commissioners for England and Wales, who break up every poor man’s cottage, take away every poor man’s wife, lay their bloody hands on every poor man’s child; imprisoning, starving, and destroying, without mercy, and without measure, all the poor in England,—lest they should multiply and replenish the earth.”

But stay,—here comes John Hodge, a poor but very honest man; let us

* The *Political Preacher: an Appeal from the Pulpit on behalf of the Poor*. By Joseph Rayner Stephens. London, 1839. Cobbett.

have a little talk with him. "Well, John, how are you; and how are Mary and the children?"—"All purely, thank ye, master." "Why, do deceitful wretch—you 'spiritless outcast'—you are worse than the knife-grinder! I know better; the friend of humanity has been with me. What do you mean by saying that your wife and children are well at home! You have no home; the poor-law commissioners have broken up your cottage. You have no wife; the poor-law commissioners have taken her away: see, there she is yonder, in custody of two police-constables, charged with what the French call putting children into the world! Are you not ashamed of such barefaced attempts at deception? Your children, too, do you not perceive them hopelessly gazing through the bars of the prison, with the marks of the commissioners' bloody fingers on their little pale faces? Oh, John, John,—you are a very dishonest man! Even you yourself, in spite of your ruddy cheeks and comfortable appearance,—you are 'imprisoned, starved, and destroyed, without mercy, and without measure.' There is no such person as John Hodge; it is all a delusion: you are destroyed!" This is a specimen of political preaching out of the church. Now, we were witnesses to a conversation between Mr. Stephens and a gentleman at Manchester. Mr. Stephens was making some very severe remarks upon Whig measures in general, and the poor-law in particular, which were very just. He then spoke with some bitterness against the Wesleyans. The conversation assumed a form something like this:—

Gent. "Will you allow me to put a few questions to you as to your reported speeches?"

Mr. Stephens. "Certainly. I shall be very happy to do so, for I have been very grossly misrepresented."

Gent. "Have you not advised the people to arm themselves?"

Mr. Stephens. "Yes; and in so doing, I have not transgressed the law which gives every man a right to possess arms."

Gent. "But arms are useless in England. The only use to which they could be put by our populace, would be to resist the officers of justice in the execution of their duty. Your advice to the people is useless, then,

or mischievous; if they avoid crime, you put them to unnecessary expense."

Mr. Stephens. "It becomes the duty of men to resist laws, when those laws invade the sanctities of domestic life."

Gent. "This is cloaking the question under pompous generalities."

But Mr. Stephens's partisans would not allow the conversation to proceed any further. One more extract, and we leave Mr. Stephens; it is to illustrate the conversation above recorded:

"How are these men to be met? How are these wicked rulers to be met? How are these priests and elders to be met? If they are to be met by force, I cannot help it. If they are to be met by force, from whence is that force to come? If they are to be slain by the sword, who is to wield it?"

Again:—

"Are the kings of the earth to set themselves, and the rulers to take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed? No! not with impunity: not without visitation."

Mr. Stephens, in the course of the before-mentioned conversation, stated that the Methodists expelled him from their body because he was a friend to the Establishment, and *they* were not. He wished to elevate the church above the state—ay, truly, so high that it should not be seen at all. Now the fact is, that the Wesleyan body expelled him because he was secretary to the infamous Ecclesiastical Knowledge Society, co-secretary with the Transatlantic Dr. Cox, of Hackney; and as to the sort of men who became his disciples, the following anecdote will furnish an answer to *that* question. His most zealous adherent at Colne, in Lancashire, was a man who, at the accession of the present queen, stood watching the procession that the inhabitants got up to proclaim her. The incumbent (the Rev. John Henderson) issued from the church in his robes, followed by his curate. "Eh!" said the personage referred to as Mr. H. appeared, "there do go one; eh! there do go another" (the curate); "now we do only want the devil." "Come along, then," quietly replied Mr. Henderson, turning round to the astonished Radical. This circumstance we had from an

ear-witness. And now, *paullo majora canamus*. Oh! for a flourish of trumpets to usher in that sermon preached in the collegiate church at Manchester by, we make no doubt, Mr. Parkinson, who, when the Chartists appeared before him, boldly gave out for his text, "It is written, my house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!" This was enough; they evacuated the sacred building forthwith; satisfied with the text, they did not require any comment. Less fortunate was Mr. Booth, at Norwich, who, when he quoted the words of the Apostle, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content;" was answered, "No wonder, you have 200*l.* a-year!" To Mr. Close, at Cheltenham, they listened, and he gave them a useful and valuable discourse, though not from the text they selected. Mr. Close is a man both able and willing to do extensive good, and he is one of that numerous class who have learned the principles of the Church piecemeal. He has become aware of one important truth after another — truths which he formerly slighted, till now. There are few sounder churchmen than he is. Would that *all* the followers of Mr. Simeon, many of whom are even now half Dissenters, would follow the career of Mr. Close! Simeon himself was no Simeonite; † and, though his theological creed was any thing but accurate, he was, as regards discipline, a sound churchman. The week following the delivery of Mr. Close's sermon, the female Chartists attended Cheltenham Church in a body, according to a previous announcement, and to them also did Mr. C. deliver a sermon — good, taken as a whole — sound, wholesome, and profitable — but at the same time, containing some very ill-advised statements. He even entreats them not to come to church, lest, forsooth, the respectable people should be frightened. Let us compare Mr. Close at Cheltenham, with Dr. Whittaker at Blackburn: —

MR. CLOSE.

"This insane proceeding of endeavouring to possess themselves of our churches . . . Oh, my brethren of the Chartists! I entreat you to lay aside this part of your operations."

DR. WHITTAKER.

"Let not this be the last, though it may be the first time of your coming to God's house of prayer, that he may bless you with the rest of his elect people in his holy church. Come again, I beseech you, to your parish church; whatever may be the evil dispositions or idle fancy with which you have entered it this morning, come to your parish church, you will there hear," &c.

How much more noble and manly, how much more Church-of-England-like and apostolic is the address of the Lancashire clergyman among his manufacturing flock in a disaffected neighbourhood, than that of the Gloucestershire divine in his comparatively tranquil and fashionable church! But this is not all; would that it were. When urging his hearers to give up the idea of physical force to obtain their ends, Mr. Close says, —

"I would pledge myself, though only a private individual in the nation, that if the Chartists will lay aside the posture of rebellion, disarm themselves, and retire to the bosom of their families; if they will cease to profane the Sabbath-day by political meetings; if they will become again peaceable, kind, and gentle to their fellow-men and fellow-subjects; I, for one, would do all in my power to promote the removal of their grievances!"

What! do not our ears deceive us? Are our eyes in their usual order? Mr. Close advocating the removal of those grievances under which the Chartists are suffering! — an Established Church, septennial parliaments, suffrage confined to householders, the absence of the ballot-box, a system of corn-laws! Go along! poor, deluded wretches; throw your pikes into the ditch, send Mary to the loom, and

* Sermon preached to the Chartists of Cheltenham on Sunday, August 18th, 1839, in the Parish Church. By the Rev. Francis Close, A.M. Perpetual Curate. London, 1839. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The Female Chartists' Visit to the Parish Church: a Sermon preached to the Female Chartists of Cheltenham, Sunday, August 25th, 1839, on the Occasion of their Attending the Parish Church in a Body. By the Rev. Francis Close, A.M. Perpetual Curate. London, 1839. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

† John Wilkes told George III. that he did not know what his admirers might be, but, for his own part, he was no Wilkite.

Sarah to the mangle! Off with your hat to his worship the mayor, make your best leg to the parson, and Mr. Close will take up the cudgels for you; only you go to the public-house instead of to church, and he will advocate the abolition of the Establishment, annual parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and the repeal of the corn-laws! But see how Mr. Close is elevating his eyebrows, and opening his mouth in sheer amazement. "I did not mean any such thing!" We know you did not, Mr. Close; but how very careless you were to say it. Those who address large bodies of people, particularly when in an excited state, should be very cautious what admissions they make. This remark brings us to notice *A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Kingswood, by the Rev. Francis Thornburgh, A.B. Incumbent.* Mr. Thornburgh is a wild Irishman, and one of those who will do better things by and by; his views will become sounder as he grows older. (Pray is he a descendant of that learned mystic and alchemist, John Thornburgh, bishop of Worcester?) This sermon is well written for the most part, and were it not for some important misstatements, it would be calculated to do much good among the colliers, to whom it is addressed. Mr. T. talks to his wild congregation fearlessly enough; and though what he says is not always in the best taste, this is a matter of comparatively small moment. Hear him:—

"Equalisation,—I am wrong in that term; I beg to correct it; it is a misnomer,—for we must not be such simpletons as to believe that, supposing the rich to be plundered to-morrow, the spoil is to be divided among you. No, no! It will be divided among the poor, indeed; but it is the poor leaders, who, carving out for themselves the lion's share, will leave to their followers the remnants—fight for them who like, and get them who can, amid the chances of a general scramble. Depend upon it my prediction will turn out true to the letter. You who pant for plunder, gloating over the prospect of becoming enriched with another man's gold, would look in vain for the fulfilment of your hopes; miserably duped, you would see

that you had been the tools of unprincipled chicaners, who had long laughed at you in their sleeves, but who would then openly jeer and jest at your credulity. Mortified to the quick, you would be forced to confess that, whatever this equalising scheme had done for others, it had done little for you, leaving you precisely where it found you."—P. 20.

We should, for our own part, call this doing nothing at all; but, taking the whole passage, it is a faithful exposure of a popular fallacy; there wants, however, a more pastoral—a more affectionate tone in the whole sermon. The preacher seems to speak more in anger than in sorrow, and this will not do. "My brethren, these things ought not so to be." These apostolic words furnish both a reproof and a model; but there are some great misstatements, which require notice. Speaking of the hardships suffered by the poor, he says,—

"I own it is a seemingly hard thing for the sore pinched labourer, or the starving mechanic, who is able and willing to obey Heaven's command in earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, to find himself without opportunity, because without employment. I own the hard-ship receives an additional amount of hardness from the contrast which the destiny of others presents who are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, and are in king's courts. I grant you imperfection lies somewhere, but it is one no human laws can cure."

All this is true, most true; but when the preacher tells the colliers that "*It is a designed imperfection, for it is the appointment of Providence,*" we are compelled to lift up our eyebrows in amazement. Why, Mr. Francis Thornburgh, A.B., did you not learn better than this at T. C. D.? Did you not there read that all the mischief and misery that are in the world were produced by sin; and were, consequently, never designed by Providence at all? A more able man than Mr. Thornburgh says, in a sermon,—

"It is the declaration of Divine wisdom, and dictated by Divine mercy, that the poor shall never be removed out of the land; but are they, because poor, less precious in the sight of God? far

* The People Warned by the Example of Israel against the Sin of Murmuring. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Kingswood, on Sunday, July 28th, 1839. By the Rev. Francis Thornburgh, A.B., Incumbent. Published at request. Wotton-under-Edge, 1839. Richard Bailey.

from it, they are as much the objects of his love, as those whom he hath set in high places; and, however unwilling they may be to believe it, He has given them an equal portion of terrestrial happiness."

The object of the preacher should, on occasions like these, be not only to "warn the people against murmuring," which is the title and scope of Mr. Thornburgh's discourse, but to shew them the grounds they have for contentment. Taking its excellences and its faults into consideration together, we are glad to see Mr. Thornburgh's sermon published; and we are glad to see it published at the small price of threepence; and we hope that all his congregation will read it again and again.

The Rev. Matthew B. Hale, curate of Wotton-under-Edge, has also published a series of able and useful letters to the Chartists of the west of England; and these have been judiciously published at the low price of one halfpenny. We must not quit the west without noticing an address by a Mr. Phillips,† a manufacturer at Melksham, which was reprinted and widely circulated at Taunton. Mr. Phillips is a Whig magistrate and poor-law guardian; but, like the Bishop of Norwich, he finds that what are called liberal principles, become very bad things when pushed out to their consequences. A little noting at a distance is no such bad thing; it shews the spirit of the people, and that they will not let aristocrats trample upon them. The wealthy Whigs at Bath and Clifton could hear with much complacency of the tumults at Nottingham, and the burning of Belvoir Castle; but when Bristol was fired by a mob, oh! that was quite another matter. "My bull has gored one of your oxen," said a farmer to a lawyer. "Well, my friend, of course, you can have no objection to replace the ox?" "What have I been talking about? I mean, your bull has gored one of my oxen!" "Oh, that is quite a different thing!" replies the lawyer; "I will think about it."

Have we seen *all* that the Church has done in the west? No! Its operations have been, in many cases,

carried on silently, and have prevented disaffection, instead of reproving it, when its head was raised. Look at the money that has been circulated by the clergy in doing good temporally as well as spiritually. Look at the munificence of our bishops; look at that noble old man, Dr. Warneford. If the revenues of the Church were thrown into the hands of Whig-Radical commissioners, would they put them to such good purposes! "The hungry sheep might look up," but they would not be fed; and though the commissioners might take William the Third's famous motto, *Non rapui sed recepi*, the deluded populace, undeceived too late, would, if they understood Latin, translate it as Dean Swift did:—"The receiver is as bad as the thief." But the north is the stronghold of Chartism, and chiefly the county of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. Let us take a glance at the position of the Church there. John Bird, lord bishop of Chester, is a man peculiarly well qualified for his high office, he has not been free from errors, both in politics and theology; but no man has more frankly and nobly acknowledged the one, or more skillfully repaired the effects of the other; and in the government of his diocese, he is above all praise. The feelings of the clergy towards him are those of enthusiastic attachment. They were well represented by Mr. Allen, vicar of Fasingwold, and incumbent of Salesbury, Lancashire. At a visitation dinner at Blackburn, his lordship observed, that the separation of the intended diocese of Manchester from that of Chester, and his own removal from presiding over Lancashire, would, in all human probability, follow the death either of the Bishop of Bangor, or the Bishop of St. Asaph. After some further remarks, he proposed the health of Dr. Whittaker and the clergy of Blackburn. Dr. Whittaker rose, of course, to return thanks; but before he had spoken, Mr. Allen started up; and, apologising for the interruption, called the attention of the company to a proposition which could not be made with equal propriety at any future period of the

* First Letter addressed to the Chartists of the West of England. By the Rev. Matthew B. Hale, M.A., Curate of Wotton-under-Edge. Wotton-under-Edge, 1839. Richard Bailey.

† Address to the Chartists of the West of England. By J. L. Phillips, Esq. Taunton, 1839. Marriott.

evening. He proposed "Health and long life to the Bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph." Never was a proposition more cordially received; and, we believe, that there is not a clergyman in Lancashire who does not wish health and long life to the Bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph. The piety, the zeal, the activity, the benevolence, of Dr. Sumner, are well seconded by his clergy. Some of their good deeds well require a short notice by way of illustrating the state of the diocese, and the spirit in which its ecclesiastical affairs are managed. At Bolton, as well as at Blackburn, the Chartists went to church; and *there* a sermon was addressed to them by Mr. Robin; and at Blackburn, by Dr. Whittaker. That Mr. Slade (the vicar) was not present to preach (he was at Chester at the time), is the more to be regretted, as his character and position would make such an address from him particularly valuable. Common report—and in this instance the report is common to high and low, rich and poor—common report gives to him the intended bishopric of Manchester; and though we are not acquainted with the grounds of this rumour (a rumour which we hope may be true), it is plain that an opinion so universal cannot be altogether without foundation. Mr. Slade has been for many years vicar of Bolton and prebendary of Chester, and he gave a splendid instance of his devotion to that church of which he is a minister, some years ago. A subscription was got up among the parishioners of Bolton to present the vicar with a service of plate. The amount raised was very considerable; so much so, that it was thought right to consult Mr. Slade himself as to what articles should be included in it, and of what pattern. He immediately replied, that a fresh service of plate was a luxury with which he could very well dispense; but, if they would allow him to direct their liberality, he would call their attention to the great necessity of a new church in the lower part of the town. He would not, he said, decline the testimony of their regard, but would perpetuate the memory of it by giving to the church that should be built the name of the college in which he was,

for many years, fellow and tutor (Emanuel College, Cambridge). To the amount of the subscription, he added a princely donation himself; and Emanuel Church, Bolton, stands as one glorious monument of a catholic spirit in the Church. One hundred and eight churches have been built in the diocese of Chester since the elevation of the present bishop to that see; and not a few of these are in the parish, we had almost said diocese, of Blackburn. The large parishes into which the southern part of Lancashire, and a great part of the northern district also, is divided, invest the office of rector or vicar with a responsibility and importance very nearly approaching those of the episcopal dignity. The vicar of Blackburn, for instance, has in his hands the sole appointment of ministers to eighteen churches, some of which were at no great distance of time dissenting meeting-houses. Not much less is the patronage of the vicar of Bolton. That of the vicar of Rochdale is still more considerable. Whalley, Preston, Bury, are vicarages similarly situated. And though the benefices in the gift of these vicars are for the most part very small in value, yet as they are situated in a densely peopled country, and in which discontent often spreads rapidly, in consequence of commercial fluctuations, the filling them up is a matter of deep responsibility, and consequent anxiety, to those in whose hands the appointments lie. But to the "subject-matter of our theme"—the Church and the Chartists. The most important of all the sermons which have been addressed to the Chartists, is one to which they listened attentively in the parish church of Blackburn. It appears that the Chartists in Blackburn and its neighbourhood forwarded a text to the vicar, Dr. Whittaker,† desiring him to preach from it, and stating that they would come and hear his discourse on the following Sunday morning. The text which they sent was the first six verses of the fifth chapter of James:—

"1. Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

"2. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten.

* A Sermon preached at the Parish Church, Blackburn, on Sunday, August 4th, 1839. By the Rev. J. W. Whittaker, D.D. Blackburn, 1839. Walkden.

† Formerly fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

"3. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

"4. Behold, the hire of the labourers, which have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

"5. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter.

"6. Ye have condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you."

The challenge thus sent, Dr. Whittaker accepted; and on the morning of the following Sunday (August 4), the magnificent church of Blackburn, one of the finest in the kingdom, was crowded by a congregation amounting in number to upwards of four thousand. Some degree of decorum seemed to prevail among the motley crowd: hats were taken off, and pipes laid aside. The text they had chosen was announced; but to their surprise the preacher continued to read, and added ten more verses to the appointed portion. After a few prefatory remarks as to the occasion which had brought so large a concourse together, Dr. Whittaker continued:—

"As some of you, however, in all probability, may know nothing, and at the same time be disposed to learn something, respecting the blessed apostle and martyr of Christ, from whose words I am about to address you, and as his history is by no means irrelevant to my purpose, I will here mention, before I proceed to comment on the chapter, what information we have from authentic sources respecting St. James."

We shall not repeat that part which is related in the New Testament, but give Dr. Whittaker's abridgement of the account of his death:—

"His death may with all probability be fixed about the year of our Lord 62, a year earlier or later: and it took place in manner following:—On occasion of the passover in that year, in consequence of some popular discontent, the cause of which is not recorded, and probably is not worth knowing, an alarming tumult took place in Jerusalem, The Jewish council of seventy, or sanhedrim, and perhaps the chief priests, might be the objects of popular displeasure. They were, however, sufficiently terrified when

a tumultuous and wild multitude rushed into the house of God, and filled the courts of the temple with terror and confusion. Their immediate object and purpose were unknown; and the terrified chief priests, though very hostile to James and to Christianity, now determined to resort to him for assistance, and begged him to exert his influence in calming and composing the passions of the populace. As the holy man had been employed in his devotions at the temple from a very early hour, he was of course at hand, and, after some entreaty, was induced to ascend an elevated platform, which projected from one of the higher balconies of the temple, from which place he began to address the assembled people. He chose a subject most likely to produce the desired effect. Instead of violent reproof and vituperation, he addressed them in terms of Christian love and mildness. He began to speak of the Lord's resurrection, of which he had been an eye-witness; he also told them that the same Jesus who had died for their sins, and gone into heaven, would come again, surrounded by the whole host of heaven, to judge mankind. So was he proceeding, when the chief priests, indignant at discovering the error which they had made, and finding that they had unwittingly given James an opportunity to preach the Gospel to such vast numbers of the people, resolved to put an end to his discourse. For this purpose they crowded round him and behind him, in such a manner as to throw him down from the elevation where he stood to the pavement of the temple far below; at the same time calling on the people to stone him. Too mad with fury and excitement to distinguish friend from foe, or right from wrong, the populace fell into the snare. The saint of God was barbarously murdered by them in the very house of God, while he prayed for mercy on his murderers. Thus died a martyr of Christ, James the Just, the brother of our Lord, the first bishop of the church of Jerusalem; and thus he met the fate which the chief priests and the Jews had so often prepared and meditated for Jesus himself, when he taught in the temple."—Pp. 4, 5.

"This, my brethren," continues the doctor, "is a melancholy narrative, and it is a true one. It is a sad story, if we regard it only with reference to earthly things; but in the records of Christ's church, and in the eternal rolls of the book of life, it is written in a golden and a glorious page. And yet, affecting and touching though it be, it is one only out of thousands and tens of thousands of cases, which prove how fatal and how dreadful may be the consequences of unbridled passion, where discontented multitudes are encouraged

to meet together for purposes which they do not distinctly understand, or to remove evils which they cannot control."

This is something like ecclesiastical history, and comments on it. Why does not a man so well qualified give a short sketch of ecclesiastical history for the people, commenting upon it in a right spirit, and bringing forward prominently what is most important to be known and reflected upon? The Chartists expected nothing like this: they were taken in their own craftiness. Did they ever hear of one Boatswain Smith, commonly called the Rev. G. C. Smith? That man once addressed a crowd in spite of a police constable. Dr. Whittaker did a better thing: he addressed a crowd in spite of themselves. "Come along, sir," said policeman B, 25: "you know that you must not get a crowd about you just here." "No," replied the reverend boatswain, "I know that it would not do; but I will just tell them why I cannot talk to them. You have no objection to that, I suppose?" "No, sir; only be quick." Up again on the tub goes our itinerant: "Now, my beloved brethren, I was going to speak to you about," &c. &c. &c. "But this gentleman assures me that it would be contrary to law; and I, as a peaceable and quiet man, would not on any account violate the law. At the same time, if I might have remained, I should have added," &c. &c. &c. "But this gentleman," &c. &c. "I must say I should have liked to have told you," &c. &c. &c. "But this gentleman," &c. &c. &c. "So he finished his sermon."

Dr. Whittaker next speaks of the oppression which prevailed in those days, and contrasts the avarice and cruelty of the rich with the liberality and kindness which now distinguish the wealthy. He shews that the descriptions and denunciations of St. James are no longer applicable—at least, are not so to the richer classes in English society:—

"I have been invited to preach this morning from only the first six verses of this chapter, with the obvious intention that I should apply (or rather be compelled to apply) the apostle's words to the rich of the present day, as generally true of them; and that by persons who appear to imagine, or would have you infer, that the absence of wealth is synonymous with the presence of every virtue. Had these persons been accustomed to hear

my discourses regularly, they would have been well aware that I am not in the habit of omitting the preacher's duty of warning all classes against the temptations to which their situations expose them; and that the rich, the worldly minded, the avaricious, and the voluptuous, are by no means spared in my public sermons. Their exhortations on such a topic were needless; and that they might have known, and must have known, had they frequented, as they ought to have done, their parish church."

This is true: there are not a more faithful body of men than the Lancashire clergy, both with regard to the rich and the poor among their flocks. Take an instance from a sermon which was preached at Blackburn, and subsequently published. It was addressed to a most "fashionable" congregation (only think of a fashionable congregation in a manufacturing town!) by the Rev. Alphonsus Rose, incumbent of Lower Darwen:—

"Take the example of a wretch who has scraped together more than an ordinary heap of gold, and who has made fine gold his confidence. Look at him buried in sluggish self-complacency amongst his thousands. See the poor soul, object in all the arrogance of meanness, despising intellect, and education, and nobility of soul, and all that interposes between man and the brute, and making a heaven of his houses, his equipage, his furniture, and his plate, and an idol of his heaped-up bags of wealth like that once erected upon Dura's plain. And when you compare that poor debased object with what he might have been, with what God designed he should be, oh! does not the meanest reptile that crawls—the earth expand into beauty in comparison! and is not the sight calculated to draw tears of purest and tenderest pity from every eye, save that of one deplaved as the being it gazes on? I own brethren, I have taken an extreme instance: though I doubt not that your own memories can furnish you with many such."

We take this but as a random specimen; because it happens to be near, and because we know that it gave offence—as the publication of unpalatable truths always will. When John Wesley first sent out his itinerant preachers, they were (as, indeed, they still are) men of very different stations in life—very different in property, very different in education; but, generally speaking, being of the lower ranks, they addressed themselves, as such persons naturally must do, to the faults

and follies of the rich. They expatiated on extravagance in dress, and on what they considered sinful amusements,—such as the theatre, the race-course, the card-table. But one of these preachers, an Irishman of good family, by name Henry Moore, found it necessary to go on the other tack; and, instead of preaching for ever on the camel and the eye of the needle, he preached in various places on the text, “Blessed are the poor in spirit;” beginning his sermon, “Not the poor in pocket, my brethren, unless they be poor in spirit too.”

Dr. Whittaker notices the large congregation before him; and takes care to undeceive his hearers as to the amount of Chartist force:—

“But, on the present occasion, I feel it absolutely necessary to direct to you some words of distinct explanation, before I commence this address. The body to whom I allude, and from whom this invitation came, is, I well know, a very small one—so small, that it cannot, either by its numbers, influence, or respectability, account for the present concourse. I believe, and I have good reason for the opinion, that, if all their comrades were assembled, they could not in this populous parish muster more than one hundred persons. They have given publicity and notoriety to their purpose of occupying the parish church this morning, in expectation, and indeed certainty, that they would be accompanied by a mixed multitude of persons, who, without any affinity or connexion with themselves, would seem to swell their numbers. * * * “But I repeat it, the party which has caused this unusual assemblage is contemptibly small; and their leaders and instigators are no more than two or three dissolute persons, whose characters, I am informed (for they are unknown to me), are pretty generally known and appreciated.”

In a manner at once simple, convincing, and affectionate, does the doctor now expose the fallacy of the mob-leaders, point out to them the sophisms

by which they have been deluded, and urge them to a return to their duty. The sermon was attentively heard, and the congregation quietly dispersed. A requisition was immediately forwarded to the vicarage that it might be printed; and, though the greater part of the discourse was of course extemporaneous, the request was complied with. Within a fortnight, six thousand were sold; and, within three weeks, large editions were printed and sent to all the principal towns in the kingdom. The Bishop of Chester ordered a large edition to be printed for himself, in order that he might gratuitously distribute it through the diocese. Chartist meetings were given up at Blackburn; many renounced their connexion with Chartism; and those who could not be concealed, and dared not retract, slunk along the streets, feeling and looking very much ashamed of themselves. Thus were the crafty taken in their own craftiness. We suppose the Chartists never heard of the Callithumpians. Indeed, how should they?—they are a set of sorry dogs, and know not what an honest, hearty laugh is. The Callithumpians were a set of wicked wags, who, whenever they found any body soft enough to believe them, furnished him with a text, by the mere uttering of which he was to pass through all turnpikes free. It was but to give a dinner to the body, and to be enrolled in their society. When a new member was received, the former ones carefully informed the turnpike keepers all round the victim, that they would be answerable for any gentleman who should pass through the turnpike, and utter the cabalistic word, “Callithumpian.” It did very well for one day; but the next, the charm was broken. The Chartists have lost a good text, and gained a good sermon. They are members of the Callithumpian Society; and we hope that, on the highway of life, they will henceforward quietly pay their turnpikes.

A "SLY DRIVE" FROM THE POST-OFFICE TO PARLIAMENT STREET :
PENNY PLANS AND PUZZLING PROGNOSTICS.

[We publish Mr. Broad's epistle for the edification of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, who (as Mr. B. warmly says, but badly spells in his private note to us) has been "shamefully left in the lurch to give birth to the posthumous penny bauling of his predecessor, while my Lord Monteaigle soars cackling away, to take a bird's-eye view of the Cæsarian operation, and leaves to his unhappy victim all the consolation of a certain clause in the New Poor-law Bill." •

We have corrected these few lines, but *not* the trifling inaccuracies in what follows; which, in common with similar elegancies scattered over Whig acts of parliament, and what are called queen's speeches of the present day, are to be valued as proofs of genuineness, and incontrovertible thumbmarks of the accomplished concoctors.—O. Y.]

*Coach and Horses,
Smartings-le-Grand,*

Oct. 1829.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow John Broad to touch his brim to ye, being a fellow-whip in the world of Letters, and coachman of the Reading-mail. I pays great attention to newspapers, and knows as well as Lord John as when the "leadels" hang back (pertikler the Black uns, as has such Chronical-kicking fits,) they want the needful, and often Lord John and me has had to tip it 'em. A good many other things I'm up to; but I confess them munsters, with their queer tricks, completely flabbygasties me lately. What lots of talk they made about their love of education and schools! but, like other great boys, you see they was precious glad to "break up for the holydays," and began jumping over one another's backs in the reglar way when school's done. Poof! How-weak can't "tuck in his twopenny" enuf for 'em, so he's turned out of the game for one as can. Then Namby-pamby shuffles with Bustle Rustle; and—but you know all about it—it's a capital plan of giving John Bull a new ministry, eh? Reglar Gretny road business, though; just the way the stable-boys pops the young lovers' blowed hacks into old dad's pochay, when he comes rattling up after 'em, puffing, and sweating, and grumbling,—but paying smartly all the while for the cripples.

Well, we'll give 'em another trial. They're going to do fine things next year; at least Lord John said to me 'tother day,—“Mr. B.,” says he, “we hope for to do a good deal” (or “a good many,” I ain't pos which he said); —“give us a trial—that's all we wants—a trial, Mr. B.”

“Well, my Lord John,” says I, “I think you ought to have one—every man 'ack of ye.”

“Thankee,” says he dooberously; but added, “time, time, Mr. B., is all we asks; our motto is —”

“*Tempus fudge it.*” says I.

“Exactly so,” says he.

Well, never mind, Mr. Editor, they're brought down to their Barings already; you see, and this shews they are finding their level.

But, Mr. O. Y., what *do you* think of my fundymetal friend, Spring Rise, as has Johnsonised his name so finely from “Jump Jim Crow,” to Lord Mount Eagle! The story of the mountain again, ch! As the *Rejected Addrs.* say, “the Parliament Mountain has brought forth a Municipal abortion.” I see in your last Number, Sir Morgan O'D. says that Melbourne gave “Ganymede” this goosey meed of his services. I'm not sure of that; if you'd axed the “Diner-out” about it a fortnight after it happened, he'd have said, “I ain't aware that sich circumstance has transpired—indeed, believe not—take early opportunity to inquire.” *That's* his reglar, comfortable, “blessed-are-the-ignorant-for-they-know-nothing” condition.

Spring Rise is a deep fellow, though; he always did appear to be very busy, and got off with doing precious little; he's like them horses as I call “scramblers,” as seems to be galloping very hard if you only look at two legs, but when you watch 'tother two, you find it's all gammon! He's a sly dog, howsomever. Last July he suggested to me to write a joking letter to you about a matter between him and me and the post, in such a way as to give Rowling Hill a upset, while he might think I was a-driving up

agin the oppysition. "But," says I, "it's a dirty job, Springy—a kind of flying dustman's business, and I won't do it. I've always admired the mail character, and being one of its stoutest supporters, I aint capable to stoop to any thing as is low."

Howsomever, Mr. Editor, as a reelly upright and consequencious man, I admit the penny measure contains many pints of objections: a few of 'em I mean to notice, though maybe some will be too ready to smile at *my* pretensions; for it's not many a lass! as knows what a mailcoachman reelly is. Indeed, very few people's aware of the importence of his situation: few knows it's the only perfect spesiment of monarkal govmnt. • Bot let me tell 'em, a man on his box is evry inch a king!—all the nob's is under him, and he rules the dustmeys of them on top like another Rottus. He is willing to forward 'em, and has the means of advancement at his fingers' ends; but he takes precious good care to keep 'em under his thumb. • If the horse seems too anxious for a change, or for somebody else to rem over 'em, he just sarves 'em as Laughy did the French—he touches 'em up with a whip, and leaves 'em to find out they don't like it. Now, there may be more noted sovereigns in Europe, but are they as happy as a mailcoachman? Is the Queen of Portugal, as sends them grapes so signifyng of the jarring interests of her kingdom? Is Cobuggy Leopold, as is rightly called by his vagtar-and-bobtail subjects "The King of Bill-Jim ansetra?" Is Christiny, as turned poor Spain into a Vauxhall for Don Lazy Evans and his Irmical mountebanks and fireworks, and now hob-a-nobs with Palmy and Maroto, and turncoats and traitors, "bribers and corrupters?" • Would any Christian coachman come down to be king of either of them sufferinties? Certainly not! nor yet of insultan Turkey; nor plaguey Egypt; nor retallowatng Russia; nor gambling, Looeyfied France; nor, indeed ("real luck tainty Melbourne," as Lyndhurst says) of — ansetra, ansetra?

Well, Mr. Editor, I've now give you some notion of my station; and I suppose you guess as, though I'm temperate at home, I mixes a good

deal in public? You are right in that grognostication. There's not a subject concerning England but what's talked over on my box. One night I gets a high Tory up beside me, as admires the country even in a fog, and shudders that railroads run it through in so many places. Another time creeps up a half-breed in a hairy cap, as calls himself a Liberal Whig, and swears the d—d climate and weather, like every thing else *here*, just panders to the aristocratic "insides," making 'em feel more snugger in their berths because the poor devils is left to stick in the mud. Next I gets a Nulterer Radical as stands for nothing, and vows double pikes agin twaddling ministries of knife-and-fork lords, and bedchamber ladies as bolsters 'em up. Another evenng, Mr. White's Blackymore, or Mr. Green's Valley mounts the box, and groans over the rage for four-and-nine gossamers, whitybrown "felts," cheap tailors, and "indelible ink" makers. "Peekisites," says the valley, "ain't worth having now." "Massa's tings," says blacky, "like him new wife's temper, praps look well in de sample, but we fin 'em deblish bad in de wear." Ansetra, ansetra.

Now, among such different people, I, of course, hears various opinions; and, on most of 'em, my mind can horse its own coach. But there is a matter as touches me home; and after hearing all sides, insides and outsides, I confess, as Melbourne says, I'm dooberous of the result. This subject, as I've hinted, is Rowling Hill's postage. The Chartists may like his penny plan, as they're so foud of "change," and don't wish to keep a sovereign; but them as has to look to the sterling interests of the country, I'm asfered will find at the end of the year they can't come down with the ready. Perhaps over-Baring Lord John and his lot, in that case, won't mind waiting till the next year for their wages—they'll then be post-paid—as will soon be all the fashion at the Exchecky, I'm asferd. I had a talk with Dan Kennell, as drives the Stroud, and his guard, Joe; but I needn't tell you I got little out of 'em, as the beggar said—they always drives 'tother road to that. Howsomever, Dan winked; and says he, "By the lard, it'll niver

* Her military friend, Sir John, will, of course, get her to "make Hay while the sun shines."

do any good." "Na," says Joe, "it 'ull only do the ravenoo, and that's never gude noo."

But on these matters I leave others to work the coach till October next; and then, may be, I shall look at their way-bill.* I've got many doubts, howsoever, about the plan. What I'm most afeird of is, as it will be a newsense to people as can't read and write, and more so to them as can and don't want. Suppose, for instance, the gals at the mus on the road where we, and specially the day-coachmen, makes a pint to stop—for there's always a young daughter or niece to every inn—they draws the custom as well as the beer, and are ginnally in good spirits to make up for the grog, as is always down in the mouth enough for any melancholly teetoteller (even that reel un, Lord Stan'up),—I say, suppose all these young creatures (bless their harts!) right along the road should be in love with a coachman (as is too often the case!) and summit turns up to throw him or the dear gals off the road,—why, as it is now, he'd hear no more of 'em; they can't afford to pay 3d. or 1s. a time for letters, and don't expect him to do it. But by the new law the money will go at a penny a time, and they'll think nothing of 2d. or 3d. a day,—that's if the sender is to pay. Well, now, gals in love are very impatient, and writes letters as quick as agetated play-actors; three a-day will be nothing, when a gal's got all sorts of things runnin in her head, and a ruin-hand to follow 'em up. Well, now, if there's only 12 inns on a long stage (and my friend Lord Brewem knows that's far below the mark), every wholesome-looking

coachman must make up his mind to receive at least 36 letters a day! Now, I asks, Is it Pollytick to encourage Bell's Letters at this rate? I hear you say 'tis not. Mr. Malthus ought to have left a young post-malthus, to put a stop to such increased letter-popelation. Can't Miss Martino set her head to work on the pint! it's often run agin the post afore.

But I've taken the favourablist view. What will be our situation if the *re-civer* is to stand Sam for the postage? The thought's a staggerer; let's run over the consequences. No gal will then curb her hart, even if it kicks and snorts every minute to be off. No; she'll pop a billy into the box every hour for Joseph (or whomsoever he may be); and assure herself "Mister Joseph is not a man as refuses to take in a penny letter from a lovely and confidin' gal." Of course not—of course not. Joseph's to pay all, and read all, and answer all! But how's it to be done? Ought it to be done? We must turn teetots for want of time to drink; and as for reading and writing replies, Victoria must have our boxes turned round in front, for desks, and allow us a "private sekretary," as Melbourne has for this Amiable sort o' business. By the boy, his late ene deserved the lift he's got; he must have had hard work to keep all snug. I fear it would often have been with the Prim Minister,

"Love in a tub, and the bottom fell out,"

if he hadn't had such a clever and Honourable Cooper.

But, Mr. Editor, what won't this Rowling Hill's plan do for busness? If such as me gets 30 or 40 a day, what are large concerns to get? Why, some

* Rewards, it seems, is offered for the best scheme of conducting the postage business,—here it is [but who is to pay me?]. If the old plan *must* be altered, let all letters go free, and make up the revenue in the good old way of a general tax. 'twill save a mint of trouble and expense. True, some won't write half the letters they'll pay for; but that will be their good luck and advantage over their unfortunate neighbours. I've paid the Newplice rate for many years, and never had my pocket picked once, nor "give charge" of a soul; while my brother Tom has his picked every Sunday, and "books" the thief pretty often. But do I complain of his having so much more vally for his money than me? No; the Newplico is formed for the general good; and I'm content to be an obscure individual in their eye, and pay my coin without crossing the wooden pavement in the Old Bailey, as long as Sir Ed. Lyt. Bulwer's and Mr. Ainsworth's friends and heroes will allow me. D'ye see, Mr. Y.?

By the by, so they've sent Rowling Hill to France, to discover more post-office improvements! You've seen that queer old chap rs takes the kennels with a crooked wire, and wishes he may find something? If the old grubber got well paid for it, you wouldn't wonder, after all, would you?

thousands, and all done up in kivers (perhaps)—they must keep people to shell 'em, like peas in Common Garden! Little traders will feel it smartly, as a very tight-waste and small-sleeve person on the box sud t'other night. Says he, "I'll play the deyt among u— among the tailors; for them dandies with Stultified intellects will be sendin every five minits, to countmand this button, and alter that trimming, and to cut this, and shce that, and let out the other, ansetra, ansetra (to say, nothin' of the risk of a "take in" after the coat goes home). Milliners and dressmakers (says he) will be served worse,—for womens always great screws to their own sex, and feels pleasure in nailing 'em; they'll grumble at "five-and-ninpeace for making," and send a dozen penny-posters to be paid out of it, questing as many waiting upons and ty ons. You think (says he) them postages might appear in the account! Try it. No, no; women are real bakers' rasps for taking the browns off poor needle-drivers as try to get a crust. The sarkin "mee young man" at the hosier's or mercer's may "Mem" or "Miss" 'em out of double the worth of the "pretty-size still stockins as will fit you, beautiful, meo," ansetra, and gain sweet smiles for his impudence; but the "young person at the milliner's" is "a stupid thing, like her missus," and her missus is "a nasty exorbitant creature!"

There seems truth in all this, Mr. Editor; whether or not, my passengers generally seems to think that business will all be turned into writng and reading; and the only people as will be able to stick to their work will be the blind uns and the savages. As for health, we shall soon find desks more destructive to the chest than the luges to livers; and as for manners, human

nature will grow sheepish from confinement to the pen.

But what's to be its effects on morals? This world, Mr. Editor, is quizzitive enuf already; scandle and gossip flourish like weeds on the poor old Brummagem coach-road, and run people down as unconcernedly as then; un-English, noisy, railaway trams on tother road. Old women tell stories of young uns, and the young uns about one another. Tones blow up the Whigs, and the Whigs themselves. The Chartists abuse the Rads, and the Rads turn off their stabbing friends when they come to the sticking-place. Now, all this, and much more, goes on in writng under the old system; but what will be the state of affairs—family, private, and public—when every body may retail hebels and scandle, and ensure their being taken in, at "a penny a go?" With the venerable portion of the fair, the motto will be, "Shew 'em up! only a penny! Begin agin in haf an hour!" as old Bartlemy Saunders used to sing out in Smiffield. Saints and sinners will find as every day's been a read-letter day; the schoolboy will become "a penny liner," and send his par the noose every morning; Cockneys have country letters "come hopping" in swarms like frogs; country gals daily accounts from sisters in servise, of "how the bonnets is worn here, ansetra;" Hodge and Giles constant favours from brother John, the groom, such as to say "as he went to see Kean in Richid and the ginger-beer was slap up." Ansetra, ansetra. If I chews to run on, I might add a 100 more ways as our coppers will be drained off by this measure; but these pints is samples.

And now what will be the effect on the poor coaches as has to carry the bags (to say nothing of them poor

* It's said that, after all the dooberosity about kivers, &c., we are to have "little stamps," and (in memory of the old-womanish "schemers") use our gums. As usual! there's sure to be a *stark* in our "great reforms." But I suspek this report is only figtrative—the ministry is the "little stamps," and no doubt they'll stick to their places and her majesty's dinner kivers as fast and as long as they can.

I seed tother day a memore of this Mr. S. in the *Littery Gusselt*, as my sister takes in. Its very good and tender; but I beg to state, by way of rider, as he died of "horsification," and that he was too fond of the Booth till the last. Sir Felix's "best old Tom at 4d." has lost a capital customer: though His Happiness's "Patent Cognack" did'nt go down at all with Mr. S. I hope the Ed. of the *Littery* will keep his eye on Salt-box Brown the Conjuror, for the next bography. He can't carry on his rattling life much longer; and some Showy remarks upon his trade, seasoned with Salt-box reflections on the Lot of his wife, with a few flourishes about the Rolling-pin and the "levelling principle," is now certainly his due. I'm sure Saunders will complain Otly if Brown's treated coolly.

clerks as is to get the sack)? But I'll offer no remarks on this—I prefer stating a curious coincidence. Last night I dreamed was the first night as the petty penny letters reduced our mails to the lowest feemails: I was driving as usual, and Joseph Hume was on the box aside me. All at once, the bags busted with indignation, and caused a precious "spread of information"—the coach trembled to its axle under its weight of sponibility—the pins riz up agin lynch law, and broke out for liberty; and nuts and screws begun to chatter at their dangerous conduct. Presently a wheel in its turn run off, spite of "Spoke! spoke!" from Hume; while the poor coach, conscious of *his* presence, and no longer on all-fours, tried to work its sum of troubles by rule o three—but at length came down, with a "dot and ——— carry nothing!" The mumber for Kilkennel was picked out of the gutter half dead, bottling up mud and revenge for October 5, 1840. I came down smack on my face, and—waked! Mr. Editor, this appears to me an omynose warning!

Lastly, hows the supply of writing materials to be kept up? Them nasty sly envypopes must be hawked like sprats, and writing paper soon cover the face of the land. Signboards, "*Best price for Lincn Rags,*" will bob agin one's head at every step; and no man must hope to get his old shirts mended—while the number of his good uns will become more pocryphal every time his washywoman counts 'em. Quills will be torn, quilly-nilly, from poor geese, afore half plump for the spit, leaving the unfortunate birds (as Mr. Gruntly Barkly would say), like game-cocks, to die of "pluck." Steel pens must be sowed like oats; and the only way to supply enuf ink will be for to steep them tiresome Blacks in vinegar, and so liquidate the 20,000,000!

But agin I asks, as Brewem does of restricting dram-drinking, what *will* be

the moral effect of all these doings? Scandle, as I've said, will be increased—love letters "grow too thick to come to any thing"—liebels be more numerous than lawyers—2d. postmen sweated down to 1d. uns—business stopped by scribbling customers—quiet people bored to death—"Lifes and Corespondences" of Jenkins's, Fubbs's, and other great folks, occupy a library, instead of 2 vols. 4to—short-hand writers not be half short enuf—acts of parleyment wanted to make St. Valentine's delivery last a week—lots of doors setting one agaping with their open-mouthed letter-boxes; for some folks' knockers' inges and bells won't last a week. if postee is to be "answered" every time—poor sarvant-maids run off their legs posting missus's letters, and natty footmen have time for nothing but to read their own. In short, peace and comfort won't be nowhere to be found. It will be a universal penny "chaos is come agin"—climblys always on fire—distraction at a discount—and a national yarning for the return of the dark ages, and *no* revival of letters! Ansetra, ansetra. And much of this will be carried on, doubtless, under a secret, unbullish, ballottish plan of kivers to hide bad spellin, or summit worse! A true Englishman is never afeard of his hand being looked at; and as for spellin, Mr. Editor, I've nobjection to mine bein seen, and shan't kick if I'm Shoed up, for I mean to say as I've come off in Capital. Whew! there's the horn ablowing—I must toddle. Joe's in his tantrums, or he wouldn't risk the fine; he knows that Newplice Act only lows him to blow when he gets out of London, where there's nobody to hear, and nothing to run over. Poor fellow, he's adying of wind aready; he'll never stand it. Would you be. . . . there he goes agin! We shall be fined, by gum! Coming—coming, Joe! Good boy, Mr. Editor.

Yours fatfully,

JOHN BROAD.

* Mr. Editor, there's a shocking oversight in the Bill (just like the Whigs!):—How many nocks is a penny-postman to give? The old plan was two for twopence; and it ought to be one for a penny. This pint is of great importance, and ought to be settled by law; for them red-collar gemmen's very proud, and the new uns will be ditto, and won't drop the "double," if they aint made. If they *don't*, I pity gentee people as keeps the door shut! One rap would be bad enuf; but "nock, nock," "nock, nock," "nock, nock,"—why, the house will be from morning to night like a undertaker's shop, and the commotion in London beat Knox in Scotland. I've looked in the Newplice Act as Hawes the poor so much, but there's nothing in it as will fix a postman.

THE REGISTRATION OF 1839.

It is in the Registration Courts that the battle of the Constitution must be fought."

THERE is nothing in Sir Robert Peel's whole life that so strongly marks the innate sagacity of his mind, as does this apparently trivial circumstance, of the peculiar stress laid by him on the duty of Registration. It shews him to have had a keen and quick perception of the hidden strength of his party, and thus to have brought the weight of his authority to bear upon the right point. It shewed him, also, to be one who could be bold when he was sure of his ground; for it was a challenge to his opponents, as well as a call to his supporters. The word went forth as distinctly and as widely to Radicals as to Conservatives, "*Register, register, register!*"

Sir Robert Peel had well weighed this point; and he knew his ground to be secure. He had thought over the real character and powers of the two contending parties, and he hesitated not to dare the Radicals to the contest. He knew his own followers to be the stronger party, in property, in intelligence, in industry, in perseverance, and in stamina and *bottom*. He felt assured, therefore, that if he could only prevail upon the Conservatives to embark seriously in this contest, the issue of the struggle must be in *his* and in *their* favour. They had the means of insuring ultimate success in their own hands. They were able to *outwork*, outspend, and in all ways outlive their antagonists. In noise they might be deficient; if it came to "putting voters into the *slut*"² they might be beaten; but whenever the voice of law and order could be heard, they could ensure success, because they could fairly earn and deserve it.

The present year has proved the truth of Sir Robert Peel's calculations, more clearly and fully than any former one. For the last two or three years the Whigs might, perhaps, be reproached with some degree of meretriciousness; and the success of the Conservatives might be attributed to the negligence of their opponents. But in the campaign now just closing, no such imputation at-

taches to the Ministerialists. Stung to the quick by past defeats, and aware that total ruin stared them in the face, they have shaken off their slumbers, and have bestirred themselves with one consent, and with visible efficiency. We perceived signs of this new effort several weeks back, and adverted to it in our September Number. All that we then prognosticated has taken place. The Byngs and Cavendishes have fought the battle in Middlesex; the Cokes and Astleys and Koppels, in Norfolk; Melbourne and Cavendish have held their own in Derbyshire; Fitzwilliam has struggled desperately in Northamptonshire; Lovelace and Denison in Surrey; Ebrington in Devonshire; Towneley in Lancashire; Dacre in Hertfordshire; and the whole body of the Whigs in Yorkshire. A better fight than they have made could not have been maintained; and if, after this, they are beaten, at least they will not have to reproach themselves with negligence or inactivity. Let us now inquire, What, after a fair and gallant fight, has been the actual result of the recent struggle?

A general registration resembles a general election in most points, and, among others, in this,—that not every seat or every place in the kingdom is contested. It is quite enough if *half* the realm is simultaneously disturbed, without demanding the general agitation of the whole population. Accordingly, wherever either party has obtained such an ascendancy as to render resistance hopeless, there an apparent, however unwonted, calm exists. In this way, more than half the counties of England are already quietly surrendered to the Conservatives. While, on their part, they no longer threaten Finsbury or Lambeth, Birmingham or Sheffield. Hence it is, that although the following list is a long one, it does not contain the names of half the English counties or boroughs; because, in a majority of cases, the ascendancy of one party or the other is already permanently secured.

COUNTIES.				
CONSERVATIVE.			RADICAL.	
	Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
MIDDLESEX :				
Objections	1185	650	867	251
YORKSHIRE—West Riding : ¹				
Objections	2006	1222	2473	1112
Claims		1811		1526
		3063		2710
NORTH DEVON :				
Objections	910	597	956	189
Claims		995		813
		1592		1332
SOUTH DEVON :				
Objections	305	238	79	29
WEST GLOUCESTERSHIRE : ¹				
Objections		367		293
Claims		171		403
		538		696
EAST GLOUCESTERSHIRE :				
Objections	225	151	166	17
NORTH DURHAM :				
Objections	297	195	391	160
BUCKS :				
Objections	122	85	205	118
Claims	315	287	239	185
		372		303
†EAST CUMBERLAND :				
Objections	153	60	222	85
NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE :				
Objections	361	117	291	91
†SOUTH DERBYSHIRE :				
Objections	131	71	355	160
HEREFS :				
Objections	169	132	271	101
Claims		256		180
		388		290
WEST NORFOLK :				
Objections	529	295	676	231

¹ Not quite completed.

† Ministerial gains.

* Ineffective results.

	CONSERVATIVE.		RADICAL.	
	Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
WEST SOMERSET :				
Objections	355	196	332	141
Claims		115		396
		611		537
ANGLESIA :				
Objections	150	190	328	168
CITIES AND BOROUGH.				
LONDON :				
Objections	310	213	0	0
Claims	164	48	30	13
		261		18
*WESTMINSTER :				
Objections	329	279	221	181
Claims	17	9	53	30
		288		214
MANCHESTER :				
Objections	465	359	116	322
Claims	89	52	106	61
		411		383
LOWER HAMMETS :				
Objections	679	170		
GREENSWICH :				
Objections	181	100	56	36
Claims	40	21	0	0
		121		36
LEEDS :				
Objections	1194	509	977	507
Claims	257	142	182	80
		651		587
MANCHESTER :				
Objections	117	86	81	56
Claims	47	32	54	31
		118		87
SALTORD :				
Objections	661	263	432	127
Claims	115	49	209	59
		312		186
BRISTOL :				
Objections	1463	553	792	371
Claims		114		192
		667		563

	CONSERVATIVE.		RADICAL.	
	Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
BATH :				
Objections	133	97	135	43
Claims	22	13	38	18
		110		61
LEICESTER :				
Objections	533	253	259	106
Claims	98	45	68	30
		298		136
HULL :				
Objections	225	111	176	95
Claims	57	43	18	11
		154		106
*EXETER :				
Objections	178	137	179	112
Claims	56	43	124	61
		180		173
OXFORD :				
Objections	100	89	20	10
Claims	10	9	23	10
		98		20
CANTERBURY :				
Objections	98	63	82	37
Claims	63	47	46	23
		110		60
DURHAM :				
Objections	54	34	32	11
WORCESTER :				
Objections	94	85	66	49
Claims	53	32	76	30
		117		79
ROCHESTER :				
Objections	99	24	54	8
Claims	10	8	33	20
		32		28
*SALISBURY :				
Objections	13	7	4	1
Claims	3	1	2	2
		8		6
CARLISLE :				
Objections	26	23	0	0

	CONSERVATIVE.		RADICAL.	
	Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
WYMOUTH:				
Objections	11	11	1	1
Claims	17	15	1	1
		26		2
CAMBRIDGE:				
Objections	101	54	111	47
Claims	58	29	41	24
		83		71
IPSWICH:				
Objections	75	38	81	21
Claims		16		14
		54		35
BEDFORD:				
Objections		32		28
Claims		25		26
		57		54
SURRESBURY:				
Objections	52	40	66	26
Claims	38	32	29	14
		72		40
WALLINGFORD:				
Objections	16	10	25	3
Claims	14	11	8	5
		21		8
BEVERLEY:				
Objections		9		15
Claims		12		6
		21		21
BOSTON:				
Objections	0	0	0	0
Claims	24	24	20	8
		24		8
HALEFAX:				
Objections		49		19
Claims		7		1
		56		20
WAKEFIELD:				
Objections	68	47	59	28
Claims	30	21	8	4
		68		32

	CONSERVATIVE.		RADICAL.	
	Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
SUNDERLAND:				
Objections		47		0
Claims		53		2
		<u>80</u>		<u>2</u>
HYTH:				
Objections	34	20	8	6
Claims	11	7	7	6
		<u>27</u>		<u>12</u>
†BRIGHTON:				
Objections	19	13	36	26
Claims	19	10	27	16
		<u>33</u>		<u>42</u>
SANDWICH:				
Objections	20	17	12	10
Claims		1	1	1
		<u>21</u>		<u>11</u>
CUTHBERT:				
Objections	12	22	10	19
ROCHESTER:				
Objections	31	19	12	11
Claims	21	11	3	1
		<u>30</u>		<u>12</u>
BLACKBURN:				
Objections	74	55	55	29
Claims	22	11	7	3
		<u>69</u>		<u>32</u>
BRIDGEWATER:				
Objections	15	17	11	7
BURY ST. EDMUNDS:				
Objections	70	25	60	26
Claims	11	7	5	3
		<u>32</u>		<u>29</u>
WAREHAM:				
Objections	121	91	112	33
BUCKINGHAM:				
Objections	0	11	0	0
Claims	0	31	0	10
		<u>42</u>		<u>10</u>
LISKEARD:				
Objections	19	15	22	8

		CONSERVATIVE.		RADICAL.	
		Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
†AYLESBURY:					
Objections		20		38
Claims		7		3
			<u>27</u>		<u>41</u>
TAUNTON:					
Objections	86	56	61	35
Claims	23	14	37	18
			<u>70</u>		<u>53</u>
LYMINGTON:					
Objections	20	15	14	6
Claims	6	4	5	0
			<u>19</u>		<u>6</u>
TOTALS:					
Objections	82	24	62	13
Claims	29	16	9	1
			<u>40</u>		<u>14</u>
DOVER:					
Objections	65	48	91	22
Claims	37	32	57	30
			<u>80</u>		<u>52</u>
DUNELM:					
Objections		21		6
Claims		11		4
			<u>32</u>		<u>10</u>
MONMOUTH:					
Objections		8		3
Claims		7		10
			<u>15</u>		<u>13</u>
MALMESBURY:					
Objections		32		17
Claims		34		15
			<u>66</u>		<u>32</u>
STOKE-ON-TRENT:					
Objections		76		26
Claims		22		25
			<u>98</u>		<u>51</u>
MAIDSTONE:					
Objections	49	42	79	50
Claims	59	35	18	16
			<u>77</u>		<u>66</u>

CONSERVATIVE.			RADICAL.	
	Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
PONTEFRACT :				
Objections	13	9	9	2
Claims		5		0
		14		2
BRADFORD :				
Objections	67	36	55	31
Claims	84	48	54	31
		84		62
*KIDDERMINSTER :				
Objections	27	7	23	6
BARNSTAPLE :				
Objections	40	30	49	24
Claims	7	4	16	8
		34		32
EVESHAM :				
Objections	20	11	3	1
Claims	4	4	2	2
		15		3
LYNN :				
Objections	175	104	238	93
Claims	60	32	39	23
		136		116
†NEWPORT, HANTS :				
Objections	26	18	45	25
Claims	8	8	10	5
		26		30
*WINCHESTER :				
Objections	34	9	31	19
Claims	23	14	5	2
		23		21
SOUTHAMPTON :				
Objections		121		62
YARMOUTH :				
Objections	103	50	51	20
Claims	66	44	51	27
		94		47
CHELTENHAM :				
Objections	496	261	242	111
Claims		24		8
		285		119

	CONSERVATIVE.		RADICAL.	
	Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
PRESTON:				
Objections	57	54	0	0
†GLOUCESTER:				
Objections	33	15	32	28
Claims	18	4	15	12
		19		40
		—		—
TIVERTON:				
Objections	40	19	16	10
Claims	38	4	3	3
		23		13
		—		—
CHICHESTER:				
Objections	38	36	0	0
Claims	18	16	8	5
		52		5
		—		—
LEWES:				
Objections	32	10	42	6
Claims	19	18	14	9
		28		15
		—		—
†MALDON:				
Objections		8		81
Claims		11		4
		19		85
		—		—
BOLTON:				
Objections	44	34	0	0
Claims	34	11	8	5
		45		5
		—		—
TILKESBURY:				
Objections	22	13	13	2
Claims	12	9	6	3
		22		5
		—		—
SHOREHAM:				
Objections	147	98	149	79
Claims	12	10	62	21
		108		100
		—		—
HORSHAM:				
Objections	9	1	13	6
Claims	22	17	10	9
		18		15
		—		—
WIGAN:				
Conservative Majority		25		
		—		

		CONSERVATIVE.		RADICAL.	
		Made.	Sustained.	Made.	Sustained.
†FROME:					
Objections	14	6	20	1
Claims	38	2	15	8
			8		9
*STAMFORD:					
Objections	2	2	15	10
Claims	9	8	7	0
			10		10
ASHTON-UNDER-LINE:					
Objections	74	29	26	9
Claims	35	24	18	12
			53		21
CHATHAM:					
Objections	29	16	43	10
READING:					
Objections	84	47	54	22
Claims	24	15	37	14
			62		36
PORTSMOUTH:					
Objections		58		36
Claims		14		9
			72		45
SHAFTESBURY:					
Conservative Majority			15		

These are all the returns that have yet come to hand. Others, such as West Kent, East and West Surrey, Hants, &c., are not yet completed. In each of these, however, we are already apprised of a Conservative gain. And in many others,—such as East Kent, Berkshire, Oxfordshire,

Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire,—the Ministerialists have quietly resigned themselves to despair.

However, from the above returns, let us endeavour to draw the probable results. The statements above collected may be digested under three heads of practical information, as under:—

I. MINISTERIAL GAINS.

These appear in the following places:

East Cumberland,
South Derbyshire,
Brighton,
Aylesbury,
Newport, Hants,
Gloucester,
Maldon, and
Frome.

Now, to what results do these gains promise to lead?

In East Cumberland, the Ministerialists have the two seats already. A gain, therefore, of 23, by the revision, if it confirms their hold, can do no more. It cannot give them more than they already have.

In South Derbyshire, they are in an ascertained minority of many hundreds. At the last election, they did not even venture on a contest. A gain, therefore, of 86, by objections, does not even offer so much as a gleam of hope.

In Brighton, a gain of 9; in Gloucester, a gain of 17; in Newport, of 7; in Aylesbury, of 14; and in Frome, of 1,—cannot in either case give rise to any practical result. The seats for Newport they have already. In Gloucester they were beaten, on the last occasion, by 108, and in Aylesbury by 117. One vote in Frome, and nine among the 2500 electors of Brighton, are wholly immaterial changes. There remains only the case of Maldon.

• In this borough the Ministerialists, by a new decision of the barristers as

to the seven-mile measurement, have struck off, on a balance, 66 Conservative votes. This would appear to threaten both the seats. But the Conservatives allege, on the other hand, that they carried the election of 1837 by a majority of 12, and that they have since added to that majority no fewer than 102 votes. If this statement be true, then the Radicals fail here also; and the registration of 1839 ends without the gain to their cause of a single seat!

II. INEFFECTIVE RESULTS.

We are equally ready, to admit that many of the nominal gains on our own side offer no prospect of any practical advantage. We may particularize especially—

Tower Hamlets,
Westminster,
Exeter,
Salisbury,
Beverley,
Kidderminster,
Winchester, and
Stamford.

We cannot despair of Westminster, or even of the Tower Hamlets, after what we have seen of Manchester. But we look for a change in such constituencies as these, more from the gradual amelioration of public opinion, than from any other source. It is right to attend to the registry, for

Westminster, like London, may be lost or won by an odd six votes; but we will not profess to look upon that city as gained merely because we profit 74 by the registry; nor the Tower Hamlets, because we have struck off 170 votes.

Stamford, Beverley, and Kidderminster, we already have; and in Exeter, Salisbury, and Winchester, the gains of 7 or 2, respectively, cannot greatly influence the result.

It may perhaps be observed, that we ought to add to this list; for that the advantage gained in some other places seems to be exceedingly minute. But in several boroughs, named in the next list,—such as Bedford, Horsham, and Lewes,—the last election was lost or won by a single vote, or little more. In such places it is obvious that a gain of 2 or 3 may be all-important.

III. PROMISING RESULTS.

Here we have a large field, and we must divide the list into two classes. In the following places:—

North Devon,
South Devon,
Bucks,
West Norfolk,
Weymouth,
Ipswich,
Wallingford,
Wakefield,
Bridgewater,
Wareham,
Devizes,
Stoke on Trent,
Maidstone,
Lynn,
Bath, and
Shaftesbury.

the advantage gained is only important as tending to secure the quiet possession of what we already have

obtained. The seats for all those places are already in our hands. Our friends do well to lose no opportunity of fortifying and maintaining their position; but from these places, at least, the Conservative party in the House of Commons can expect no further reinforcement. We pass on, therefore, to the last class of all,—those districts from which we expect, at the next dissolution, to obtain such an accession of strength as shall form a good, working, Conservative majority in the lower house. These are:—

Probable gain.

Middlesex	1
Yorkshire, W. R.	1 or 2
Gloucestershire, West	1
Gloucestershire, East	1
North Durham	1

Carried over..... 5 or 7

	Brought over	Probable gain. 5 or 7
Herts	1	
West Somerset	1	
Anglesey	1	
London	2	3
Marylebone	1	
Leeds	1	2
Manchester	1	2
Salford	1	
Leicester	1	2
Hull	1	
Oxford	1	
Canterbury	1	
Durham	1	
Worcester	1	
Rochester	1	2
Carlisle	1	
Cambridge	1	
Bedford	1	
Shrewsbury	1	
Boston	1	
Halifax	1	
Sunderland	1	
Hythe	1	
Sandwich	1	2
Clitheroe	1	
Rochdale	1	
Blackburn	1	
Bury St. Edmund's	1	
Buckingham	1	
Taunton	1	2
Lyne	1	
Totness	1	2
Dover	1	
Liskeard	1	
Monmouth	1	
Malmesbury	1	
Pontefract	1	
Bradford	1	
Barnstaple	1	
Evesham	1	
Southampton	1	
Yarmouth	1	2
Cheltenham	1	
Preston	1	
Tiverton	1	
Chichester	1	
Lewes	1	
Bolton	1	
Tewkesbury	1	
Shoreham	1	
Horsham	1	
Ashton	1	
Chatham	1	
Bristol	1	
Reading	1	2
Portsmouth	1	2
Wigan	1	
Greenwich	1	

60 or 70

Here is a probable gain of about 70 votes. Let it be supposed that we have overrated it. Take it at 30 only. But remember, *it is a gain unbalanced by any loss*. And such a gain, were this all, would give a Conservative ministry a working majority of 50—a far larger majority than the Melbourne cabinet has ever had, at any time since its first formation.

But this is not all. In many places a silent change is going on, and the Ministerialists are ready to compromise matters, to avoid utter extermination. We have said nothing of Sussex, nothing of East Cornwall, of West Worcestershire, of Herefordshire, of Cheshire, of Bedfordshire, or of Dorset,—all panting to throw off their present Whig misrepresentatives. Nor have we mentioned Petersfield, or St. Alban's, or Ashburton, or Bridport, or Dartmouth, or Derby, or Harwich, or Hastings, or Hertford, or Lincoln, or Ludlow, or Newark, or Norwich, or Falmouth, or Poole, or Stafford, or Stroud, or Walsall, or Warwick, or a dozen other places, in which a Conservative would have the best hopes of success. Make any rational allowance for these cases, and even a total of 70 will be seen to be quite a moderate anticipation.

Besides which, we have a right to calculate on a considerable gain from both Ireland and Scotland. Dublin city and county, Londonderry, Wicklow, and other places, promise a gain of six or eight from the first; and our brethren in the north are equally hopeful. On the whole, we cannot conceive of a general election resulting at this moment with a smaller gain than 80 to the Conservatives,—giving Sir R. Peel a working majority in the next House of Commons of at least *an hundred and fifty!*

On the whole, then, we close this review of the Registration of 1839, with a feeling of certainty, not hastily taken up,—that on no occasion since the passing of the Reform-bill, have the Whigs and Radicals so strenuously exerted themselves, as on this, and that *on no occasion have they been so entirely and conclusively beaten.*

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1839.

No. CXX.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215 REGENT STREET.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1839.

VOL. XX.

DR. FARMER'S ESSAY ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE CONSIDERED.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ. LL.D.

(Continued from p. 490.)

I fulfil the promise of here releasing my readers from any further remarks on Dr. Farmer, and shall not trouble them with much more verbal controversy.

The concluding pages of the Doctor's *Essay* are devoted to Shakspeare's knowledge of the modern languages. And, first, of Italian :

"It is evident, we have been told, that he was not unacquainted with the Italian ; but let us inquire into the *evidence*. Certainly, some Italian words and phrases appear in the works of Shakspeare ; yet, if we had nothing else to observe, their orthography might lead us to suspect them not to be of the author's importation. But we can go further, and prove this. When Pistol 'cheers up himself with ends of verse,' he is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga, who ranted on yielding himself a prisoner to an English captain in the Low Countries, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Futs, and Fancies* :

'Si fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta'

And Sir Richard Hawkins, in his voyage to the South Sea, 1593, throws out the same jingling distich, on the loss of his pig :—

A magnificent judge Dr. Farmer appears to be of Italian ! I avail myself here willingly of what is said by Mr. Brown, in his *Shakspeare's Autobiography* :—

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"Dr. Farmer thus speaks of the Italian words introduced into his plays : 'Their orthography might lead us to suspect them to be not of the writer's importation.' Whose, then, with bad orthography ! I cannot understand this suspicion ; but perhaps it implies that the words, being incorrectly printed, were not originally correct. The art of printing was formerly far from being so exact as at present ; but even now, I beg leave to say, I rarely meet with an Italian quotation in an English book that is correct ; yet I can perceive plainly enough, from the context, the printer is alone to blame. In the same way I see that the following passage, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, bears evident marks of having been correct, before it was corrupted in the printing of the first folios, and that it originally stood thus :—

'*Petruchio*. Con tutto il core ben' trovato,—may I say.

Hortensio. Alla nostra casa ben' venuto, molto onorato signor mio Petruccio.'

These words shew an intimate acquaintance with the mode of salutation on the meeting of two Italian gentlemen ; and they are precisely such colloquial expressions as a man might well pick up in his travels through the country. My own opinion is that Shakspeare, beyond the power of reading it, which is easily acquired, had not much knowledge of Italian ; though I believe it infinitely surpassed that of Steevens, or of Dr. Farmer, or of Dr. Johnson ; that is, I believe

X X

that, while they pretended to pass an unerring judgment on his Italian, they themselves must have been astonishingly ignorant of the language. Let me make good my accusation against all three. It is necessary to destroy their authority in this instance.

"Steevens gives this note in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—'*Me perdonato*. We should read, *Mi perdonate*.' Indeed, we should read no such thing as two silly errors in two common words. Shakspeare may have written *Mi perdoni*, or *Perdonatemi*; but why disturb the text further than by changing the syllable *par* into *per*? It then expresses, instead of *pardon me*, *me being pardoned*, and is suitable both to the sense and the metre :

'*Me perdonato*,—gentle master mine.'

"Dr. Farmer says, 'When Pistol cheers up himself with ends of verse,' he is only a copy of Hanniball Gonsaga, who ranted on yielding himself a prisoner to an English captain in the Low Countries, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies* :

'*Si fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta.*'

This is given as Italian, not that of the ignorant Pistol, nor of Shakspeare, but of Hanniball Gonsaga; but how comes it that Dr. Farmer did not look into the first few pages of a grammar, to teach him that the lines must have been these?—

'*Se fortuna mi tormenta,
La speranza mi contenta.*'

And how could he corrupt orthography (a crying sin with him) in the name of Annibale Gonzaga?

"Upon this very passage Dr. Johnson has a note, and, following the steps of Sir Thomas Hanmer, puts his foot, with uncommon profundity, in the mud. He says: 'Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta*,' which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it.' Perhaps it was; but 'undoubtedly' the Doctor, in his 'true reading,' containing five blunders in eight words, has carried corruption too far."

If Shakspeare had all the Italian knowledge of the Della Cruscans, he could not have made Pistol quote this saying in any other way. Pistol's acquaintance with any foreign language was of course picked up from jest-books, or from the conversation of those whose sayings contribute to fill works of the kind; but it is pleasant to find Drs.

Farmer and Johnson bearing testimony to the accuracy of broken Italian, and making matters still worse than Pistol. We must admit that, as Dr. Farmer referred only to the *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, he was not bound to give the name of Hanniball Gonsaga, or the Italian distich, otherwise than as he there found them. It might have been expected, from so exact a critic, that he should have expressed his opinion that the Italian was not perfectly correct; and his having omitted to do so may lead to the suspicion that he knew as little about the matter as Dr. Johnson himself, who lectures Shakspeare with all the gravity, but by no means the accuracy, of Holofernes.

The second piece of Italian is almost as amusing :—

"'Master Page, sit; good Master Page, sit: *profuce*, what you want in meat, we'll have in drink,' says Justice Shallow's factotum, Davy, in the *Second Part of Henry IV.* *Profuce*, Sir Thomas Hanmer observes to be Italian, from *profaccia*,—much good may it do you. Mr. Johnson rather thinks it a mistake for *perforce*. Sir Thomas Hanmer, however, is right: yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge."

Then follow three quotations from Heywood, Dekker, and Waterpoet Taylor, in which the word occurs. Other English authorities are added by the commentators. So far so good; but the learned mind of Steevens misgives him. "I am still," he says, "in doubt whether there be such an Italian word as *profaccia*. Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *profuce* being a colloquial abbreviation of the phrase, *Bon prou leur face*; i. e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou*." And Malone informs us that "Sir Thomas Hanmer (as an ingenious friend observes to me) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* a regular (*regular!*) Italian word; the proper expression being *buon pro vi faccia*, much good may it do you! *Profaccia* is, however, I am informed, a *cant* term used by the common people in Italy, though it is not inserted in the best Italian dictionaries." The fact is that *profuce*, or *prouface*, or *prounface*, is a *Norman* word, derived from the Latin *proficiat*, signifying, as Cotgrave says, though he does not give its origin, "Much good may it do you," (i. e. my

pledging); and has no connexion with Italian at all (a). The most diverting part of the business is the conjectural sagacity of Johnson in reading *perforce*. Had poor Theobald done any thing of the kind, or "the Oxford Editor," how sharp and biting would have been the indignation of the variorum critics! Dr. Farmer, knowing nothing of the matter, never suspected that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made a mistake as to the Italianism of *profaccia*; for his next sentence is: "But the editors are not contented without coining Italian." *Profaccia*, therefore, to Farmer, was not a coined word. The words which are coined are *rivo*—*monarcho*—*buccare*.

1. "*Rivo*," says the drunkard, "is an expression of the madcap Prince of Wales; which Sir Thomas Hanmer corrects to *ribi*, drink away, or *again*, as it should rather be translated. Dr. Warburton accedes to this; and Mr. Johnson hath admitted it into his text, but with an observation that *rivo* might possibly be the cant of the English taverns." Sir Thomas Hanmer had not read Marston, or many other of our older wits, or he would have found that *rivo* is what Johnson conjectured it to be. This is no great harm; but fancying that *ribi* is Italian for

"drink away," or "drink again," is no remarkable proof of the Tuscan knowledge of the critic who proposed the reading, or of those who admitted it. *Rivo*, however, is not Italian; and it has not been traced to any European language, in any thing like the sense intended in the English authors. I suspect that it is only *ribaux*—rakes, ribalds. "Ho, my blades! my bullies!" *Aux ribaux!* *Rivo!* I do not press the conjecture, but refer for some authority to a note (b).

2. For *monarcho*, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, who was not aware that there was actually a fantastic character well known by that name in London in the days of Elizabeth, proposed to read *mammuccia*. An infelicitous conjecture at the best. And,

3. For *baccare*, in the *Taming of the Shrew* (a common English phrase of the time, whatever its exact etymology may be, and I own that I have not seen as yet any thing very satisfactory), Theobald, and Warburton, and Heath, propose *baccare* as the Italian for "a graduated scholar, and thence ironically for a pretender to scholarship."

Now, neither *mammuccia* nor *baccare* are coined—they are good Italian words, though not at all wanted in the

(a) Roquefort: *Glossaire de la Langue Romane*. "*PROUTACE, prounface*: Souhait qui veut dire, bien vous fasse; proficiat." It is used so lately as by Paul Louis Courier, in his translation of Lucian's *Ass*: "*Bon prou te fasse*," vol. iii. p. 47; but he was an avowed imitator of the antique style. There is no authority for it in his Greek original; and I am not sure that he uses it properly, for he employs it merely as an ironical wish for good luck, without any reference to drinking. I suppose it is now obsolete in France.

(b) Ribaldi, says Ducange, were "*velites, enfans perdus, milites, qui prima proelia tentabant*." Of course, they were the least valued troops—thence any good-for-nothing fellows, "good enough to toss" in an army; and as these people led profligate and dissolute lives, "*usurpata deinde Ribaldorum vox pro hominibus vilissimis, abjectis, perditis, scortatoribus*:" in French, *ribaux*. Ducange supplies several quotations, of which I take a couple:—

"Gulielmus Guiart MS.
Bruient soudouiers et ribaus,
Qui de tout perdre sont si baus,
—*Roman de la Rose*.
Mais Ribaus ont les cuers si baus,
Portant sacs de charbon en Grève,
Que la peine riens ne leur grève."

In earlier times, it was not a word of reproach; and the *ribauds* in the days of Philippus Augustus were "soldats d'élite auxquels ce prince avoit grande créance en ses exploits militaires." But, as Pasquier remarks, "Peu-à-peu cette compagnie de ribauds, qui avoit tenu dedans la France lieu de primauté entre les guerriers s'abatardit, tomba en l'opprobre de tout le monde, et en je ne sais quelle engeance de putassiers." They continued to hang about the court of France in the middle ages, which, like all other courts of the time, was filled with a crowd of idle followers; and they were subjected to the government of an officer named *roi de ribaux*, part of whose duty was to keep the palace in eating time free of disorderly persons. It is ordered, in 1317, "*Item, assavoir est que les huissiers de salle*

places to which they are introduced by the conjectural critics. But why should Shakspeare be pronounced ignorant of Italian, because Sir Thomas Hamner, unaware of the existence of a real man nicknamed Monarcho, which was excusable enough, and Warburton unread in our Elizabethan literature, which in a commentator on Shakspeare is not quite so excusable, made a couple of unhappy conjectures, proving nothing more than they were not infallible in verbal criticism. As for *baccalare*, Nares, in his *Glossary*, remarks that "the word (*baccare*) was unpropitious to critics, who would have changed it to *baccalare*, an Italian word of reproach." *Baccalare* is not very propitious to Nares himself, because it is scarcely a word of reproach. The Della Cruscans, in giving its second meaning, say, "Dicesi altresì d'uomo di gran reputazione, ma per lo più per ischerzo. Lat. *Vir erivnus, praeclens, singularis*." Hardly words of reproach, any more than *bene vir* in Terence, though applied by the angry master to the cheating slave. I doubt very much, indeed, that *baccalare* is ever applied, by itself, in jest (*per ischerzo*), but is used sometimes jokingly, not reproachfully, when it is accompanied by *gran*. *Gran baccalare* is one who gives himself great airs; as we sometimes call

a noisy swaggerer a great hero, or a great officer, without offering any affront to the names of officer or hero. The examples in the *Della Crusca* bear out this view of its meaning. *Ex. gr.* *Locc. Nov. 15, 24*:—"Vide uno, il quale per quello che comprendere pote, mostrava d'essere *gran baccalare*, con una barba nera, e folta al volto." *Galat. 28*.—"Mililitandosi, e dicendo di avere le maraviglie, e di essere *gran baccalari*," &c. &c.

If these be the only proofs of Shakspeare's want of Italian knowledge, never was case more meagre. They amount exactly to this, that Shakspeare uses four words quite common in his im., two of which his commentators, for whose ignorance it is not reasonable that he should answer, corrupt into Italian; and two more, which, though these gentlemen think differently, are not Italian at all, or intended as such; and that, elsewhere, he makes a buffoon character quote a couple of ungrammatical jingles from a jest-book, which his critics by mending make more corrupt. A noble style of argument! particularly in the case of an author who elsewhere employs Italian words and quotations with perfect propriety and correctness.

Dr. Farmer supposes the *Taming of the Shrew* not to be "originally the

si tost comme l'en aura criu, *Aux queux*, feront vuidier la salle de toutes gens fors ceus qui doivent mengier, et les doivent livrer à l'huys de la salle aux varlets de porte aux portiers; et les portiers doivent tenir la cour nette, et les livrer au roy des ribaux; et le roy des ribaux doit garder, que il n'entre plus à la porte, et cil qui sera trouvé defaillans sera pugny par le maistre de l'hostel, qui servira la journée." I conjecture, that when the proper officer cried "*Aux queux*!" [*i. e.* cooks!] the cry might be met by the gang turned out to make room for these "qui doivent mengier," with "*Aux ribaux*;" and thence made, by an easy lapse, *ribaux, rivaux, ruc*, as the peculiar rallying call of drunken people. It is so used by the prince, in the very place referred to, when he shouts for Falstaff. "*Ruc!* says the drunkard—call in ribs, call in tallow."

It is sometimes joined with *Castiliano*, as in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:

"Irey, Rivo Castiliano, man's a man."

And in the old comedy of *Look about You*,

"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too."

"*Castiliano*" was, in all probability, a rallying cry in the Spanish armies. [*Castillo* is three times cried at the coronation of kings of Spain,

"While trumpets rang, and heralds cried '*Castile*.'"

SCOTT'S *Don Roderick*, st. xliii.]

And as the Spaniards had the reputation of being great swaggerers, they might be fitly called on, as associates, by those who were shouting for the *ribaux*. Steevens quotes the lines from Marlowe and the old play, in a note on *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 3, where Sir Toby cries out, "What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*—for here comes Sir Andrew Aguecheek." For *vulgo*, Warburton proposes *volto*; as if recommending Maria to put on her grave, solemn looks, which is the last advice Toby would think of giving; and she does just the contrary. Perhaps it should be "*Castiliano luego*." "*Castilian*, at once" *Vulgo* and *luego* might be easily confounded.

work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker, and some other occasional improvements," &c. The reasons he gives for this opinion are not over-sagacious; and our increased knowledge of dramatic history and bibliography has left them no value whatever. If the play be Shakspeare's at all, Dr. Farmer is sure that it is one of his earliest productions, in which he is supported by Malone (*Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, No. 6); who admits, however, that he had formerly been of a different opinion, which I think he was very wrong in altering. But as I have noticed the play, not with any intention of de-seanting on its intrinsic merits (though sadly urged thereto by Bishop Hurd's most absurd and somewhat offensive observations on the Induction, contained in his pedantic and ridiculous commentary on the Epistle to Augustus), but of pointing out a very different theory respecting the date and origin of the play, I shall not enter upon the question of its poetical or dramatic value. It is contended that it was one of the later plays, and written after a journey to Italy.

"I proceed," says Mr. Brown, "to shew he was in Italy from the internal evidence of his works; and I begin with his *Taming of the Shrew*, where the evidence is the strongest. This comedy was entirely rewritten from an older one by an unknown hand, with some, but not many, additions to the fable. It should first be observed, that in the older comedy, which we possess, the scene is laid in and near Athens, and that Shakspeare removed it to Padua and its neighbourhood; an unnecessary change, if he knew no more of one country than of the other. The *dramatis personæ* next attract our attention. Baptista is no longer erroneously the name of a woman, as in *Hamlet*, but of a man. All the other names, except one, are pure Italian, though most of them are adapted to the English ear. Biondello, the name of a boy, seems chosen with a knowledge of the language,—as it signifies a little fair-haired fellow. Even the shrew has the

Italian termination to her name, Katharina. The exception is Curtis, Petruccio's servant, seemingly the housekeeper at his villa; which, as it is an insignificant part, may have been the name of the player; but, more probably, it is a corruption of Cortese.

"Act I, Scene I. *A public place.* For an open place, or a square in a city, this is not a home-bred expression. It may be accidental; yet it is a literal translation of *una piazza publica*, exactly what was meant for the scene.

"The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the university of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian.

'Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.'

Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious
studies.'

"The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa:—

'Pisa, renowned for grave citizens'(c).

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act. Lucentio says, his father came 'of the Bentivolii.' This is an old Italian plural. A mere Englishman would write 'of the Bentivolios.' Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up. But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katharina and Petruccio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should

(c) It could hardly be expected that, while I write, a confirmatory commentary, and from the strangest quarter, should turn up on these words; but so it is. A quarrel lately occurred in Youghal, arising from a dispute about precedence between two ladies at a ball; and one of the witnesses, a travelled gentleman, in his cross-examination, gives the following opinion of Pisa:—"I did not see—in the room that night; he is now in Pisa, which I don't think a pleasant place than a court of justice: I think it a d—d sickening place. It is much too holy for me." This was deposed to so lately as the 10th of October, 1839.—W. M.

consent to annul it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies:

'Baptista. * * * Give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gremio and Tranio. Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.'

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as 'father and wife;' because, from that moment, he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his 'mad attire' with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be, without the previous Italian betrothment.

"Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both, for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off for Venice, the very place for finery, to buy 'rings and things, and fine array' for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

"The rich old Gremio, when questioned respecting the dowry he can assure to Bianca, boasts, as a primary consideration, of his richly furnished house:—

'First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies;
Fine linen; Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold-in needlework;
Pewter and brass, and all things that be-
long

To house, or housekeeping.'

"Lady Morgan, in her *Italy*, says (and my own observation corroborates her account), 'there is not an article here described, that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of

Florence, Venice, and Genoa—the mercantile republics of Italy—even to the 'Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl.' She then adds, 'This is the knowledge of genius, acquired by the rapid perception and intuitive appreciation,' &c., never once suspecting that Shakspeare had been an eye-witness of such furniture. For my part, unable to comprehend the intuitive knowledge of genius, in opposition to her ladyship's opinion, I beg leave to quote Dr. Johnson:—'Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned.' With this text as our guide, it behoves us to point out how he could obtain such an intimate knowledge of facts, without having been, like Lady Morgan, an eye-witness to them.

"In addition to these instances, the whole comedy bears an Italian character, and seems written as if the author had said to his friends, 'Now I will give you a comedy, built on Italian manners, neat as I myself have imported.' Indeed, did I not know its archetype, with the scene in Athens, I might suspect it to be an adaptation of some unknown Italian play, retaining rather too many local allusions for the English stage.

"Some may argue that it was possible for him to learn all this from books or travels now lost, or in conversation with travellers—but my faith recoils from so bare a possibility, when the belief that he saw what he described is, in every point of view, without difficulty, and probable. Books and conversation may do much for an author; but, should he descend to particular descriptions, or venture to speak of manners and customs intimately, is it possible he should not once fall into error with no better instruction? An objection has been made, imputing an error, in Gremio's question, are the 'rushes strewed?' But the custom of strewing rushes in England, belonged also to Italy; this may be seen in old authors, and their very word *giuncare*, now out of use, is a proof of it. English Christian names, incidentally introduced, are but translations of the same Italian names, as Catarina is called Katharina and Kate; and, if they were not, comedy may well be allowed to take a liberty of that nature."

This, certainly, is ingenious, as also are the arguments drawn by Mr. Brown from *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice*; and I understand that a later lady-traveller in Italy than Lady Morgan coincides in the same view of the case; and she is a lady who ought to know "How to Observe." At all events, there is nothing improbable that Shakspeare, or any other person

of cultivated mind, or easy fortune — and he was both — should have visited the famed and fashionable land of Italy. There was much more energy and action among the literary men — among men in general, indeed, of the days of Elizabeth than of the last century; when making “the grand tour,” as they called it, was considered an undertaking to be ventured on only by a great lord or squire, who looked upon it as a formal matter of his life. The sparks, and wits, and critics, and moralists, and dramatists, and so forth, in the time of the first Georges, either Cockneyised in London or confined themselves to the universities. One set did not look beyond the coffee-houses, taverns, inns of court, public-houses, and play-houses of the metropolis; the views of the others were in general confined to the easier shelves of the library, or the wit and tobacco of the common room. Going abroad required an effort beyond ordinary calculation, or ordinary ambition. To get as far as Paris was an event demanding much thought and preparation beforehand, and entitling him who performed it to much wonderment ever after. Italy was quite out of their line; and those who travelled to a region so remote had marvels to tell for ever. Professed, or rather professional tours, were made there, resulting in collections of letters crammed with accounts of bad dinners, detestable roads, diabolical inns, and black-whiskered banditti; or ponderous works commonplacing about admirable antiques, astonishing architecture, supereminent paintings, divine scenery, and celestial climates. The buoyant spirit of the friends of Raleigh, Sidney, Essex, was gone. No war, no taking of service, nothing calling on the notice of “a man of action,” led to the Continent in the sodden days which followed the peace of Utrecht, and preceded the outburst of the French Revolution; and the means and appliances by which a trip to Constantinople is nowadays as little regarded, and as lightly provided for, as a trip to Calais in the days of our grandsires were not in being. The nation was asleep in the middle of the last century, and its literature snored in the general slumber. “In great Eliza’s golden time” it was not only awake, but vigorous in the rude strength of manly activity.

The spirit of sea-adventure was not dead while Drake, and his brother “shepherds of the ocean” lived; and an enthusiastic mind of that period would think far less, and make far less talk about a voyage to the Spanish Main, than Johnson did, near a couple of centuries afterwards, of jolting to the North of Scotland. The activity of Shakspeare or his contemporaries is not to be judged of by the sloth of their successors “upon town,” or “in the literary world.” It is to me evident that Shakspeare had been at sea, from his vivid description of maritime phenomena, and his knowledge of the management of a vessel, whether in calm or storm. The very first note of Dr. Johnson brings him and his author into a contrast not very favourable to the commentator. On the opening of the *Tempest* we are told: “In this paval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailors’ language upon the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders.”

If to stumble on the threshold be unlucky, this is a most unlucky opening. In the first place, an acquaintance with Shakspeare himself ought to have made the Doctor know that in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, generally attributed to him (I have no doubt that he wrote, or rewrote, every line of it), produced some fifteen or sixteen years before the *Tempest*, there was a scene of sea language; and, in the next place, Constantine, second Lord Mulgrave, an experienced sailor (he was the Captain Phipps who sailed towards the North Pole, and a captain in the navy at the age of twenty-one — no jobbing, of course), proves by a practical and scientific analysis of the boatswain’s orders, not only that each was the very best, that could be given in the impending danger, but that all were issued in the exact order in which they were required. This Constantine, Lord Mulgrave, was uncle of the present Marquess of Normanby; so that, on the principle of family merit, even the Tories ought to abate their wrath somewhat against the ex-lord-lieutenant, on the ground of his connexion with one who, beside having been at sea Nelson’s earliest captain, may boast of contributing to save the national favourite, of old England,

“Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,”

from the reputation of being no better than a landlubber. Lord Mulgrave's note, which is a very clever one, will be found in Boswell's *Shakspeare*, vol. xv. pp. 184-6, at the end of the *Tempest*. His lordship says, that perhaps Shakspeare might have picked up his nautical knowledge from conversation; but, though his lordship tells that to the marines, as a sailor he does not believe it. It is, indeed, *possible* that he might; it is highly *probable* that he obtained it from actual observation. If we are disinclined (why we should be so, I cannot tell) to grant that he travelled in foreign countries, is it too much to suppose that he might have made a voyage to Cork, on a visit to his friend Spenser, dwelling beneath

"Old Father Mole—Mole hight that
mountain gray,
That walls the forth side of Arnulla's
vale?"

From Italian, thus triumphantly disposed of, we are called upon to consider Shakspeare's Spanish. This item is short. Dr. Grey is willing to suppose that the plot of *Romeo and Juliet* may be borrowed from a COMEDY of Lopes de Vega; and, "In the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker attempts to talk Spanish: and, *consequently*, [the Italics are Farmer's] the author himself was acquainted with it. *Paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa*!" As *pocas palabras* was an ordinary cant expression of the time, and used in several plays, those who imagined that Shakspeare's knowledge of Spanish was a necessary consequence of his using those two words, must not be considered as very sage personages. I know not who they were, but I know when it is assumed as a proof of ignorance of Spanish that Shakspeare quoted two words of it in jest, which had been quoted elsewhere before, the logic is strange; nor when I learn that Dr. Grey is mistaken in imagining that *Romeo and Juliet* was derived from 'a COMEDY [so marked, I cannot tell why] of Lopes de Vega,' [so spelt, I well know why; because Farmer's reading having been only casually Spanish, he did not know or think there was any need of taking the trouble to inquire what was the real name of the dramatist,] am I inclined to believe that, because Shakspeare did not find an Italian story in a Spanish author, he

could not have read Spanish. He knew as much of it, at all events, as his critics. I copy the following from Archdeacon Nares's *Glossary*, a work of considerable pretence, and very disproportionate information. He is commenting on the phrase *minging malicho*, in *Hamlet*. "It seems agreed that this word is corrupted from the Spanish *malhecor*, which signifies a poisoner. By *minging malicho*, he means a skulking poisoner; or it may mean mischief, from *malheco*, evil action, which seems to me more probable; consequently, if *minging malicho* be the right reading, its signification may be delicate mischief." Now the words are, not *malheco*, and *malhecor*, but *malhecho* and *malhechor*, i.e., *malefactum* and *malefactor*, from which they are derived, and meaning no more than *ill-deed* and *ill-doer*, having nothing peculiar to connect them with poisoning or poisoner. That the text is corrupt, I am sure; and I think Dr. Farmer's substitution of *minicking Malbecco*, a most unlucky attempt at emendation. In the old copies it is *munching malicho*, in which we find the traces of the true reading—*mucho malhecho*, much mischief.

"Mariv Macho Malhecho—it means mischief!"

On this passage Malone observes: "Where our poet met with the word *malhecho*, which in Minshieu's *Spanish Dictionary* is defined *malefactum*, I am unable to explain;" which is to be deplored. Might not Malone, without any great stretch of critical sagacity, have suspected that he met it while reading *Spanish*!

Remains but French. Of this, too, Shakspeare is ignorant, as of all things else; and yet, "In the play of *Henry I*, we have a whole scene in it, and in many other places it occurs familiarly in the dialogue." This is true, and one might think that it was tolerably sufficient to establish the fact that the writer of the dialogue knew the language. *Farmero aliter visum*. "We may observe in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity, and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not be possibly published by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many additions most

certainly were after he had left the stage. Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe that he was acquainted with the scene between Catharine and the old gentlewoman, or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense."

I am sorry for the introduction of this scene, but on a different ground. The obscenity, few as the lines are in which it occurs, and trifling if compared with what we find in contemporary French writers,—and not at all polluting, as it turns merely on an indelicate mispronunciation of a couple of English words,—is in all probability interpolated. It is precisely such *gag* as actors would catch at; and we must recollect that Catharine and Alice were originally personated, not by women, but by boys. Yet, I am sorry that it appears there, because it has always tended to give those foreigners who know French and do not know English—a circumstance once almost universal among critical readers out of England, and, though the balance is fast altering, still any thing but uncommon, in many parts of Europe,—a false idea of the general contents of Shakspeare's plays. The French critics of the *gout* school, anxious to cry down the English dramatist, made the most of this scene; and represented to the ignorant all his plays as being of a similar character. This is to be regretted—but in this case, as in all others, truth lives out at last. The scene is no specimen at all of Shakspeare's genius, and a poor one of his wit. It is, however, a proof that he knew French. But "it is to be hoped that he did not understand it." Then it must be supposed by the hope that he was a fool. Who can believe that he inserted, without being acquainted with what it meant, a scene in a play of which, as I shall soon have an opportunity of remarking more at large, he took uncommon care? As for the misprinting, there is not a line of any foreign language which is not barbarously blundered in the quartos and folios; and, as Dr. Farmer well knew, no argument could be founded upon any such circumstance.

We have next, however, a very acute remark, for which we are indebted to the worthy Sir John Hawkins:—

"Mr. Hawkins, in the appendix to Mr. Johnson's edition, hath an ingenious observation to prove that Shakspeare,

supposing the French to be his, had very little knowledge of the language. 'Est-il possible d'exchapper la force de ton bras?' says a Frenchman. 'Brass, cur!' replies Pistol. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what resemblance does this bear to *brass*? Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakspeare's time; if not, says he, it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes. But this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former, from the French *Alphabet* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoepia Gallica*, of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronsard, and Du Bartas, &c."

The logic of this is at least entertaining. The scene is *not* Shakspeare's because he could not write French, and yet the mispronunciation of the word *bras* proves that it was written by one who had very little knowledge of the language. Which horn of this dilemma are we to be caught upon? Here is a clever, idiomatic, burlesque scene in French, and in (what is as difficult to write consistently) an English *patois* of French, damaged, as Hawkins, Johnson, and Farmer think, by the mispronunciation of one word. Why, it does not require much consideration to perceive, that, whoever wrote the scene, even if the mispronunciation were of the utmost importance, knew French intimately well. Whether the word is *bras* or *braw*, no external reason whatever existing for our believing it not to proceed from the pen of Shakspeare, to Shakspeare it must be attributed. There is a great quantity of French in this play, so introduced—in the speeches of the Dauphin and his companions, for example—as not to be separable from the rest of the dialogue; and the very scene, blemished in the ears of these exact critics, is, with an admirable dramatic artifice, introduced into the place where it occurs, for a reason which will take a little time to explain.

The battle of Agincourt was the last of the great *feudal* battles. Fire-arms were then speedily altering the whole face of tactical warfare; and that species of prowess which was so highly esteemed in the middle ages gradually became, long before Shakspeare's time, of less moment in actual combat. The

knights sorely felt the change—perhaps the greatest made by physical means in the progress of society until the late applications of steam; and many a gentleman participated in the indignation expressed by the dainty courtier against villanous saltpetre. With this display of personal valour, the poetic interest of battles in a great measure departed. A modern battle has often sublime, but seldom picturesque features. Chance too much predominates over the fate of individuals to render victory or defeat in any visible degree dependent upon the greatest bravery, or the meanest cowardice, of any single person engaged, and the romantic or chivalrous bard cannot deal with *mæces*. When Burke said that the age of chivalry was gone, because ten thousand swords did not leap out of their scabbards to fight in the cause of Marie Antoinette, the orator might have reflected—if orators ever reflect upon any thing but the harmony of trope and figure—that the days of chivalry had departed long before,—from the moment, in fact, that these ten thousand swords had become but secondary instruments in war. Milton is not the only poet (Ariosto, Spenser, and others, were beforehand with him) who assigns the invention of gunpowder to the devil. It would be rather out of place to prove, that unless his Satanic majesty has an interest in rendering battles less sanguinary, he has no claim to the honour; but the knights were interested in crying out against an invention which deprived them, safe in the panoply of plate and mail, of the power of winning fame at the cheap rate of slaughtering imperfectly armed, or altogether unarmed, peasants and burghers; and the poets had to complain of the loss of the picturesque features of the fight, in which at present “nought distinct they see.” Agincourt had no successor in the history of the world; for never again came such a host of axe-and-spear-brandishing

princes, and dukes, and lords into personal conflict; nor could any other field boast of such a royal fellowship of death (*d*). It was also the last great victory in Shakspeare's time that the English had won over the French. The war in France in Henry the Sixth's reign was little more than a guerilla tumult, in which the invaders, despite of “Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, your deeds of war,” and all the other topics invoked by Duke Humphrey, in declaring his grief; and of the many acts of individual bravery and energy of Talbot and others, were sure to be at last defeated in campaigns against a people gradually forgetting their domestic animosities to unite against foreign ravage. The wars of the Roses drew us from France to wield the lamentable arms of civil contest; and when at last “the flowers were blended in love and sisterly delight,” the system which called forth such invasions as that of Henry V., and gave colour to such claims as those adduced to render “France his true inheritance,” was gone. Our present political arrangements, which are essentially anti-chivalric, had commenced their operations. The sixteenth century found us engaged in religious dissensions; and the eye, anxious to look upon the brightest spot of our military glory, had nowhere to rest upon but Agincourt. That field is, therefore, dear at once to the poet of chivalry and of England, throughout this play of *Henry V.* treated with peculiar honour and respect. Shakspeare apologises for the scantiness of his theatrical means to represent so glorious a battle:—

“And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged
foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt.”

This is one of the strongest touches of national feeling in all the plays (*e*).

(*d*) The list fills more than three pages of Monstrelet, fol. 230, 231. Ed. 1595. The very title of the chapter (cxlvi.) marks the sad feeling of the historian: “Comment plusieurs princes, et autres notables seigneurs de diuers pays, furent morts à ceste piteuse besongne.”

(*e*) Schlegel remarks, that in this play only has he introduced an Irishman and Scotchman speaking their *patois* of English. As it also contains the Welshman, Fluellen, representatives from the three kingdoms and the principality are present at Agincourt. The industry of Malone, followed by Boswell, has rescued a few Irish words from a corruption which sadly puzzled and embroiled former critics. The *qualitis calmie custure me* of the old copy of *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4, was conjectured

In *Julius Cæsar* he had made no such apology for the raggedness of the foils, or the ridiculous brawl that represented Philippi, which crushed for ever the once resistless oligarchy of Rome ; or in *Antony and Cleopatra*, for the like poverty in the representation of Actium, that gave the sovereignty of the Roman world, of which France was then no more than a conquered province ; and into which England was soon about to be incorporated by the sword, to Augustus. Far more famous in Shakspeare's eyes was Agincourt ; though, unlike those great Roman battles, it left scarcely any consequences of lasting importance behind ; and at the close of the century and a half which elapsed between its being fought and the birth of the dramatist who approaches it with so much reverence, it was, for all practical purposes, as much forgotten as the battles of Richard Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land. English feelings did not so argue ; and their great expounder only spoke in more eloquent and swelling language the thoughts of all his countrymen, when he made Henry predict that the names of Harry the king and his noble companions would be for ever the theme of gratulation.

"And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered" (f).

Such, certainly, was the case in Shakspeare's time ; and if the lapse of a couple of centuries has thrown its renown into the shade, it is because fields

of fame and spheres of action, which he could not have anticipated, fill our recollections, and so occupy our thoughts (to say nothing of altered views of the causes and objects of war), as to make us think less of a feudal battle, which has nothing but the undaunted courage with which such tremendous odds were met [and that certainly is deserving of the admiration of all to whom bravery is dear] to recommend it to our memories ; on which, however, it is indelibly stamped only by Shakspeare.

But with his feelings respecting Agincourt, what could he do with the battle ? He was ashamed of representing in actual *mêlée* King Henry V., Bedford, Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, by the ragged foils and beggarly appurtenances which he could command. He therefore left them out altogether ; and to fill up the battle he supplies this scene, in which the buffoon braggart Pistol is made to occupy the audience, and to tickle their national vanity by capturing and bullying a French gentleman. The French translator, Le Tourneur (whose version, take it all in all, is highly creditable ; and which, when not only the difficulty of the task of translating such plays, but the absolute odium their translator risked in undertaking to praise and set off an author denounced by the dominant school of *gout* as something so offensive, as to render it a shame and disgrace even to quote his name in France, ought to have saved him from the dull buffoonery of Steevens), omits the scene, as unworthy of Shakspeare, from

by Malone to be no more than a burden of a song, "When as I view your comely grace,"—*Calen o custure me*, &c. And Boswell finds this to be in reality an old Irish song, preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion*, where it appears as *Callino castore me*. It is not very hard for an Irish reader to disentangle from this, *Colleen* (or, more Celtically, *cailin*) *og, astore me*,—"Pretty girl, my darling for ever." It was, perhaps, all the Irish that Shakspeare had,—having learned it, as we may have supposed Pistol would have done, from hearing it sung as a refrain. The words have no application to what the poor Frenchman says ; but as he concludes by *cal-ite*, Pistol retorts by a somewhat similar word, and as unintelligible, *cal-eno*. On account of this general nationality of the play, I am inclined to think, in spite of Horne Tooke's somewhat angry assertion, when claiming *imp* as Saxon, that "our language has absolutely nothing from the Welsh" (*Div. Purl.* vol. ii. p. 34, 4to.), that when Henry V. is twice called "an *impe* of fame," the Welsh origin, justly or not assigned to the word, might not have been unknown or forgotten. The Welsh blood of Henry is continually insisted upon.

(f) Johnson has a very strange note on these lines. "It may be observed, that we are apt to promise ourselves a more lasting memory than the change of human things admits. This prediction is not verified ; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt." How curiously Dr. Johnson has proved, by writing this very note, that he well knew that there was not the slightest chance of his forgetting that Agincourt was fought upon St. Crispin's Day ! It is in all probability the only battle of which he could, without reference to books, have given the precise date. Blenheim, Ramilies, Malplaquet, Oudenarde, were fought about the

the text, and degrades it into a note. I can well appreciate the feeling; but if he reasoned not as a Frenchman, but as a dramatic critic, he would have seen that the only method Shakspeare possessed of escaping the difficulty of caricaturing Agincourt *against his will*, by turning it, in consequence of his want of means, into a ridiculous brawl, was to seize upon that part of it which might be treated as *avowed* drollery and burlesque. And this scene, so justly and so skilfully introduced, Dr. Farmer wishes us to attribute to some other hand than that of him, who so carefully considered, planned, and arranged the play. And why? Because *bras* is pronounced *brass*—not *brau*! Lofty criticism!

"The critic eye—that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs, and pores, examines bit by bit;
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,—

The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Burman, Kuster, Wasse,
shall see
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea."

The satire upon Burman, Kuster, and Wasse, in those lines from the *Dunciad*, is unjust; because these learned men pretended to nothing beyond that which they learnedly performed,—the grammatical or scholastical explication of the text and language of their authors, over whom they never presumed to take airs of superior information. As they made no boast of

coming to the rescue of the old bards on whom they commentated, or looked beyond the limits they had assigned to themselves; the sneer on the extent of their vision is unjust and inapplicable: but this finding out that *bras* should be *brau*, while the relation of parts to parts, and they to the whole, in this scene of Pistol, introduced as it is in *Henry V.*, is a most satisfactory proof of the flea-like glance of Farmer. He hints (it is hard to catch any thing like a positive assertion in the *Essay*) that the French scene had appeared before in some other play on the same subject,—quoting from Nash's *Pierre Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil*. "What a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the *Dolphin* to swear fealty." In the first place, "the French scene," if it be intended by that phrase to mean the scene written in French, had never appeared on the stage before; and, secondly, Shakspeare, by substituting Pistol's exploits for those of the king, escaped the ridicule directed against the elder plays, or hummeries, produced upon this popular subject, and made a jest of by Nash.

As for the pronunciation of *bras*, we are gravely told by Sir William Rawlinson, that almost every body knows that it is pronounced *brau*; and so Farmer's authorities and the commentators in general inform us. Pasquier in his letters laughs at the Scotch, by an *escorche*, or *Escoc*, turn madame

period of his own birth, and yet we may be tolerably certain that he could not upon an instant have told the days on which they occurred,—perfectly sure that he could not assign the saints to whom those days were dedicated. If the Doctor, in place of this bit of cheap moralising, had reflected as a critic on the prediction which called forth his comment, he would have seen that Shakspeare, in promising immortal remembrance of the day on which Agincourt was fought, gave the immortality by the very words of promise. The dates of other fields, thought the poet, may be forgotten; but as long as the English language lasts, I shall take care, by means of this speech, that by all who know the English tongue, by all men,—wherever English literature can penetrate—and that will be all over the world,—the names of those who commanded at Agincourt, the day on which that battle was fought, and the saints to whom it was dedicated, shall be freshly remembered; and he has kept his word. He has not "promised himself a more lasting memory" than he contemplated. Homer has shewn us the same confidence of immortality. See *Il. IX.* 431, where Achilles says that it was predicted, if he warred against Troy, he should never return to his native land, but his glory would be ever imperishable. "Notandum hic," says Clarke, "quam singulari quamque modesto poeta artificio, gloriam dicat Achillis suo factam poemate sempiternam. Non, exegi dixit monumentum; non jamque opus exegi; nusquam sui meminit omnino; nusquam suorum operum; nusquam patriæ; nusquam, ne partium quidem suarum; ut adeo Europæusne fuerit ipse, an Asiaticus, plane non constat. Sed Achillis nomen atque famam immortalitati tradidit." This note would be applicable in almost all parts to Shakspeare. Clarke, it will be allowed, was a more perspicacious critic, and better understood the meaning and intention of his author than Johnson.

into moudam (g). What would he have thought of the rule which rhymes *bras* with *law*, *paw*, *jaw*, *daw*, *draw*, &c.? Davenant, quoted by Steevens in the notes, has made it do so; and Pope, we know, has some of the same kind in his "Town and Country Mouse:"

"——lays down the law
Que c'est bon—ah! goutez ça" [saw].

So have many others; but, to borrow Johnson's words and argument on the passage in Shakspeare which we are now discussing, "if the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since [Pope's] time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected that some other man wrote the [above distich.]" *Bras* rhymes now with the first syllable of *fa-ther*. The question, however, is, Was the final *s* of such words sounded in Shakspeare's time? In correct, or fashionable French, it unquestionably was not, unless before a vowel; but just at that time a revolution was going forward among the French with respect to the sounding of *s*. Pasquier tells us, that in his youth (he died in 1615, aged 87), it was pronounced in *honneste*, and a little before in such words as *eschole*, &c. as now it is *espèce*. Robert Stephens, in his grammar, says that "*ut plurimum omittitur*" in words of the kind; and Theodore Beza notes the variation of its sound in different places, as Bowle observes, in the *Archæologia*, vol. vi. pp. 76–8. Pasquier, who has a long letter on the subject, thinks it probable that it was originally sounded in such words as *corps*, *temps*, *aspre*,—derived from *corpus*, *tempus*, *asper*. It really is a question hardly worth debating. That to our ears it was once sounded is plain, from the *O* yes retained by our criers; from our pronunciation of Paris, Calais, which we once held as masters, and other cities, Bruxelles, Marseilles; of the names of Louis, Charles, &c. In my own memory, Bordeaux was generally pronounced Bûrducks: in a passage quoted further on, from Laneham's letter from Killingworth, it seems in the days of Elizabeth to have been called Buordeaus. And, at all events, if it be of such moment, cannot the most precise purist be satisfied by reading,—"*Est-il impossible d'eschap-*

per la force de ton bras?—ah!" or "*bras, sieur.*" I must remark that the French translator does not express the same doubt of the propriety of the pronunciation as the English critics. Le Tourneur merely says: "*Bras est pris par Pistol pour le mot Anglois brags, du cuivre.*" His ears, it appears, are less sensitive than those of Hawkins or Farmer.

Pasquier might have afforded a hint to Malone, that when he said "the word *moy*" (in this same scene of *Henry V.*) "proves, in my apprehension decisively, that Shakspeare, or whoever furnished him with his French (if, indeed, he was assisted by any one), was unacquainted with the true pronunciation of the language," he was talking without full knowledge of the subject. He objects to *moy* being made a rhyme to *destroy*. Now, we find in a letter addressed by Pasquier to Ramus, on the occasion of the latter's French grammar, the following remarks:—"Le courtisan aux mots douillels nous couchera de ces paroles: *Reyne, allét, tenét, venét, menut*..... Ni vous ni moi (je m'asseure) ne prononcerons, et moins encores escrions ces mots de *reyne, &c.* ains demeurerons en nos anciens qui sont forts, *royne, alloit, venoit, tenoit, menoit*."—P. 57, vol. ii. (*Euvres*. Ed. Amst. 1723). Again, in the same letter, of which he gives us the analysis, "*Sçavoir si l'orthographe Françoisse se doit accorder avec le parler,*" after stating that *oy* is a diphthong, "*Qui est née avec nous, ou qui par une possession immémoriale s'y est tournée en nature,*" he complains that Ramus has directed *moy*, *toy*, *soy*, &c., as if they were written *moé*, *toé*, *soé*, &c. "*Car de ces mots moy, toy, soy, nos anciens firent moyen, toyen, soyen, moye, toye, soye. Comme nous voyons dans le Roman de la Rose, et autres vieux livres, que nous avons depuis eschangez en Mientien,*" &c. The fact is, that printing was then beginning to reduce in every country its national language to a common standard of pronunciation. Holoferne in *Love's Labour's Lost*, complains of the rackers of orthography, who speak *doubt* fine, when they should say *doubt*, *dett* debt, *cauff* for calf (these are the men who pronounce *bras*, *braw*), &c. Pasquier

(g) "Comme nous voyons l'Escoissois voulant représenter nostre langue par escorche, ou pour mieux dire par un Escoce François, pour Madame, dire Moudam—*Récherches de la France*, p. 755. He did not forget Pantagruel and the Limosins.

is equally indignant against those who call *royne, rÿnc, or alloit, allët*. The *courtisans aux mots douillets*, of whom he elsewhere complains more at length (p. 46), as having, in consequence of being nursed in *mollesse*, transferred "la pureté de nostre langue en une grammaire tout effeminée," might have laid it down as a canon that *bras* and *moi* should be pronounced as we now have them. We may be sure there was some *patois* in Shakspeare's time to justify the pronunciation he adopted, and the neglect of which might once have been lamented by those who, like Pasquier, remembered with regret the old mode of talking; as the Scotch judge, who, in Lockhart's *Mathew Wald*, attributes the decadence of Scotland to the corruption of the tongue, which compelled people to call a *flay* a *flee* (h). It is quite consistent with usual practice, in the midst of this learned exposition of Shakspeare's ignorance, to find Johnson informing us that a *moi* is a piece of money, whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. The Doctor would find it hard to discover the mint from which *moys* were issued. *Moidore* is Portuguese; *moeda* [i. e. *moneta*] *de ouro*. It is, indeed, far easier to discover ignorance in the variorum notes than in the text of Shakspeare (i).

I have but two more instances with which to weary my readers; and of these shall take Farmer's last proof—his "irrefragable argument"—first:—

"But, to come to a conclusion, I will give an irrefragable argument that Shakspeare did not understand two very common words in the French and Latin languages. According to the articles of agreement between the conqueror Henry, and the King of France, the latter was to style the former (in the corrected French

of the former editions), 'Nostre très cher filz Henry, roy d'Angleterre;' and in Latin, 'Præclarissimus filius;' &c. 'What,' says Dr. Warburton, 'is *très cher* in French, *præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read *præcarissimus*.' This appears to be exceedingly true. But how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshead, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages. 'Our said father, during his life, shall name, call, and write us in French in this manner: 'Nostre très cher filz Henry, roy d'Angleterre; and in Latine, in this manner, *Præclarissimus filius noster*.' Edit. 1587, p. 574."

This proves neither more nor less than that Shakspeare followed Holinshead; and that Warburton was not over-reasonable in thinking that the poet ought to have turned verbal critic on the text of the historian! We now know that, in the treaty of Troyes, the French text faithfully represents the Latin. We have had an infinity of works on diplomacy since Shakspeare's time, and one of the most furious (and at the same time most comical) of his censors, Rymer, has supplied us with the *Fœdera*, among which the treaty may be found; but what means had Shakspeare, unless he turned parchment-hunter for the purpose, of knowing but that Holinshead had authority for marking a variance between the French and Latin text! Might not King Henry have been described as *most illustrious* in Latin, and *most dear* in French? Might it not have been imagined that the conqueror, fresh from the slaughter of Agincourt, would have, in the unknown tongue, been described by an epithet indicating his renown, won at the expense of the blood and

(h) "They might hae gaen on lang enough for me, if they had been content wi' their auld improvements o' ca'ing a flae, a flee; and a puinding, a pounding: but now, tapsal-teerie's the word."—P. 257.

(i) On the subject of coins, I may remark that, in *Timon of Athens*, act iii. sc. 1, Lucullus, wishing to bribe Timon's servant, Flaminius, says to him, "Here's three *solidares* for thee." On which Steevens says, "I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet." Nares thinks otherwise; but being one of the most unlucky of conjectural critics, has nothing better to propose than *solidate*, from *solidata*, which is no coin at all, but a day's pay for a soldier. I have proposed, elsewhere, *saludore*, v. *salut d'or*, adopted into the English in the same form as *moidore*. *Salutes*, so called because they were stamped with a figure of the angelic salutation, were coined by Henry V. immediately after the treaty of Troyes. See Ruding's *Annals of the Coinage*, vol. ii. p. 308. Du Cange has the word, "*SALUS* et *SALUT*. Nummus aureus, in Francia ab Henrico V., Rege Angliæ usus," &c. In Rymer's *Chart.*, p. 1430, we have "pro summa quinquaginta millium salutorum auri," &c. In Labelius, liv. v. c. 54, "Neuf ceus quatorze *salus d'or*" are given as marriage-portions to the girls who waited at table.

the glory of France, while in the language of those upon whom his stern rule was forced, the epithet was changed for one indicative of affection? Or what is, I suppose, the truth, might not Shakspeare have copied right before him, as he found his text, without bestowing a further thought upon the matter? As to his being ignorant of the meaning of *clarus* and *cher*; the notion is preposterous.

"Terre, terre, s'escria Pantagruel, je voy terre." I see land. One observation more, and I have done.

"It hath been observed, that the giant of Rabelais is sometimes alluded to by Shakspeare; and in his time no translation was extant. But the story was in every one's hand."

"In a letter by one Laneham, or Langham, for the name is written differently, concerning the entertainment at Killingworth Castle, printed 1575, we have a list of the vulgar romances of the age: 'King Arthurz Book, Huon of Burdeaus, Friar Rous, Howleglass, and Gargantua.' Meres mentions him equally hurtful to young minds with the *Four Sons of Aymon*, and the *Seven Champions*. And John Taylor had him likewise in his catalogue of authors, prefixed to *Sir Gregory Nonsense*."

The most ordinary readers, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, now know something more of one Laneham, or Langham, and "the entertainment at Killingworth Castle," than Dr. Farmer did; but let that pass. Let me pass also another question, whether the Gargantua of Langham was exactly that of Rabelais. From the company in which he is introduced, I think it probable that this Gargantua might have been one of the imitations of the original romance, in which (see Brunet's *Supplement*, under Rabelais) Arthur, and Merlin, and the heroes of the Greek fable, were inserted among the personages whom the great Alcofribas has immortalised. That Shakspeare had read Rabelais, I have no doubt; and if he read him at all, it must have been in French. Malone, who supposes such a supposition to be heresy, positively asserts that there was a translation of Rabelais in Shakspeare's time. It would be a rare treasure to a bibliographer if a copy were found. Farmer, however, who, in the above passage, asserts the contrary, is right—there was none; but he is wrong in thinking that there is no other intima-

tion of Shakspeare's acquaintance with Rabelais than the mere mention of Gargantua. The brawling boatswain, in the first scene of the *Tempest*, is evidently taken from Friar John. In the same emergency, they shew the same riotous courage, bustling energy, and contempt for the apprehensions of others. The commands of the boatswain, "Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course," &c., found their prototypes in many an order of John and his pillot:—"Au trinquet de gabie, inse, inse. Aux boulingues de contre-meine. Le cable au capestan. Vire, vire, vire. Le main à l'insail, inse, inse. Plante le heulme. Tiens fort à guarant. Pare les couets. Pare les escoutes. Pare les bolines. Amure babord. Le heulme sous le vent. Casse escoute de tribord, fils de putain. (Tu es bien aise, homme de bien, dist Frère Jean au matelot, d'entendre nouvelles de ta mère.) Vien du lo. Près du plain. Hault la barre. (Haulte est, respondoient les matelots.) Taille vie," &c. &c.

In Ozell's not over-accurate translation: "Put the helm a-weather. Steady, steady. Hawl your aftermizen bowlines. Haul, hawl, hawl. Thus, thus, and no nearer. Mind your steerage. Mind your steerage. Bring your maintack aboard. Clear your sheets. Clear your bowlines," &c.

The boatswain's complaint of the inactivity of his passengers, and his cry of "A plague upon your howling," resemble John's indignation against Panurge: "Panurge le pleurart, Panurge le criart, tu ferois beaucoup mieulx nous aydant ici, que la, pleurant comme une vasche," &c. The boatswain is "a wide-chapped rascal;" and John is "bien fendu de gueule." (Liv. i. chap. xxvii.) Gonzalo declares he has great comfort in the boatswain, because there is no drowning mark upon him, his countenance being perfect gallows; and is positive that he will be hanged yet, "though every drop of water swear against it, and gape at wid'st to glut him." John entertains the same opinion of Panurge: "Par le digne froc que je porte, dist Frère Jean à Panurge, couillon mon amy, durant la tempeste, tu as eu paour sans cause et sans raison; car tes destinées fatales ne sont à perir en ealie. Tu seras hault en l'air certainement pendu, ou bruslé guillard comme ung père." The descrip-

tion of the tempest, given by Ariel, resembles in many particulars that in Rabelais :—

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the
beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every
cabin,
I flamed amazement. Sometimes, I'd
divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-
mast,
The yards, and boltsprit, would I flame
distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings,
the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more mo-
mentary
And sight-outunning were not. The fire,
and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty
Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold
waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
" Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation."

"Le ciel tonner du hault, fouldroyer,
esclairer, pluvioir, gresler, l'aer perdre
sa transparence, devenir opaque, tenc-
breux, et obscurci, si que aultre lumière
ne nous apparoissoit qûe les fouldres,
esclaires, et infracions dês flambantes
nuées: les catérides, thielles, lelapes,
et presteres enflamber tout autour de
nous par les psoloentes, arges, elicies,
et aultres ejaculations etherées—nos
aspects tous estre dissipez, et per-
turbez, les horrifiques Typhons sur-
prendre les monteuses vagues du cou-
rant, &c. L. iv. ch. xlviii.

"Blow, till thou burst thee, wind,"
says the boatswain; and

"The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstarting (then like reeds,
not hair),
Was the first man that leaped; cried,
'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'"

So Friar-John: "Tonnez, diables, pe-
tez, rottez, fiantez. Je croy que
tous les millions de diables tiennent
icy leur chapitre provincial, ou briguent
pour election de nouveau recteur." And elsewhere: "Vrayment voicy bien
esclairé, et bien tonné. Je croy que
tous les diables sont deschainéz au-
jourd'huy, ou que Proserpine est en
travail d'enfant. Tous les diables
dancent aux sonnettes." When Gon-
zalo is willing to "give a thousand fur-
longs of sea for an acre of barren

ground, long heath, brown furze [r. with
Sir Thomas Hanmer, ling, heath, broom,
furze], any thing. The wills above be
done! but I would fain die a dry death"
—we are reminded of Panurge, "Pleust
à Dieu—je fusse en terre ferme
bien à mon aise," with his panegyric
on the happiness of cabbage-planters,
and Pantagruel's abhorrence of a death
by water. "Je ne veulx entyer en la
dispute de Socrates, et des Acade-
miques; mort n'estre de soy mauvaïse,
mort n'estre de soy à craindre. Je dis
cette espèce de mort par naufrage estre,
ou rien n'estre à craindre. Car, comme
est la sentence d'Homere chose grievie,
abhoneste, et denaturée est perir en
mer." It is not probable that these
coincidences, and there are many more
elsewhere, are accidental; but I may
remark, that it is very certain that Sir
John Hawkins, whom we have seen
rebuking Shakspeare for ignorance of
French, had not read Rabelais, the
most famous French author of the
times in which Shakspeare was born.
In his remarkably trumpery life of
Dr. Johnson, p. 304, ed. 1787 [I do
not suppose there is any other], in or-
der to shew off his learning, Sir John
introduces an extract from Sir Thomas
Urquhart's account of the Admirable
Crichton, given in Sir Thomas's usual
style. Among other marvels related of
the hero, we are told that, "immediatly
after that he domineers in a bare un-
lined gowne, with a pair of whips in
the one hand, and *Corderius* in the
other: and in suite thereof he *hondre-
sponded* it with a pair of pannierlike
breeches, a mountera-cap on his head,
and a knife in a wooden sheath, dagger-
ways, by this side;" i. e. like a German
of the day. Sir John Hawkins is much
puzzled to account for "*hondrespon-
ded*;" and affixes a note upon it: "For
this strange word, no meaning can be
found;" that is, can be found by Sir
John Hawkins. It so happens, how-
ever, that the *strange* word is in Ra-
belais, whom this Sir Thomas Urquhart
had translated. When the Gascon,
Gratianauld, native of St. Sever, chal-
lenges the Germans, camping outside
Stockholm, to fight him (lib. iii. c. xv.),
they are called *hondrespondres*. "Ne
respondant personne, il passe au camp
des *hondrespondres*;" i. e. heavy fellows,
weighing a hundred pounds. "Il a
voulu," says Du Chat, "par ce mot
de *hondrespondres* nous donner a en-
tendre le *centumpondium* par lequel

les Latins designant tout fardeau lourd même excédent le poids d'un quintal." As Sir John Hawkins did not know where to find any thing about a word in Rabelais so prominently introduced by Rabelais's translator, we may be excused from thinking his appreciation of Shakspeare's knowledge of the French of the sixteenth century of no surpassing value: as much, perhaps, as Dr. Farmer's knowledge of the language of him whom he calls "Hanssach the shoemaker."

Let this suffice. The "celebrated *Essay* of Dr. Farmer" is nothing more than a pitiful collection of small learning; useful, perhaps, occasionally, if intended to illustrate the author on whom he was writing—though, indeed, not remarkably valuable in that particular—but utterly contemptible in the employment to which he has assigned it. He has proved, what no one of common sense ever doubted, that Shakspeare in his classical plays did not look beyond the English translation of Plutarch, or in his historical plays beyond the popular annalist, Holinshed; and that, having made such a resolution, he adhered to their text, without further research. Lord Byron thought proper, as a sort of *tour de force*, to versify, in his *Don Juan*, passages taken from prose works; as, for instance, the accounts of many real shipwrecks turned into the description of that in the second canto; the siege of Ismail in the seventh, taken from the "Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne et Moderne de la Nouvelle Russie, par le Marquis Gabriel de Castelnau," &c. Now we find it stated by Lord Byron, in verse, canto vii. st. 8, that

"The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed
Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank;"

which is no more than a translation of Castelnau's prose "Ismâel est situé sur la rive gauche du bras gauche du Danube." Suppose Castelnau mistaken, and that the situation of Ismail was on the *right* bank, was Lord Byron bound to take the trouble of correcting it, any more than of measuring the distances and dimensions of the town, to ascertain, when he wrote, st. 9,

"It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,
And measures round of toises thousands three."

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that his French authority was correct to a toise or a verst in stating that it was "à peu près à quatre-vingts verstes de la mer: elle a près de trois milles toises de tour?" It would be just as rational as the complaint made by Farmer, that Shakspeare should have copied North's translation of Amyot's mistranslation, which represents Cæsar as having bestowed on the Roman people his gardens "on this side Tiber," instead of checking it by ascertaining that Plutarch had written *παραν του ποταμου*. With this discovery, and some clumsy joking upon Upton, and one or two others, who "had found in Shakspeare more than Shakspeare knew," the merits of the *Essay* cease. Nothing is proved of the want of learning of Shakspeare. He quotes no Greek; indeed, it would have been very strange if he had. Some commentators ignorantly suppose French or northern words to be Italian; and that is to serve as a proof that he who, upon proper occasion, makes true Italian quotations, knows nothing of the language. A few words of Spanish occur in his plays; some of them had been quoted elsewhere: *ergo*, Shakspeare knew no Spanish. French and Latin abound in his plays; but as there is a supposed mispronunciation in the one, and a chance exists that sedulous hunting in the most out-of-the-way places might procure some store of the latter: *therefore*, we are to be certain that he knew nothing of either tongue. The consummation of impudence is the following:—

"I hope, my good friend, you have by this time acquitted our great poet of all piratical depredations on the ancients, and are ready to receive my conclusion. He remembered, perhaps, enough of his school-boy learning to put the *Hig, hag, hog*, into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans; and might pick up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian; but his studies were most demonstratively confined to nature and his own language."

Who would believe that, in the works concerning which Dr. Farmer comes to this monstrous conclusion, very many whole sentences, and some hundreds of Latin, French, and Italian words, occur, always quoted and introduced with the most perfect propriety, and often with admirable felicity and wit? The very scene in which

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Farmer found this *Hig, hag, hog*, is a proof that Shakspeare knew a great deal more, and that he could afford to trifle with his knowledge. It is impossible to conceive the character of Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, or that of Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to have been written by a man not perfectly versant in Latin and French. All through the plays the style is filled with words derived from foreign languages, happily naturalised and adapted to the genius of our tongue. Minute allusions to what is to be found in various foreign literatures are abundant. There exists, in short, as much reason to charge Dr. Johnson with a want of knowledge of Latin or Greek, as Shakspeare. "It is a position which I should not scruple undertaking to prove from his *Commentary*, if I were allowed to use the method of Farmer.

But I shall not detain my readers any longer. My object has been to shew that, whether Shakspeare was possessed of learning or not, there is nothing in Dr. Farmer's celebrated *Essay*—an essay of which its author tells us "one of the first critics of the age declared it had for ever decided the question," to convict the poet of ignorance; and, therefore, that all future editors may disencumber themselves of the Doctor's flippant labours. Any thing valuable in the pamphlet, and that is not much, has been duly gathered into notes, and there it may remain. The sophistry which turned into proofs of Shakspeare's ignorance the anxiety of Upton, and other scholars more learned than judicious, to find classical learning where nothing of the kind was thought of, or apply classical rules and technical denominations to plain English, is not worth preserving. Shakspeare must not be pronounced illiterate because Upton was pedantic, Warburton crotchety, or Colman, as Farmer assures us, better employed than in reading a translation of Ariosto. That ordinary readers should think only of the genius and eloquence, the wit and pathos, the profound reasoning and shrewd common-sense, conveyed in poetry exquisite in all styles, from the sublime to the grotesque, which are profusely scattered through every page

of his works, and pay but secondary attention to those marks of learning which, in less gifted compositions, would force themselves upon attention,—is not to be wondered at; but there is no excuse for a commentator or "editor in form," as Farmer calls himself, who cannot see in them any literary knowledge beyond *Hig, hag, hog*. It requires, in my opinion, no small quantity of reading of every kind to write a fit commentary on Shakspeare. Farmer unfairly says, "Those who apply solely to the ancients for this purpose may, with *equal wisdom*, study the *Talmud* for an exposition of *Tristram Shandy*." The libraries of Cambridge would have supplied Dr. Farmer with materials sufficient to prove that much of the common-places of general drollery and story-telling—much of what fills the pages of the Joe Millers of Europe, had its origin in the Rabbinical writings, or the older traditions whence they were compiled; and that many an ordinary jest and many a scrap of eccentric learning, in *Tristram Shandy*, is traceable to the *Talmud*, though Sterne did not go there^(k) to find them. A Hebrew reader, wishing to display his own erudition, rather than to explain his author, might cull from the rarely opened *Mischnas* and *Gemaras* of Jerusalem and Babylon (and do it without much trouble or learning either, by merely turning over Bartoloccius) (*k*), materials to afford strange illustrations of any volume of Itabellaisian drollery; and, according as his task was executed, produce a work of pedantry or learning, of interest or of folly; but what analogy is there between the cases of Shakspeare and Sterne in the comparison here instituted? The chances that Sterne had ever read any Hebrew are rather small, still smaller that he was acquainted with even the Rabbinical letters in which the *Talmud* is written. No odds ever laid would be too great to set against his having, for a moment, consulted one of its pages. Can we say the same of Shakspeare and the classic? He may not, perhaps, have read Homer in the original Greek, though I see nothing in his plays to *prove* the contrary, and should receive

(k) Particularly in his third volume, where the *Talmud* is described at great prolixity. Some jokes, which passed on the middle ages as occidental, will be found at pp. 603-4.—*Bibliotheca Magna Rabbinica*.

any external evidence shewing that he was acquainted with the language without surprise. Sure I am that nowhere has Shakspeare afforded us such an evidence of a want of critical reading of Homer, coupled with such a general ignorance of the ordinary rules of Greek grammar and metre, as Dr. Johnson in his note on the line "A califf recreant to my cousin Hereford," in *Richard II.*, act i. sc. 2. "Califf originally signified a prisoner [which it never did]; next a slave, from the condition of prisoners; then a scoundrel, from the qualities of a slave:—

Παισι της ἀρετής αποκρινυταὶ δούλιον ημεῶν."

On this Holt White remarks, that the learned commentator, quoting from memory, "has compressed a couplet into a single line;" and most learnedly has he managed it. In the first place, it is a pleasant mark of scholarship to misquote one of the best-known and most frequently cited passages of the *Odyssey* — (if Shakspeare had done so! —); and, secondly, Eumæus, the divine swineherd, who speaks the lines, has to thank Johnson for a superfluous article (*της ἀρετης*), a false quantity (*ἀποκρινυται* before), and an un-Homeric sentiment, by attributing to the "servile day" that which Homer attributes to the far-seeing Jove. We cannot say of the doctor as Mercury says of Charon—*Εὐγε παρωδῖς*. In commenting on a writer so multifarious, and drawing his allusions from such various sources as Shakspeare, it would indeed be absurd to confine ourselves solely

to consulting classical writers for the purposes of illustration; but it would be equally absurd to neglect them altogether out of respect to a theory of his literary ignorance, conceived in impertinence, and supported by such weak reasons and paltry instances as those urged and adduced by Farmer. It seems to me just as reasonable to believe that Sterne had studied Rabbi Hakkadosh, as to maintain that Shakspeare had not read Virgil and *Quid*, and was not master of the languages of France and Italy.

What I principally complain of, and what in fact induced me to write these papers, is the tone of cool insult displayed towards one of the greatest men that ever appeared in the world, by every puny pedant who had gone through the ceremonial of *Hig, hag, hog*. One tells us that Shakspeare had no acquaintance with the history of literature. Here we are assured by a man who is not able to explain ordinary words of Italian or French, that Shakspeare could not have read these languages, and was obliged to look to translations for a scanty knowledge of Rabelais, Ronsard, or Montaigne. Want of knowledge of Latin is thrust upon him by persons superficially acquainted with its language or its literature, and who would assuredly blunder in any attempt to write it. Ritson accuses him of ignorance, because he has mixed names of different languages in *Hamlet*, the said Ritson not being able to distinguish Arthur of the Round Table from the constellation Arcturus; (1) men who know not the technical words

(1) *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1. "The strange indiscriminate use of Italian and Roman names in this and other plays, makes it obvious that the author was little conversant in even the rudiments of either language."—*Ritson*. Sagacious reason, and worthy of the critic! We find in a letter of his to Robert Surtees, published by Sir Harris Nicholas, a request to have a translation made for him of a singular epigram by Bishop Aldhelm. Other learned persons had assisted him in this difficult work of recondite scholarship, but he was not satisfied; for "with these, such as they are, and the help of Ainsworth's Dictionary, I have endeavoured to make a sort of translation, line for line, as well as I could." He then prattles about *Arthure's*, or *King Arthur's Wain*:—"Though I have never met with *Arthur's wain* in any book or map." Lydgate, Douglas, and Owen, are then referred to for *Arthure's plough*, *Arthure's hufe*, and *Arthure's harp*; and then come the "obscure and obsolete words" of Aldhelm. I give the first two lines, and Ritson's translation:—

"*De Arturo.*

Sydereis stipor turmis in vertice mundi
Esseda, famoso gesto cognomine vulgi."

"*Of Arthuri.*

With starry troops I am environed in the pole of the world,
In a war-chariot, a famous surname of the people being born!"

"A famous surname of the people being born!" What can this mean? The bishop's verses relate to the star Arcturus; a line drawn from which, N. by N.W., falls in

of our courts are content to give him credit for a mere scrivener's knowledge of law; Cockneys, who could not tell the stem from the stern of a ship, find him guilty of not knowing seamen's language; Steevens is inclined to think that he had no means of ascertaining the names of the flowers of the field; critics of Hampstead or Fleet Street, "who never rowed in gondola," are quite certain that Italy was *terra incognita* to him; Johnson assures us that whenever he meddles with geography, he goes astray, the doctor having, when he wrote the note, merely gone astray himself: in short, it would be easy to prove, from the assertions of Shakspeare's commentators, that there was nothing in the world—language, history, geography, law, theology, antiquity, art, science, down to domestic botany, in which his ignorance was not profound; but not more easy than to select from their own labours a most complete body of ignorance with respect to all the subjects on which they are most sarcastic and pungent, profound and dogmatic, at his expense.

It is not worth the labour to make the collection; I have only to conclude by willingly admitting that the readers of Shakspeare have good reason to be obliged to the commentators in general for what they have done—that they have considerably improved the text, explained many a difficult passage, interpreted many an obscure word,

and, by diligent reading and research, thrown much light over the plays. For this they deserve their due portion of praise; those among them, especially, who thought less of themselves than of Shakspeare. They by no means merit the sweeping censures of Tooke, Mathias (*m*), and others. I know, also, that commentators on works so voluminous, full of so many troublesome difficulties of all kinds, and requiring such an extended and diversified course of reading, *must* make mistakes, and therefore that their errors or rash guesses should be leniently judged; but no great leniency can be extended to those who, selecting the easiest part of the task for themselves—that of dipping into the most obvious classical writers—should, on the strength of very small learning, set themselves up as entitled to sneer at a supposed want of knowledge in Shakspeare, while their own criticisms and comments afford countless indications, "vocal to the intelligent," that they have themselves no great erudition to boast of.

Apologising to your readers for so long detaining them, through your indulgence, from pleasanter matter,

I have the honour to be,
dear Mr. YORK,
faithfully yours,
WILLIAM MAGINN.

Oct. 25 [St. Crispin's Day].

with the last star of the Great Bear, or the Charles's Wain. Arcturus is, therefore, made to say, that he bears the wain known by the famous *cognomen vulgi*—i.e. of the ploughman—the Churl's Wain, which in aftertimes was corrupted into the Charles's Wain. Ritson was deceived by the spelling usual in old manuscripts of Arturus for Arcturus ("Artus, non Arctus; scriptum video in antiquissimis libris præcipueque in Virgilio Carpens," says Aldus Manutius, in his *Orihographia Ratio*, p. 77); and he accordingly pressed Bishop Aldhelm's epigram (as he calls it, the bishop styles his compositions ænigmata) into the service of the Round Table. I do not know where he found it, but if it was in Aldhelm's *Poetica Nonnulla*, edited by Delrio (Moguntiae, 1601, p. 63,) the preceding ænigma on the *vertigo poli*, which concludes with an allusion to the rapidity of the motion of the *septem sidera*, might have given him a hint. Whether Arcturus had any thing to do with Arthur, is a very different question indeed; but there is no question as to the utter ignorance of Latin manifested, and confessed, by this critic of Shakspeare's Latinity. I am sorry to see this letter quoted, with some admiration, in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. ix. p. 614.

(*m*) In the *Dispersions of Purley*, Tooke says, "The ignorance and presumption of his commentators have shamefully disfigured Shakspeare's text. The first folio, notwithstanding some few palpable misprints, requires none of their alterations. Had they understood English as well as he did, they would not have quarrelled with his language." And again: "Rack is a very common word, most happily used, and ought not to be displaced because the commentators knew not its meaning. If such a rule were adopted, the commentators themselves would, most of them, become speechless."—Vol. ii. pp. 389-91, 4to. Yet he departs from the folio to read "one dowe that's in my *plume*," for the folio *plumbe* in the *Tempest*, p. 259; and, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, his commentary alters the rack *dis lines* into *dis limbs*, p. 392. Mathias's attack on the commentators in his *Pursuits of Literature*, was once very popular. It is alluded to even by Schlegel.

MY IRISH TUTORSHIP.

BY A TRINITY BACHELOR.

CHAP. I. •

It is now five years ago that I looked, for the last time perhaps, on the Gothic turrets of Granta, having received, a few hours before, from the vice-chancellor himself (that venerable incarnation of Alma Mater), the immortal degree of *Artium Baccalaureus*.

As I stood on the crowded floor of the Senate-house awaiting my apotheosis, I beheld around me a generation of gownsmen, who, like myself, were about to exchange the tranquil solitudes and ethereal speculations of college, for the stirring realities of life: who, in short, had finished their "Cambridge course," and whose happy spirits were newly released from the rigours and perplexities of their mathematical probation.

But the reflections of inceptive bachelors are not always so free and light-hearted, being not unvisited in sundry instances by the academic phantasms of proctors' fines and tutors' impositions, of squandered hours and blighted hopes, of bacchanalian revels, college bills, and empty pockets. How far these shadowy visions might have blended with my lighter fancies is not now to the purpose, though it is to the purpose that the present history is indebted for its existence to some of their corresponding realities. I had resolved, upon leaving the university, to reinforce my exchequer by turning my humble acquirements to some profitable account; but the only immediate chance that I had of carrying that resolution into effect, was the offer (which I readily accepted) of a tutorship in the South of Ireland.

What Trinity man is there that is not proud of his college? that does not feel his heart swell, and his cheek glow, when, for the first or the last time, he walks those silent cloisters, and gazes upon those ancient turrets, all teeming with glorious and immortal memories? With regard to myself, I felt, moreover, the greatest affection for old Trinity. That was verily the golden age of my existence. How many sunny hours did I dream away under the shade of those chestnut-trees,

and on the banks of that river! How many a midnight did my lamp gleam through that latticed window as I sought for truth in the soul-breathing pages of the ancients, or revelled in the wild magnificence of their poetry! It was, during the hour of vesper, that I lingered through the outer quadrangle of Trinity on the evening of my departure. The dreamlike tones of the organ fell on my ear at the moment I was passing under the gateway of Newton's Tower—to me that heavenly music was the dirge of happy hours then departed; the world was all before me; I turned to take a last look, but my eyes filled with tears; and, bidding old Trinity a long, long farewell, I walked hastily away.

But the Fates had predetermined, gentle reader, not to let us off quite so sentimentally. Upon arriving at the inn whence I was to start per coach for London, I found the vehicle besieged by a swarm of small collegers, who had made themselves apparent there for the philanthropic purpose of seeing off an elegant miscellany of brother-Cantabs, upon whom the parting bottle of that Tartarean puddle called Cambridge port seemed to have fully accomplished its duty. These finished scholars, six in number, and all "outsides," had recently dignified the bachelor's hood, and were now employing their few last moments at the sage and virtuous University of Cambridge in various appropriate ways: such as in cursing the extortionate souls of the porters who had brought their luggage; in blessing the sweet little eyes of the damsels who were bringing them brandy; in shouting forth sundry broken staves of some edifying canticle; in crowing, bleating, caterwauling, and other zoological exercises; in proposing to the circumambient multitude three cheers for "Sidney," "Barnwell," "Mr. Simeon," &c., and three groans for the proctors and the big-wigs; in reiterating their tenderest wishes to be remembered to "Black Fan," to "Long Jane," and other estimable young persons; and, finally, in exhorting the coachman to drive to the — the

proprietor of a certain remote establishment.

What I have here reduced to some kind of intelligible order was, in reality, a scene of the wildest confusion, in which the performers were strenuously enacting their several parts at the same moment. "All right!" having been duly pronounced, the six bachelors lifted up their voices in a triumphant but discordant hurrah, which was promptly responded to in language of the most affectionate encouragement. "Go it, ye cripples!" "Keep your body up, Jones!" "I say, Gumley, mind your eye!" with similar prudent and friendly admonitions. It must be confessed, however, that the exemplary youths who had given utterance to them did not, somehow or other, seem to participate in the boisterous merriment of their evanescent companions. They, alas! could only look to their degrees across the yawning gulf of a Senate-house examination: there were heights of wisdom which they had not as yet attained, not having kept all their terms; although, to a practised observer, their lacerated gowns and battered trenchers indicated considerable advances towards scholastic perfection. They had evidently arrived at the latter stages of college vegetation—the green and sullen bud of the freshman had expanded into the gay, ethereal blossom of the soph; and the fruit was now delectable to look upon, though not yet sufficiently ripe to be—*plucked*.

CHAP. II.

Oh, the miseries of a steam-packet! To breathe an atmosphere thickened with the dun smoke of Tartarus, and the mawkish vapour of a wash-house, and seasoned with the fumes of reeking train-oil, and cinders quenched in bilge-water! To walk a rolling, pitching, treacherous, vertiginous deck, with a black north-wester blowing in your teeth, and every now and then a sharp jet of spray splashing in your intelligent face! To be haunted by a confused sea-sick vision of whirling clouds and a see-sawing horizon; swells of the first water, with curled and powdered periwigs; and furious paddle-wheels churning the brine into a *soufflé*! To be semi-suffocated in a long, narrow cupboard of a dormitory, listening, hour after hour, to the throes of the engine, the creaking of the

timbers, and the fierce washing of the waves along the planks of your berth, with ever and anon the heavy shock of some drunken, insolent billow, that reels against the poor afflicted vessel, making her all streaming wet, and giving her a violent spasm in the side! But now she swims along calmly and fluently; the clank and racket of the machinery at length subside; down goes the anchor; the fizzing and roaring of the steam, the popping and plapping of the water, the tumult of voices, and the hauling of luggage, announce our arrival in the haven where we would be: we spring to the deck, and, in another moment, press the emerald soil of Hibernia.

Leaving Waterford, I proceeded by an early stage-coach to a small town thirty Irish miles distant, where I found that, in order to reach my destination on that day, it was necessary I should submit to be jolted seven miles across the country in a rickety, lumbering commodity, facetiously called a postchaise (an apparition of dust, cobwebs, and rottenness, that to me was intensely tragic-comical), drawn by a stunted, plethoric black cob, and a tall, white, thin-gutted Rosinante, that seemed far better qualified for the spectral chase in *Der Freischütz* than for any mortal employment. On arriving at a hamlet which lay within three miles of Cloughnagashill (that being the place whither I was proceeding to exercise the functions of a tutor), the chaise was hailed by a peasantry but decently-dressed fellow, with a knowing, broad-humoured expression of face, that was rendered still more comical by the jaunty, self-important set of his rusty *caubeen*.

"Whoo-hoo!" he exclaimed, addressing the postilion; "asy a minit. Is that the tuthorer inside o' the carr'ge?"

"Divil a know I know; asy axin, any how."

"Pwah! to blaizes wid ye! Bag pardon, sur, but my name, indeed, is Thady O'Houligan; av coorse you hard ov the O'Houligan family, sur? Maybe ye're the tuthorer that's kim to the counthry fur to taich Master Willim, bekase I brought the jauntin' car from Square O'Brady's, to thrive yer lanor to the house."

"Very well, my good fellow; I'm quite ready."

"Whethen I'm right glad fur to see

yer hanor; you're kindly welkim, indeed, sur!"

The requisite arrangements having been made, we mounted the car and drove off.

"I s'pose you kim across in a staymer, sur?" said Thady. "Divil whip ye! git 'long out o' *that*, now! D'ye see, sur? d'ye see that thief iv a pig lyin' right in the middle o' the road, there? Out o' *that*, ya vagabone! No, sur, nor he won't, aither."

"You can pass on this side."

"Augh, very will, yer hanor. Now, sur, the blaggard does only be doin' that jist to be purvokin', bekase thim he lades wid there is all Repalers, an' he knows I'm no Trin' to Dan O'Connell. Augh! they're the obstinatest craythurs brathin', them pigs. By the same token, there been grate doins here wid the Repalers; tirrible itself, but they'll nat titch the likes o' you, sur."

"I'm under no such apprehension, certainly."

"Sure an' you're right there, Howsander; fur it's nat very often they kills tuthorers, as I know by."

"Not very often!"

"Sartinly nat, sur. Maybe yiv hard till o' wan Misther O'Flaherty?"

"What of him?"

"Why thin he's the boy that was tuthorer beyant at Ballydundhrum."

"What, was he murdered?"

"Will, now, the parpethwraytors only mistaken him fur the dain, you see."

"The dean!"

"Why, O'Flaherty, you persave, that was ould enough to be yer hanor's fadthre, is the boy that taised the childhre beyant at Ballydundhrum."

"But whose children?"

"Now that's what I'm jist tellin' yer hanor: sure the dain's own childhre, divil ither; an' the dain is the fadthre to the craythurs."

"Mistook him for the dean!"

"Be me sowl an' it's nat jokin' I am; 'twas a grate hanor fur O'Flaherty, though."

"Well, but — I don't exactly understand."

"Thin I'll be afther makin' it all plaue an' expadient to yer capacity. Wan Sunday mornin' whin I was thyrin' and sthrivin all I could—whoo! divil an' all, ye see — to complate washin' the big brash knocker afore confission, thit didn' taste a bit iv a

scrubbin'-brish sin' the creaytion, Bid-dy (that's the cook) outs wid her awn fat, durty face, out o' the windy in a thrimble ov fright; an' — och! sitch a scrame, be Jaiminy! I niver hard the like afore or sin'. 'Tundher an' turnip-taps! siz I, 'is it cracked y'are?' 'Hliven alive!' siz she;

'Oh, it's the dhrame I had the night! Ah, thin, Thady, darlin, luk now! Och, blissid etarnity! don't ye see what's nat there?' 'Divil sweep ye! what's the matthre *now* at all?' siz J. 'Mither in glory!' siz she; 'all the sints in righteousness! his cordherys is nat out 'pon the windy-powl!' So I ups that instant-moment an' luks across the bog. 'B' th' houly!' siz I, 'the world's kim to an ind, fur his cordherys is nat out *this* blissid mornin', an' *that's* thruth.' Ac-coordianly—(maybe, sur, you'd like to git aff, jist so ase Nitmag up this bit iv a hill!—we'll see the place I'm

spakin' about whin we're at the top)—I powdheres away down the road, an' who should I met but wan o' the labourers, runnin' for the dear life to till us the corp was jist found. Ogh, ogh! but the villains had knocked him an the hid, sure enough, an' him no time to make his sowl, or resave the binifit o' the blissid ointment, glory be to God! an' we niver known this minit who done it, barrin' a bit o' writin' was stick'd up by som wan or ither an the chapel-dure the night afther, sayin', as might be, that the stone they threwn was nat intended fur the shkulemasthre, an' axin' his pardon for thim makin' the mistake. There, sur, now! d'ye see, sur?—right away here at the ind o' my finger; that little white house wid two windys, wan over the ither? Will, the top wan was O'Flaherty's; an' if you sarcumpict it narryly—jump up here, till you see, sur—you'll obsarve a bit iv a powl purjectin' from it thit's been kep up iver sin' out o' rispick to his cordherys; for that now is where he used to hang thim ivery Sunday mornin' univarsally, barrin' the rainy day was in it."

"For what purpose?"

"Only for the houlisimness, sur; jist, ye see, to git a taste o' the mornin' air an thim. Now we'll be down on the feer in a jiffy or two; it's the Rathnakilty feer-day, sur. Howsander, the nager that had a hand in the writin' sid as much that 'twas their

intention to massacr' the dain (ye'll be dhrivin' by his place immajently; he lives contagious to this, sur) after him dmin' at Cloughnagashill, only the parpethwaytors hit the tuthorer in mistake, by rason the darkness was in it, as he was comin' from the shebeen-house that same night. Och an' will-elu! may the houly innicents light his pipe in glory this day!"

By this time we had reached the town of Rathnakilty. Thady, as he ~~crossed~~ slowly through the fair, squaring his elbows and handling the ribands with peculiar grace (peculiar to himself, that is), had a word for every one. "Larry, boy, how's ivery shovelful o' ye?" "Lave aff, no, you gom! not o' yer thricks wid' thim whirligigs; you'll freken the harse, I till ye!" "Now, is that Norah? Will, it's yersilf that's lookin' beautiful a-colleen." "Sheelah, hist! d'ye see, sur?—that gurl jist turned into the Cat an'—an' Bagpipes, here? Och! the purtiest little—hem!—ugh!—it's droothy work this dhrivin, sur! Bag pardon, yer hanor, wan minit, till I stap in fur a sup o' whisky, by rason my throath is gone dhry an me—jist wan minit, sur!"

After waiting in the street nearly ten minutes, and undergoing the scrutiny of some two or three hundred gazers, I was rejoined by Thady, who made a desperate effort to atone for his delay, by driving recklessly through the fair, to the consternation of numerous pigs, and other listless individuals; so that in another minute we had cleared the town, and regained the open road.

"Only a mile to Cloughnagashill, now, sur; we'll be there fully in time for dinner. Will, now, I've nat the laste doubt you'll have a very dacent place, sur; niver a house bear a betther correcther in the regard av atin' an' dhrinkin, an' the like: indeed thin, betune uz, you'll nat be noways necessiated."

"Highly satisfactory, certainly."

"You may say that, sur, an' thin—ough but they're the plisint family itsilf. I'm livin wid 'em now aight year, nigh bant it."

"In what capacity?"

"Is it the what I do, sur? Will, now, I was never ax'd that questin afore; raaly, now, I—; indeed thin it id be hard to say what it is; its ivery thing, I think, though its nothin' per-thickler in the manetime,—helpin' the

masthre, an' the misthiss, an' the young laidies—och! but I'd like ye—though it'll nat be long afore you see the one I mane,—that's Miss Letty, the beauthifllest—Will, will—there's the dain's place, sur."

"Beautiful, is she?"

"O, thin, she is that same. Sure the houf family feels grate pride out of Miss Letty. Augh, an' to see her fadthre, how he do dote down upon her, the kind-hearted gintleman, thit he is. Thin there's anither, though she's not a sisther, but a soort iv—will, I don't rightly ondhderstan' the chránalogy iv it; but she's not like Miss Letty at all."

"Not so beautiful?"

"Augh, no, comparishment! Now, here we are, yer hanor. There's the dhressin bell a-ringin. I'd go bail they seen us. Hould hard, sur; we'll go like the very dickens long the aveny, right up to the dure."

"But why?"

"Augh, sur, why fur the hanor iv it, to be sure."

Accordingly Thady proceeded to slake his thirst for glory, by driving furiously up to the house, and pulling up so suddenly as almost to have projected my person from the vehicle, in spite of the precautions I had taken for countervailing the *vis inertia*.

CHAP. III.

During the discussion of the soup, the fish, the weather, and other preliminaries—ere Bacchus has thawed the heart, or tipped the tongue with eloquence—I might present to my readers some of the persons who, on Candlemas Day, in the year of grace 1834, surrounded the festive board at Cloughnagashill.

Of the worthy host I have only to say—need one say more?—that he was a genuine sample of the good old school,—a plain, honest, benevolent country gentleman, who delighted in promoting the happiness of every body about him,—a staunch supporter of church and state,—and a sacramental enemy to "Popery, brass money, and woden shoes."

Mrs. O'Brady was a person of an even, placid disposition,—a well-meaning woman, who, though possessing the usual complement of social and domestic virtues, was, nevertheless, unfortunately tainted by a fanatical epidemic which had recently made its

appearance among the Protestants of the vicinity. Lady O'Flyaway, who resided near Cloughnagashill, having been prevailed upon, while on a visit with her uncle in the north of England, to attend certain meetings of new-light seceders, had returned, glowing with zeal, to get up a new-light sect, and build a new-light chapel at Rathnakilty. With this view, she admitted to her parties those only who were inclined to co-operate in her designs; so that within a surprisingly short time she had enlisted half the ladies in the neighbourhood.

Though Mr. O'Brady foamed at the mouth when he became aware of his wife's association with the new lights, he had yet so far acquiesced in the unavoidable state of things as to endure at his own table the occasional presence of their favourite pastor,

"A little, round, fat, oily man of God,"

who sat opposite to me, rejoicing in the tail of a turbot and the title of Dr. Hoggins. His head, which seemed to be immediately connected with his shoulders (his neck being a mere *enthy, meme*), was covered with light hair, so short and stubbly as to give his reverend scalp the semblance of a mound that had recently undergone the operation of the reaping-hook. This goodly personage had been preferred from a lay station to his present appointment, through the recommendation of Lady O'Flyaway; his lively expatiations, and his restless desire for the priestly office, having been regarded by that lady as indubitable evidences of our fat friend's call to the ministry. To her ladyship's influence was superadded the petition of her uncle's tenantry, among whom the doctor had exercised for a season the delicate and endearing functions of bailiff to the manor. On his induction, therefore, the venerable gentleman — having suddenly transmuted himself into a *reverend doctor* — proceeded to enact the opening of the new-light chapel; and having at that "opportunity" pronounced a magniloquent oration before Lady O'Flyaway, in which he mellifluously likened her ladyship to the Queen of the South hearing the wisdom of Solomon, the tabernacle was thereupon glorified with the epithet of *Sheba*!

I was seated beside a lady who responded to the dulcet *pat-ronymic* of O'Swagger — a lean, flat specimen

of virginity, who had walked in short petticoats and saintly labours for many years; — being desirous, on one hand, to keep upon good terms with the world, by resigning to its admiration a pair of shrivelled ankles, *et cetera*; and, on the other, to ensure a title to the skies by depositing her whole person four times every week in her pew, and employing herself whilst there in muttering the responses, turning to the tables for the proper lessons, and fumbling out the text in her pocket-bible. Miss O'Swagger wore a muslin cap, the frill of which radiated from her head in the form of a glory, and threw its fitful shadow over a springlike region of young nut-brown ringlets; though had there eye of discovery travelled beyond this genial zone towards the pole, it might have strayed over wastes of sterile and wintry desolation. Some of her points would be invaluable acquisitions to the curiosities of zoology. She had a frightful habit of expanding her eyes, until, what with their form and their colour, they strikingly resembled the optics of a bilious conger. Her lips were long, loose, and twitchy, possessing no determinate form or mutual adjustment whatever; so that when they went abroad in speech or laughter, it was amusing to observe the manifold ways in which they would return home again. Her face suggested to one's fancy a withered, weather-bleached leaf of a Savoy cabbage; and her teeth, the ruins of a conflagration. Our venerable sisters seemed to be continually vibrating between the extremest points of emotion. Her cheeks would be now prolonged with yearning commiseration at the awful responsibility of the heathen, and now distorted with triumphant merriment by some new contribution to her treasury of private scandal; at one moment they would present themselves in a state of sallow frigidity and collapse; while at another you might see the sacred tripe burning with the deep flush of some unholy passion. Upon those who dared to controvert a single iota of her creed, her eyes would fall with the petrifying glare of Medusa; and then, perhaps, turn elsewhere, to enact the rolling witchery and swimming languishment of flirtation. Her vocal functions, too, operated upon a most extensive scale, and were subject to similar fits of transition. In ten

seconds she would traverse the whole gamut, from the muffled tones of secrecy, or the hollow mutterings of horror, up to the sharp twang of spleen, or the wild scream of malicious exultation. The wit or humour that would set the table in a roar could seldom work any other effect upon Miss O'Swagger than to screw her lips and irritate her throat; while at other times, without any obvious or alleged cause, she would go off in a fit of obstreperous and irrepressible laughter. As to the first case, however, her afflicted soul was every where surrounded by such objects of hatred, or contempt, or envy, or jealousy, that there was scarcely a creature upon earth (besides herself) capable of uttering a jest that she could conscientiously laugh at; and there were those who occasionally interpreted the second case, by perceiving that her vigilance had detected in the conversation some casual word or phrase felicitously applicable to the purposes of a malignant innuendo against some individual then present; the object of her laugh being, first, to interrupt the discourse at that critical point, so as to give the fatal expression all possible significance and relief; and, secondly, to ring like the yell of a demon in her victims' ears, while the insult was burning into their hearts. This, she flattered herself, was a refinement of malice particularly exquisite and *recherché*. But she had recourse to a variety of expedients for giving vent to those rising corruptions of our unfortunate nature which, if suffered to remain pent up in the bosom of a pharisaical spinster (especially one of long standing), have the melancholy effect on some occasions of ruffling that sweet serenity, and of clouding that gracious satisfaction which it is her unspeakably peculiar privilege to enjoy, when nothing happens to vex her beatified spirit. Where Miss O'Swagger, therefore, found it inconvenient or impolitic to annoy the present or defame the absent, by open and undisguised assault, her old Adam could, notwithstanding, invariably accomplish his purpose by means of some concealed and subtle artifice,—by verbal hint or parallel instance,—by pause or emphasis,—by a knowing glance or a vacant stare,—by a dry cough, or a silly smile, or a suppressed titter,—by laying her finger mysteriously on her lip, or lifting her shrivelled palms to the

general gaze, and then letting them drop as if suddenly paralysed. In short, such was her anxiety to preserve the purity of the spirit by throwing out the bitterness of the flesh, that few could come within the rays of her angelical love without feeling the darts of her womanly spite: if you avoided her, she would talk at you,—conversed with her, she would contradict you,—differed from her, she would attack you,—piqued her, your reputation died the death!

At her father's side, the beloved of his heart (and of whose heart was she not the beloved?) sat Letty O'Brady, a fair, bright-haired creature, whom the vital soul of health and beauty had flushed into a perfect Hebe. Her tresses hung in rich luxuriant clusters, sometimes sweeping and sometimes revealing her graceful, swanlike neck,—while a few of their light golden tendrils drooped and floated upon a bosom of radiant whiteness. The tones of her voice, modulated by the accent of her country, were thrillingly exquisite. Her manners were gentle and elegant, and free from the slightest tinge of affectation; there was no acting, no straining at effect, no practical falsehood. Though past her teens, her ineffable sweetness of temper, her maidenly blushes, her childlike simplicity and playfulness, were speaking evidences of how little the world had done to corrupt this genuine child of nature. Yet there was a deep soul within her of which she seemed wholly unconscious. Her eyes, that ever beamed with the soft heaven of love and innocence, were sometimes kindled into sublimity by the spirit of intelligence that broke fitfully from their pure lucid depths. The arch, light-hearted girl, whose life was now all calm and sunshine, little dreamed of those hidden well-springs of her affection that were yet unbroken by sorrow or adversity,—of that passionate devotion and that heroic endurance which now slept within her peaceful bosom. Her religion—oh, she was *all* religion! Every thought, every word, every action—the prayer that rose from her lip, the tear that trembled in her eye, the charity that fell from her hand—all were pure and blessed. Her beauty and tenderness, her heavenly truth, the soft light that breathed from her eloquent presence—all seemed to bespeak her a being of some brighter and happier

clime. Truly, thou wert a seraphic vision—a creature of love, and joy, and music—too ethereally gentle for the rude air of a heartless world!

Rachel O'Brady, the cousin of Letty, was a young lady with light hair, pale cheeks, and ultra new-light views. She possessed a kind of Protean versatility, that frustrated all attempts to reduce her to a determinate idea. Her face appeared to belong sometimes to a child of fourteen, and sometimes to a woman of five-and-twenty; at one moment she discoursed with all the gravity of a sage, while at another she trifled like a perfect simpleton. Though a desperate little Pharisee, she had yet a *naïveté* of manner that was inconsistent with perfect hypocrisy, and a kindness of heart that had saved her from becoming, in the strict sense of the phrase, *truly serious*; which is, being translated out of modern Evangelese, *truly disagreeable*.

Edward O'Brady, the son of the worthy host, had been recently called to the Irish bar. He was a person of a generous disposition, and a lively fancy. For the rest, his merits as a young man were chiefly negative; he was not vain, he was not opinionated, —in short, he was not a puppy.

"Miss O'Swagger! glass o' wine?" said Mr. O'Brady.

"Hm—— please."

"Your very good health. By the by, I saw you out to-day. Walking far?"

"Collecting day."

"Augh, what—a——?"

"Bugaboo cause."

"Umph! ugh-a!"

"You were never in Ireland before, Mr. Vincent?" asked Mrs. O'Brady.

"Never," I replied.

"Rather a wild district, sir, you'll find this, 'specially at this season," said her husband; "but we must try to make it agreeable t'ye one way or another."

"Reading and meditation may be enjoyed here with peculiar advantage," observed Rachel, patriotically boasting the resources of the country.

"Well, and the shooting is not bad by any means," added her uncle.

"And there has been a Branch Tract Society lately established in our midst," subjoined Rachel; "several gentlemen have put down their names as collectors."

"Well, well! never mind the thracks, now," said her uncle, impa-

tiently. "You came through the fair, Mr. Vincent,—pretty full, or how?"

I answered in the affirmative, making some remark at the same time upon its gaiety, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the weather.

"Augh, that makes not the least difference to them; nat'rally inclined to be contented and happy onder any circumstances. Thousand pities they should be enisled as th' are, poor creatures! Strange characters, some of our Irish boys,—dancing and rollicking as merry as fairies to-day, with perhaps the prospect of starvation before 'em to-morrow,—one time willing to sacrifice their very lives to do any mortal a kindness, and the next hour maybe joining in some murderous riot."

"You never heard of such indecision of character, Mr. Vincent," observed Rachel.

"There has been some fear of a disturbance here for this last day or two, but I hope and trust that every thing may pass off quietly," said Mr. O'Brady.

"The excitement is principally owing to that madcap, Patrick O'Rourke," remarked Edward.

"That fellow," said his father, "is for ever about at the shebeen-houses and places, making inflammatory speeches (for Pat thinks no small of his oratory), and instigating the boys to commit some breach o' the peace."

Here some lively references were made by Edward and his father to certain oratorical displays of the said Patrick O'Rourke; which, however, did not prevent me from overhearing Rachel say, in a subdued tone, to Miss O'Swagger, who sat next her,—

"Oh, my *deur*, I was in the store-room one day with Biddy, and so says she, 'Och, if there isn' O'Rourke in the haggart talkin' to coachman?' 'Well?' says I. 'Lord purtiet us, Miss Rachel,' says she, 'but I heerd say he'd kimmit repale as soon as look!' Oh, I was so frightened!"

The conversation becoming now somewhat brisk at the other end of the table, Dr. Hoggies thought it a favourable opportunity to set about making himself agreeable.

"Mrs. O'Brady—ahem!—will you kindly do me the pleasure of a little wine, ma'am?"

"If you please."

"Thank you, ma'am, I—ahem!—madeira, ma'am, or sherry, or ——"

"I'll take a little sauterne, doctor,"

"Little sawtang, ma'am? — yes, ma'am. Oh, dear, dear! — I—I hope I've not wetted you, ma'am?" cried the doctor, who, miscalculating, perhaps, the contents of the bottle, had turned its mouth toward the lady's glass so eagerly, that the wine gushed forth upon the cloth.

"Well, sir," said he, addressing me, after the ceremony of drinking with the hostess, "does the spirit of inquiry seem to be manifesting itself among the young men at Cambridge College, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha! don't you think she is, doctor—eh?" cried Mr. O'Brady, who seemed particularly amused at something that had passed between him and some of the ladies.

"Surely, sir—most assuredly—a—" answered the divine; then turning with a look of inquiry toward Mrs. O'Brady, "I—I didn't—a—exactly understand, ma'am—a —"

"Oh, you *do* think so? *Indeed!*" exclaimed Miss O'Swagger, stretching her bust toward the doctor, while the flaring border of her cap quivered convulsively from side to side. "And pray, sir, what *reason* did I ever *give* you to think so?"

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. O'Brady, in evident alarm.

"Here's Dr. Hoggins declaring publicly that he thinks I'm in love with him—phuph!"

"My dear ma'am, I—I—it was quite a—a—a—O dear, dear!"

"Oh, I dare say doctor didn't understand what uncle said," observed Rachel.

"Exactly—a—that's wh—what it was, Miss Rachel—yes, miss. Pleasure of a little wine, Miss Rachel?"

After the amusement occasioned by Dr. Hoggins's blunder had subsided, the conversation was again carried on by two distinct parties; Edward (who sat next the doctor) attaching himself to our end of the table, while his father entertained the ladies, who were situated at the other.

"Much obliged for that little work of the great Mr. Robert Montgomery you kindly sent in, ma'am."

"I shall be happy to hear that you like it, doctor."

"O yes, ma'am—quite a mental treat, ma'am!—most talented penman is Mr. Robert. O dear, dear! there seems to be such a richness in his views, ma'am—such a—a gathering home, as

it were. I feel desirous of some acquaintance with Satan, Mr. Edward. If you knew how I might be gratified in that particular —"

"I should be happy to put you in the way, doctor. I've no doubt that Satan would afford you a memorable example of what you call with so much felicity a *gathering home*. Letty is perfectly familiar with him."

"Edward!" said his mother, childingly.

"Miss Letty," cried the doctor, addressing that lady, who sat two chairs below him on the same side, "a—you are familiar with Satan, I understand, miss?"

Letty O'Brady, who was at that moment listening to her father, turned suddenly to the quarter whence the question issued, looking inquiringly toward the doctor, and from him to her mother, with a mingled expression of wonder and archness. "What is it?" she asked, with one of her sweetest smiles, and in those accents by which an Irishwoman can sometimes impart a world of fascination to the simplest syllable.

"Satan, miss. I was going to take the liberty of asking how you liked Satan, Miss Letty."

"The doctor means Montgomery's poem, love," said her mother.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, doctor; but I have never seen it."

"Indeed, miss, indeed! O me! I—a—pleasure of a little wine, Miss Letty?" Whereupon the doctor was favoured with a graceful bend, which he celebrated by rapturously emptying a brimmer of madeira.

"Ugh—a! ugh-a!—ahem!—it's only—hem!—a little drop gone the wrong way, ma'am. O dear! I hope Miss Letty didn't misunderstand me, ma'am?"

"Why, it is a strange title, it must be confessed," was the reply.

"It is, ma'am. I should have recommended Mr. Robert to adopt Abaddon—or Lucifer, perhaps—as pointing out—a—well, I remember having been peculiarly edified by reading a short memoir of the—the—ahem!—the great enemy of mankind, ma'am, in which the Hebrew word, Lucifer, was expounded as setting forth the primeval office of that individual. O me! I've quite forgot the precise—a—pray, Mr. Edward, what does Lucifer signify?"

"Oh! only a light porter."

"Dear, dear! I'd no idea it was any thing so—so—a—very menial, ma'am. Mr. Vincent, pleasure of a little wine, sir? I was just thinking with myself, how delightful to be employed in the great work of education. What is your opinion of the infant mind, sir?"

"Not Mrs. —!" exclaimed Miss O'Swagger, startling us all from our propriety.

"Why, I must say that I've a great respect for her," observed Mr. O'Brady.

"Phuph! She *has* that way of making people respect her; but it's nothing but deceit. I've heard about her from two or three — Sheba members, too. Augh! people wouldn't take the trouble to say what they do without very good reason, *I'll* be bound."

"I feel persuaded that you have been misinformed, Miss O'Swagger," observed Edward: "I never heard her name mentioned before but with the highest esteem."

"Why, you know," replied Miss O'Swagger, laughing, with her face turned toward Edward, while her eyes (as they were wont when their proprietress meant to be exceedingly provoking) glared down upon some object immediately before her, "what every body says must be true."

"I can only say, that the whole world could never shake *my* good opinion of Mrs. —."

"Bless me, what a champion!" cried Miss O'Swagger, every muscle of her face quivering with rage. "I hope you'll find the widow sensible of her obligation. He, he, he!"

"Mrs. —," said Edward, warmly, "is quite independent of my advocacy; but I should feel sorry to believe one syllable to the prejudice of that lady, on the bare authority of a set of envious, puritanical scandal-mongers."

This burst of indignation was followed by a dead silence of nearly a minute, during which interval Miss O'Swagger sat as if her nerves had been "all chained up in"—*not* "alabaster" certainly, so let that pass.

"Miss O'Swagger!" exclaimed Dr. Hoggins, in a tone of the most lively and benevolent encouragement.

"Gracious! what?" gasped that lady, starting out of her reverie, and half off her chair at the same moment.

"Pleasure of a—a—little wine, miss

—a—?" was the soft and insinuating proposal.

"No—rather not."

Shortly after the dessert had made its appearance, Mrs. O'Brady gave the signal for the ladies to withdraw. Miss O'Swagger, however, could not pass Edward without delivering her soul in the following terms:—

"Soh! you've chosen the cause of the *widow* for your *maiden* brief?—Ha, ha, ha!—O dear! Don't forget your *fee*, Edward."

"A manifest serpent, by her sting
Discovered in the end,"

muttered Edward, as Miss O'Swagger swaggered out of the room.

"Now, gentlemen, draw round to the fire," said Mr. O'Brady; "this contynence o' rain plays the very deuce with my rheumatism. Come, sir—that's some old port, now, that's been in cork since the French affair in nought-five. Now, doctor, help yourself. Well, what sport, Ned?"

"Only three brace of cocks, and a few snipes, sir."

"Umph!—well, and no reason to complain either, I think—eh, Mr. Vincent?"

I confessed myself to be of that opinion.

"'Pon my life, doctor, these youngsters provoke one to death with their *onlys*. Best day they ever get is *only* so many—*only* six-and-thirty brace, and be d—d to them—beg pardon. I used to think five-and-twenty pretty tol'able in *my* young days. But then there it is, you see, these boys niver *are* contented unless they can beat their old fathers."

"Well, sir," observed the doctor, "perhaps the various recent improvements—I might allude, for example, to the nature and privil — and advantages, I would say, of shooting with those copper-cushions—its efficacy beyond the former dispensation of flints —"

"That's what 'tis—hit it exactly, by—heu! Come, doctor, you don't drink: try that port. The young jackanapes, giving themselves all these airs! You know, doctor, and so do I, what a devilish good shot a man *must* ha' been to do much with them old-fashin guns—always hanging fire, and a hundred things."

"Precisely my own view, sir," was the obsequious response. "I might

also enlarge, secondly, on the amazing time they took to go off. I have been informed, sir, that while the powder was kindling in the pan, the partridges, or blackbirds, or what not, would often fly away to a very considerable distance."

"Exactly so; — if you wasn' obliged to pull the thrigger the night before a'most. Ned, pass the wine to the doctor."

Mr. O'Brady exulted in his triumph; the wine circulated freely; and as the bailiff's heart became more abundantly refreshed by the genial baptism, he felt constrained to recount sundry equivocal adventures of his sprightlier years. After these disclosures, the pastor, supposing, perhaps, that his potations had seduced him beyond the bounds of priestly dignity, recollected that he had to make a call at a neighbouring cottage, and took his departure accordingly.

"Well," said Mr. O'Brady, "that old boy has the bit o' game in him, in spite of his piety."

"Yes, yes," replied Edward; "the cloak is rarely worn so well as not to reveal an occasional glimpse or so of the old Adam."

"Well, that's pretty severe, too; not that I differ from ye in the laist. Rather a little too hard upon Miss O'Swagger, though—eh, Ned?" said his father.

"Oh, I hate such —"

"Come, my dear boy, proper Christian spirit and temper, you know—rational and—and all that kind o' thing—eh, Mr. Vincent?"

"Sir," replied Edward, in an impassioned tone, "I love and venerate pure religion as much as any man, and would shed my last drop of blood in its defence; but I loathe from my very soul the blasphemous hypocrites who whine forth their canting prayers from the chastened lips of sanctity, while their hearts are sweltering under the fiery and fiendish plague of malevolence."

"Cert'nly, cert'nly—'pon my soul, boy—haw, haw! I think he'd give the lights a bit of a—eh, mister? Help yourself—try that claret, sir. Now we must drink '*The great and glorious memory*' Come!"

That loyal toast was accordingly drunk with all the honours.

"Well, boys," said the warm-hearted host, "I'm now becoming an old man, and I've lived in troublesome times. I've seen the day when Protestantism

was in danger of being banished the country; but we stood up for our birthright—we fought for the religion of our fathers—and by the help of God we prevailed over our enemies. What the intintion of these new lights may be, I dop't know; but my 'pinion is that they're not frindly to the 'stablishment by any means, and therefore I never can feel justified in giving 'em the laist countenance or support. 'Tis my glory, boys, to belong to the Church of England as by law established—to the church that has been the means, in the hand of God, of keeping up the true Christian religion through't the land; and, as long as I live, I shall coosider it my duty and privilege to stand up for the rights and liberties o' the church, and the institutions o' the country. I feel proud, sir, to say that old Ireland is nearest my heart. I have always dwelt among my own people, and endeavoured, I hope, in my humble way, to promote their peace and happiness; for though most of my tenantry and dependants profess another faith, I am far from wishing to bind any man's conscience. Still, I don't feel on that account the less firmly attached to my own church; and my sincere desire and prayer is that the religion which has been my hope and consolation through life, may contynue to flourish when these old bones are laid low in the dust. Therefore, boys, in these times of new-fangled docthrine, I give ye, with my whole heart and soul, '*The good old way*!'"

Bumpers and enthusiasm.

"Ned, did you see any one at the dean's this morning?"

"I did not; but the police are expected down in the course of to-morrow."

"Ah, there will be sad doings, after all, I'm afraid. You have heard a good deal, Mr. Vincent, about the state of things here; and sorry I am to say, that the accounts you have respecting us on the other side o' the wather are far too true. The fact is, sir, that the country is kept in a state of continuel excitement by a set of knavish demagogues, who are doing all in their power to sow mortal dissension between landlords and tenants—ring the bell, Ned—and also between the clergy and the tithe-payers. With respect to my own tenantry, I am happy to say I've no difficulty; but

the people of the adjoining domain have lately entered into—hot water, Davidson—a combination to resist the payment of tithes *in toto*, and what the upshot may be I'm not able to say. I should be sorry to see any thing like violent measures had recourse to ; but the just rights of the church are not to be trifled with. The Protestant clergy of this country, Mr. Vincent, are a most estimable and deserving class of men, who desire and labour to promote a spirit of peace and goodwill in their respective spheres ; and I cannot, as a Christian magistrate, stand quietly by and see any of those worthy men reduced to the brink of starvation, maybe, in consequence of illegal combina-

tions. On this account I have pro-raised my friend, the dean (who resides near me during the summer months), all the assistance in my power in this unfortunate business, and by that means have brought upon myself, no doubt, the ill-will of my neighbours ; but I pray God that every thing may be amicably settled. Now, sir, as I can't prevail on ye to take more wine, I re-commind ye to join me in a tumbler of whisky punch. You'll find that some of the right sort, now."

Accordingly, after discussing the rational tippie over a blazing fire of boxwood, Edward and myself went to take coffee with the ladies, Mr. O'Brady excusing himself on account of business.

AFFECTION.

THAT lady's cheek was beautiful,
As her loved Italian sky ;
And there was not a gem in her gorgeous vest
So bright as her own bright eye ;
And her joyous laugh on the breeze went forth
Like music passing by.

That brow is sadder than is wont,
And that eye is shadowed too,
While the silken fringe o'er her cheek doth fall,
And a tear is wandering through ;
And the gladsome tone from her voice had gone,
As her bright cheek paler grew.

Her small hand rested on a lute,
Its breathings had died away ;
But deeper chords in her spirit were stirred —
Fond tones that could not decay ;
And she turned to hide, in her woman's pride,
Feelings she could not sway.

He took that hand within his own,
But her pulse beat quick the while,
And a flickering hue to her cheek came back,
To her lip a trembling smile,
As he fondly breathed of the flowers that wreathed
Around his native isle.

" Lady, that gentle voice doth wake
A loved, remembered strain ;
And the beautiful smile on thy lip hath stirred
The links of a golden chain ;
And I love to gaze on thine eye's bright rays
Till the past comes back again.

There is a cheek in mine own land,
Less rich its hue than thine,
And a fond, dark eye — but its shadowy light
Less brilliantly doth shine ;
Yet the softest shade o'er that cheek that strayed
Still round my heart doth twine."

She pressed her hand upon her brow,
 Its throbbing pulse to hold,—
 For the fever's flush o'er her cheek had passed,
 Though that hand was icy cold ;
 And the sighs that stole from her troubled soul
 Her heart's deep secret told.

He had gazed upon that lovely face
 In its beauty's richest pride,—
 He had listened full oft to the matchless tone
 That swept o'er the water's tide ;
 But never had dreamed that her bright eye gleamed
 Still brighter by his side.

He saw her now — that look of pride
 Was only of the past,
 And a fearful shadow of grief instead
 O'er her jewelled brow was cast ;
 While that quivering frame like a reed became
 Uprooted by the blast.

A gallant bark is on the wave,—
 Outspread each fluttering sail ;
 And sporteth the sun on the bright sea-foam,
 And music on the gale :
 Why sitteth alone that lovely one,
 With brow and cheek so pale ?

She watched that vessel's onward course,
 Till every trace was gone ;
 And the thought how her fever'd brow would cool,
 'Neath these lonely waters borne :
 Then she turned away from the dashing spray,
 For she dared not gaze thereon.

There was no tear upon her cheek,
 Each source was quenched and dry —
 All parch'd, as a shadowless lake might be
 Beneath a burning sky,
 When the flowers that drink from the waters' brink
 Have lain them down to die.

She knelt before a holy shrine,
 Within a convent's wall ;
 Whilst the vague, dim light of her eye but breathed
 Of the churchyard and the pall ;
 And there came no sound on the stillness round,
 But her soft breath's rise and fall.

Yet thus she lingered, till the past
 Became a cherished dream,
 And its fond bright memories clouded not
 Her lips' untroubled stream ;
 For her soul's deep love, for the cross above,
 Shone forth with a quenchless beam.

ON THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING: WITH APPROPRIATE
ANECDOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND PHILOSOPHICAL DISQUISITIONS.

A LETTER FROM MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH,
TO MR. MACGILP OF LONDON.

THE three collections of pictures at the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, contain a number of specimens of French art, since its commencement almost, and give the stranger a pretty fair opportunity to study and appreciate the school. The French list of painters contains some very good names—no very great ones, except Poussin (unless the admirers of Claude choose to rank him among great painters),—and I think the school was never in so flourishing a condition as it is at the present day. They say there are three thousand artists in this town alone: of these a handsome minority paint not merely tolerably, but well understand their business; draw the figure accurately; sketch with cleverness; and paint portraits, churches, or restaurateurs' shops, in a decent manner.

To account for a superiority over England—which, I think, as regards art, is incontestable—it must be remembered that the painter's trade in France is a very good one; better appreciated, better understood, and generally far better paid. There are a dozen excellent schools in which a lad may enter here, and, under the eye of a practised master, learn the apprenticeship of his art at an expense of about ten pounds a-year. In England there is no school except the Academy, unless the student can afford to pay a very large sum, and place himself under the tuition of some particular artist. Here a young man, for his ten pounds, has all sorts of accessory instruction, models, &c.; and has further, and for nothing, numberless incitements to study his profession which are not to be found in England;—the streets are filled with picture-shops, the people themselves are pictures walking about; the churches, theatres, eating-houses, concert-rooms, are covered with pictures; Nature itself is inclined more kindly to him, for the sky is a thousand times more bright and beautiful, and the sun shines for the greater part of the year. Add to this incitements more selfish, but quite as powerful: a French artist is

paid very handsomely, for five hundred a-year is much where all are poor; and has a rank in society rather above his merits than below them, being caressed by hosts and hostesses in places where titles are laughed at, and a baron is thought of no more account than a banker's clerk.

The life of the young artist here is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest existence possible. He comes to Paris, probably at sixteen, from his province; his parents settle forty pounds a-year on him, and pay his master: he establishes himself in the Pays Latin, or in the new quarter of Notre Dame de Lorette (which is quite peopled with painters); he arrives at his atelier at a tolerably early hour, and labours among a score of companions as merry and poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favourite tobacco-pipe; and the pictures are painted in the midst of a cloud of smoke, and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea that has not been present at such an assembly.

You see here every variety of *coiffure* that has ever been known. Some young men of genius have ringlets hanging over their shoulders—you may smell the tobacco with which they are scented across the street; some have straight locks, black, oily, and redundant; some have *toupées* in the famous Louis-Philippe fashion; some are cropped close; some have adopted the present mode—which he who would follow, must, in order to do so, part his hair in the middle, grease it with grease, and gum it with gum, and iron it flat down over his ears; when arrived at the ears, you take the tongs and make a couple of ranges of curls close round the whole head,—such curls as you may see under a gilt three-cornered hat, and in her Britannic majesty's coachman's state wig.

This is the last fashion. As for the beards, there is no end to them; all my friends, the artists, have beards who can raise them; and Nature, though she has rather stunted the bodies and limbs of the French nation, has

been very liberal to them of hair. Fancy these heads and beards under all sorts of caps—Chinese caps, mandarin-caps, Greek skullcaps, English jockey-caps, Russian or Kuzzilbash caps, middle-age caps (such as are called in heraldry caps of maintenance), Spanish nets and striped worsted nightcaps. Fancy all the jackets you have ever seen, and you have before you, as well as the pen can describe, the costumes of these indescribable Frenchmen.

In this company and costume the French student of art passes his days and acquires knowledge; how he passes his evenings, at what theatres, at what *guinguettes*, in company with what seducing little milliner, there is no need to say; but I knew one who pawned his coat to go to a carnival ball, and walked abroad very cheerfully in his blouse for six weeks until he could redeem the absent garment.

These young men (together with the students of sciences) comport themselves towards the sober citizen pretty much as the German *bursch* towards the *philister*, or as the military man during the empire did to the *pékin*—from the height of their poverty they look down upon him with the greatest imaginable scorn—a scorn, I think, by which the citizen seems dazzled, for his respect for the arts is intense. The case is very different in England, where a grocer's daughter would think she made a misalliance by marrying a painter, and where a literary man (in spite of all we can say against it) ranks below that class of gentry composed of the apothecary, the attorney, the wine-merchant, whose positions, in country towns, at least, are so equivocal. As for instance, my friend, the Rev. James Asterisk, who has an undeniable pedigree, a paternal estate, and a living to boot, once dined in Warwickshire in company with several squires and parsons of that enlightened county. Asterisk, as usual, made himself extraordinarily agreeable at dinner, and delighted all present with his learning and wit. "Who is that monstrous pleasant fellow?" said one of the squires. "Don't you know?" replied another. "It's Asterisk, the author of so-and-so, and a famous contributor to such-and-such a magazine." "Good Heavens!" said the squire, quite horrified; "a literary man! I thought he had been a gentleman!"

Another instance. M. Guizot, when he was minister here, had the grand hotel of the ministry, and gave entertainments to all the great *de par le monde*, as Brantôme says, and entertained them in a proper ministerial magnificence. The splendid and beautiful Duchess of Dash was at one of his ministerial parties; and went, a fortnight afterwards, as in duty bound, to pay her respects to M. Guizot. But it happened in this fortnight, that M. Guizot was minister no longer; but gave up his portfolio, and his grand hotel, to retire into private life, and to occupy his humble apartments in a house which he possesses, and of which he lets the greater portion. A friend of mine was present at one of the ex-minister's *soirées*, where the Duchess of Dash made her appearance. He says the duchess, at her entrance, seemed quite astounded, and examined the premises with a most curious wonder. Two or three shabby little rooms, with ordinary furniture, and a minister *en retraite*, who lives by letting lodgings! In our country was ever such a thing heard of? No, thank Heaven! and a Burton ought to be proud of the difference.

But to our muttons. This country is surely the paradise of painters and penny-a-liners: and when one reads of M. Horace Vernet at Rome exceeding ambassadors at Rome by his magnificence, and leading such a life as Rubens or Titian did of old; when one sees M. Thiers's grand villa in the Rue St. George (a dozen years ago he was not even a penny-a-liner, no such luck); when one contemplates in imagination M. Gudin, the marine painter, too lame to walk through the picture gallery of the Louvre, accommodated, therefore, with a wheel-chair, a privilege of princes only, and accompanied—nay, for what I know, actually trundelled—down the gallery by majesty itself, who does not long to make one of the great nation, exchange his native tongue for the melodious jabber of France; or, at least, adopt it for his native country, like Marshal Saxe, Napoleon, and Anacharsis Clootz! Noble people! they made Tom Paine a deputy; and as for Tom Macaulay, they would make a *dynasty* of him.

Well, this being the case, no wonder there are so many painters in France; and here, at least, we are back to them. At the Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts.

you see two or three hundred specimens of their performances; all the prize-men, since 1750, I think, being bound to leave their prize sketch or picture. Can any thing good come out of the Royal Academy? is a question which has been considerably mooted in England (in the neighbourhood of Suffolk Street, especially); the hundreds of French samples are, I think, not very satisfactory. The subjects are almost all what are called classical. Orestes pursued by every variety of Furies; numbers of little wolf-sucking Romuluses; Hector and Andromaches in a complication of pating embraces, and so forth; for it was the absurd maxim of our forefathers, that because these subjects had been the fashion twenty centuries ago, they must remain so *in secula seculorum*; because to these lofty heights giants had scaled, behold the race of pigmies must get upon stilts and jump at them likewise! and on the canvass and in the theatre, the French frogs (excuse the pleasantry) were instructed to swell out and roar as much as possible like bulls.

What was the consequence, my dear friend! In trying to make themselves into bulls, the frogs made themselves into jackasses, as might be expected. For a hundred and ten years the classical humbug oppressed the nation; and you may see in this gallery of the Beaux Arts, seventy years' specimens of the dulness which it engendered.

Now, as Nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own too; and yet we, O foolish race! must try our very best to ape some one or two of our neighbours, whose ideas fit us no more than their breeches! It is the study of Nature, surely, that profits us, and not of these imitations of her. A man as a man, from a dustman up to Æschylus, is God's work, and good to read, as all works of nature are: but the silly animal is never content, is ever trying to fit itself into another shape, wants to deny its own identity, and has not the courage to utter its own thoughts. Because Lord Byron was wicked and quarrelled with the world, and found himself growing fat and quarrelled with his victuals, and thus naturally grew ill-humoured, did not half Europe grow ill-humoured too? Did not every poet feel his young affections withered, and despair

and darkness cast upon his soul? Because certain mighty men of old could make heroical statues and plays, must we not be told that there is no other beauty, but classical beauty? must not every little whipster of a French poet chalk you out plays, *Henriades*, and suchlike, and vow that here was the real thing, the undeniable Kalon?

The undeniable fiddlestick! For a hundred years, my dear sir, the world was humbugged by the so-called classical artists, as they now are by what is called the Christian art (of which anon); and it is curious to look at the pictorial traditions as here handed down. The consequence of them is that scarce one of the classical pictures exhibited is worth much more than two and sixpence. Borrowed from statuary in the first place, the colour of the paintings seems as much as possible to participate in it; they are mostly of a misty, stony, green, dismal hue, as if they had been painted in a world where no colour was. In every picture there are, of course, white mantles, white urns, white columns, white statues — those *obligés* accomplishments of the sublime. There are the endless straight noses, long eyes, round chins, short upper lips, just as they are ruled down for you in the drawing-books, as if the latter were the revelations of beauty, issued by supreme authority, from which there was no appeal? Why is the classical reign to endure? Why is yonder simpering Venus de Medicis to be our standard of beauty, or the Greek tragedies to bound our notions of the sublime? There was no reason why Agamemnon should set the fashions, and remain *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν* to eternity: and there is a classical quotation, which you may have occasionally heard, beginning, *enire fortis*, &c., which, as it avers that there were a great number of stout fellows before Agamemnon, may not unreasonably induce us to conclude that similar heroes were to succeed him. Shakspeare made a better man when his imagination moulded the mighty figure of Macbeth. And if you will measure Satan by Prometheus, the blind old Puritan's work by that of the fiery Grecian poet, does not Milton's angel surpass Æschylus's — surpass him by "many a rood?"

In this same school of the Beaux Arts, where are to be found such a number of pale imitations of the

antique, Monsieur Thiers (and he ought to be thanked for it) has caused to be placed a full-sized copy of "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, and a number of casts from statues by the same splendid hand. There is the sublime, if you please—a new sublime—an original sublime—quite as sublime as the Greek sublime. See yonder, in the midst of his angels, the Judge of the world descending in glory; and near him, beautiful and gentle, and yet indescribably august and pure, the Virgin by his side. There is "The Moses," the grandest figure that ever was carved in stone. It has about it something frightfully majestic, if one may so speak. In examining this, and the astonishing picture of "The Judgment," or even a single figure of it, the spectator's sense amounts almost to pain. I would not like to be left in a room alone with "The Moses." How did the artist live amongst them, and create them? How did he suffer the painful labour of invention? One fancies that he would have been scorched up like Semele, by sights too tremendous for his vision to bear. One cannot imagine him, with our small physical endowments and weaknesses, a man like ourselves.

As for the Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts, then, and all the good its students have done, as students, it is stark naught. When the men did any thing, it was after they had left the academy, and began thinking for themselves. There is only one picture among the many hundreds that has to my idea much merit (a charming composition of Homer singing, signed Jourdy); and the only good that the academy has done by its pupils was to send them to Rome, where they might learn better things. At home, the intolerable, stupid classicalities, taught by men who, belonging to the least erudite country in Europe, were themselves, from their profession, the least learned among their countrymen, only weighed the pupils down, and cramped their hands, their eyes, and their imaginations; drove them away from natural beauty, which, thank God, is fresh and attainable by us all, to-day, and yesterday, and to-morrow; and sent them rambling after artificial grace, without the proper means of judging or attaining it.

A word for the building of the

Palais des Beaux Arts. It is beautiful, and as well finished and convenient as beautiful. With its light and elegant fabric, its pretty fountain, its archway of the *Renaissance*, and fragments of sculpture, you can hardly see on a fine day a place more *riant* and pleasing.

Passing from thence up the picturesque Rue de Seine, let us walk to the Luxembourg, where *bonnes*, students, grisettes, and old gentlemen with pigtails, love to wander in the melancholy, quaint, old gardens; where the peers have a new and comfortable court of justice, to judge all the *émeutes* which are to take place; and where, as every body knows, is the picture gallery of modern French artists whom government thinks worthy of patronage.

A very great proportion of these, as we see by the catalogue, are of the students whose works we have just been to visit at the Beaux Arts, and who, having performed their pilgrimage to Rome, have taken rank among the professors of the art. I don't know a more pleasing exhibition; for there are not a dozen really bad pictures in the collection, some very good, and the rest shewing great skill and smartness of execution.

In the same way, however, that it has been supposed that no man could be a great poet unless he wrote a very big poem, the tradition is kept up among the painters, and we have here a vast number of large canvasses, with figures of the proper heroic length and nakedness. The anticlassicists did not arise in France until about 1827, and in consequence, up to that period, we have here the old classical faith in full vigour. There is Brutus, having chopped his son's head off with all the agony of a father, and then calling for number two—there is *Æneas* carrying off old *Anchises*—there are *Paris* and *Venus*, as naked as two *Hottentots*—and many more such choice subjects from *Lemprière*.

But the chief specimens of the sublime are in the way of murders, with which the catalogue swarms. Here are a few extracts from it:—

7. Beaume, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. "The Grand Dauphiness Dying."

18. Blondel, Chevalier de la, &c. "Zenobia found Dead."

36. Debay, chevalier. "The Death of Lucretia."

38. Depunne. "The Death of Hector."

34. Court, Chevalier de la, &c. "The Death of Cæsar."

39, 40, 41. Delacroix, chevalier. "Dante and Virgil in the Infernal Lake," "The Massacre of Scio," and "Medea going to Murder her Children."

43. Delaroche, chevalier. "Joas taken from among the Dead." 44. "The Death of Queen Elizabeth."

45. "Edward V. and his Brother" (preparing for death).

50. "Hecuba going to be Sacrificed." Drolling, chevalier.

51. Dubois. "Young Clovis found Dead."

56. Henry, chevalier. "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew."

75. Guerin, chevalier. "Cain, after the Death of Abel."

83. Jacquand. "Death of Adelaide de Comnages."

88. "The Death of Eudamidas."

93. "The Death of Ilymetto."

103. "The Death of Philip of Austria"—And so on.

You see what woful subjects they take, and how profusely they are decorated with knighthood. They are like the Black Brunswickers these painters, and ought to be called *Chevaliers de la Mort*. I don't know why the merriest people in the world should please themselves with such grim representations and varieties of murder, or why murder itself should be considered so eminently sublime and poetical. It is good at the end of a tragedy; but, then, it is good because it is the end, and because by the events foregone the mind is prepared for it. But these men will have nothing but fifth acts; and seem to skip, as unworthy, all the circumstances leading to them. This, however, is part of the scheme. The bloated, unnatural, stilted, spouting, sham sublime, that our teachers have believed and tried to pass off as real, and which your humble servant and other antihumbuggists should heartily, according to the strength that is in them, endeavour to pull down. What, for instance, could Monsieur Lafond care about the death of Eudamidas? What was Hecuba to the Chevalier Drolling, or Chevalier Drolling to Hecuba? I would lay a wager that neither of them ever conjugated *τυττω*, and that their school learning carried them not as far as the letter,

but only to the game of *taw*. How were they to be inspired by such subjects? From having seen Talma and Mademoiselle Georges flaunting in sham Greek costumes, and having read up the articles Eudamidas, Hecuba, in the *Mythological Dictionary*. What a classicism, inspired by rouge, gas-lamps, and a few lines in Lemprière, and copied half from ancient statues, and half from a naked guardsman, at one shilling and sixpence the hour!

Delacroix is a man of a very different genius, and his "Medea" is a genuine creation of a noble fancy. In most of the others, Mrs. Brownrigg and her two female 'prentices would have done as well as the desperate Colchian, with her *τινα φιτατα*. M. Delacroix has produced a number of rude, barbarous pictures; but there is the stamp of genius on all of them,—the great poetical intention, which is worth all your execution. Delaroche is another man of high merit; with not such a great heart, perhaps, as the other, but a fine and careful draughtsman, and an excellent arranger of his subject. "The Death of Elizabeth" is a raw, young performance seemingly—not, at least, to my taste. The "Enfans d'Edouard" is renowned over Europe, and has appeared in a hundred different ways in print. It is properly pathetic and gloomy, and merits fully its high reputation. This painter rejoices in such subjects—in what Lord Portsmouth used to call "black jobs." He has killed Charles I., and Lady Jane Grey, and the Duke of Guise, and I don't know whom besides. He is at present occupied with a vast work at the Beaux Arts, where the writer of this had the honour of seeing him,—a little keen-looking man, some five feet in height. He wore on this important occasion a bandanna round his head, and was in the act of smoking a cigar.

Horace Vernet, whose beautiful daughter Delaroche married, is the king of French battle-painters—an amazingly rapid and dexterous draughtsman, who has Napoleon and all the campaigns by heart, and has painted the grenadier Français under all sorts of attitudes. His pictures on such subjects are spirited, natural, and excellent; and he is so clever a man, that all he does is good to a certain degree. His "Judith" is somewhat violent, perhaps. His "Rebecca" most pleasing; and not

the less so for a little pretty affectation of attitude and needless singularity of costume. "Raphael and Michael Angelo" is as clever a picture as can be—clever is just the word—the groups and drawing excellent, the colouring pleasantly bright and gaudy; and the French students study it incessantly: there are a dozen who copy it for one who copies Delacroix. His little scraps of wood-cuts, in the now publishing *Life of Napoleon*, are perfect gems in their way, and the noble price paid for them not a penny more than he merits.

The picture by Court of "The Death of Cæsar" is remarkable for effect and excellent workmanship; and the head of Brutus (who looks like Armand Carrel) is full of energy. There are some beautiful heads of women, and some very good colour in the picture. Jacquand's "Death of Adelaide de Comminge" is neither more nor less than beautiful. Adelaide had, it appears, a lover, who betook himself to a convent of Trappists. She followed him thither, disguised as a man, took the vows, and was not discovered by him till on her death-bed. The painter has told this story in a most pleasing and affecting manner: the picture is full of *unction* and melancholy grace. The objects, too, are capitally represented; and the tone and colour very good. Decausse's "Guardian Angel" is not so good in colour, but is equally beautiful in expression and grace. A little child and a nurse are asleep: an angel watches the infant. You see women look very wistfully at this sweet picture; and what triumph would a painter have more?

One must not quit the Luxembourg without noticing the dashing sea-pieces of Gredin, and one or two landscapes by Giroux (the plain of Grasivandan), and "The Prometheus" of, Aliguy. This is an imitation, perhaps; as is a noble picture of "Jesus Christ and the Children," by Flandrin; but the artists are imitating better models, at any rate; and one begins to perceive that the odious classical dynasty is no more. Poussin's magnificent "Polyphemus" (I only know a print of that marvellous composition) has perhaps suggested the first-named picture; and the latter has been inspired by a good enthusiastic study of the Roman schools.

Of this revolution, Monsieur Ingres has been one of the chief instruments.

He was, before Horace Vernet, president of the French Academy at Rome, and is famous as a chief of a school. When he broke up his atelier here, to set out for his presidency, many of his pupils attended him piously some way on his journey; and some, with scarce a penny in their pouches, walked through France, and across the Alps, in a pious pilgrimage to Rome, being determined not to forsake their old master. Such an action was worthy of them, and of the high rank which their profession holds in France, where the honours to be acquired by art are only inferior to those which are gained in war. One reads of such peregrinations in old days, when the scholars of some great Italian painter followed him from Venice to Rome, or from Florence to Ferrara. In regard of Ingres' individual merit as a painter, the writer of this is not a fair judge, having seen but three—one being a *plafond* in the Louvre, which his disciples much admire.

Ingres stands between the Imperio-Davido-classical school of French art, and the namby-pamby mystical German school, which is for carrying it back to Cranach and Durer, and which is making progress here.

Every thing here finds imitation: the French have the genius of imitation and caricature. This absurd humbug, called the Christian or Catholic art, is sure to tickle our neighbours, and will be a favourite with them when better known. My dear MacGillp, I do believe this to be a greater humbug than the humbug of David and Girodet, inasmuch as the latter was founded on nature at least, whereas the former is made up of silly affectations and improvements upon nature. Here, for instance, is Chevalier Ziegler's picture of "St. Luke painting the Virgin." St. Luke has a monk's dress on, embroidered, however, smartly round the sleeves. The Virgin sits in an immense yellow-ochre halo, with her son in her arms. She looks preternaturally solemn; as does St. Luke, who is eyeing his paint-brush with an intense ominous mystical look. They call this Catholic art. There is nothing, my dear friend, more easy in life. First, take your colours, and rub them down clean,—bright carmine, bright yellow, bright sienna, bright ultramarine, bright green. Make the costumes of your figures as much as possible like the

costumes of the early part of the fifteenth century. Paint them in with the above colours; and if on a gold ground, the more "Catholic" your art is. Dress your apostles like priests before the altar; and remember to have a good commodity of crossers, censers, and other such gimcracks, as you may see in the Catholic chapels in Sutton Street and elsewhere. Deal in Virgins, and dress them like a burgomaster's wife by Cranach or Van Eyck. Give them all long twisted tails to their gowns, and proper angular draperies. Place all their heads on one side, with the eyes shut, and the proper solemn simper. At the back of the head, draw and gild, with gold-leaf, a halo, or glory, of the exact shape of a cart-wheel; and you have the thing done. It is Catholic art *tout craché*, as Louis Philippe says. We have it still in England, handed down to us for four centuries in the pictures on the card, as the redoubtable king and queen of clubs. Look at them: you will see that the costumes and attitudes are precisely similar to those which figure in the catholicities of the school of Overbeck and Cornelius.

Before you take your cane at the door, look for one instant at the statue-room. Yonder is Touffley's "*Jeune Fille confiant son premier secret à Venus*." Charming, charming! It is from the exhibition of this year only, and I think the best sculpture in the gallery—pretty, fanciful, *naïve*—admirable in workmanship and imitation of nature. I have seldom seen flesh better represented in marble. Examine also Jaley's "*Pudeur*," Jacquot's "*Nymph*," and Rude's "*Boy with the Tortoise*." These are not very exalted subjects, or what are called exalted, and do not go beyond simple, smiling beauty and nature. But what then? Are we gods, Miltons, Michael Angelos, that can leave earth when we please, and soar away to heights immeasurable? No, my dear MacGill; but the fools of academicians would fain make us so. Are you not, and half the painters in London, panting for an opportunity to shew your genius in a great "historical picture?" O blind race! Have you wings? Not a feather: and yet you must be ever puffing, sweating up to the tops of rugged hills; and arrived there, clapping and shaking your ragged elbows, and making as if you would fly! Com down,

silly Dædalus; come down to the lowly places in which nature ordered you to walk. The sweet flowers are springing there; the fat muttons are waiting there; the pleasant sun shines there: be content and humble, and take your share of the good cheer.

While we have been indulging in this discussion, the omnibus has gaily conducted us across the water; and "*Le gardé qui veille à la porte du Louvre, ne défend pas*" our entry.

What a paradise this gallery is for French students, or foreigners who sojourn in the capital! It is hardly necessary to say that the brethren of the brush are not usually supplied by Fortune with any extraordinary wealth, or means of enjoying the luxuries with which Paris, more than any other city, abounds. But here they have a luxury which surpasses all others, and spend their days in a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could not buy. They sleep, perhaps, in a garret, and dine in a cellar; but no grandee in Europe has such a drawing-room. King's houses have at best but damask hangings, and gilt cornices. What are these to a wall covered with canvass by Paul Veronese, or a hundred yards of Rubens? Artists from England, who have a national gallery that resembles a moderate-sized gin-shop, who may not copy pictures except under particular restrictions, and on rare and particular days, may revel here to their heart's content. Here is a room half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and all varieties of study: the only puzzle to the student is to select the one he shall begin upon, and keep his eyes away from the rest.

Fontaine's grand staircase, with its arches, and painted ceilings, and shining Doric columns, leads directly to the gallery; but is thought too fine for working days, and is only opened for the public entrance on the Sabbath. A little back stair (leading from a court in which stand numerous bas-reliefs, and a solemn sphinx of polished granite) is the common entry for students and others, who during the week enter the gallery.

Hither have lately been transported a number of the works of French artists, which formerly covered the walls of the Luxembourg (death only entitles the French painter to a place in the

Louvre, and let us confine ourselves to the Frenchmen only for the space of this letter.

I have seen, in a fine private collection at St. Germain, one or two admirable single figures of David, full of life, truth, and gaiety. The colour is not good, but all the rest excellent; and one of these so much-lauded pictures is the portrait of a washerwoman. "Pope Pius" at the Louvre is as bad in colour, and as remarkable for its vigour and look of life. The man had a genius for painting portraits and common life, but must attempt the heroic, — failed signally; and, what is worse, carried a whole nation blundering after him. To have told a Frenchman so twenty years ago, he would have thrown the *démenti* in your teeth, or at least laughed at you in scornful incredulity. They say of us, that we don't know when we are beaten: they go a step further, and swear their defeats are victories. David was a part of the glory of the empire, and one might as well have said there that "Romulus" was a bad picture, as that Toulouse was a lost battle. Old-fashioned people who believe in the emperor, believe in the Théâtre Français, and believe that Ducis improved upon Shakspeare, have the above opinion. Still, it is curious to remark in this place how art and political sects have their favourite painters and authors.

Nevertheless, Jacques Louis David is dead. He died about a year after his bodily demise in 1825. The romanticism killed him. Walter Scott, from his Castle of Abbotsford, sent out a troop of gallant young Scotch adventurers, merry outlaws, valiant knights, and savage Highlanders, who, with trunk hosen and buff jerkins, fierce two-handed swords, and harness on their back, did challenge, combat, and overcome the heroes and demigods of Greece and Rome. Notre Dame à la Rescoussé! Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert has borne Hector of Troy clear out of his saddle. Andromache may weep; but her spouse is beyond the reach of physic. See Robin Hood twangs his bow, and the heathen gods fly, howling. *Montjoie Saint Denis!* down goes Ajax under the mace of Dunois; and yonder are Leonidas and Romulus begging their lives of Rob Roy Macgregor. Classicism is dead. Sir John Froissart has

taken Dr. Lempière by the nose, and reigns sovereign.

Of the great pictures of David the defunct we need not, then, say much. Romulus is a mighty fine young fellow, no doubt; and if he has come out to battle stark naked (except a very handsome helmet), it is because the costume became him, and shews off his figure to advantage. But was there ever any thing so absurd as this passion for the nude, which was followed by all the painters of the Davidian epoch? And how are we to suppose yonder straddle to be the true characteristic of the heroic and the sublime? Romulus stretches his legs as far as ever nature will allow; the Horatii, in receiving their swords, think proper to stretch their legs too, and to thrust forward their arms thus, —



Romulus.

The Horatii.

Romulus's is the exact action of a telegraph; and the Horatii are all in the position of the lunge. Is this the sublime? Mr. Angelo, of Bond Street, might admire the attitude; his namesake, Michael, I don't think would.

The little picture of "Paris and Helen," one of the master's earliest, I believe, is likewise one of his best; the details are exquisitely painted. Helen looks needlessly sheepish, and Paris has a most odious ogle; but the limbs of the male figure are beautifully designed, and have not the green tone which you see in the later pictures of the master. What is the meaning of this green? Was it the fashion, or the varnish? Girodet's pictures are green; Gros's emperors and grenadiers have universally the jaundice. Gerard's "Psyche" has a most decided green sickness; and I am at a loss, I confess, to account for the enthusiasm which this performance inspired on its first appearance before the public.

In the same room with it is Girodet's ghastly "Deluge," and Gericault's dismal "Medusa." Gericault died, they say, for want of fame. He was a man who possessed, they say, a fortune of his own; but pined because no one in his day would purchase his pictures, and so acknowledge his talent. At present, a scrawl from his pencil brings an enormous price. All his works

have a grand *cachet*: he never did any thing mean. When he painted the "Raft of the Medusa," it is said he lived for a long time among the corpses which he painted, and that his studio was a second Morgue. If you have not seen the picture, you are familiar, probably, with Reynolds's admirable engraving of it. A huge black sea—a raft beating upon it; a horrid company of men dead, half dead, writhing and frantic with hideous hunger or hideous hope; and far away, black against a stormy sunset, a sail. The story is powerfully told, and has a legitimate tragic interest, so to speak,—deeper, because more natural, than Girodet's green "Deluge," for instance; or his livid "Orestes," or red-hot "Clytemnestra."

Seen from a distance, the latter's "Deluge" has a certain awe-inspiring air with it. A slimy green man stands on a green rock, and clutches hold of a tree. On the green man's shoulders is his old father, in a green old age; to him hangs his wife with a babe on her breast, and dangling at her hair another child. In the water floats a corpse (a beautiful head); and a green sea and atmosphere envelopes all this dismal group. The old father is represented with a bag of money in his hand; and the tree which the man catches is cracking, and just on the point of giving way. These two points were considered very fine by the critics: they are two such ghastly epigrams as continually disfigure French tragedy. For this reason, I have never been able to read Racine with pleasure,—the dialogue is so crammed with these lugubrious good things—melancholy antitheses—sparkling undertaker's wit; but this is heresy, and had better be spoken discreetly.

The gallery contains a vast number of Poussin's pictures: they put me in mind of the colour of objects in dreams,—a strange, hazy, lurid hue. How noble are some of his landscapes! What a depth of solemn shadow is in yonder wood, near which, by the side of a black water, halts Diogenes: the air is thunder-laden, and breathes heavily. You hear ominous whispers in the vast forest gloom.

Near it is a landscape, by Carel Du-fardin, I believe, conceived in quite a different mood, but exquisitely poetical too. A horseman is riding up a hill, and giving money to a blowsy beggar-

wench. *O matutini rores aureque salubres!* in what a wonderful way has the artist managed to create you out of a few bladders of paint and pots of varnish. You can see the matutinal dews twinkling in the grass, and feel the fresh, salubrious airs ("the breath of Nature blowing free," as the Cornwall man sings) blowing free over the heath; silvery vapours are rising up from the blue lowlands. You can tell the hour of the morning, and the time of the year: you can do any thing but describe it in words. As with regard to the Poussin abovementioned, one can never pass it without bearing away a certain pleasing dreamy feeling of awe and musing; the other landscape inspires the spectator infallibly with the most delightful briskness and cheerfulness of spirit. Herein lies the vast privilege of the landscape-painter: he does not address you with one fixed particular subject or expression, but with a thousand never contemplated by himself, and which only arise out of occasion. You may always be looking at a natural landscape as at a fine pictorial imitation of one; it seems eternally producing new thoughts in your bosom, as it does fresh beauties from its own. I cannot fancy more delightful, cheerful, silent companions for a man than half a dozen landscapes hung round his study. Portraits, on the contrary, and large pieces of figures, have a painful, fixed, staring look, which must jar upon the mind in many of its moods. Fancy living in a room with David's sansculotte Leonidas staring perpetually in your face!

There is a little Watteau here, and a rare piece of fantastical brightness and gaiety it is: what a delightful affection about yonder ladies flirting their fans, and trailing about in their long brocades; what splendid dandies are those ever-smirking, turning out their toes, with broad blue ribands to tie up their crooks and their pigtails, and wonderful gorgeous crimson satin breeches! Yonder, in the midst of a golden atmosphere, rise a bevy of little round Cupids, bubbling up in clusters as out of a champagne bottle, and melting away in air. There is, be sure, a hidden analogy between liquors and pictures: the eye is deliciously tickled by these frisky Watteaus, and yields itself up to a light, smiling, gentlemanlike intoxication. Thus, were we inclined to pur-

sue further this mighty subject, yonder landscape of Claude, calm, fresh, delicate, yet full of flavour, should be likened to a bottle of château-margaux. And what is the Poussin before spoken of but romanée-galée,—heavy, sluggish,—the luscious odour almost sickens you; a sultry soft of drink; your limbs sink under it,—you feel as if you had been drinking hot blood.

An ordinary man would be whirled away in a fever, or would hobble off this mortal stage in a premature gout-fit, if he too early or too often indulged in such tremendous drink. I think in my heart I am fonder of pretty third-rate pictures than of your great thundering first-rates. Confess how many times you have read Béranger and how many Milton? If you go to the Star and Garter, don't you grow sick of that vast luscious landscape, and long for the sight of a couple of cows, or a donkey, and a few yards of common? Donkeys, my dear MacGillp, since we have come to this subject,—say not so; Richmond Hill for them. Milton they never grow tired of; and are as familiar with Raphael as Bottom with exquisite Titania. Let us thank Heaven, my dear sir, for according to us the power to taste and appreciate the pleasures of mediocrity. I have never heard that we were great geniuses. Earthy are we, and of the earth; glimpses of the sublime are but rare to us; leave we them to great geniuses, and to the donkeys; and if it nothing profits us, *acrius tentasse domos* along with them,—let us thankfully remain below, being merry and humble.

I have now only to mention the charming "Cruche Cassée" of Greuze, which all the young ladies delight to copy; and of which the colour, a thought too blue, perhaps, is marvelously graceful and delicate. There are three more pictures by the artist, containing exquisite female heads and colour; but they have charms for French critics which are difficult to be discovered by English eyes; and the pictures seem weak to me. A very fine picture by Bon Boullogne, "Saint Benedict Resuscitating a Child," deserves particular attention, and is superb in vigour and richness of colour.

You must look, too, at the large, noble, melancholy landscapes of Philippe de Champagne; and the two magnificent Italian pictures of Léopold Robert: they are, perhaps, the very finest pictures that the French school has produced,—as deep as Poussin, of a better colour, and of a wonderful minuteness and veracity in the representation of objects.

Every one of Lesueur's church-pictures are worth examining and admiring; they are full of "unction," and pious mystical grace. "Saint Scholastica" is divine; and the taking down from the cross as noble a composition as ever was seen; I care not by whom the other may be. There is more beauty, and less affectation, about this picture than you will find in the performances of many Italian masters, with high sounding names (out with it, and say RAPHAEL at once). I hate those simpering Madonnas. I declare that the *Jardinière* is a pinking, smirking miss, with nothing heavenly about her. I vow that the "Saint Elizabeth" is a bad picture,—a bad composition, badly drawn, badly coloured, in a bad imitation of Titian—a piece of vile affectation. I say, that when Raphael painted this picture, two years before his death, the spirit of painting had gone from out of him; he was no longer inspired; *it was time that he should die!*

There,—the murder is out! My paper is filled to the brim, and there is no time to speak of Lesueur's "Crucifixion," which is odiously coloured, to be sure; but earnest, tender, simple, holy. But such things are most difficult to translate into words,—one lays down the pen, and thinks, and thinks. The figures appear, and take their places one by one: ranging themselves according to order, in light or in gloom, the colours are reflected duly in the little camera obscura of the brain, and the whole picture lies there complete; but can you describe it? No, not if pens were fitch-brushes, and words were bladders of paint. With which, for the present, adieu.

Your faithful M. A. T.

To Mr. Robert MacGillp,
Newman Street, London.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CONNEXION OF CRIME AND
PUNISHMENT.

IN requesting the attention of our readers to the connexion of crime and punishment, some apology might be requisite, but that at this time that connexion seems to be in some cases misunderstood, in others misapplied, and in many wholly overlooked. Indeed were this not the case, men are so liable to allow their reason to be led astray that they cannot be too often invited to a consideration of matters important to the peace and happiness of society. A multitude of springs are ever at work to warp the judgment of a people; and it is dangerous they should be ignorant, or be left in that stage of knowledge in which men are apt to consider themselves *knowing*: for the flatterer of prevailing prejudices, the panderer to excited passions, can at such times lead "the masses" to the destruction of themselves, and frequently of society itself. History informs us how prone mankind are to rush to extremes; and the student must see the necessity of a constant recurrence to first principles, if we would hinder mischief. The way of truth is not less troublesome to regain than it is to keep: the guides which assist our return are hard to be found; and men had rather they should be brought together for them, than be at the trouble of collating. It is therefore a duty of periodical literature to be constantly reiterating the truths which have resulted from experience and revelation.

To attain a correct idea of the connexion of crimes and punishments, it will be necessary to enter into a brief consideration of their origin and nature, and in what consists the right of society to punish. Uncontrolled liberty of action is a characteristic of wild beasts of a solitary nature; a limited liberty of action is the characteristic of animals of a social nature. Whether man was in the beginning created for a solitary nature, or not, but little signifies; for that he is at present of a social nature, is undeniable. If man began at any period subsequent to the primeval days to live in a social state, the expediency of using to its full extent the liberty which is natural to him must soon have become apparent, and occasioned compacts to the effect that as much individual liberty should be

given up as interfered with mutual peace and security. These compacts would give rise to certain rules of action or laws, a non-observance of which would be a resumption of the sacrificed portion of liberty. That such a resumption should occur is natural, and hence the necessity of punishment. But it is doubtful if at first man had any idea of absolute individual liberty, for it would seem that societies were originally formed of families, and that in the beginning the father of a family was submitted to by its members, that his word was law, and that against his authority none dared to rebel. We find the patriarchal form of government the basis of all early associations of men. It was ages long after that the present principles of social compacts were first acted upon. When the evil of our nature had dissolved the natural or original bonds of society, the mutual interests of men usurped their place, and the principle of individual liberty shewed itself as a base upon which to build a social compact. Under the patriarchal social system there was no principle of punishment, the will of the head of a family or body supplying its place; but now that another system is recognised, which may be called social system, founded on mutual interests, a principle is necessary. Crime may be defined to be a resumption of sacrificed personal liberty by individuals; for, as a certain portion of that freedom is given up, or the use of it refrained from, in every social body to ensure mutual benefit, any resumption of that portion must endanger the continuance of mutual benefit. Punishment may be defined as the resumption of sacrificed personal liberty by society, for individuals committing crime sever the bonds by which society is withheld from the use of absolute liberty towards them. The compact is broken, and what the individuals resume towards society, they, by the very act, enable society to use also. But society is not at liberty to attach any punishment it may please to any particular crime. The nature of the punishment depends upon that of the crime; the one must be analogous to the other: what is the crime in the individual, should be the punishment

inflicted by society; or where this cannot take place, the punishment should be of so similar a nature to the crime, that the inconvenience it produces to the individual may be similar to that the crime may produce to society. This is not only the just, but the best principle upon which to frame a penal code. An individual will soonest be convinced thus of the inexpediency of criminal conduct; and what the criminal perceives by the *action* of resumed liberty upon him, in the particular way he resumed it himself, other members of society perceive by *observing* that action. This relative connexion of crime and punishment has been greatly lost sight of; nations having gradually crept out of savage life to civilised, have retained with various modifications the punishments used by their nomadic ancestors; to whom a "wild justice," as it has been called, supplied the place of a true principle of judicature: moreover, crime has been confounded with sin; that which is inexpedient, with that which is wrong; and, consequently, punishments have lost much of their beneficial effects.

Crime, as we have said, is a disrespect of the conditions under which it is agreed to live; but sin is a disrespect of the laws of God: the first is inexpedient, the latter wrong.* Hence greatness of sin does not constitute greatness of crime, and the degree of one is no standard by which to measure the other. God can alone decide upon the sinfulness of our actions; we but judge of their effects upon society; and according as they are mischievous, so should punishments be apportioned.

Crimes have been classed under four heads:—

1. Crimes against religion.
2. Crimes against morality.
3. Crimes against public tranquillity.
4. Crimes against personal security.

Punishments also may be classed under four similar general heads:—

1. Deprivation of the advantages to be derived from religion, or religious disabilities.
2. Ditto, ditto, attached to purity of morals, or public infamy.

3. Ditto, ditto, to be derived from public tranquillity.

4. Ditto, ditto, ditto, personal security.

We come now to a consideration of the proportion that punishments should bear to crimes. It has already been said that this depends upon the mischievousness of the effects they may produce, which is determined by the difficulty of discovery, difficulty and necessity of prevention, and the degree of injury done.† The first influences the degree of punishment, because the more easily a crime may be committed, the less easy is it to discover the criminal, and the greater should therefore be the inconveniences resulting from discovery. So likewise of difficulty and necessity of prevention, for the greater that is the greater must be the means required to accomplish prevention. In the same manner, severity of punishment must increase with degree of injury, because the resulting evils are greater.

Crimes against religion are of two kinds.‡ Simple sacrileges; and sacrileges which, by disturbing the exercise of religion, interfere with the peace and security of the person. The punishments for simple sacrileges are expulsion from the church and from the society of the religious, together with such similar means as may tend to excite a sense of shame. The punishments for the second kind of sacrilege should be those for simple sacrilege, with the addition of such punishments, natural to the third and fourth kind of crimes, as the degree of interference with public peace and personal security may justify.

A sacrilege is inexpedient, because a contempt of religion is injurious to society.

The futility of using punishments irrelative to the crime, has been remarkably shewn with regard to sacrilege. The man would now in this country be thought foolish or insane who proposed to punish profane swearing by cutting the tongue out or piercing it with a hot iron, by drowning, by removal of the upper lip, or such like; yet it is not very long since such penalties obtained. The

* By inexpedient, I understand that which is productive of evil to one another; by wrong, that which is productive of evil to oneself, as a responsible moral agent.

† See Paley's *Essay on Crimes and Punishments*.

‡ See Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*.

reason is, that they bear no affinity to the effects profane swearing has upon society. That pecuniary exaction in English courts of justice is equally silly as far as its object may be preventive, from a similar want of analogy.

But it is principally in the penalties attached to sectarianism and scepticism by the established church, that the melancholy evidence exists of the errors we may commit when truth is hidden. Sectarianism and scepticism only become crimes when they interfere with public tranquillity or personal security.

What a sad error was that into which the heat of religious controversy led our ancestors, when protestantism, however harmless, was made a crime; when the relation of man to his Maker was confounded with that of man to man; when the creature sought to avenge what he deemed the insulted honour of the Creator, and the wisdom of this world sat in the judgment-seat of Wisdom that is infinite; when ministers of peace became servants of discord! It seemed like the passage of the angel of wrath over our houses. If religious tenets may interfere with the public tranquillity, those holding them should be subject to political disabilities, but not to persecution. The means of interference society has a right to take away, for the possession of those means is contrary to the principle upon which society is based.

If religious tenets may interfere with personal security, those holding them should be subject to personal as well as political control; this must be rarely the case, but the Thugs may be cited as an example. Also the tenets peculiar to certain times, as those of the papists who persecuted protestants, or who would still persecute them, ought to render all holding them liable to control, as injurious to the state.

Crimes against morality are of one kind—infamous, and should all be punished, so that infamy may attach itself to the criminal. As all crimes of this class are more or less obnoxious to peace and happiness, the criminal should be deprived of the advantages which the enjoyment of that he may have interfered with can confer. Fines, imprisonment, expulsion from home and society, and suchlike punishments, should be added to public infamy, as occasion may require and circumstances

authorise. But unless injury to the person, sufficient to endanger life, be added to the immorality of the crime, the punishment of death is not analogous, and therefore ought not to be used. It is with these crimes that greatness of sin has not unfrequently been allowed to determine the degree of punishment; it is here we are very liable to allow that detestation of moral obliquity which all but the most depraved are conscious of, to influence our conduct towards the social criminal, when fixing on the punishment to be awarded. We almost invariably permit ourselves to judge, and forget that it is only as depravity affects the interests of society that it is open to punishment.

There is also another cause necessitating great caution in passing all legislative enactments bearing upon this branch of criminal jurisprudence. Crimes against morality are most frequently the effects of pernicious laws, preventing the proper flow of the passions; thereby removing all power of control over them, and neutralising the fear of consequences. For when laws oppose the natural progress of desire, they force it into the unnatural. It is very generally more easy to prevent immorality by an alteration of the law, than by its fulfilment. History declares to us most plainly that the cause of great licentiousness is almost invariably to be found in the law of the land; the law having served to perpetuate original vicious habits and assisted in the growth of each root and branch, until, like the banyan-tree of the East, dissolute myriads enjoy themselves in the depths of its shade. It is to this cause that an attentive observer may trace the ruins of many empires, the rise of many revolutions, and the desolation of many a fair land. To the operation of some law with regard to morality which had not the analogy of crime and punishment for its base, may be attributed the loss of virtuous principle in almost all nations, the consequent loss of peace, and the destruction that follows. Society is a temple Virtue will take long to rear, but Vice may destroy it in a day. What occupies the one for ages to strengthen, the other can enervate in an hour. Let us thank God that the face of our country has not felt the veil of peace removed for many years, that our fields and our

towns, our hills and valleys, have not for long been laid waste by the rigorous progress of civil discord. For to what is this owing? To two things—to a greater correctness in the penal code than that possessed by other countries, and to the sweet influence of Christianity, in its simplest purity, which opposes its beautiful precepts to the instigations of Passion, drives Immorality into dark corners, and makes it whisper its desires in secret places. But let us beware: has our constitution kept pace with the political, or our church with the religious wants of the kingdom? We seem to be on the eve of an eruption; the depths of society are shaken.

Crimes of the third kind are those which most immediately disturb the public tranquillity. Such as political agitation, to a degree that interrupts the progress of social order; excitement of men's minds against the established condition of things; and other attacks upon the police of the country, prejudicial to general content and quietude. When these crimes proceed to such an extreme that they interfere with personal security, they combine with crimes of the fourth kind, and the punishments should also combine in due proportion. Crimes against the public tranquillity are more frequent in countries whose constitutions assimilate to our own; because the more perfect the liberty of the subject, the more shelter is afforded to the agitator; and until agitation become directly destructive to society, or so far disturb the public tranquillity as to endanger personal security, the agitator escapes with impunity. But the evil and the remedy come equally from the same source. Although agitators carry on their schemes in our country with impunity, so nicely may the constitution be adapted to the natural tone of thought and habit of the people; that, as the aim of the one is security, so is the maintenance of all that contributes to that aim the sober desire of the other; and however much agitation may appear to gain at the moment of excitement, it has ever been, and we hope will ever continue to be found, that the moment the cause of agitation is removed, the mind of the people returns to its natural tone, which is essentially Conservative. Neither of those parties known as Whigs and Radicals will ever retain a permanent

hold of the *heart* of the people. It is confidence in the firmly rooted feeling of the people in favour of the aim of the constitution, that enables us to leave acts unpunished and persons at liberty, that in most other countries would be subject to severe penalties. Imprisonment and exile would await many in other lands, who pass untouched from town to town in this, spreading their pestiferous sophistry among the lower orders.

Imprisonment and exile are the punishments analogous to such crimes, because one of the greatest benefits of public tranquillity is uninterrupted prosecution of lawful purpose. Every disturbance interferes with this. He who disturbs the public tranquillity, should therefore be prevented from prosecuting lawful purposes in the country disturbed. Confiscation of property may be resorted to also, where property is often used as a means to create disturbance; but this is a penalty it is well to refrain from inflicting as much as possible, for some who have committed no crime may thus be made to suffer.

Beccaria has observed of crimes of the fourth class, that "personal security being the principal end of all society, and that to which every citizen has an undoubted right, it becomes indispensably necessary that to these crimes the greatest of all punishments should be assigned." And Montesquieu has said with regard to these punishments, that they "are derived from the nature of the thing, founded on reason and drawn from the very source of good and evil: they are a kind of retaliation by which society refuses security to a member who has actually or intentionally deprived another of his security." It is therefore not only indispensably necessary, but it is natural; necessary, because the crimes being greater, the means of prevention must be greater; natural, because he who attacks the life, liberty, or possessions of another, withdraws his own life, liberty, or possessions from the protection of the laws.

Crimes against personal security are of two kinds: violence to the person, and violence to property. So many things intervene to affect the degree of criminality, that great difficulty is experienced in apportioning the punishments correctly. Legislators, in order to avoid the labour of reducing the criminal law in this respect to a fit degree of perfection, have been used to

reason themselves into the propriety or necessity of an injurious generalization. Equal punishments have been applied to unequal crimes; the greater has thus been left with scarce any punishment, and if it happen to be at all affinitive to the less, or if motives should prompt a man to commit the greater with the less, in order to lessen the chance of discovery, nothing exists in the nature of the punishment to prevent it. As for instance, where robbery with and without murder are equally punished, a robbery is seldom committed but the person robbed is also murdered. Analogy being departed from, the end of punishment is lost. There is a particular degree of severity with which it is natural to punish any crime, and a greater or less degree will produce impunity. For when a punishment is too severe, men will neglect to prosecute offenders; and when it is not severe enough, the terror it instils is insufficient to deter. Besides, the end of punishment is never attained, except the effects of it are analogous to the effects of crime; and this cannot be when equal punishments are applied to unequal crimes, either one way or the other. A generalization of punishment also leads to the frequent use of the prerogative of pardon; which is a great evil, as it lessens both the effect of pardon and the terror of punishment. It also increases the probability of the privilege being abused; for it tends to lessen the sense of the importance of that privilege, and thereby renders it liable to the influence of "extrinsic and oblique considerations." Such, for instance, as that of public opinion, when it may be necessary to conciliate, or gain the favour of the public. Such considerations may be unnoticed by the person influenced, but nevertheless will exist.

Pardons have been very frequent of late in this kingdom, when it cannot be denied that public opinion has been full in favour of pardon, but *wining* to the ministry. We do not say that such an "oblique consideration" was the immediate cause; but may it not have been proximate? There are other causes, a mistaking and morbid philanthropy, a misapprehension of the connexion of crime and punishment, or of the effects punishments properly ad-

ministered will produce. But whatever the cause, the effects may be most lamentable. What is considered just by the law of the land, should be considered just by the executive, if the law is to be respected by the people. If the law be unjust, let it be altered; but as long as it remains, let it be carried into execution. Surely there can be no necessity to point out, either from history or by reason, the evils that must follow a non-observance of the law by the executive. It is an abuse of its powers.

The evil effects of generalization are seen also in the failure of transportation as a punishment; of flogging; but above all, in the too-frequent resort to the punishment of death, which has produced the most painful results. That punishment has lost almost all moral effect upon the minds of the people; an execution has become an occasion for holiday debauchery; an outcry for its abolition is raised; which is natural, for men have forgotten where it may be salutary in witnessing where it is not,—they have lost the knowledge of its justice in the evidence of its injustice; while, among the lower orders, a callous indifference has usurped the place of a salutary terror. It is a question, indeed, even supposing the punishment of death right, if execution should be public? Whether it would not have been better had the last moments of criminals been concealed from the public eye? If some gloomy gate of death or bridge of sighs were to separate the condemned from his fellow creatures previous to his death, instead of its taking place upon the open scaffold? The more mystery there is, the more awe is felt.

Violence offered to the person should meet with imprisonment, together with compulsory, mental and bodily labour; which, if necessary, should be enforced by mental and bodily chastisement. Imprisonment is analogous to the crime, because one of the effects of violence to the person is interruption to liberty of action. Compulsory labour is analogous, because another of the effects of violence to the person is deprivation of the power to perform the duties of a citizen, which compels others to increased exertions, both mental and bodily. Mental labour, which is of

service to the criminal, should be enforced by a deprivation of such outward means of mental recreation as custom may have rendered important: for to obtain means of enjoyment, is a natural incentive to mental exertion; and bodily labour should also be enforced by corporal chastisement, for the evasion of pain is a natural incentive to bodily exertion.

Violence to property should be punished with a proportionate deprivation of property, where possible; also with imprisonment and compulsory labour. The deprivation of property should at least be double: a restitution of the things, or of things equivalent in value to those which have been lost, and a deprivation equal to that contemplated, to shew the inexpediency of the crime, and to punish. Imprisonment and compulsory labour are analogous, because violence to property produces effects similar to those of violence to the person; and because the criminal should, if it be possible, be made to restore by labour the value of that to which he has offered violence.

Violence to the person and property of the sovereign authority, are crimes of a more dangerous nature than violence to the person or property of the subject, and should therefore be punished with proportionate severity. For the sovereign authority is the aggregate of the portions of sacrificed liberty, and the parent, as it were, of the state. Injury to that which is constituted of the essentials to social liberty, is more dangerous than injury to private persons. The crimes of children against their parents are more heinous than those of man to man. The sovereign authority is a Pandora's box which every injury may open, when all the evils and distempers that wisdom and experience have inclosed in it may again get out to plague mankind. But legislators have been guilty of great fault, in making all crimes against the head of the state punishable with death. Equal punishments should not attach to unequal crimes. Every crime against the head of the state is not of a parricidal nature.

When violence to the person is offered, of that degree that the intent is to take away life, or that life is lost, life is forfeited. This is disputed. In the first place, it is said that "man has no right over the life of man." This is an untenable position; its refutation is

contained in itself. No man has a right to attack the life of another. Every man has a right to defend his life, when attacked. The defence of life involves the necessity of the sacrifice of life; therefore, man has a right over the life of man. In the second place, it is said that "Society has no right to take away the life of man." This is Beccaria's position; and he seeks to establish it thus: "As no man gave up a right to his life in the portion of private liberty he sacrificed for the good of the public, the laws, which are the sum or aggregate of those portions, have no right to take away his life." This argument admits of a very clear disproof. Every man, in the portion of liberty he sacrificed for the general good, gave up the liberty to take away the life of another; for one of the conditions of society is, that no member shall take away the life of another—a condition that could not be unless the liberty to do so had been given up. If any one resume the liberty to take away the life of another, it is also resumed towards him by society. In fact, he who resumes this liberty, gives society the right to resume it also. In the third place, it is said that punishments which do not involve death are adequate to the prevention of murder. Now we hope we have established the fact, that the efficacy of punishment depends upon its analogy to crime. If, therefore, it be proved that no punishment but that of death is analogous to the crime of murder, the inefficacy of any other punishment is proved. At any rate the punishment of death is just, for the justice of a punishment depends on its being an exertion of absolute liberty by society, in the way it has been resumed by the individual. If society do not follow this rule, the heaviest and severest penalty may be attached to the slightest offence.

It may seem an argument in favour of retaliation, to say that violent and sudden death is the only analogous punishment to the crime of homicide; but a little reflection will prove it is not so. The analogy is not strictly in the deed, but in the general result. The particular effect of the loss of eyes is loss of sight, but the general dependence upon others, and the analogous penalty, is not the loss of eyes or the loss of sight, but of independence. The particular social effect of homicide

is removal from society, but the general is removal from the face of the earth—an unremediable loss; and it is manifest, that the only analogous punishment is repetition of itself. There is no state of life in which a murderer could be placed, the effects of which, either upon himself or society, in any way equal those of the crime. Not upon himself, because he has taken away life, and his own is not taken away; not upon society, for, as was said, murder is not simply a removal of an individual from society, but from the face of the earth. No member of society, in weighing the consequences of murder against the crime, could discover in the evils attached to some particular condition of life those consequent on murder; for death cannot be imitated, and where the consequent evils or the punishments are not, at least, equal to the evils of the crime, they are not adequate to prevent crime.

Again, it has been affirmed that the punishment of death cannot be reconciled with the law of God. Why, it is itself a law of God—one of the first. Immediately after the flood, it was announced to Noah that murder was to be punished with death, and the reason given,—not from any wickedness it might prevent, not to gratify any sense of revenge, not for any effect it might produce, not for any time, not for any particular people, but because man was the image of God. The Saviour of man came to establish, not to destroy the law: he came to clear it of the interpretations men had clouded it with, and to teach that it was binding on all. What was this law? Certainly the moral law, which he laboured so perfect, shewing its true spirit, of which not one jot nor one tittle shall be neglected with impunity. This moral law was adapted by God himself to the peculiar condition of the Jewish nation. A penal code was framed by him for the Jews; and legislators should keep to the principles there developed, as to the adaptation of the moral law to society, if they wish to perfect the penal codes of their own countries. But in this code we find the general command with regard to wilful homicide (whether actual or designed) repeated, and the same reason given as before; so that, were it not socially just to punish that crime with death, it is no less the duty of a Christian, because God has ordained that “whoso sheddeth man’s

blood, by man shall his blood be shed,” “for in the image of God created he him.”

It may be as well to correct here a mistake with regard to the effect of bodily suffering. We shall quote from Beccaria: “Continuance not intensity of pain has the greatest effect upon the mind, for our sensibility is more easily and more powerfully affected by weak but repeated impressions, than by a violent or momentary impulse. The death of a criminal is a terrible, but a momentary spectacle; and therefore a less efficacious method of deterring others, than the continued example of a man deprived of his liberty, condemned as a beast of burden to repair by his labour the injury he has done to society.” Leaving out of the question the possibility of any labour repairing the injury done by murder, let us examine whether continuance or excess of pain produce the greatest effect.

The sensation of pain is evidently given us, as far as our actions are concerned, as a means to preserve the body from destruction; as a warning to induce us to refrain from acts injurious to our material system, which thereby may be rendered incapable of fulfilling its purposes. Now the greater the injury consequent upon any act, the more instantaneous and excessive the pain. Therefore nature seeks to produce the greatest effect by more immediate and excessive pain. Continuance of pain we find generally where it is of no use as a warning, and where it becomes a necessary evil rather than a good, the mind is wearied not affrighted; and, unless supported by religion, if it do not sink with suffering into a drivelling idiocy, or burst the bonds and become raving mad, will probably seek relief by a voluntary severance of the tie of existence. The sensation, then, of continued pain is not so naturally a warning as the excess of pain; neither is the sight of it, for familiarity with danger does not increase the fear of it. Besides does a punishment of continued pain do away with the punishment of death? Is it not *wearing* to death? Have we any right to inflict continued pain on any one? Is the general effect of any crime continued pain?

If it be affirmed continued slavery is not continued pain, let us compare it with death, and see which is most

likely to deter a man from committing murder. Death we know to be terrible, not only as a punishment, but because it is a *plunge into the dark*. The other: let us go and observe a string of men enslaved for life; the labour is not more than that of the husbandman, and is less felt; for to the convict it is an inevitable misfortune, to the husbandman a work, that fear of starvation and a winter store of warmth renders one of anxiety as well as necessity. The convict has a house provided for him, plenty of food and good drink, clothing, fire; the poor man has to provide them. The convict goes to his work as a beast to his burden; the labourer has the cares of the world oppressing him. The mind of the convict soon loses, in the inevitableness of his condition, much of its acuteness; and he who watches him forgets the vague report of some old crime in compassion; is led in time, from constant observation, to view his condition with indifference—perhaps to compare it with his own, and reason himself into a belief that it is better. Where is the terrible-ness of perpetual slavery? Besides, it is necessary to make perpetual slavery a punishment for less offences; and thus, again, it is inadequate. Feelings, it seems to us, are here allowed to interfere with the course of justice. But where they would, they are false, and ought not to be indulged: the consequences must be evil. For where justice is trifled with, the incentives to crime increase.

Of course, in thus endeavouring to shew that the punishment of death is just and necessary, it is understood that the acts of idiots, madmen, and others, whose actions are beyond the control of reason (the cause of that want of control being no voluntary production), can only subject such beings to superintendence, to a loss of personal freedom, &c.

Palliative or exaggerating circumstances must also frequently occur with regard to all crimes. No general rule can be applicable; but certainly it is best to name the punishment analogous to the simple offence, and leave the executive to restore the analogy where it is rendered imperfect.

Paley has said there are two sorts of judicature:

1. Assigns capital punishments to few offences, and invariably inflicts them;

2. Assigns capital punishments to many offences, and inflicts them on a few examples only of each kind.

The second of these is that on which the criminal jurisprudence of this country has been conducted. Its failure is to be attributed to its want of accordance with the principle of analogy. The first, which the legislature has been recommended to adopt, is a nearer approach to a rational system; but, unless the principle of analogy be adopted, the invariable infliction of capital punishments cannot be just. It would, as Paley has said, make the execution of the law more sanguinary than is either necessary or endurable. In 1837, had the recommendation of the commissioners been carried into effect, four hundred and fifty-six executions must have taken place in this country; as it was, there were only eight.

The true system of judicature may thus be defined:—One that assigns capital punishment to those offences only to which it is analogous, and never inflicts them where the analogy is rendered incomplete. Now, from what we have said, death can only be inflicted where there is loss of life, or loss of life intended; and in cases of high treason of a parricidal kind. The law, therefore, has yet to be much altered, if it be advisable to make the latter conformable to just practice.

We must now conclude. We have sought to elucidate the true theory of punishments, to reduce it to that “geometrical precision which the mists of sophistry, the seduction of eloquence, and the *timidity of doubt*, are unable to resist.”* The application of the theory to practice, though a difficult, is not an insurmountable labour; and, if philanthropy be the mainspring of legislation, that labour must be a pleasure to those of whose duties it forms a principal part. Our principal reason for writing was to remove, if possible, the prejudice existing against the punishment of death. We fear that prejudice has already caused much evil, and if we shall have succeeded at all in that object, our gratification will be great.

* Beccaria.

A CHAPTER ABOUT BOUTIQUES AND GIN-PALACES.

CHAP. I.—LONDON SHOPS.

A VERY high authority—even no less than John Britton, F.S.A., &c. &c. himself—assures us, at least has assured her majesty, that art, science, literature, and almost every thing else, are all “approaching to a fulness and altitude which cannot fail to astonish even human wisdom.” Some may be of opinion, that it does not require much to astonish the kind of wisdom referred to. Be that as it may, John’s oracular speech has a deeper meaning than it first appears to possess; indeed, at first, it appears to have no meaning at all. For a long time, it strangely perplexed even that portion of human wisdom which has fallen to our lot, till a ray shot through the intellectual fog of mystic style, and revealed to us the actual meaning. The plain English of the matter is, that art, and every thing else, are going *up-hill*; yet as such an ordinary expression would have been quite out of place in a dedication to royalty, with inimitable felicity of invention does Mr. Britton clothe it in all due pomp and dignity, translating it into “approaching an altitude.” Any child knows the meaning of “going up-hill,” whereas “approaching an altitude” is a delightfully poetical phrase. However agreeable the discovery we have made, the solution which, *Œdipus-like*, we have given to Mr. Britton’s enigmatical language carries with it by no means the most cheering information. After all we are, it seems, only approaching an altitude; consequently, there is a very great deal of up-hill work for us to perform before we arrive at the top of it. As for Art, poor soul, she appears to lag sadly behind, and seems likely, for some time to come at least, to remain at the bottom of the hill, until some one shall kindly undertake to help the old dame forward, and give her a lift. After all, too, who will assure us that we shall

not have other and steeper hills to scale, when we have ascended the “altitude” we are now only approaching?—

“Hills climb o’er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.”

However, that is Mr. Posterity’s affair; consoling ourselves, therefore, with saying “*Après nous le déluge*,” we will just take a look at one or two things, that appear to be in the van of the march of civilisation, and to be within a few steps of the summit of that same altitude to which our English sphinx* so decorously alludes.

Many of our modern London shops appear already to have reached their climax—that *ne plus ultra* altitude, where the possibility of further advance is denied. We may venture to assert that, in comparison with several of them, the palaces of our ancient sovereigns cut a sorry figure. How little would Alfred the Great feel himself, could he take a peep at the splendours of such shops as those of our Everingtons and Holmeses! How would the haughty Wolsey feel abashed, could he compare his own littered-down state-chambers, with the well-carpeted floors on which he might walk as the customer of a tradesman! We ourselves may be a nation of shopkeepers; but as for our shops, many of them rival palaces in the luxury and costliness they display. “Surpass” would be a more correct expression than “rival,” since in some things they certainly exhibit a prodigality exceeding every thing of the same kind elsewhere—at any rate, in the article of plate-glass, which is frequently displayed in such amplitude of expanse, as to exceed the dimensions of a usual-sized sash square, as much as an atlas folio does a pocket duodecimo. Neither is it in windows alone that this display of glass takes place, it being very often applied in the form of mirrors with equal lavishness. Two

* Our F.S.A. chews himself a sphinx in *issimo*, when he tells us that the Spanish term for architect is “*El maestro de obsa paredissear*!” Surely some mischievous wag must have been hoaxing him, and have palmed that gibberish upon him as pure Castilian. This learned gentleman is now going about, exclaiming, like Volpone—

“I am unmasked, unspirited, undone.”

And well he may, for he has lately been *Probed* to the quick.

centuries ago, the use of looking-glasses was never dreamed of, except for the toilet; and when it did begin to be introduced among the furniture decoration of rooms, it was in such little bits, that a person could scarcely obtain a view of his whole face in one. Nor does decoration stop here: mahogany, bronze, gilding, scagliola, papier-mâché ornaments on walls and ceilings, are applied with unsparing hand. And, then, what a perfect blaze of light do all the superior shops emit of an evening!

Were it not a matter of every day, or, rather, of every night occurrence—were it but as rare as a public illumination—all London would be out of doors to gaze and wonder at the radiance, the glare and glitter, compared with which the splendour of Vauxhall is dinginess, murkiness, and gloom; whereas now people pass unconcernedly along, scarcely deigning to glance a second time at what they would else run miles to behold.

There is no rule without an exception, for even that which is generally considered to admit of none, and therefore flatly to contradict the rule itself, has many exceptions to it; since, though at first it may appear a downright truism to say that in London nothing can be seen for nothing, without unloosing your purse-strings, such, in this matter, is not the case. *Tout au contraire*, exhibitions are provided gratuitously for all who choose to make use of their eyesight in looking at them—from the extremity, we were going to say, of Whitechapel to Hyde Park Corner, but certainly from Cornhill to Bond Street. You are not merely permitted, but every means short of actual compulsion are employed, in order to persuade you to stop and gaze at the marvels that lure your attention on each side of the way. And marvellous it truly is to contemplate and reflect upon the countless myriads of objects that there present themselves, from articles of utility and necessity, to those of prodigal luxury and the most ingenious imaginable uselessness; from those which entice by their extraordinary cheapness, to others which entice still more by their fascinating dearness. The man who can walk unassailed by a wish through this formidable array of temptations, legion after legion, must be either an absolute two-legged stock,

or a consummate philosopher. At every step he takes he is reminded of a want; and of those most insatiable of all wants, the cravings of vanity. Many a one who could pass a butcher's or poulterer's shop, those well-stored museums of anatomical and ornithological specimens, unmoved, finds all his prudential resolutions suddenly thaw and give way as he stands before the "too, too solid" crystal, from behind which temptation shoots forth its keenest darts from diamond-rings and golden snuff-boxes.

Never should we have done, were we to attempt to recount all the stars that compose this galaxy of exhibitions: all, therefore, that we can take upon us to do is to note one or two of them. Let us begin with a note of admiration, coupled with a caution. The admiration is justly due to the wonderful skill with which the *ne plus ultra* perfection of nature is imitated; the caution, to the danger attending such sirenlike deceptions. There can be no harm, you will say, in looking at a perruquier's shop-window: yet, should you happen to have a susceptible heart and a lively imagination, your peace of mind may be ruined for ever. You gaze on one of the loveliest countenances you ever beheld—one of the most ravishing complexion—literally, lilies and roses—with a bloom beyond all compare; rendered still more ravishing by the raven tresses that encircle that snowy brow. We have often heard of people dying for love; but the only case of the kind which we can positively vouch for is that of poor Sir Dilberry Mopus, who was smitten with the tender, or tenderly passion, while (being on the look-out for a fashionable wig) he heedlessly looked in at a window in Bond Street. Poor man! not being a second Pygmalion—consequently, unable to charm his charmer into life—he pined himself to death. His friends gave out that he was disappointed in love—as well, indeed, he might be, seeing what was the object of his affections; but that was only a very *little* bit of the truth, for had a coroner's inquest sat upon his body, they would have been justified in returning a verdict of "unwilful" murder, and have fixed a shilling deodand upon the block. The matter was hushed up by the family, and nothing more transpired respecting it than a pun of Sam Rogers, who said it would have been a most capital match, be-

cause Sir Dilberry and the lady were both arrant *blockheads*.

Turning over Sir Dilberry to the first novelist who may be in want of a pathetic, sentimental, and strikingly original subject, we must hurry on. Hurry on!—that's impossible: all the stores of Golconda and Peru seem treasured up behind this transparent wall of plate-glass. Surely, Aladdin must have been at work here with his lamp. Truly, it would seem that gold and diamonds cost jewellers and goldsmiths no more than they do poets, but are as plentiful in reality as they are in fiction. A few steps further, and porcelain in every variety of the most brilliant dyes, or the costliest products of Indian looms, demand our wonder. You behold shawls that one would imagine no one less than an Eastern sultana could afford to wear, lavishly expanded to view. Displayed with the most nicely calculated negligence and disorder, they frequently present studies for the artist, which would exercise the mastery of his pencil. What bravura of colouring in these "still-life" subjects, where the most delicate hues, or the richest and most gorgeous dyes, are intermingled—here, sparkling and flickering in light, there, lost in obscurity and shade! Can the gayest *parterre* or bouquet of flowers affect the vision more enchantingly? Some one will here interrupt us, by asking how we can reconcile it to our conscience thus to put the works of nature and those of men—ay, even of handicraftsmen and artisans—upon the same level. Were we at a loss for better argument, we might justify ourselves by examples from poets, innumerable, who, without either intending or being suspected of irreverence, have tricked out Nature herself in the finery of mercers' or milliners' shops, describing landscapes composed of velvet lawns, embroidered meads, silver streams, grass strewn with pearls, and other whimsical curiosities of that sort; yet all the while have the assurance to vapour about the simplicity of their taste, their abhorrence of the artificial, and their admiration of Nature divested of all meretricious ornament. Meretricious ornament!—modest creatures, when they themselves paint Nature's face an inch thick at least. Whether they have intended to delude others or not, certain it is that very many poets have egregiously de-

luded themselves, when they represent the natural and the artificial as being utterly distinct, and even opposite. Among the rest is Cowper, who with most quaint antithesis tells us—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Yet what is the artificial itself but a modification of nature? Man makes absolutely nothing. His fashions, indeed, and combines, according as nature will permit: more than that it is impossible for him to achieve. Should there, however, be any hardy enough to dissent from this proposition, it is for them to prove that the carpenter makes timber, and the cook and butcher manufacture beef and mutton. In one sense, nothing either is or can be perfectly artificial—not even the most complex contrivance imaginable; and so far "artificial" is merely a conventional term, though, at the same time, one to which well-meaning persons attach a vague idea of something little short of rebellious against nature.

Whether contradicted or not, we certainly incur the risk of being reproached for digressing from our professed subject: and, truly, were we to give the rein to our fancies, there is no saying how far they might carry us. Fortunately, we are not altogether so John-Gilpinish, but that we can pull up our steed, if needs must be. Therefore, resisting the manifold lures and temptations which, sirenlike, would woo us from our course, we, after the example of De Vaux, when,

"Calmly and unconcern'd, the knight
Waved aside the treasures bright,"

resolutely pass on, without stopping to expatiate upon the stores of art so prodigally displayed at the windows of print-shops; where, among other wonders of the pencil, the various portraits of her majesty astonish by their perplexing *poly-* or *heteromorphism*, and almost make us fancy that, in person at least, our queen must be a female Proteus. We will not even glance at the myriads of cabinet pictures which, in the form of snuff-box lids, convert almost every tobacconist's window into the counterpart of the exhibition-room of the Royal Academy; with this difference, however, that while the portraits at the latter place are mostly those of mere nobodies, those at the first-mentioned places are those of "world-

renowned" characters,—Napoltons, Wellingtons, and others of that lofty sphere. Let no man say that art is not popular among us, or that it stands in need of patronage, when it is patted every day by the fingers of nearly the whole snuff-taking population. We intend at some future time to write the *Storia Pittorica* of this delightful *Tabby** branch of the fine arts; which we shall contrive to render a history of Europe, and a sort of cyclopædia into the bargain, being now taking lessons in *bibliopæia*, for that purpose, from a very eminent book-maker.†

With similar forbearance do we turn aside from those very enticing architectural studies, which are to be seen at the shops of those ingenious *artistes* styled confectioners, who, with a noble disdain of Vitruvian and Palladian rules, instinctively work out their own ideas most "*sweetly*," and that, too, with far greater originality than they care to take credit for. Our forbearance, in passing over the various fabrics executed by them, is all the more praiseworthy, because the subject itself is quite a virgin theme, not having yet been treated of by any one, while it would also be found, no less curious than novel. But we have said quite enough to convince even the most incredulous, that, whatever may be the case with the contemplative body, the contemplative mind may find abundant food—that is, the *pabulum* of reflection—in the streets of London. A man may moralise better by the side of a gutter than by that of a brook. At all events, it is generally allowed that a person of a *speculative* turn of mind

can find no better *field* for his talents than this our great metropolis.

The curious reader—for the incurious one has hardly accompanied us thus far—has now reached that turning in our article which suddenly brings us to the more matter-of-fact part of our subject,—namely, to the architecture of our London shops and shop-fronts, which, if in several respects better than formerly, are certainly capable of much improvement. One alteration, greatly for the better, which has taken place, is that the windows, instead of being curved, or otherwise jutting out, as is still the case with some of the older shops in the less-frequented streets, are now invariably made quite flat, without projecting at all. And, certainly, this is by far the more rational mode, because, to say nothing of the encroachment on the foot-pavement, and the strangely lumbered-up appearance given to the sides of the streets by those mean-looking excrescences, the old-fashioned curved shop-windows were in themselves by no means so well calculated to shew goods to advantage as those now adopted. On the contrary, in passing by a bowed-window of the kind once in vogue, you would see only half, unless you stopped and turned your head to look at the side turned from you as you came up to it. If, besides, you wish to stop and examine any thing placed at one corner of it, you could not do so without squeezing yourself into a cranny—perhaps up against a spout—between that and the window of the adjoining shop; for, in those days, the door was generally in the centre,

* We know not how other etymologists derive this word, but we ourselves have not the slightest doubt that it is merely an abbreviation of *tabatière*, a little disguised in its orthography,—*taba*, *tabby*; and bestowed, as an appellation of derision, on those elderly ladies who were addicted to the not-particularly-captivating habit of snuff-taking. But although there are now hardly any *snuffers* at all among the sex, the reproachful term itself is still retained, in defiance of gallantry as well as of truth.

† The mention of book-making reminds us of the very odd things inserted, as well as the many things very oddly omitted, in a recent Architectural Dictionary. Among the former is the term "*Knife*," described as an implement for cutting, with a sharp edge; which has occasioned the following impromptu:—

"I really can't guess, for my life,
What B—— could possibly mean
By so funnily bringing in '*Knife*,'
Save to hint he's a blade very keen.

The judgment shewn there I can't flatter,
For of words that was merely a waste;
But 't had been quite germane to the matter
To have spoken of *Scissors and Paste*."

between a little jutting-out window on each side of it. Shop-fronts of this description are to be seen in nearly all the street-views taken about thirty or forty years ago; and, in many instances, the windows are so curved as to be nearly semicircles: we may therefore suppose that, at the time, such form was considered rather a particular beauty in itself, than one attended with any inconvenience.

We need not speak of the very superior mode in which shop-windows are now fitted up, not merely as regards the large squares of glass, and the more than atlas folio sheets of plate-glass, which have of late become almost so common as to cease to excite astonishment, but also in respect to the framework of the windows, the polished brass-work which covers the window-sill. One contrivance, however, which has been but very lately introduced, will, when it comes to be more generally adopted, greatly enhance the appearance of the shops after dark,—we mean that of throwing a very powerful light upon the goods at the window, the first experiment of which was made, we believe, on the east side of Temple Bar, viz. at the splendid new shop opened in St. Paul's Churchyard by Hitchcock and Rogers; which, in point of extent, has scarcely a rival in any other part of the town. The proprietors appear to have spared no cost to render their establishment as attractive as possible, even to the very labels or tickets attached to the goods, which, instead of being merely written, are tastefully emblazoned on large card-boards, in gold, azure, and other brilliant colours. Still, when we come to consider this, and some other shop-fronts of the same class, architecturally, we cannot help being offended at a defect which is here carried *à l'outrance*, to a much greater degree than any where else. In fact, the whole of this unusually extensive shop-front presents to the eye nothing but glass set in very slender upright brass styles, or bars, without any apparent support whatever—without even jambs to the doors—so that the house itself, over the shop, has the look of being miraculously suspended in the air, after the fashion of Mahomet's coffin; and this not particularly agreeable appearance is strikingly increased by its returning on the west side, without any indication of prop or stay of any kind beneath the

superincumbent angle of the upper part of the structure, which is actually suspended over that corner. There is no doubt that sufficient precaution has been taken to ensure security; and so far we are at liberty to admire the skill shewn by the builder in achieving what is certainly a *monstercpiece*, if not a masterpiece, in construction. His task may have been exceedingly difficult; yet we are tempted to say, with Dr. Johnson, that we wish it had been impossible. It will, perhaps, be argued, that what we here behold is, after all, not a whit more contrary to sound architectural taste than a geometrical staircase, where the steps are attached to the wall only at one end. The two cases, however, are not perfectly similar; because, in the second instance, each step is no more than either a balcony or large bracket inserted into the wall, whereas, in the other, the bressumers of the floor, above the shop, have to support all the upper part of the front, while they themselves seem to rest upon nothing except the slight frame in which the glass of the shop-window is fixed. As far, therefore, as the general aspect of such front is concerned, the effect is disagreeable; while as regards the lower part, or shop itself, taken distinct from the rest, it is exceedingly insipid and poor,—very little better than what would be produced by the same space of unglazed opening for the display of goods; the chief difference being, that instead of being exposed to injury, the articles so exhibited are protected by the glass.

No doubt, every tradesman is anxious to make as attractive a display as possible of the articles he deals in; but it is, nevertheless, a great error to suppose that this is best accomplished by making the shop-window as large as the width of frontage will permit, and then to put up at it as much as it will contain. In fact, this mode—the one now almost invariably resorted to, and in many cases carried to an extent quite preposterous—rather defeats the object aimed at, because it utterly excludes all variety of design, or rather excludes design itself,—reducing the whole front of each shop to only so many feet superficial of glass. Hence there is nothing to distinguish any one shop from the rest—nothing to mark it out to the eye from any distance. If strikingness of character be at all an object worth attending to, it might be

far more easily and more satisfactorily accomplished by adopting a contrary system to that now in vogue, dividing what is now a single window into distinct compartments, the spaces between which would afford room for decoration, together with ample scope for invention. It is true that, as far as mere quantity goes, the display would be less than at present; but then the show of goods might frequently be rendered more striking, and might be every day made a fresh one, by some of the articles being changed. The great desideratum, it may be presumed, is to render the shop itself a conspicuous object—one that cannot fail to arrest the attention of every one who passes; and this, we conceive, would, in most cases, be better accomplished by making it a catching architectural “frontispiece”—no matter how much the space now allotted to a window might be trenchanted upon for such purpose.

One disadvantage attending the present practice of making the whole “shop-front” merely door and window is that, when the shops are closed on Sundays, they present little more than a universal blank—a monotonous line of shutters on each side of the way, from one end of a street to the other; whereas, according to the mode here suggested, even when closed, there would be equal, and were the shutters themselves treated as part of the design, still greater architectural character and effect than at other times. Nevertheless, we have not the slightest expectation that any one will think of borrowing an idea from the hint we have thrown out: for if facts are obstinate things, quite sure are we that prejudices are not a whit less so—perhaps, even very far the most obstinate of the two; nor can it be denied that there is at present an exceedingly strong prejudice in favour of immense shop-windows, such as swallow up the whole of a “shop-front.” Yet are we convinced that, with the aid of a little taste and contrivance, an infinitely more striking effect might be produced, with half, or less than half, the present extent of window, than is now by the whole of it. At all events, the first who should have courage to make the experiment would find his account in it, because the very novelty of its appearance would operate as an advertisement to his shop. No matter how odd people might fancy it: act upon

the principle of the old general, who used to wear red-heeled shoes, they being at the time a mark of dandyism; and when, as frequently happened, the question used to be, “Pray, who is that superannuated old coxcomb in red-heeled shoes?” the answer invariably was, “Oh, that is the celebrated General——, who took such and such a place.” And yet, though we sincerely admire and commend the general’s tact, we are by no means disposed to hold up his taste as an example to be followed. In his case the absurdity might be practised with impunity, because it was certain to draw forth a most flattering distinction, whereas it might happen that the same kind of *ruse de guerre* might lead to a totally opposite reply.

No; though absurdity would, doubtless, attract notice as soon—perhaps much sooner—than the most refined taste would do, we must be understood as recommending the latter alone. When, therefore, we spoke of what might be accomplished by a little taste, we meant a good deal of taste, and that of the very best quality. At the same time, this *sine quâ non* of ours ought not to be considered a startling condition, because it by no means involves extra expense, though it certainly does a good deal of caution, and no little difficulty,—that is, the difficulty of finding one to whose taste you may commit yourself with the most perfect confidence.

Even at present we have one or two things, which, although they do not exactly exemplify the mode of design we could wish to see adopted, may be quoted as instances of very superior taste, and, withal, of more originality and study than are to be discovered in buildings of far greater importance. Among these, we do not hesitate to say that the *facile princeps* for *recherche* elegance of design, for purity of taste, for happiness of invention, in the whole composition, together with admirable beauty of finish, is a small shop-front, or, rather, a small façade, in Tavistock Place. It is an exquisite architectural gem—at least every professional man and real connoisseur must at once recognise it as such—although its beauties and merits are of that kind which are not likely to ensure it particular attention from persons in general; because in such matters the million are apt to form their estimate according either to size or to gaudy showiness. No

man who understands architecture can look at it without feeling that the worthy George Maddox here worked up his ideas *con amore*, with the relish of one enthusiastically devoted to his art for his art's sake. The whole of this front—for we ought to observe that the design is not confined to the lower part or shop alone—is in perfect keeping: we do not find merely a very good bit in this place, a very nice piece of ornament in another; something happy there, and something not amiss here; but the *ensemble* is complete: the same taste pervades every part; nothing can either be added or taken away without detriment to the whole. What simplicity in the general character of this little façade! yet, so very far is it from partaking of any thing like poverty, that it is particularly remarkable for the unusual care bestowed upon all its details. Indeed, there are only one or two buildings in the whole metropolis that can stand the test of comparison with it in that respect. Examine the capitals and entablature of the order that forms the shop-front itself, and you must allow them to be no less beautiful than novel,—that is, supposing you are competent to appreciate the originality and taste there manifested. After all, it must be allowed to have one unpardonable fault: how great soever may be its merits in point of design, it wants magnitude,—at least to give it sufficient consequence and importance in the eyes of ordinary beholders. Truly it does; and so, also, does that beautiful little architectural gem of antiquity, the monument of Lysicrates, which, in regard to size, is little better than a mere model, or toy. To be sure, the one example is at London, the other at Athens; and that, it must be acknowledged, does make a vast difference in the opinion of the vulgar, both learned and unlearned. Most certainly, there is no denying that Tavistock Place is not Athens, any more than that Saffron Hill is not Mount Hymettus.

The only thing that can fairly enter the lists with the façade we have been speaking of, is the one No. 22 Old Bond Street, which is likewise singularly beautiful, and treated throughout with true artistical feeling. It is the production of the Messrs. Inwood, or of one of the brothers, and it certainly displays more invention and taste than all their other designs put

together, if we except the columns and doors in the portico of St. Pancras Church; the former of which, however, are merely copies from those of the triple temple on the Athenian Acropolis. These two are almost the only instances in which the whole of such a front is consistently designed and decorated throughout, so as to be altogether of a piece from bottom to top; for the shop and the house above it are, we may say, invariably treated as distinct from each other, instead of being combined, as far as their inevitable difference of character will permit, into one uniform composition. This is more or less the case, even where architectural embellishment is liberally bestowed on the upper part of the front, the superstructure having so little architectural connexion with the basement on which it stands, that the effect is quite incongruous. Of this we have notable proof in a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, already spoken of; since, so far from there being an apparent connexion between one part and another, we might fancy that the upper portion, with its Corinthian pilasters, had been taken off from a rusticated basement, and suspended upon the huge glass case beneath it, which it threatens to crush. A greater architectural antithesis than the one thus produced can hardly be imagined,—the whole of the lower portion presenting the very minimum of strength—an appearance of unusual weakness and fragility,—while the upper has a more than usual character of solidity, owing, among other circumstances, to the breadth of the piers between the windows: that is, however, of solidity when it is considered apart from its baseless position, because that exceedingly false position gives it the appearance of being particularly insecure, and in imminent peril of performing an *aplomb*.

Perhaps, of the two inconsistencies, it is the lesser one where, as is almost the general rule, architectural expression is confined to the shop-front itself, all the rest being left quite unpretending and plain, even to nakedness. It must be admitted, that the other method is greatly preferable, as far as the general appearance of a street is concerned, inasmuch as it conduces to its architectural dignity; yet, as regards the houses individually, it is better that the shop-front itself should be made

exclusively the feature on which architectural design is bestowed, unless indeed, it can be consistently carried on upwards.

Although frequently no other economy than that of space seems to be regarded, it cannot be affirmed that much either of invention or taste is displayed in our London shop-fronts, of which carpenters seem, for the most part, to be the designers; yet here and there one may meet with a clever bit,—good both in regard to ornament and composition. These, however, form merely the exceptions; for the taste usually displayed is most flimsy and frippery, and full of inconsistencies. At the best, things of this kind can be little more than mere bits; because, owing to their want of size, they can hardly produce any effect in a general view, or until approached and examined; yet that is no reason wherefore they should be undeserving of examination, and bits of tawdry trumpery in themselves. On the contrary, if they do not afford much latitude for the display of design and invention in any other respect—an opinion, however, to which we ourselves are strongly opposed—they most incontestably offer ample scope for experimentalising in the way of columns and entablatures. Nevertheless, so far from any advantage being taken of this, we scarcely ever find any novelty whatever of decoration attempted in regard to such features, which are no other than copies from Stuart's plates. However anticlassical, gimcrack, Cockney, every other part of such design may be, we behold Grecian Doric and Grecian Ionic copied with most superstitious exactness, and repeated *usque ad nauseam*. The Athenian Doric of the Parthenon, and the Paestan example of the same order, are most ridiculously *minified*, and applied when they are most offensively out of place,—putting us out of conceit both with them and with what but for them would have been honest, unsophisticated, Cockney carpenters' work. Away with the worse than schoolboy—the dull schoolmaster vapouring, about the intrinsic beauty of form and proportions belonging to the ancient orders, as if they possessed an indefeasible charm adhering to them under any circumstances. At that rate, it would be excellent taste to convert the legs of a table into four pigmy columns, Doric or Ionic; or if the mere models of

such things possess in themselves a magic charm for the eye, neither could they fail to please were they dragged in any where else for the nonce, even should it be into a Gothic building. The truth is; no such kind of beauty exists either in them or any thing else: a fine arm and hand are very beautiful in a fine woman, or, for the matter of that, even in a plain one; yet how they could be made to add to the beauty of a horse, we certainly do not see. Of all the styles, the one least suitable for purposes which require it to abandon more or less of its original character, is the Grecian Doric, whose sternness and severity, apart from the imposing grandeur attending magnitude of dimensions, are apt, to degenerate into frigidity and harshness when the order is exhibited upon a trivial scale. Instead of attempting to counteract this defect, which predominates in most modern imitations of that style, we increase it by omitting all sculpture and other decoration, as not included in the idea of the architecture itself, although it is essentially indispensable to its effect. By the chilling bareness thus occasioned, a style naturally stern in itself becomes aggravated into disagreeable harshness; more particularly when reduced to more than ordinary insignificance of size; for all dignity of expression is lost, and in lieu of it we obtain poverty of style, with an affected heaviness of form,—something nearly as grotesque as a little Cupid proportioned after the brawny form of the Farnese Hercules.

Yet such is the style upon which, at least, one-half of our modern shop-fronts are modelled. As far as the columns alone go, they are tolerably accurate, and intolerably dull facsimiles of the different examples measured by Stuart and others; but there all resemblance ends. The frieze—should there happen to be any such member in the entablature—is as plain as the architrave; nevertheless, such disregard of authorities is a trivial fault, in comparison with the wholesale disregard of the genius of the style itself. Yet so it is: over-exactness as to certain particulars goes hand in hand with the most fantastical licentiousness—if that can be called fantastical which manifests not the slightest aim at fancy. It is, however, not so much the deviation from precedent that we censure in such cases, as the

awkward and absurd adherence to it, or rather the affectation of adhering to what it is impossible to follow consistently as a model. Even supposing that, in regard to the architecture itself, the style could be sufficiently well kept up, still it would very ill assort with the display which it is intended to accompany. Fancy goods and Pastan columns—plumes, velvets, artificial flowers, and Doric pillars—do not harmonise well together, nor seem to be suitable company for each other. A striking instance of such disparity between the richness of the stock it contains and the shop itself is Holmes's shawl warehouse, in Regent Street; where, notwithstanding the splendour of the *coup d'œil* of its interior, the exceedingly massive, not to say rude, Doric columns supporting the ceiling look most uncouthly lumpish amidst all the costly finery around them. Surely, a lighter style would have been far more in character; or, if pillars of that bulk were absolutely required, they might easily have been enriched. It is true, they might then have lost all resemblance to Doric columns; yet of what consequence would that have been, or rather it would have been so much the better, supposing them to be appropriate and pleasing in themselves—that is, successful inventions; and if we dare not venture upon any experiments in architectural design on such occasions, we are not likely ever to make them, when the question is to erect a building of magnitude, where every thing is expected to be perfectly *secundum artem*, and where, of course, nothing can be admitted that might possibly be sneered at as a rash innovation—a startling new idea.

Perhaps it would be some step towards improvement, were such style of design adopted for the decoration of shops as would in a certain degree accord with the stock itself and the particular business carried on. Attention to congruity of this sort would, doubtless, have suggested for the one just referred to above a style altogether different from what we actually behold—something light, fanciful, luxuriant; and, if not professedly in the Oriental taste, that is, after an express pattern of it, yet more or less approaching to it. Characteristic peculiarity of this kind, however, would of necessity be chiefly limited to those cases—at present exceedingly rare ones—where the

interior of the shop itself is fitted up, like some of the Parisian ones, with regard to effect as an architectural *ensemble*, so as to have more the air of an apartment furnished with certain articles there displayed, than of a mere warehouse where they are stowed away on shelves that entirely line the walls. The same diversity could not very well be extended to the exteriors, or shop-fronts themselves; because that would be apt to occasion a very disagreeable medley of all sorts of styles in our streets, and give them a most motley appearance. To be convinced of this, we need but look at Saunders and Woolley's shop-front in Regent Street. Whatever may be thought of the particular taste of embellishment—the so-called *Louis Quatorze*—there displayed, it is sufficiently significant; and we have no doubt that, as a design, upon paper, shewn quite by itself, without any accompaniment, it made a striking and alluring appearance; yet, as actually beheld, it is as much of a blemish as a beauty,—no improvement to the street, except as affording a very showy display of window and costly articles of upholstery; and decidedly injurious to the façade where it has been introduced. The style itself is, moreover, by far too exotic and anomalous to be at all adapted for exterior architecture, even were an entire front to be designed in it so as to form a consistent composition. The Gothic style, however, that is, some varieties of it, might occasionally be resorted to both with propriety and effect; although we are not aware of its having been hitherto applied to such purpose, except at Fairs's, in Mortimer Street, an exceedingly small, at least very narrow, upright strip of Elizabethan architecture, clever, and not a little picturesque. That the pale bronze hue given to that pretty architectural façade is attended with other advantage than that of rendering it more conspicuous, is what we will not undertake to decide; since greater variety, and quite as much propriety in regard to colouring, might have been obtained, imitating the weather-stained tints of stone and brick, with, perhaps, some of the mere ornamental parts in imitation of bronze, or other metal.

Our catalogue of shops, would be longer than Homer's catalogue of ships; and, we venture to say on our part,

not very much more interesting, were we to note all that aim at being remarkable as well as fascinating. There is hardly a street of them at the west end of the town, in which one or more will not be found affording evidence of a desire to attract observation by something more than the show of goods behind the glass; but we cannot say that many of the designers have displayed much fancy or taste, or greatly taxed their invention for the benefit of their employers. In almost all of them we perceive some little, and but very little, aim at originality—a mere beginning towards it—in scarcely one instance a complete developement of a novel idea; consequently, there invariably seems to be more pretension than actual performance. Colnaghi and Puckle's new shop-front, in Cockspur Street, presents some novelty of style and detail, and is remarkable for the great projection of the cornice, which is brought forward as much as the half-octagon bay in the upper part of the house. The style itself partakes of both the *Renaissance* and the Elizabethan; and, independently of the panels with which they are embellished, the extreme piers assist the design very much, both by giving an air of stability to the *ensemble*, and a suitable termination to it. Cowie's, in Holles Street, is singular, chiefly on account of the window shewing itself somewhat like a glass-case inserted in the front, and being dark brown relieved with gilding; while the door, which is detached from it, has enormous white consoles, enriched with gilt mouldings, though all the rest are of very dark hues; a contrast of colours more *tranchant* and striking than tasteful. In the adjoining street, viz. Henrietta—Marshall and Stinton's makes a quiet sort of display with its four three-quarter Ionic columns, between which are three arches, of which the two forming the windows are each filled in with a single sheet of plate glass; which species of luxury is not rendered less singular by the extreme plainness of the windows themselves. We should recommend some liberal decoration in the spaces between them and the columns.

The new front of No. 76 in the Strand, now the "Foreign Marble Warehouse," may be cited as almost the very reverse of the preceding, being

as studiously embellished as the other is studiously kept plain. What little design there is in the shop itself, has neither much novelty nor much taste; it is the elevation above, and in a manner distinct from it, which presents a sample of an unusual mode of embellishment, it being liberally, yet not too liberally, decorated with medallions and figures in relief between the windows; and but for the disagreeable heaviness of the odd-looking cornices to the windows of the first floor, would be an agreeable composition, though susceptible of improvement in other respects besides the defect just pointed out. Had the exterior of the adjoining house been added to the design, so as to give greater width to the elevation, the effect would have been increased in more than arithmetical progression. If we proceed eastward from that part of the Strand, we shortly after arrive within view of a lofty and otherwise conspicuous mass of building, which catches the eye just up Wellington Street North, and which is of so puzzling an aspect at first sight, that it cannot fail to excite inquiry. So far, therefore, the proprietor has no reason to be dissatisfied with its appearance, though we will not promise him that it will not be decreed as being in a very capricious nondescript style. The building we are speaking of, is "Helfeld's Papier Mâché Works;" which may account, perhaps, for the very fantastic taste that displays itself, or rather peeps out, in particular parts; but it does appear strange to us that the author of the design should have been Mr. Sydney Smirke. Such, as we have been informed, upon exceeding good authority, is the fact; and if so, that gentleman is very far from being so strait-laced in his taste as his brother. He certainly has here deviated not only from Sir Robert's orthodoxy, but from the usual track; nor do we quarrel with him for having done so: still we are of opinion, that having gone so far, he has not gone far enough; for at present, though he has dared to be singular, he has not had courage enough to be boldly and consistently original; but has, apparently, desisted at the very point where he ought to have begun to work up his design, so as to give consistency of style to every part of it. The dressings of the first floor windows are fantastical enough, and look almost as if moulded in *papier*

mâché themselves; and yet they have very little richness of character, except what they derive from contrast with the two upper tiers of windows, which latter have no other propriety in the design than that of clearly giving the whole the air of what it really is—a manufactory. Still, it appears to us, the same might have been accomplished with a greater degree of artist-like feeling; and although not at all altered as to form and size, those small triple windows might have been made to accord far more than they now do with the rest; for at present they are of exceedingly homely, and even mean character. Neither is the lower part of the building imagined in the best manner. Arches with the *centresol* windows within them, would have been far preferable to pilaster piers supporting a horizontal entablature over such wide openings, and loaded above by such a mass of building. Or if in regard to such particulars there is room for difference of opinion, hardly can there be any as to the very glaring irregularity in the front towards Wellington Street, where a narrow up-right slip is cut off from what properly constitutes the design, though being of red brick like the rest, it shews plainly enough that it belongs to the same building; whereby it is rendered but too evident that the architect was sadly deficient in contrivance, and unable to adjust his plan in such a manner as to secure uniformity of design externally. Yet, supposing he could get over the difficulty in no other way, he might easily have done so here, by merely making that little slice of his building altogether different from the rest of the exterior.

Taking leave of shops, let us now turn to palaces: yet we may as well, first of all, ask our readers, whether they are aware that there exists in this country a very extensive sect, the enthusiastic followers of a superstition of remote Indian origin? No; you never heard of such being the case; in short, you are ignorant of one of the most perplexing wonders of your age and country, nor have as yet the slightest suspicion that a very large proportion of our population are actually followers of Buddhism. You stare most incredulously; nevertheless, so it is. At least you know, or ought to know, and therefore will, of course, now pretend you well know, that the chief sect of

the Buddhists are the Jains, so called from adoring the *spirit* JIN; which we English, out of strange perversity or ignorance, uniformly write GIN. The identity of that sect with our own spirit-worshippers at home admits of no doubt, since it is irrefragably demonstrated by etymology, whose sufficiency in settling historic points has uniformly been admitted by the learned. The learned, however—to their shame be it spoken—have as yet bestowed no attention upon our English Jains. No one has yet thought it worth while to write a treatise “*De Cultu, &c.*,” illustrative of the peculiar notions, rites, and ceremonies, of this singular sect of fanatics. Most unfortunately—for our readers be it understood—we ourselves do not happen to have been initiated into their mysteries, therefore are unable to gratify a highly laudable curiosity which must be felt in regard to a race of strange, enthusiastic devotees, whose extraordinary habits and superstitions would have been minutely described again and again, were it not their ill-luck to reside among us, or, rather, were it not our ill-luck to reside in the same country with them. All that we know of them is, that they are a people most ardently attached to the superstitious worship of JIN; and that they are more punctual than even Mahomedans in performing their ablutions,—not only daily, but even hourly—in fact, as often as they possibly can. But if they so far agree with, or outdo the followers of the prophet, they differ altogether from them in the mode of performing their ablutions, since the only part of their bodies which they wash is the inside of their throats. Their very persons sufficiently attest this; for they make not the slightest pretensions to cleanliness, either in attire or any thing else; and, what is not the least of all, that though in washing their throats they perforce rinse their mouths at the same time, they are a particularly foul-mouthed generation.

On the other hand, they have the merit of being singularly free from vanity—more humble, if not more modest, than Quakers in their attire—generally going in rags; abstemious withal, patient of fasting, and impatient only to offer up their earnings to JIN, instead of squandering them away in feeding themselves and children. A stanch Jain-mother would rather immolate her babe than abstain from her

daily visits to the JIN temple. Read this proud stoicism, and blush to find thy severest lessons far excelled — outdone by that unpretending, unschooled fanaticism, which is able thus to triumph, over maternal affection — to vanquish one of the most powerful feelings implanted by nature in the human breast. But, hark ! what shout was that ! what Pythoness appears with hair dishevelled, and with wild attire, intoning more than earthly sounds ! It is one of those awful personages, a female Jain, in an ecstasy of fienized inspiration. She is really like one possessed ; but an exorcist is at hand in the shape of a policeman. Thank Heaven for the interposition of even that odd *Deus ex machina*, since but for his prosaic appearance we might have gone on till our readers would have fancied that we were fairly possessed ourselves, and had been assisting at a ceremony in some Jin temple.

CHAP. II.—GIN-PALACES.

Well, we have escaped to plain prose ; and, therefore, without further mystery or mystification, we shall now bestow a little notice on the Jin-temples, or Gin-palaces — call them which you will — that so thickly bestud the streets in many districts of the metropolis, and in many places present so surprising a contrast to the poverty-stricken aspect and air of wretchedness that stamp the surrounding neighbourhood. Their frequency alone would be sufficient to excite astonishment ; and, numerous as they are, they all seem to carry on a most thriving trade, and that, too, frequently in the very midst of what appear to be the haunts of beggary and famine.* If, however, there be any correctness in the statement that twenty-four millions sterling ! are annually expended in this kingdom on gin and other spirits, it ceases to be matter of surprise that those gin-palaces should be in such a flourishing condition ; though,

on the other hand, we become more staggered than ever at the frightful amount of taxation which the lower orders thus voluntarily impose upon themselves. Twenty-four millions sterling ! why it is enough to maintain a whole empire in a constant state of intoxication the whole year round, and the whole twenty-four hours each day ! When wealth pours in upon them at that rate, no wonder that gin-palaces should be able to afford to make so much display ; at the same time, it is rather surprising that the owners of them should so ostentatiously, not to say imprudently, advertise to the world their enormous profits, derived, not from luxuries sold to the opulent, who can afford to pay well for the mere fashion as well as actual value of what they purchase, but, for a great part, from the neediest of the needy — from paupers, and worse than paupers. When we call their profits enormous, we mean they must be so in their amount, although the profit itself may be at an exceeding low per-centage. Were not such the fact, it would be impossible that such establishments should pay for the extravagant expenditure sometimes incurred in fitting them up. We saw it stated in some publication, a year or two ago, that the fittings-up and decorations of the bar alone at one of these gin-palaces cost no less than two thousand pounds ! Therefore it would seem that theirs is not all outside show ; although, considering the class of customers who resort to them, it might be imagined that their taste might be quite as well gratified at an infinitely cheaper rate. Could taste, indeed, be imbibed like gin, our English Jains might by this time be saturated with it, and better qualified than any other class of the public to decide upon such perplexing questions as that of the Nelson monument, which is found so strangely a perplexing one by many of their betters.

In a moral point of view, the topic of gin-palaces is not a particularly

* Of the prodigious number of customers with which the spirit-shops are thronged, and the vast business they carry on, some idea may be formed from what was stated in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons ; viz. that in the course of a single week, the number of individuals who had entered *only fourteen* of the principal gin-shops, amounted to no fewer than 269,437 ; of whom 142,453 were men, 108,593 women, and 18,391 children ; averaging upwards of 1300 visitors per day to a single shop ! which, at one penny per head profit, gives rather more than five guineas a-day clear gain, out of the pockets of a herd of squalid wretches, to all appearance penniless. Even the opium-eaters of Turkey are scarcely a more infatuated race than these miserable beings, who, while they aggravate the physical evils of their condition tenfold, steep their souls in the foulest degradation.

pleasant one, nor one that can be rendered at all flattering to our national character as a moral people. We will, therefore, leave their demoralising influence out of the question, and, without inquiring what quantum of licentiousness, beggary, misery, and vice among the population may fairly be charged to their account, shall now consider them merely architecturally, and we trust soberly, without starting off again in a tangent, to the dismay of any jog-trot reader. It must certainly be allowed that they have done a good deal—or it would be more correct to say, something—for the appearance of our streets, if only by breaking their former monotony, and in some parts forming conspicuous objects; the only ones, in fact, that indicate any advance in civilisation. Nor do we make this last remark ironically,—for even a teetotalter must allow that there is generally an air of cheerfulness and comfort about them,—of what a German would term “*frenndlich*,” and an Englishman, perhaps, describe as “respectable.” Every thing about them—at least, every thing that can be seen from the outside—is in good trim, smart, polished, and bright. They have nothing of that dismal, “cut-throat-place” look which belongs to some of the old, shabby, and dingy public-houses still to be met with in many by-streets and lanes; while by night they look, if not more *ginerous*, at least more generous than by day, freely dispensing light from the huge *polytechnous* gas-burners to a whole neighbourhood, wherever, as at King’s Cross, they are thickly congregated together. Avoiding an ugly—because an exceedingly stale—pun that we might else run foul of, we shall merely say, that we entertain a sort of *dilettante* affection for gin-palaces; and, unless it can be proved that gin-drinking itself would soon go out of fashion were they less spruce and smart, we do not desire to see them replaced by the sulky-looking dens where the same trade used formerly to be carried on in a sneaking, pettifoggish style. Not but that there was something humorous, nay, poetical, about these latter; we mean, in their oddly fancied signs and titles: for instance, “The Cat and Fiddle,” “Hog and Tr-wel,” “Goat and Compasses,” and a variety of other odd and fantastical denominations. Confound it! why we are got into the curvetting strain again;

• therefore, as those “signs” bode us no good, let us betake ourselves to a fresh paragraph.

By no means does it follow from the admission we have just made, as to the general prepossessing appearance of the class of buildings we are speaking of, that they are in good, or even not in very bad, taste. As a woman may have a very pleasing, good-humoured face, and yet be the very reverse of a model a painter would select for a Venus,—albeit, worth a painted Venus, and a real one into the bargain; so, too, may a gin-palace answer in every respect to the character we have ascribed to the class, and yet be, architecturally speaking, a perfect fright, most vile in point of design. And, to say the truth, taking them generally, the gin-palaces are little better than so many architectural abortions, crudely patched up medleys, and stuck all over with ill-assorted mery, which only gives them a vulgarly tawdry, flaunting, and slatternly appearance. Even when, as frequently happens, we meet with a happy idea, or a good piece of ornament, it has no connexion with any thing else, and is, besides, quite spoiled by all the rest. Hence, what is good, or rather might be made so, seems to be no better than a mere random hit,—something that has turned up altogether by accident. Seldom, indeed, is there any thing that indicates even purpose or intent in the way of experimentalising and trying effects; for, in that case, however unsuccessful might be the result, some kind of study would manifest itself. For the far greater part, these structures have the appearance of being mere hasty ideas and rough sketches carried into execution at once, without having a second thought bestowed upon them; and the execution is generally as coarse as the designs themselves are crude. There is a great deal of trumpery finery, and a great deal, also, of shabbiness; no attention to finish, no richness of detail, no elegance of feeling. At the first glance, they promise something; but the second convinces us that they are not intended to stand the test of it; for another look shews them to be fantastical medleys of ambitious trumpery, and downright barbarisms and vulgarisms in taste.

Not the least remarkable circumstance is that, with one or two exceptions, all the gin-palaces about town bear a singularly strong family likeness

to each other; not that kind of resemblance which would arise from similarity of character, dictated by similarity of purpose, and therefore belonging to them as a class, but as being productions of the same designer; for we observe precisely the same ideas over and over and again, only a little transposed, and something left out in one place, or added in another, but no novelty whatever, either in conception or treatment. We have, indeed, been assured, upon tolerably satisfactory authority, that such is really the fact, that every one of those we now allude to has been designed by an artist who, whether *pro bono publico* or not, devotes his talents exclusively to publicans. It would seem that he keeps for their accommodation a sort of architectural ordinary, where they may satisfy their tastes at the rate of 40*l.* per head, that being his price for a design. And it must be confessed that he helps them very fairly, serving them all out of one standing dish; nor can any complain of their neighbours being favoured with a bit more of taste than themselves. To be sure, the ideas they get are rather contracted ones. Yet how can it possibly be otherwise, when we find that they are contracted for after the mode just described? Of course, the publican part of the public are well enough satisfied with an arrangement which, no doubt, saves them a vast deal of botheration in attempting to explain their notions of taste to an architect, or in attempting to comprehend his. Still the rest of the public have no great reason to be pleased at the repetition of the same architectural mess, which is no otherwise varied than in being a little differently dished up each time; especially as the subjects are of a nature which affords opportunity for the unchecked manifestation of talent: and surely, whenever there is any aim at all, let the object itself be ever so trifling, it had better be a hit than a miss. The worst of it is, the last of these things are no better than were the first—some, perhaps, hardly so good. After all, it may be we ourselves who are unreasonable in making that a complaint, since nothing else is to be expected when designs are prepared like quack medicines.

As we have already observed, however, there are one or two gin-palaces, or what may come under that denomi-

nation, which form exceptions to the *patent*—we cannot add, *pattern*—ones we have just been commenting upon. Among those we are now about to notice, the pre-eminence may fairly be given to the one which passes under the appellation of the Kemble Tavern, both on account of its importance in regard to size, and the taste shewn in its design. Standing at the corner of Bow Street and Long Acre, it forms a conspicuous object; but not at all more so than it deserves: for it has really an air quite *monumental*, as our French neighbours phrase it, and might easily be mistaken at first sight for some public building, instead of a mere public-house. In fact, it is much more correct, tasteful, and pleasing in design, than many of the offices belonging to insurance and banking companies, although it was erected by a private speculator, and by an architect whose name we have never heard on any other occasion. Yet what Mr. Collis has here done will rather gain, than at all suffer, by a comparison with what Mr. Cockeill has perpetrated in the British Assurance Office, in the Strand. Both have gone to very classical models for the orders employed by them: the one, to the beautiful example of the Corinthian at Tivoli, which was Soane's pet; the other, to the Doric of the Temple of the Gracians at Girgenti. But widely has been their treatment of them; for while the travelled and classical somebody, who has a name to boast of, has given us a most strange *olla podrida*, the mere nobody without a name has produced a clever *ensemble*, a composition of a piece throughout—at any rate, as much, or more so (and with more originality, too), than the average of our modern antique designs. The chief fault, if fault it be, is that this tavern is perhaps too correct, too classical in its style; not on account of the purpose to which the building is applied, but because, had he desisted from borrowing an ancient order, the architect might have given freer play to his imagination, and by succeeding as well to our satisfaction, would have succeeded doubly well for himself. To say the truth, the “British” has by very far more of the gin-palace physiognomy, to which the odd, and almost tipsy-looking ladies, reclining on the archivolts of the round-headed windows in the Strand front, contribute in no

small degree. Round-headed windows, flimsy, undulating balconies, and Agri-gentum columns!—oh! classicality, thou must have been in a gin-shop thyself when such a combination presented itself to thee!

We have met with one or two rather clever, though not particularly original, gin-palace fronts, in the Italian style. There is one of the kind in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, in red brick and stone dressings, which has a good effect; and another, similarly executed, on the road leading to Ball's Pond, Islington. A third, somewhere either in John Street or Goswell Street, is somewhat remarkable, as being in the Elizabethan taste; though, if our recollection serves us aright, it partakes very sparingly of its more grotesque characteristics. Akin in its style to the one last-mentioned, is the Bull Inn, Great Dover Street, in the Borough; which, forming an angle, so that the north and west sides face two several streets, and both of them may be seen distinctly in one view, is a conspicuous architectural object, particularly as, on the west, it is of considerable extent. Lamb has here done, as he always does, well: he has not attempted more than the means afforded him would allow; and therefore, though there is but little of ornament, there is a good deal of character. A true relish for the style adopted here discovers itself; and if it be one that has far less of beauty than of quaintness, the very quality that renders it ineligible where elegance is demanded, recommends it well enough on an occasion like the one we are speaking of. The house has a good, hearty, old-English-inn-like look: its very aspect reminds, or, we should say, puts us in mind, of sack, and canary, and ale—of the antediluvian times, ere gin began to deluge the land. So much the more treacherously hypocritical is it then, perhaps; since, for aught we know or can tell, as roaring a trade in gin may be carried on within its walls, as in the most flaunting, flashy gin-palace in town.

We might, without particular impropriety, refer to another public-house, or, rather, what ought to be a public-house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for it has most incontestably a good deal of the gin-palace cut in its phiz, although erected before gin-palaces came into vogue, and was designed by a late genius as his own residence. In one

respect, however, it differs most materially from the whole gin-palace *genus*, because, quite unlike them, it scarcely ever yawns, whereas the mouths of all the others—that is, their doors—yawn constantly, by day and by night. They are open to all comers without distinction; and might well have inscribed on them, as a fitting motto, "The more, the merrier;" whereas the public-house, or house of the public, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is so bolted and barricaded, that one might as well attempt to take a citadel by assault as to gain admittance into it, except on about a score of privileged days in the year, when about a score of persons, as representatives, we presume, of the English public, are allowed to walk in and walk out again, and extol, with as much zeal as they can muster up for the occasion, the prodigious munificence, the unparagoned patriotism, the stupendous generosity, of old Soane—the most magnificent manufacturer of moonshine the world ever yet beheld, or, we hope, ever will behold again in time to come.

Here we ourselves are not "approaching an altitude," but are fairly got upon the topmost point of such a pinnacle, that we positively turn dizzy as we look down upon our paper, and, with reverence be it spoken, upon our readers. Our present situation flatly gives the lie to the musty proverbial quotation of *facilis descensus*; for how to descend from the sublimity of Soane's munificence to the vulgar topic of gin (at least, of gin-palaces), we know not. See what comes of ambition and lofty aspirings! Almost do we envy that extraordinary facility in the art of sinking possessed by a certain writer, who, in one of his high-flown, stilted dedications, suddenly reminds the demigod he has been addressing of his mortality, by adding, "Trusting that yourself and Mrs. — are in perfect health, and hoping to be able to come and take my mutton with you ere long, I remain, with profound esteem for your character, as a liberal and intelligent patron of those arts which adorn human nature, and raise man to the very tip-top of the creation. Yours, &c. &c." And all the rest of it.

Genius of gin-palaces, befriend us! Hast ne'er a parachute by which we may break our fall, and escape shooting down more perilously than decently from the dizzy height to which

we have ascended unawares? If not, we must perforce essay soaring *downwards* as gracefully and as dexterously as we can. Well, at any rate, we have alighted upon something sublunary—something far below the moon and Soanean moonificence. We are now upon the top either of the Monument or the York column. We mistake—it is upon the top of the Nelson monument, that is to be, we are now standing; though, whether it be column or not, we cannot tell, until it be built up to a certain elevation. Therefore, till that be done, we had better stand quietly, and in time, perhaps, the builders will provide us a rostrum in the air, from which we may harangue our friends assembled below."

Here we had laid down our pen—and, indeed, it was almost the only way left for getting down, ourselves from the very elevated post, the uncomfortable "altitude," we had reached—when it was hinted to us that it might be rendered more generally interesting, by being made to afford more exact information as to the extent—we might say, the "altitude"—which the practice of drinking ardent spirits has attained. We received this advice, delivered in the mildest form of the imperative mood, with a smile—that is, we "grinned horribly a ghastly smile;" for our own spirits sunk most grievously, and our ardour changed to a shiver, as we contemplated the vast Augean stable through which we should have to *defile*. We felt as if called upon to enact deep and solemn tragedy after broad farce; and that, too, without having time to put off our scaramouch attire and features, and assume a more decorous garb and mien. It was as if we were directed to fill up our scene of gin-palaces with a background of pawnbrokers' shops, hospitals, lazarettos, workhouses, pigstye cellars, and garrets, and other horrible abodes, which are the dens of vice and misery, destitution and disease; and which may be likened to Pandemonium, in all but its poetic magnificence.

Our comfort was, that so far from being a barren or threadbare one, the theme offered us is most copious—one which, contemplated historically, psychologically, morally, medically, politically, statistically, ethnographically, or even merely poetically, holds out, or at least points to, abundant matter.

As for ourselves, we have considered it only under one aspect, and that we have treated peripatetically, merely putting together some remarks that have been suggested to us by the examples of that class of buildings with which the *public-spirited* taste of their proprietors has adorned the streets of our metropolis. Had it been our intention to be methodical, we should have commenced, *secundum artem*, by vindicating the claims to notice of that important—numerically considered, most important—though hitherto unrecognised public, whom we were about to introduce to our readers. The fashionable world, the political world, the literary world, the commercial world, are *whirled* about our ears continually; the religious public, the serious public, the musical public, the juvenile public, and a host of other publics, that contribute to make up the sum total of our population, are all duly marshalled, and have each its own banner; yet never do we hear of the *GIN-DRINKING PUBLIC*, notwithstanding that, so far from being an imaginary body, or fiction of the imagination, it is a too, too substantial reality—at the same time, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's best friend.

We ourselves certainly do not intend to say any thing in favour of drunkenness; nevertheless, we do not hold with those who stigmatise it as beastliness. To say that a man is as drunk as a beast, is a common, but most unmeaning phrase—nothing short of a libel upon the rest of the animal creation, which, acting entirely according to their natural instincts, never commit unnatural excesses. Least of all do irrational animals indulge in any thing at all corresponding with intoxication; which may, perhaps, so far claim to be considered a high intellectual privilege. This may be one reason why the pleasures of intoxication have been so rapturously chanted by poets of a certain class, far more enthusiastic than moral in their strains. Gin-drinking, however, has not even the allurements of conviviality to plead as excuse for it: on the contrary, it is a solitary, selfish indulgence, even when participated with others. The excitement produced by ardent spirits partakes more of frenzy than of gaiety; or else it is succeeded by utter stupefaction of all the faculties. That, when carried to excess, or repeated till it becomes a

confirmed habit, it is most destructive to both mind and body, might be assumed, *a priori*, as no more than natural, even had we had no positive assurance that such is the case, either from the testimonies of medical men, or from every-day experience, which latter affords but too many most plain and most lamentable proofs of its destructiveness; because whatever acts upon the system at all powerfully, when applied medicinally, must be sooner or later fatal to it, when augmented so as to stimulate unnaturally, both as to intensity and duration. Therefore, admitting that spirits ("geprannt Wein," and "ausgeprannten Wasser") are entitled to the encomium bestowed upon them by Michael Schrick, who, in his treatise, *Von den Geprannten Wasser*, published at Augsburg in 1484, attributes to them many most excellent medicinal qualities, by no means does it follow that they are not equally powerful for evil as for good; just as many poisonous substances become efficacious remedies when employed specifically and in proper doses. Certain it is that, whatever may have been the case in Schrick's time, "der geprannt wein" is no longer of any efficacy in promoting beauty, and preserving the freshness of youth. Neither brandy, nor any other kind of spirits, is found nowadays to "improve the complexion, to strengthen the memory, and to sharpen the wit;" quite the contrary: such a preternatural haggardness and deformity are brought on, that the countenance scarcely exhibits any trace of "the human face divine," but rather resembles the *facies Hippocratica* of medical writers; while the memory is destroyed; and as for wit, it is altogether out of the question, seeing that even common-sense is departed. Surprise—should there be any at such a seemingly unaccountable contradiction—will be diminished, by our saying that the modern application of the medicine, recommended by the old German doctor, is quite at variance with his recipe, for he directs that the head and face should be merely bathed with the "geprannt wein;" which our gin-drinking public would doubtless consider as shameful a piece of wasteful extravagance, as either Cleopatra's pearl tossed off as a dram, or Poppæa's bath of milk.

The various conflicting and contradictory opinions held by medical men

are frequently most distressingly embarrassing; but if there be any one point upon which doctors do not disagree, it is with respect to dram-drinking. The concurring testimony of all who have spoken of it leaves no doubt as to its destructiveness; there is scarcely occasion, therefore, to refer to that of any one in particular; but it will be sufficient to quote the "London Medical Declaration," signed by 716 physicians and surgeons of the metropolis, and published in the *Seventh Annual Report of the British and Foreign Temperance Society*:

"We, the undersigned, declare our conviction, that distilled spirit is not only unnecessary, but injurious to persons in health; that it contains no nutritive quality; that its daily use is a strong temptation to drunkenness, occasioning many severe diseases, and rendering others difficult of cure, leading to poverty, misery, and death; and that its entire disuse, except for purposes strictly medicinal, would powerfully contribute to the health, morality, and comfort of the community."

Mr. Wakley, also, has lately said, that a greater mortality is occasioned in the metropolis by gin-drinking, than by cholera, fever, and small-pox together.

A recent German writer on morals and statistics, Boaz de Reymond, has touched upon this subject in his inquiry into the causes of natural and artificial poverty, where he observes, that it very fairly admits of question whether modern chemistry has conferred so much benefit on mankind, by all its other discoveries, as it has occasioned misery by the cheaper production of spirituous drinks. The deplorable and hideous consequences of drinking spirits are impressively, though briefly, depicted by him. Most horrible, in fact, and also most hopeless, is the condition to which it reduces its victims, wrecking them both in body and soul—and not themselves alone, but either ruining or contaminating all around them. *Eau de mort* would, as the writer just alluded to observes, be an infinitely more appropriate name than *eau de vie*, for every liquor of the kind, for, unless used strictly as medicines, they all operate as deadly poisons—all the more dangerous as such, because their effects are not immediate. "Slow poison and quick misery" might be the motto of

every gin-shop. Slow, but certain as poisons, the chief difference between them and poisons of other kinds is that they can be employed only for self-destruction, and therefore the lives of others are not endangered by such criminal practice, except as they may be seduced to it by evil example. Nevertheless, wherever gin-drinking is prevalent, all ranks of the community suffer by it more or less; not personally, not directly, but in its remoter consequences—in the complicated mischiefs which ensue to society from the extensive demoralisation it produces throughout one class. To say nothing of the direct crimes against society, to which the profligacy resulting from drinking too obviously leads, the tax imposed upon the public, by the idleness and poverty it occasions, is not easily computed. Prisons and gaols, hospitals, workhouses, and mad-houses, are filled with those who, but for their infernal passion for drink, might have maintained themselves and families in decency and comfort, nay, even happiness, compared with their actual brutishness and degradation, but who must now be supported, either as malefactors, patients, or paupers.

Custom so reconciles us, on the one hand, to what are in themselves monstrous anomalies; and, on the other, the practice of not calling things by their right names so falsifies our perceptions of them, that we are unable, at least, to see facts otherwise than as they exhibit themselves through the refracting medium of our prejudices. Were it proposed to legalise suicide, and the sale of poison for that purpose, the whole country would raise an outcry, the whole nation would be horror-struck. Yet the same thing is virtually done; and all the stir we make about it is calmly to compute how much the revenue profits by it. If a man sends a bullet through his brains, the whole neighbourhood is

forthwith in “a state of great excitement,” as the newspapers phrase it, and the event is magnified into one of most horribly fascinating interest; but of the thousands who yearly destroy themselves by gin-drinking, or else perish through the consequences of it, no notice is taken; but it is submitted to quietly, as a mere matter of course. What would be thought, or rather what would be said, were it distinctly proposed to tax the lower classes of the people to the amount of eight millions per annum? Language would not afford terms of vituperation sufficiently bitter to express the indignation and the wrath that would burst forth. What then, if in addition to that, it were proposed that the wretches so oppressed should be almost stripped of their raiment, and nearly famished, by the bread they had earned being snatched from them? What if that too, not being a sufficient complement of misery, it were suggested that means ought to be adopted to destroy their health, and to spread disease among them? It will be said that the mere idea is too monstrous—actually incredible. How much more monstrous is it, then,—how portentous and miraculous, when we find that the lower classes do actually tax themselves to the amount stated! and, furthermore, voluntarily incur disease and privation of every sort; and not only privation, but domestic wretchedness, bitterness, strife, and depravity, in a degree truly appalling!

One thing is certain,—so long as a gin-drinking public shall continue to form so very large a section of the entire population of the country, universal suffrage would be absolute madness; before that measure can be carried, either gin-drinking must be abolished, or the whole nation must be most gloriously drunk, and then Universal Suffrage may be hoped to be carried by Universal Intoxication.

CANDIDUS.

THE GREAT COSSACK EPIC OF DEMETRIUS RIGMAROLOVICZ.

TRANSLATED BY A LADY.

NOTICE.—This extraordinary poem is founded on the legend of St. Sophia, whose statue is said to have walked, of its own accord, up the river Dnieper, to take its station in the Church of Kiew.

We have no further proof of this fact than the consent of ages, the universal belief of enlightened Russia, and the testimony of the celebrated Rigmarolovicz.

His poem, the BUMBAROSKI-KIOFFSCHOTZCKJ (the Leaguer of Kiew), is founded on the legend.

DIMITRI-NEPOMUK MOUGIKOVITCH RIGMAROLOVICZ is himself a native of Kiew. He always speaks with enthusiasm of the place of his birth, and has been known to the writer of this memoir, seven and twenty years and three months; from the time when, *an humble serf*, he first attracted the notice of the Emperor Alexander, up to the present time, when he forms one of the *proudest ornaments* in the literary galaxy of the Russian hemisphere. He is a singularly elegant-looking man, and about five and twenty.

Some amusing traits are told of him. In the year 1813 (when only a lad), he was in the Hetman, Platoff's service, and first awakened public attention by a biting satire upon the Hetman's favourite poodle. For this he was sentenced to receive as many lashes of the knout as there were lines in his poem—viz. 4209 (with a double thong for the Alexandrines). Taken down from the pillar, he calmly said, "I did not think there had been so much sting in my lines." The epigram was spread through Europe instantly, and the young wit was lauded to the skies. "They call me a *Martial*," said he; "I wish I were a *field-martial*." Martial, I need not say, was the great foreign poet. It was thus that Demetrius had a sally for every circumstance of his life.

He spent very many years in Siberia. Being asked whether he had read Madame Cotton's work on the exiles of that country, "*Madame Cotton!*" said he at once; "egad, when I was in Siberia, I preferred *Madame Worsted*," alluding to the coldness of the climate. For this *bonne bouche* he was recalled to the capital, and may truly be called the *Russian Rogers*.

He has published forty-three volumes of *jus-di-sprees* and *fiscetia*, and one hundred and four epic poems. If the following version of the shortest of them shall be acceptable to the English reader, *my end* will be fully answered, and I shall feel proud at having planted this Northern Light, or Aurora Borealis, in *our climes*.

He lives happily with his family; and it must *never be forgotten* that, while the birth-place of DEMETRIUS RIGMAROLOVICZ is at Kiew on the Dnieper, the dwelling of A BRITISH PRINCE and a GERMAN SOVEREIGN is at Kew on the Thames.

A LADY.*

BUMBAROSKI-KIOFFSCHOTZCKJ, THE LEAGUER OF KIOFF.

BY DEMETRIUS RIGMAROLOVICZ.

An Epic Poem in Twenty Books.

I.

A thousand years ago, or more,
A city filled with burghers stout,
And girt with ramparts round about,
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.

In armour bright, by day and by night,
The sentries there paced to and fro.

Well guarded and walled was this town, and called

By different names, I'd have you to know;

For if you look in the g'ography books,

In those dictionaries the name it varies;

And they write it off Kieff or Kioff,

Kiova or Kiow.

Rigmarolovitch de-
scribes the city and
spelling of Kiew, Kioff,
or Kiova.

* This "lady" gives, in confidence, her name, which is *Jemima Grundy*; she says she is the *real* author of *Blundering Recollections*, *The Great Necropolis*, *Walks and Wanderings in the Fields of*, &c. We never heard of such works, and are inclined to believe the lady to be an impostor.

If she has any more poems, however, she may send them to us.—O. Y.

II.

Its buildings, public
walks, and ordinances,
religious and civil.

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,
Kiova within was a place of renown,
With mote advantages than in those dark ages
Were commonly known to belong to a town.
There were places and squares, and each year four fairs,
And regular aldermen and regular lord-mayors;
And streets and alleys, and a bishop's palace;
And a church, with clocks for the orthodox —
With clocks and with spires, as religion desires;
And beadles to whip the bad little boys
Over their poor little corduroys,
In service-time, when they *didn't* make a noise;
And a chapter and dean, and a cathedral-green
With ancient trees, underneath whose shades
Wandered nice young nursery-maids.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,
The bells they made a merry, merry ring,
From the tall, tall steeple, and all the people
(Except the Jews) came and filled the pews —
Poles, Russians, and Germans,
To hear the sermons,
Which HYACINTH preached to those German and Poles,
For the safety of their souls.

III.

How this priest was
short and fat of body,

A worthy priest he was, and a stout —
You've seldom looked on such a one;
For, though he fasted thrice in a week,
Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek;
His waist it spanned two yards about,
And he weighed a score of stone.

IV.

and like unto the author
of "Hymn's Let-
ters."

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer,
And mortification most deserving,
And as for preaching beyond compare;
He'd exert his powers for three or four hours,
With greater pith than Sydney Smith,
Or the Reverend Edward Irving.

V.

Of what convent he was
prior, and when the con-
vent was built.

He was the prior of Saint Sophia
(A Cockney rhyme, but no better I know) —
Of Saint Sophia, that church in Kiow,
Built by missionaries I can't tell when;
Who by their discussions converted the Russians,
And made them Christian men.

VI.

Of Saint Sophia, of
Kiow, and how her
statue miraculously
travelled thither.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)
With special favour did regard this house;
And to uphold her converts' new devotion,
Her statue (needing but her legs for *her* ship)
Walks of itself across the German Ocean;
And of a sudden perches
In this the best of churches,
Whither all Kioviens come and pay it grateful worship.

VII.

Thus with their patron-saints and pious preachers
 Recorded here in catalogue precise,
 A goodly city, worthy magistrates,
 You would have thought in all the Russian states
 The citizens the happiest of all creatures,—
 The town itself a perfect Paradise.

And how Kioff should
 have been a happy city,
 but that

VIII.

No, alas! this well-built city
 Was in a perpetual fidget;
 For the Tartars, without pity,
 Did remorselessly besiege it.

certain wicked Cos-
 saks did besiege it;

Tartars fierce, with sword and sabres,
 Huns and Turks, and such as these,
 Envied much their peaceful neighbours
 By the blue Borysthenes.

Down they came, these ruthless Russians,
 From their steppes, and woods, and fens,
 For to levy contributions
 On the peaceful citizens.

Murdering the citizens

Winter, summer, spring, and autumn,
 Down they came to peaceful Kioff,
 Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,
 If their lives they would not buy off.

Till the city, quite confounded
 By the ravages they made,
 Humbly with their chief compounded,
 And a yearly tribute paid;

until they agreed to pay
 a tribute yearly.

Which (because their courage lax was)
 They discharged while they were able:
 Tolerated thus the tax was,
 Till it grew intolerable.

How then paid the tri-
 bute, and then sudden-
 ly refused it,

And the Calmuc envoy sent,
 As before, to take their dues all,
 Got to his astonishment
 An unanimous refusal!

to the wonder of the
 Cossack envoy.

"Men of Kioff!" thus courageous
 Did the stout lord-mayor harangue them,
 "Wherefore pay these sneaking wages
 To the hectoring Russians?—hang them!"

Of a mighty gallant
 speech

"Hark! I hear the awful cry of
 Our forefathers in their graves;
 Fight, ye citizens of Kioff!
 Kioff was not made for slaves."

that the lord-mayor
 made,

"All too long have ye betrayed her;
 Rouse, ye men and aldermen,
 Send the insolent invader—
 Send him starving back again!"

exhorting the burghers
 to pay no longer.

IX.

Of their thanks, and
heroic resolves.

He spoke, and he sate down ; the people of the town,
Who were fired with a brave emulation,
Now rose, with one accord, and voted thanks unto the
Lord,

Mayor for his oration.

Then dismiss the en-
bom,
and set about drilling.

The envoy they dismissed, never placing in his fist
So much as a single shilling ;
And all with courage fired, as his lordship he desired,
At once set about their drilling.

Of the city guard ; viz.
militia, dragoons, and
bummadiers,
and their commanders.

Then every city ward established a guard,
Diurnal and nocturnal :
Militia volunteers, light dragoons, and bummadiers,
With an alderman for colonel.
There was muster and roll-calls, and repairing city walls,
And filling up of fosses ;

Of the majors and
captains,

And the captains and the majors, so gallant and courage-
ous,

the fortifications and
artillery.

A-riding about on their hosses.
To be guarded at all hours they built themselves watch-
towers,

With every tower a man on ;
And surly and secure, each from out his embrasure,
Looked down the iron cannon !

Of the conduct of the
actors and clergy.

A battle-song was writ for the theatre, where it
Was sung with vast enegy
And rapturous applause ; and besides, the public cause
Was supported by the clergy.
The pretty ladies'-maids were pinning of cockades
And tying on of sashes ;
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers blustered
fierce

Of the ladies ;

About gun-shot and gashes ;
The ladies took the hint, and all day were scraping lint,
As became their softer genders ;
And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the
heads

Of the city's brave defenders.

and, finally, of the tay-
lors.

The men, both young and old, felt resolute and bold,
And panted hot for glory ;
Even the tailors 'gan to brag, and embroidered on their flag
"AUT WINCERE AUT MORI !"

X.

Of the Cossack chief,
his stratagem ;

Seeing the city's resolute condition,
The Cossack chief, too cunning to despise it,
Said to himself, "Not having ammunition
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,
Some of these nights I'll carry it by storm,
And sudden escalade it or surprise it.

and the burghers' silli-
catorie.

Let's see, however, if the cits stand firmish."
He rode up to the city-gates ;—for answers,
Out rushed an eager troop of the town *élite*,
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish :
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,
Leaving the victory with the city lancers.

What prisoners they
took,

They took two prisoners and as many horses,
And the whole town grew quickly so elate
With this small victory of their virgin forces,
That they did deem their privates and commanders
So many Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders,
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great.

And puffing with inordinate conceit,
 They utterly despised these Cossack thieves;
 And thought the ruffians easier to beat
 Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.
 Meanwhile a sly spectator of their joys,
 The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves.

and how conceited they
 were.

"Where'er you meet yon stupid city hogs
 (He bade his troops precise this order keep),
 "Don't stand a moment—run away, you dogs!"
 'Twas done; and when they met the town battalions,
 The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,
 Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep.

Of the Cossack chief,
 his orders;

They fled, obedient to their captain's order:
 And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,
 When, viewing the country round, the city warder
 (Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch
 Upon the steeple of Saint Sophy's church)
 Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty blast he blasted.

and how he signified a
 retreat.

His voice it might be heard through all the streets
 (He was a warder wondrous strong in lung),
 "Victory, victory!—the foe retreats!"
 "The foe retreats!" each cries to each he meets;
 "The foe retreats!" each in his turn repeats.
 Gods! how the guns did roar, and how the joy-bells
 rung!

The warder proclaims
 the Cossacks' retreat,
 and the citie greatly
 rejoices.

Arming in haste his gallant city lawyers,
 The mayor, to learn if true the news might be,
 A league or two out issued with his prancers.
 The Cossacks (something had given their courage a
 damper)
 Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to scamper:
 Blessed be all the saints, Kiowa town was free!

XI.

Now, puffed with pride, the mayor grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he rosted all his foes, and thrice he slew the
 slain.

'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,
 And not be very murderous;
 For as of those who to death were done
 The number was exactly none,
 His lordship, in his soul's elation,
 Did take a bloodless recreation.
 Going home again, he did ordain
 A very splendid cold collation
 For the magistrates and the corporation;
 Likewise a grand illumination,
 For the amusement of the nation.

The manner of the
 citie's rejoicings,

That night the theatres were free,
 The conduits they ran Malwoisie;
 Each house that night did beam with light,
 And sound with mirth and jollity:
 But shame, O shame! not a soul in the town,
 Now the city was safe and the Cossacks flown,
 Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care

and its impiety.

The town had been rid of these terrible Turks—
 Said ever a prayer to that patroness fair,
 For these her wondrous works!

How the priest, Hyacinth, waited at church, and nobody came thither.

Long Hyacinth waited, the meekest of priors—
He waited at church with the rest of his friars;
He went there at noon, and he waited till ten,
Expecting in vain the lord-mayor and his men,
He waited and waited from midday to dark;
But in vain—you might search through the whole of the church,
Not a layman, alas! to the city's disgrace,
From midday to dark shewed his nose in the place.
The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk;
Kept away from their work, and were dancing like mad
Away in the streets with the other mad people,
Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipple
Wherever the drink might be had.

XII.

How he went forth to bid them to prayers.

Amidst this din and revelry throughout the city roaring,
The silver moon rose silently; and high in heaven was
soaring;
Prior Hyacinth was fervently upon his knees adoring:

“Towards my precious patroness this conduct sure unfair is;
I cannot think, I must confess, what keeps the dignitaries
And our good mayor away, unless some business them
contraries.”

He puts his long white mantle on, and forth the prior sallies—
(His pious thoughts were bent upon good deeds, and not
on malice):
Heavens! how the banquet-lights they shone about the
mayor's palace!

How the groomes and lackies jeered him.

About the hall the scullions ran with meats both fresh
and potted;
The pages came with cup and can, all for the guests
allotted:
Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as up the stairs
he trotted!

He entered in the anterooms, where sate the mayor's
court in;
He found a pack of drunken groomes a-dicing and
a-sporting—
The horrid wine and 'bacco fumes, they set the prior
a-snorting!

The prior thought he'd speak about their sins before he
went hence,
And lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance;
The rogues, they kicked the prior out before he'd done a
sentence!

And having got no portion small of buffeting and
tussling,
At last he reached the banquet-hall, where sate the
mayor a-guzzling,
And by his side his lady tall, dressed out in white sprig
muslin.

Around the table in a ring the guests were drinking
heavy ;
They drunk the church, and drunk the king, and the
army and the navy ;
In fact, they'd toasted every thing. The prior said,
" God save ye !"

And the mayor, mayor-
ess, and aldermen,
being tipsie, refused to
go to church.

The mayor cried, " Bring a silver cup—there's one
upon the beaufet ;
And, prior, have the venison up—it's capital *rechauffé*.
And so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup ? And pray you,
how's Saint Sophy ?"

The prior's face quite red was grown, with horror and
with anger ;
He flung the proffered goblet down—it made a hideous
clangour ;
And 'gan a preaching with a frown—he was a fierce
haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen—they all set up
a-jeering ;
He tried the common-councilmen—they too began
a-sneering :
He turned towards the may'ress then, and hoped to get
a-hearing.

He knelt and seized her dinner-dress, made of the
muslin snowy,
" To church, to church, my sweet mistress !" he cried ;
" the way I'll shew ye."
Alas, the lady-mayoress fell back as drunk as Chloë !

XIII.

Out from this dissolute and drunken court
Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping dim :
He tried the people of a meaner sort—
They too, alas, were bent upon their sport,
And not a single soul would follow him !
But all were swigging schnaps and guzzling beer.
He found the cits, their daughters, sons, and spouses,
Spending the livelong night in fierce carouses :
Alas, unthinking of the danger near !

How the prior went
back alone,

One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,
The rest were sharing in the general feast :
" God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded ;
Sweet Saint Sophia help us !" cried the priest.
Alone he entered the cathedral gate,
Careful he locked the mighty oaken door ;
Within his company of monks did wait,
A dozen poor old pious men—no more.
Oh, but it grieved the gentle prior sore,
To think of those lost souls, given up to drink and fate !

The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,
The poor old friars stirred their poor old bones,
And pattering swiftly on the damp cold stones,
They through the solitary chancel passed.
The chancel walls looked black, and dim, and vast,
And rendered ghostlike, melancholy tones.
Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a
Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at,
They locked and double-locked this inner wicket,
And stood within the chapel of Sophia.

and shut himself into
Saint Sophia's chapel
with his brethren.

Vain were it to describe this sainted place,
 Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,
 The venerable statue of Saint Sophy,
 Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace.
 Here the good prior, his personal griefs and sorrows
 In his extreme devotion quickly merging,
 At once began to pray with voice sonorous;
 The other friars joined in pious chorus,
 And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging,
 In honour of Sophia, that sweet virgin.

XIV.

*The episode of Sneezoff
 and Katinka.*

Leaving thus the pious priest in
 Humble penitence and prayer,
 And the greedy cits a-feasting,
 Let us to the walls repair.

Walking by the sentry-boxes,
 Underneath the silver moon,
 Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his—
 Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezoff was his designation,
 Fair-haired boy, for ever pitied;
 For to take this cruel station,
 He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in
 Tender love's delicious plenties;
 She a damsel of the kitchen,
 He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

Tinka, maiden tender-hearted,
 Was dissolved in tearful fits,
 On that fatal night she parted
 From her darling fair-haired Fritz.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in
 Comforter and muffetee;
 Called him "general" and "captain,"
 Though a simple private he.

"On your bosom wear this plaster,
 'Twill defend you from the cold;
 In your pipe smoke this canaster,
 Smuggled 'tis, my love, and old.

"All the night, my love, I'll miss you."
 Thus she spoke; and from the door
 Fair-haired Sneezoff made his issue,
 To return, alas, no more!

He it is who calmly walks his
 Walk beneath the silver moon;
 He it is who boldly cocks his
 Detonating musketoon.

He the bland canaster puffing,
 As upon his round he paces,
 Sudden sees a ragamuffin
 Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

"Who goes there?" exclaims the sentry;
 "When the sun has once gone down,
 No one e'er makes an entry
 Into this here fortified town!"

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezoff; •
 But, ere any one replied,
 Wretched youth! he fired his piece off,
 Started, staggered, groaned, and died!

How the sentrie, Sneez-
 off, was surprised and
 slain.

XV.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, "Who goes there?"
 But Echo was frightened too much to declare.
 Who goes there? Who goes there? Can any one swear
 To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,
 Or the whiskers of D'Orsay Count down to a hair?
 As well might you tell of the sands the amount,
 Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,
 As ever proclaim the number and name
 Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came!
 Down, down the knaves poured, with fire and with sword:
 There were thieves from the Danube, and rogues from the
 Don;

How the Cossacks
 rushed in suddenly,
 and took the citie.

There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks;
 Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions—
 Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulmaun:
 Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night!
 The gates were all taken—no chance e'en of flight;
 And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks
 Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs:
 They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew—
 Women and children, they slaughtered them too.
 Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,
 Or the river—but, oh, they had burned all the boats!

Of the Cossack troops;

and of their manner of
 burning, murdering,
 and ravishing.

But here let us pause—for I can't pursue further
 This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murder.
 Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed!
 His plan of attack was successful indeed!
 The night was his own—the town it was gone;
 'Twas a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.
 One building alone had escaped from the fires,
 Saint Sophy's fair church, with its steeples and spires.
 Calm, stately, and white,
 It stood in the light;
 And, as if 'twould defy all the conqueror's power,—
 As if naught had occurred,
 Might clearly be heard
 The chimes ringing soberly every half hour!

How they burned the
 whole citie down, save
 the church,

Whereof the bells be-
 gan to ring.

XVI.

The city was defunct—silence succeeded
 Unto its last fierce agonising yells;
 And then it was the conqueror first heeded
 The sound of these calm bells.
 Furious towards his aides-de-camps he turns,
 And (speaking as if Byron's works he knew)
 "Villains!" he fiercely cries, "the city burns,
 Why not the temple too?
 Burn me yon church, and murder all within!"
 The Cossacks thundered at the outer door;
 And Father Hyacinth, who heard the din
 (And thought himself and brethren in distress,
 Deserted by their lady patroness)
 Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes outpour.

How the Cossack chief
 bade them burn the
 church too.

How they stormed it;
 and of Hyacinth, his
 anger thereat.

XVII.

This prayer to the Saint
Sophia.

“ And is it thus, O fairest of the saints,
Thou hearest our complaints ?
Tell me, did ever my attachment falter
To serve thy altar ?
Was not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,
The last upon my lip ?
Was not thy name the very first that broke
From me when I awoke ?
Hare I not tried, with fasting, flogging, penance,
And mortified countenance,
For to find favour, Sophy, in thy sight ?
And lo ! this night,
Forgetful of my prayers, and thine own promise,
Thou turnest from us ;
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,
And, without pity,
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,
Burn down our houses !
Is such a breach of faith to be endured ?
See what a lurid
Light from the insolent invaders’ torches
Shines on your porches !
E’en now, with thund’ring battering-ram and hammer,
And hideous clamour ;
With axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen, bowmen,
The conquering foemen,
O Sophy ! beat your galls about your ears.
Alas ! and here’s
A humble company of pious men
Like muttons in a pen,
Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrust,ed,
Because in you they trusted.
Do you not know the Calmuc chief’s desires —
KILL ALL THE FRIARS !
And you, of all the saints most false and fickle,
Leave us in this abominable pickle !”

The Statue suddenly
speaks ;

“ RASH HYACINTHUS !”
(Here, to the astonishment of all her backers,
Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws
Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,
Began) “ I did not think that you had been thus,—
O monk of little faith ! Is it because
A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen
Besiege our town, that you distrust in me, then ?
Think’st thou that I, who in a former day
Did walk across the Sea of Marmora
(Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas),—
That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthenees,
Without so much as wetting of my toes,
Am frightened at a set of men like those ?
I have a mind to leave you to your fate :
Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires ——”

but is interrupted, by
the breaking in of the
Cossacks.

Saint Sophy was here
Cut short in her words,—
For at this very moment in tumbled the gate
And with a wild cheer,
And a clashing of swords,

Swift through the church porches,
 With a waving of torches,
 And a shriek and a yell
 Like the devils of hell,
 With pike and with axe,
 In rushed the Cossacks,—
 In rushed the Cossacks, crying, "MURDER THE FRIARS!"

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth,
 When he heard that villanous shout Calmuc!
 Now, thought he, my trial beginnith:
 "Saints, O give me courage and pluck!
 Courage, boys! 'tis useless to funk,"
 Thus unto the friars he began;
 "Never let it be said that a monk
 Is not likewise a gentleman.
 Though the patron saint of the church,
 Spite of all that we've done and we've prayed,
 Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch:
 Hang it, gentlemen! who's afraid?"

Of Hyacinth, his courageous address,

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke,
 He, with an air as easy and as free as
 If the quick-coming murder were a joke,
 Folded his robes around his sides, and took
 Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,
 Like Cæsar at the statue of Pompeius.
 The monks no leisure had about to look
 (Each being absorbed in his particular case),
 Else had they seen with what celestial grace
 A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's mahogany face.

and preparation for dying.

"Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son!"
 Thus spoke the sainted statue.
 "Though you doubted me in the hour of need,
 And spoke of me very rude indeed,
 You deserve good luck for shewing such pluck,
 And I won't be angry at you."

Saint Sophia, her speech.

The monks by-standing, one and all
 Of this wondrous scene beholders,
 To this kind promise listened content,
 And couldn't contain their astonishment,
 When Saint Sophia moved and went
 Down from her wooden pedestal,
 And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,
 Round Hyacinthus's shoulders!

She gets on the prior's shoulders straddleback,

"Ho! forwards!" cries Sophy, "there's no time for waiting;
 The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in:
 See, the glare of their torches shines red through the grating;
 We've still the back door, and two minutes or more.
 Now, boys, now or never, we must make for the river,
 For we only are safe on the opposite shore.
 Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran,—
 Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man;
 And I'll lay five to two that you'll carry us through,—
 Only scamper as fast as you can."

and bids him run.

XVIII.

The runneth,

Away went the priest through the little back door,
And light on his shoulders the image he bore :
The honest old priest was not punished the least,
Though this image was eight feet, and he measured
four.

Away went the prior, and the monks at his tail
Went snorting, and puffing, and panting full sail ;
And just as the last at the back door had passed,
In furious hunt behold at the front
The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible cheers ;
With axes, and halberds, and muskets, and spears,
And torches a-flaming the chapel now came in.
They tore up the mass-book, they stamped on the
psalter,
They pulled the gold crucifix down from the altar ;
The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires,
And many cried, " Curse on them ! where are the
friars ? "

*and the Tartars after
him.*

When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,
One chanced to fling open the little back door,
Spied out the friars' white robes and long shadows
In the moon, scampering over the meadows,
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,
By crying out lustily, " *THREE GO THE PARSONS !* "
With a whoop and a yell, and a scream and a shout,
At once the whole murderous body turned out ;
And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,
Pursued the poor short-winded men of religion.

How the friars sweated,

When the sound of that cheering came to the monks'
hearing,

O Heaven how the poor fellows panted and blew !
As fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running,
When the Tartars came up, what the deuce should
they do ?

" They'll make us all martyrs, those blood-thirsty
Tartars ! "

Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.
The shouts they came clearer, the foe they drew nearer ;
Oh, how the bolts whistled, and how the lights shone !

" I cannot get further, this running is murder ;
Come carry me, some one ! " cried big Father John.
And even the statue grew frightened, " Od rat you ! "

It cried, " Mr. Prior, I wish you'd get on."
On tugged the good friar, but nigher and nigher
Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword and with fire.
On lugged the good prior at Saint Sophy's desire,—
A scramble through bramble, through mud and through
mire.

The swift arrow's whizziness causing a dizziness,
Nigh done his business, fit to expire.
Father Ilyacynth tugged, and the monks they tugged
after :

*and the pursuers fired
arrows into their tails.*

The foemen pursued with a horrible laughter,
And hurled their long spears round the poor brothers'
ears

So true, that next day in the coats of each priest,
Though never a wound was given, there were found
A dozen arrows at least.

Now the chase seemed at its worst,
 Prior and monks were fit to burst;
 Scarce you knew the which was first,
 Or pursuers or pursued.
 When the statue, by Heaven's grace,
 Suddenly did change the face
 Of this interesting race
 As a saint sure only could.

How at the last gasp

For as the jockey who at Epsom rides,
 When that his steed is spent, and punished sore,
 Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides,
 And thereby makes him run one or two furlongs more;
 Even thus, betwixt the eighth rib and the ninth,
 The saint rebuked the prior, that weary creeper;
 Fresh strength unto his limbs her kicks imparted,—
 One bound he made, as gay as when he started;
 Yes, with his brethren clinging at his cloak,
 The statue on his shoulders—fit to choke,—
 One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth,
 And soused friars, statue, and all, slap dash into the
 Dnieper!

the friars won, and
 jumped into Borys-
 thenes flubius.

XIX.

And when the Russians in a fiery rank,
 Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore
 (For here the vain pursuing they forbore,
 Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank),
 There, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,
 A sight they witnessed never seen before,
 And which, with its accompaniments glorious,
 Is writ in the golden book, or *liber aureus*.

And how the Russians
 saw

Plump in the Dnieper flounced the friar and friends,—
 They dangling round his neck, he fit to choke.
 When suddenly his most miraculous cloak
 Over the billowy waves itself extends.
 Down from his shoulders quietly descends
 The venerable Sophy's statue of oak;
 Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,
 Bids all the brethren follow its example!

the Statue got off Hyac-
 cinth his back, and sit
 down with the friars on
 Hyacinth his cloak.

Each at her bidding sate, and sate at ease;
 The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,
 And (waving to the foe a salutation),
 Sailed with her wondering happy protégés
 Gaily adown the wide Borysthenes,

How in this manner of
 boat they sailed away.

Until they came unto some friendly nation.
 And when the heathen had at length grown shy of
 Their conquest, she one day came back again to Kioff.

XX.

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING AT YOU; *finis, or the end.*
 YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE STATUE.

CESAR OTWAY'S TOUR IN CONNAUGHT.

ONE of the greatest services that can be rendered either to England or to Ireland, is an honest, unbiassed account of the moral and religious condition of Connaught, Leinster, and Munster, the three great Papal provinces, in the first instance; and of Ulster, the Protestant province, in the other. There are so many conflicting accounts, so many partisan toftrists, so many political pens and eyes jaundiced by expectations of promotion before they are directed to the spots they visit, that impartiality is as rare as it is felt to be desirable.

We think that on our table one of the most honest, the most useful, and the most amusing. The author set out with no purpose to subserve, no favourite theory to support, no party to keep in power. He walked the bogs of Connaught with his pencil in hand, jotting down all he heard, saw, or met with, and leaving the reader to draw the just and legitimate inferences. For the comfort of the *protégés* of the Melbourne cabinet, he prefixes to those chapters where he was forced to pronounce an opinion on the comparative effects of truth and error, a caution, to the effect that those who got and hold their place in consequence and in remuneration of concessions to the Italian hierarchy had better skip it.

In many respects, Ireland is unique and *sui generis*. She has excellences and defects, many and intense. Her excellences are natural; her sins and immoralities are the productions of that once exotic miasma, which England primarily introduced. We believe that the Irish character is naturally possessed of those warm and social affections, those generous and high-toned feelings, which are the stamina of real and lasting national prosperity. There are a contentment in their privations, and a gratitude for any alleviation of them by the hand of the stranger, such as are rarely seen in the more favoured provinces of England. They have good intellectual as well as moral qualities. Irishmen have risen to the very loftiest rank in the pulpit, in the senate, and at the bar. The records of the army, the church, and the navy, the annals

of science, and the more brilliant tablets of poetic excellence, all bear simultaneous and imperishable testimony to the energies and worth of their character. What, then, has depraved and deteriorated at least five millions of the Irish population? Is it whisky or potatoes? Is it Whiggery or Toryism? Is it Absenteeism, or Middlemen, or Ribbonism, or Whiteboyism? It is none of these alone, or primarily. The teeming fountain of all those savage deeds which now stain the moral aspect of that country, of those storms and tempests that rend its social fabric, and of all that squalid wretchedness and pinching poverty which are as certain inmates of an Irish cabin as poteen, potatoes, and a pig; of that fear of loss, and that precarious safety, that repels capitalists from Connaught, and proprietors and landed gentry from Munster and Leinster—of those horrid iniquities that deface the national calendars, and identify Ireland with barbarous communities,—*as, in two words, POKERY and its PRIESTHOOD.*

This system exists and festers in Ireland, in perhaps its most concentrated and embittered forms; and its faithful administrators—John McHale and his surpliced menagerie—are, without exception, the coarsest, most antisocial, and virulent enemies of Protestantism, of civilisation, and of social well-being, in the four quarters of the globe! These two have preyed on the vitals of the country, and reduced it to its present miserable moral and political chaos. It was their aim and their united effort to place that country precisely where we now find it; for as long as its people were peaceful, and friendly to their connexion with England, so long the wished-for ascendancy of the Romish hierarchy was put off, and the certainties of rapid and wide-spread conversions to the national church multiplied. But by reducing Ireland to a state of physical, political, and moral disorganisation, they enjoy to themselves the high delight of beholding its provinces so hot that Protestants must escape for their lives; and the whole population so agitated and inflamed, that there arises more than a probable prospect of

England surrendering the savages to the blinding force of the iron crossier of the nitred Dominic of Tuam. The priests glory in the chaos. They know what produces it; and they know how to perpetuate and agitate it, till England, in sheer despair, consigns the island to their hands. A firm and fearless government might have done great things in that country; but, in the wise and inscrutable purposes of Heaven, this boon has not been given her, and she endures the consequences. Conciliation is absurd and mischievous. We may as well think to conciliate cats to mice, serpents to society, and Satan to mankind, as to conciliate real Romanism to morality, or truth, or chastity. Concession is just as hopeless. It will never satisfy. The grave cannot be saturated with dead, nor the papacy with power, till the knell that announces the destruction of both.

It is the merest ignorance that attributes the exasperations of the Irish priests to the presence of tithes, or ecclesiastical imposts of any description. This can be proved by fact. There is an island on the coast of Ireland known by the name of Achill. It is naturally barren and unproductive. When the Rev. Messrs. Nangle and Baylie, two devoted missionary clergymen of the Irish Church, first set foot on the island, they found cabins worse than wigwams, a people extremely barbarous, and Fathers Hughes and Dwyer loving the darkness more than the light, for very obvious reasons. After days of hard toil, and nights of anxious watchfulness, they contrived to raise the embryo of a village, in which were located, with themselves, readers, schoolmasters, and a physician. By and by, upwards of thirty acres were reclaimed, the school-houses came to be well attended by children, and many Romanists were eventually brought within the influences of Christianity. A transformation *moral*, and thereby and therefore *physical*, speedily ensued. The hitherto wretched peasantry saw and appreciated the advantages, and gave no slight tokens of preferring Protestant light to Papal darkness. Did the priests hail the transition? Far from it. They got *soi-disant* Archbishop M'Hale to visit the island in his archiepiscopal tinsel, and strutting like a turkey-cock, to appear among the islanders, and fulminate the Vatican thunders; and from that mo-

ment commands were laid upon the miserable peasantry to have no intercourse with the heretics—to curse them, hoot them, and “cut the sign of the cross” when they came near them—to stone them—to cast them into bog-holes—to sell them no food, and to take from their doctor no physic. Now we ask, why and wherefore this virulent and desperate aggression? Was it on account of tithes? Mr. Nangle neither asked nor received a thousandth part of a penny from any of them. Was it on account of church-rates? The name of this impost is not known in the place. What then? Unquestionably, the bitter and inherent hatred which the papacy essentially cherishes to truth, under all circumstances, in all ages, and in every latitude. We have, in the case of Mr. Nangle and his settlement at Achill, most decisive evidence, on a microscopic scale, of the true cause of the discord of Ireland. That settlement has served a great moral end. The bitter root in Ireland is not *Irish*, but *Italian*; it is *erotic*, not *indigenous*. The demolition of the remaining bishoprics of the Irish Church, and the extinction of all its temporalities tomorrow, would not be the harbinger of an Irish millennium, but, on the contrary, the signal for an Irish havoc; not the quietus to the priesthood, but a stimulant to the expulsion of all light and truth from the country. Well does Cesar Otway observe:—

“Were the Romish priests are assuming in Dublin, and all over England and Scotland, such a bland, and soothing, and liberal aspect; and they come and even ask our Protestant bishops to give them money to build their chapels; yes, and Conservative lords and squires are found giving sums—and these large ones—to build chapels. A Protestant landed proprietor has given a large territory to the monks of La Trappe. Moreover, if a man refuses to aid them in building schools, chapels, and convents, he is pointed at as a bigot. Well, look at the proceedings of these most expecting, and exacting, and bland priests in the West. Here comes a Protestant clergyman, altogether unconnected with church property of any sort, not drawing one penny from ‘the blood-stained tithes,’ but depending on the Voluntary system as much, and infinitely more, than the priests themselves; and he takes from a Protestant landed proprietor a piece of ground in a totally neglected island;

and there he opens schools, into which he don't *drive*, he merely *invites*, children; he sets about an improved system of culture, encourages industry, discourages drunkenness and disorderly conduct; as far as possible, requires that all within his influence should abstain from violence, injustice, or breaches of the peace; and, lo! because he has the impertinence to molest the priests' *owlish*, silent, solitary reign, he and his people are to be cursed, hooted, stoned, pitchforked, and thrown into hog-holes; and a man calling himself a priest of Jesus is found, and that openly, saying that he has encouraged his followers to do these things."

The worthy writer of this extract does well to prefix to the chapter that contains it a salutary caution, in this style:—

"Those whose desire is to establish the sway of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland may skip this chapter, unless disposed to read what they won't like."

We hold it a first principle, in all legislative enactments for Ireland, that Popery be depressed, and Protestantism, if not fostered as it should, be at least *protected*. Let the British government do its duty to God, and to the solemn obligations under which the powers that be necessarily lie, and brighter days will shine on Ireland. Restore the ten defunct bishoprics—erect ten more—endow with the money you are now squandering on commissions 1800 additional clergy; and in five years Ireland, from being a drag and disgrace, will be a bright gem in Victoria's diadem. But "to a blind horse a nod is as good as a wink." There is no hope of such "justice to Ireland," as long as Melbourne's lord rules the roast in Downing Street. This we repeat:—Ireland will approximate to a clean Pandemonium, precisely in proportion as Popery is patronised, paid, or palliated.

We have been so absorbed in regret at the wretched state of Ireland, that we have forgotten we intended to follow Cesar Otway in his humorous, useful, and interesting tour in Connaught.

Of the four Irish provinces, Connaught is perhaps best fitted to teach us what is the real state of the papal population of Ireland. We know not more inexplicable moral phenomena, than those of Irish condition and character; the lights and shades of joy

and sorrow, the sunshine and cloud of human life, are so intermingled, that every moral analysis of Ireland fails to satisfy. In no country are buoyant animal spirits and wretchedness of situation so striking and so intermingled. Even in that country, despair and utter hopelessness do not exist. Remove a million of Englishmen to Ireland, and place them in the same circumstances as the inhabitants of Connaught are in at the present hour, and the majority would be sleeping in their graves, as suicides, in six months. They could not stand it. They want the animal spirits and light-hearted merriment of Irishmen. This fact alone shews that the Irish are naturally a fine race; and that nothing but the abominable superstition under which they groan, prevents that country from surpassing England in all kinds of prosperity.

Mr. Otway leaves Dublin and its ditty purloins, and commences his local antiquarian and historic recollections before he has reached the end of Barrack Street, and works his way westward to the darkest province of the "Land of Job," as he humorously designates the land of his sires. The mere geographical reflections we let alone. We have scarcely time to recount the straths, castles, abbeys, *duns*, round towers, and marauding raparees, which pass vividly before us, as if we were sliding along the midst of the panorama at the moderate locomotive pace of forty miles an hour. A spring at Leixlip, however, engages our fancy, as it did that of the reverend author. It is purely Irish in its pretensions:—

"Not a fish or frog will live in its waters; nay, more, let any one who has drank over night from fifteen to twenty tumblers of punch, and whose head is so hot that it makes the water fizz into which it is plunged—let him, I say, but take a quart or two of the water of this spring on the following morning, and he will lose all his whisky-fever, and walk home as cool as a cucumber."

Such, we presume, is the reverend divine's experience—

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

This well must be a national comfort to the drunken priests and carousing squires of Palland.

MAYNOOTH.

After this wondrous recipe for the cure of drunkenness, we come next to a still more wondrous recipe for the manufacture of Popish priests, the compounding and continuation of which are secured at the expense of Protestant England. We refer to Maynooth:—

"The centre building was erected by a butler of the late Duke of Leinster, who out of his savings built it as a private mansion. He little thought of all the Latin, and logic, and dogmatic theology it would subsequently contain. The college is daily enlarging itself; and so it should, if it meant to supply the immense and rapidly increasing Roman Catholic population of Ireland with pastors. To me, it seems to extend itself without any view towards uniformity, and to be straggling in its hugeness, more like a workhouse than a college. Looking on it as a great factory, where strong machinery is applied to the purpose of bending mind, and assuming that it is more notable for its discipline than its learning, I say it is deficient in the air, the unction, the scholastic gray sobriety, that characterises Oxford and Cambridge, in England; or Padua and Salamanca, on the Continent."

We believe St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, to be one of the greatest calamities that have befallen Ireland. The old ecclesiastical régime of Continental priests, whose families and education were respectable, is now almost extinct; and in their place there has sprung up the coarse and brutal breed that now minister in the papal mass-houses of the Irish. These last are full of low prejudices and rankling antipathies to England; drilled into the most slavish and abject obedience to their despot prelacy; and taught, from their earliest lessons, to contemplate the extirpation of the Protestant Church as the first and best benediction on their country. Slaves themselves, they rejoice to make their congregations slaves also. Full of every filthy and immoral notion, they pour out of the fulness of their hearts into every female that approaches the confessional. Delahogue and Bailley pollute their minds, and they pollute in turn the minds of their people; and Ireland, as the natural and necessary result, becomes a moral lazarus-house. But we leave Maynooth, and follow our author through more pleasant scenes in the county of Meath. In this county

was wont to be the celebrated fair of Tailteen, on which our author makes the following reflections:—

"Here, also, was the great fair of Tailteen, where all the Irish lads and lasses met to get married; and where, as now at Ballinasloe, there is a splendid show of fine cattle. So in those primitive days, along the sides of the hill of Tailteen were ranged pretty girls and brave boys; and then, after the young people had for a sufficient time cast sheep's eyes at one another, and after the parents had made proper bargains, and arranged family settlements, matches were made, and then games, and sports, and feats of activity, began, which were similar, and not, perhaps, inferior, to the Isthmian or Olympic games of Greece. Human nature is the same in all times and all places: the young must marry, and be given in marriage: and what great difference is there between a mother bringing her daughter, to range her with others along the side of a ball-room, and the Milesian mother of olden time leading her blushing girl to Tailteen, to sit modestly on the green clover, and with downcast diamonds every now and then peeping out from beneath her long eyelashes, to spy whether the boys from the opposite side of the line were cocking their bonnets at her?"

In these reflections there is much good sense, and much of human nature. Whether man appear at Almack's or at Tailteen, in the West End or in Connaught, the same distinctive outlines shew themselves. There may be less of artificial splendour in the mode of getting husbands in Meath; but as much art, and ingenuity, and manœuvre: and yet we know not that there is less of the attractive in the clover than in the carpet floor, and in the wild flowers than in the artificial. The Irish Almack's will be followed with fewer headaches, and require for faded cheeks less rouge. The following is in its way an interesting reflection:—

"The Boyne flows lazily here amidst sedge weeds, appearing but the dark drain of an immense morass—the discharge of the waste waters of the Bog of Allen. A strong position in time of war. Lord Wellington knows it well: he has often had his soldier eye upon it: his paternal mansion, Dangan, being not far off to the right, near Irim. How different was the young, fun-loving, comical, quizzing, gallanting, Captain Arthur Wellesley, when residing in his shooting-

lodge, between Summerhill and Dangan, from the stern, cautious, careworn Fabius of the Peninsular war—the trifling, provoking, capricious sprig of nobility—half-dreaded, half-doated on by the women, hated by the men—the dry joker, the practical wit, the ne'er-do-well, despaired of as good for nothing by his own family—from the redoubtable warrior of Waterloo—the great prime-minister of England—like Julius Cæsar, a *roué* converted into a hero.”

It must appear to the duke a very impressive transition, to pass from the Bogs of Dangan to the Dover festival,—from the antipathies of Irish Papists and the love of Irish women to the rank of the hero of the age,—“The Duke,” the object of universal plaudits. His merits begin to be appreciated only now; they were enumerated by the far-seeing and the wise only, hitherto; but at length they strike even common minds. In the camp and the cabinet he has been great. One fatal mistake he was guilty of in his conduct as a statesman, in 1829. He would have been too much elated, if he had never erred; and too much worshipped, if every stroke of his civil policy had been as masterly as every movement of his military tactics. We believe, also, that the suicidal deed of 1829 was a just judgment inflicted from a higher tribunal, inevitable even by the genius and resources of “the Duke.” There is wanting one thing only in the conduct of his grace to crown his character in the estimate of the best and wisest of the population of England,—and that is, a public acknowledgment, in his place in the House of Peers, that he erred, and was deceived,—that the principle from which Emancipation sprung was false, and that the professions made by the parties who extorted it as a benefit were palpable and abominable perjuries and lies. There is yet time. The confession will add to his laurels, not blight them. There will be thereby wreathed with the chaplets of the hero and the statesman the yet brighter glories of the Christian.

A GEM.

We make a strange transition when we pass from a hero to a beggar-woman; but we pass to one as able and accomplished in her vocation as the duke in his. Ireland alone has given birth to the *élite* of beggars. The eloquence of the Hibernian mendicant

is unique. From the big Beggarman of Dairynane down to the queen-bee of the Kinnegad swarm, a rich and unparalleled blarney shines conspicuous. Whether we turn to O’Connell, screwing the last potato from a starving Irishman’s fingers, for the good and glory of old Ireland, or to the sturdy virago we are now to appropriate from Cæsar Otway’s sketch-book; we see reasons strong and urgent for enthroning Ireland as the land and birthplace of beggars:—

“Kinnegad is, like most towns in East and West Meath, ‘a lean place amid fat lands.’ What a sleepy spot! few up and doing but the cur-dogs and beggars. The bugle of the passing coach sends its clangor along the quiet street, it reverberates amongst the mud walls and dunghills—the lazy cobbler lifts his head from his last, and scratches, significantly, beneath his woollen night-cap—the tailor lays down his goose, scratches also ruminatingly at the organ of destructiveness, and stares at the passing vehicle—the tinker’s ass brays responsively as the guard blows—the sow rises from her wallowing in the green puddle that bubbles and festers before the huxter’s door to grunt in unison—mendicants and cur-dogs rush forth and surround us, the one barking, the other begging. Oh, why have we not the pencil of a Wilkie or an Ostade, a Callot or Della Bella, to picture the grouping of a coach changing horses at an Irish village? Here I challenge all the mendicant countries in Christendom to match me Ireland in the trade, or costume, or aptitude for begging,—France, Italy, ay, even Spain itself, must yield the palm. Where under the sun could you find such eloquence of complaint—such versatility of supplications—such aptitude of humour, suiting, with felicitous tact, the appeal to the well-guessed character of the applicant? Observe, there is always a leader of the begging band, who controls the rest, and asserts a manifest superiority in striking the key-note of supplication. Take, for instance, the queen-bee, or rather wasp, of the Kinnegad swarm that surrounded us. What a tall, sturdy, sinewy virago! her dark, unquiet eye bespeaking her quick spirit,—her powerful form, the danger of disputing with her,—her sallow skin and sharp features, that the pabulum of her existence was drawn more from whisky than from wholesome eatables: alas! for the body, soul, and spirit of that being whose existence depends on whisky and potatoes! Look at her, with her filthy, faltering hand, fixed now on

the coach-door, in the attitude of threatening requisition, and almost intentionally frightening a delicate female within into the reluctant bestowment of sixpence. Again, see with what a leer of cunning she addresses herself, in flattering guise, to an outside passenger; and how knowingly she *smokes* a youth with a cigar in his mouth; and while coaxing him out of a penny, which he flung at her head, she played upon the puffer, offered to lend him her *dudeen*, quizzed him for his parsimony, in attempting to smoke and chew at the same time from the same *tobacco* twist, and exhibited him off in the truth of his nature as a jackanapes. Then she moved off to the rear of the coach, and commenced flattering a farming sort of young man, large, rude, and ruddy. 'Och! then, is that yourself, Master Tom! I hope your honour's heifers sold well last market—maybe it's yourself that hasn't the pocketful of money coming out of Smithfield: and long may your father and your father's son reign, for it's he that's the good warrant to give to the poor—my blessing, and the blessing of poor Judy's children, light on him every day he gets up,—for it's he that never passes through Kinnegad without throwing me a silver shilling. Do, Master Tom—and the heavens be your bed—throw us a half-a-crown now, and we'll divide decently. Yes, your honour, I know you'll be after putting your hand into your pocket. Molly, agra, turning to another beggarwoman, 'what a sweet smile Master Tom carries! Isn't he as like the dear man his father as if he had been spit out of his mouth?—But why shouldn't he be good, seeing as how he's the rale old son—none of your upstart Jackeens.' Here a sixpence, thrown at her head, rewarded her pains; and immediately she turned to a respectable-looking man, with broad-brimmed hat and sad-coloured attire, who stood on the other side of the vehicle preparing to mount. 'Do, your riverence, throw us a tester before you go, and soon and safe may you return, for the prayer of the fatherless and widow will be along wid yeas—blessing on his sweet, charitable face!—Wouldn't ye see, Honor,' addressing herself to another beggarwoman, with the wink of an eye, 'that there was a heart within him for the poor?' Here Honor interposed: 'Judy Mulcahey, and bad luck to yeas, why call the gentleman 'his riverence,' when you know no more than my sucking child whether he be a clergy at all, at all?' 'Yes, but I do know; and for why shouldn't I? Don't I see his galligaskins covering so tight and nate his comfortable legs?—blessings on his riverence every day he rises!'

And then, in an under voice, and turning to a beggarman behind her, 'Jack, what matters it to the like of us, whether he be the right sort or no—what consarn is it to Judy and the childer, whether he be priest, or parson, or methody preacher, so as I slewder him out of sixpence? Do, your riverence, do—and the poor widow's blessing attend ye—throw something before yeas go amongst us!' Thus she carried on her attacks; praised and joked, prayed and imprecated, now a blessing, now a blasphemy; and when the guard sang out, 'All's right!' and the coach drove off, she heaped curses, for sheer fun sake, upon all those whom, for herself and fellows, she had failed to put under contribution—and then for the whisky-shop, to dissolve, with all rapidity, the proceeds of her morning's occupation. But,

'Adieu to the village delights!''

A WORD ON RED BOGS.

The drainage of these gigantic Irish wastes has frequently suggested itself to the benevolent writer. Instead of sending our felons to Botany Bay, at a prodigious expense, would it not be better to send them to a worse penal settlement, viz. to Connaught, and the south and west of Ireland, where their labour might be expended profitably to the mother-country in draining and cultivating the prodigious bogs of Ireland? Private capital never will be risked among a priest-ridden people, who are prepared, at the bidding of the filthiest and worst of men, to murder or pillage; but if cultivated by felons, in the way of punishment, the result might be gain; and if, through the rapacity of the Irish priests, every inch of the reclaimed land were appropriated, or, which is the same thing, made too hot for honesty, or truth, or purity, to dwell on, no great loss would be sustained.

The next suggestion deserves the serious attention of the Irish landlords. The immense masses of peat or turf that skirt the red bogs might all be changed into charcoal—a fuel the most convenient and portable for culinary and other purposes. Thus, instead of wagon-loads of smoky turf, frequently forgotten and neglected till too late in the winter, there might be laid up in the poorest cabins, and in the smallest space, the winter's fuel. But this is not all. The advantages resulting from this step are yet greater. If we had plenty of charcoal, such as

we have described, we should be able to melt iron, and produce an article equal to the choicest Swedish iron. The ore in the hills of Ireland and Wales is as good as any that can be dug from those of Scandinavia and Russia; and the reason at this moment why British iron is so inferior arises not from the nature of the ore, but from the fuel used in smelting it. The arsenic and sulphur that abound in Newcastle coal materially affect our iron in quality. If, however, the charcoal produced from the Irish bogs could be used instead of coal, iron would be produced equal to any in the world; and thereby much gold would circulate at home which now finds its way to distant parts of Europe. There is only one obstacle to this. No capitalist will risk his property in the domains of the Agitator or amid the Irish priests. A Protestant capitalist would be murdered, and his manufactory pulled down; and a Popish capitalist would be plucked bare, to uphold a greedy and an unclean hierarchy. And thus Ireland is its own exclusive tormentor, though Britain is blamed. Ireland commits suicide; while its priests designate England the murderer.

CONNELL, THE WATERPROOF-SAINT.

Mr. Otway seems at a loss to ascertain if the Macintosh phenomenon, whose morning habits he refers to, be a progenitor of the present notorious Irish brigand, O'Connell. We think there may be some blood relationship, inasmuch as there are some personal resemblances of condition. Both appear to be wrapt in a sort of *proof*; the saint's is waterproof, and the sinner's is shameproof. He of Kilconnell defied a whole lough of water; he of Darrynane, a whole nation-load of shame and infamy. St. Connell's goodness was of this sort: into the cold, cold spring well he would go down, and kneel, every morning; and, minding the water as little as a frog, would say all his *paters* and *aves*, and repeat every verse of the one hundred and fifty psalms; nay, more, he used to starve, macerate, and flagellate his body, and undergo acts of mortification enough to turn his carcass into a mummy, in the same way as the men of Kent turn pig's meat into brawn:—

"At the time that Connell was about

building the steeple of his abbey, another saint, one Kerrill, was intending to do the same at a place called Clonkeen, about seven miles to the west: and it so happened that Connell had his materials first; and he came to the other, and said, 'Brother Kerrill, let me now have your masons to help mine; and when you are ready, I will in return send you back mine along with your own, and so there will be no time lost to either of us.' 'Agreed,' says Kerrill. So Connell soon ran up his steeple, and was proud, as he well might, of his edification. But by and by, when Kerrill was ready, he sent to Connell for all the masons; but he, it is supposed, conceiving, that when pious intentions are to be fulfilled, it is no harm to break a promise, said, that indeed he was busy in building a chapel for the Virgin, and he could not send his people till that good work was finished. So Kerrill, in great wrath, came over to Kilconnell, and then the two saints set to rating each other most roundly; and, not content with this public strife of tongues, they retired to a lonesome field, called Ballyglass, about a mile off, where there were lofty echoing rocks, and each kneeling down with his face to a high stone, they set to most methodically to curse each other, and to wish evil against whatever they respectively held dearest in the world. Among other anathemas, Connell hurled this at Kerrill,— 'May Clonkeen Abbey never see a Monday morning come to noon without a corpse coming to be buried!' 'Thank ye for that,' says Kerrill; 'see how I come over you and your beautiful curse; for my prayer is—and I am sure it will be granted—that the corpse that is to come shall be that of a blackbird.' And so it is, for every Monday morning since that day's cursing-match, a blackbird is found dead in Clonkeen Abbey. And now it came to Kerrill's turn to curse, and his was a most catholic and general curse, attending not only on his place of dislike, but, as I deem, extending all over the land of Ire. His curse was, 'May Kilconnell never see a fair-day without a fight; and may there be as many black eyes and bloody noses there and then as there are cock blackbirds with red bills in Clonkeen!' Poor Connell was altogether powerless to avert this curse: Fate was too stern for him; and so it is every fair-day that comes, fighting follows as sure as a luck-penny concludes a bargain. And so, when the cattle are driven out of the green, and whisky has done its duty, then comes the clash of closhpeens, and the joy of battle sparkles in each reddening eye.

"*Bello gaudentes, prælio ridentes.*' On they rush,—the Kilconnellites to batter

the Longfordites. Reader, if ever you go to Kilconnell, be sure to examine the heap of skulls you will see there; and pray observe the wonderful thickness of those brain-bowls. Nothing but constant cudgelling could have caused this characteristic crassitude: and so St. Kerrill's prophecy is fulfilled to the letter. And why should not the inhabitants of this barony continue, as long as fire burns, or water flows, to fight at Kilconnell, to keep up the credit of St. Kerrill?"

FATHER CHRISTY.

"Now, there was in this neighbourhood a holy priest. 'My grandmother,' says my informant, 'often drank the water steeped in the blessed clay in which he was buried; but no matter for that.' And the fairies had a grudge against Father Christy, and watched to take him at an advantage; so one night—it was close upon Hallowtide, if it was not the very eve of All Saints' itself—anyhow, Father Christy was coming home to Kilconnell, from the hospitable house of one of his gentlemen parishioners. I think the place is or was called Hillswood; and the moon—the deceiving moon—was up, and she threw her shadows and shinnings in such a way, that it would be hard for any man, especially when coming from a place overflowing with hospitality, to pick his way quite straight; but, at any rate, the priest thought he had the path, and on he went, expecting every moment to see the abbey-tower; when, mighty strange!!! his reverence found himself at the door of a great house; and standing at the hall-door, clad in green, and gold lace, was a servant, who bid him welcome, took his horse with a low bow, and pointed to the open hall-door, and requested him to enter, which he did, nothing loth,—for all round seemed as kind as it was light-some and gay. At the entrance of a splendidly lit-up chamber he met a lovely lady, with a goblet of wine in her hand, as clear, and sparkling, and enchanting as her own dark, rolling eye: and she led him into where tables were laid out, and gallant gentlemen and gorgeous dames sat intermingled; and as the priest entered, one and all rose and cried, 'You're welcome, Father Christy!' and they were all equally so kind and so encouraging. 'Here's a seat by me,' says one: 'No,' says another; 'come beside me, and have your back to the fire this cold night, dear, sweet Father Christy!' But all this kind and invitatory bustle was set at rest by the little splendid man dressed in green cut velvet, with a golden hunting-cap on his head, who sat at the head of his table, and who summoned him, with an air of superiority, to take a chair at

his right hand, as the post of honour. And now the work of the festive hour was begun; each seemed about to address him or herself to the food they liked best; when up stood the Amphitryon of the feast, and with an air of satisfaction which denotes that the speaker is about to address a willing audience, he said, 'Gentlemen and ladies, before we set to, I propose that we drink the health of our guest, Father Christy—and long may he reign amongst us!' To which all, with one accord, assented, and were in the act of filling bumpers, and crying, 'Hip! hip!' three times three! when the priest, on being offered the wine as it went round, with all due gravity, and as became his calling, said, 'Most noble, my entertainer,—and you, ye gay gentlemen and gracious ladies, I do from my heart respond to your hospitalities, and shall most willingly partake of your cheer, and especially your wine,—for, as you all may know, it is more pleasant to set to drinking again than to eating; but this I must say, that it has ever been my own practice, and I do my endeavour as becomes my cloth to teach it to others, never to sit down to table without saying grace.' And with that his reverence, with his usual sleight and agility, cut the sign of the cross on his breast, and said off his Latin with such holy rapidity, that none but a practised eye and ear could see or hear the reverend office. But wondrous were its effects! like a flash of lightning, or the shifting of the *Fata Morgana* in the Straits of Messina, or in the coasts of the Giant's Causeway,—all vanished,—light, people, goblets, and good cheer, and lo! the priest rubbed his eyes, and felt very much as if he had been just a sleeping at the stump of an ash-tree, near the village; and nothing was really wrong about him, save that the knee of his good, thick-set, small-clothes was burst, and the rein of his good and quiet mare broken, which was altogether of no consequence, as the gentle beast was grazing but a few yards off. The priest used, in after-times, when wrought up to good-humour at a station, to tell this adventure among the fairies.

"'I remember,' says my informant, 'on one of those occasions, my grandmother asked his reverence, what would have been the consequence had he drank off that bumper without saying grace. 'Why,' says the holy man, 'I would never have got away from them; they would have as hard a hault of me, and I would be as far in him as any of the other people they have taken.' My grandmother—God be good to her!—was a great favourite with this priest; and good reason there was for it, for she was

of the three orders—the scapular, the cord, and the sacred heart. He, therefore, told her of many other doings he had with the ‘good people!’ amongst the rest, how one day he met on the road, of a fine summer’s evening (by the by, it was always after dinner he saw the ‘gentry’), a hearse, followed by a long line of gentlemen’s carriages; and then horsemen, with scarfs; country people in thousands, and the *keening* going on as if it was quite Christian. And his reverence turned back—as it is always decent to do so—and he followed them a considerable way along the road; but never a word could he get from any one, nor would they say whose burying it was, and where they were going. But by and by they came to an old building, and he saw every mother’s soul of them, with coffin, carriages, hearses, and all, go into a hole in the wall not bigger than what leads to a wasp’s nest. And so says the priest, ‘My nice little people, I’ll be after following yees as far as I can.’ And with that he thrust the butt end of his whip into the hole after them; but when he took it out, the lead with which it was loaded was all melted, and he could not carry it any more, it smelt so strong of brimstone!’”

TUAM CATHEDRAL, AND THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

Our entertaining author next brings us to that place of notoriety over which John Tuam presides, and whose whims Dillon Browne advocates in parliament. Tuam has a genuine Romish look—“an unbusiness-like, ne’er-do-well look.”

“Off I started,” says our tourist “to see the great sight of the place—the Roman Catholic cathedral; and certainly, while approaching it, where it stands a little to the north-east of the main street, I felt astonished at such a building being erected within these few years, in the poorest country, and by the poorest people, perhaps in Europe. Ever since I had entered Connaught, my eye, I may say, settled on nothing but poverty; and yet here stands a building that must have cost thousands upon thousands. I cannot suppose it possible, that such a poor town and poor vicinage as Tuam could do all this. No; I suspect that all Romish Connaught—nay, all Romish Ireland, was taxed to effect this wonder. The whole established church, with all its tithes and church lands, with all the machinery of its ecclesiastical boards,—nay, more, with all the private and public influence of its valuable clergy, could not raise such a splendid edifice as this. No! purgatory, thou art a most profitable

dogma; and well may we apply the Italian adage with respect to you, and say, ‘*Si non e vero e ben trovato.*’”

It is, however, rather an interesting fact, that the snuws of Tuam Cathedral are not wholly extracted from purgatory, nor from terrified consciences, nor from the Voluntary system. The following extract from the *Tuam Herald* will illustrate our meaning, and Mr. Hale’s impudence:—

“On Friday, a meeting of burgesses of the corporation of Tuam was held in the Town-hall, pursuant to the charter, Richard Savage, Esq., sovereign elect, in the chair.

“Dr. Prændergast came forward, and addressed the meeting in eloquent terms; in the course of which he observed on the many advantages, even in a civil point of view, the town of Tuam derived from their splendid cathedral, by attracting strangers from all parts of the United Kingdom to view it. He therefore said he had an appropriation clause to move, that the surplus, after the payment of some trifling debts and expenses of the officers of the corporation, should be given to His grace the archbishop, towards the completion of the cathedral. It could not be more legitimately applied, as no work could possibly embellish the town more.

“J. F. Browne, Esq., begged leave to second the resolution of the worthy doctor, which passed unanimously.

“His grace the most reverend Dr. M’Hale then came forward amid great cheering, and said, ‘Mr. Sovereign, and burgesses of Tuam, it may appear presumptuous in me to intrude myself on your notice upon this occasion, for the purpose of returning thanks—a duty which with as much propriety devolved on any of yourselves; but I feel myself in an especial manner called upon to take this opportunity of expressing the deep sense I entertain of the co-operation which I always received at your hands, and of paying you that tribute which your charity, liberality, and patriotism, so justly deserve. It has become, gentlemen, a subject of admiration with many, how we have been able to proceed in raising the steeple which now towers over our cathedral. I can tell them,—the funds were not derived from either tithes or parliamentary grants. (Hear, hear.) Our beautiful cathedral is a lasting monument of the efficacy of the Voluntary system.’”

These, the patriots of Tuam, are deliberately voting away the *public* funds to the erection of a Romish mass-house;

and the while, with matchless effrontery, priest M'Hale tells them it is a marvellous proof of the efficacy of the Voluntary system. The Popish bishop knows that this cathedral of the nineteenth century is the product of purgatory, not of Voluntary liberality. Purgatory is the golden mine out of which Popish priests extract the richest ore; on it they draw bills which can never be dishonoured. We quote a specimen of the means of building Tuam Cathedral from the *Freeman's Journal*, an Irish paper:—

"The late Mr. Bryan Bolger, of Little Longford Street, left the Rev. John Roach 600*l.* in cash, his plate, jewellery, books, horses, and jaunting car, &c., for masses for his soul." •

It is this tenet that open up the mystery, startling to thousands, how Roman Catholics cover the country, with mass-houses as by magic. At Islington, for instance, at this moment, the priest screws not less than five pounds a-week from the wretched peasants that swarm in the alleys of that parish, for the erection of the new Papal chapel; and the poor wretches, partly through fear of purgatory, and partly through sympathy with their departed relatives presumed to be there, give to the last shirt at the priest's order. Archimedes said, "Give a pivot, or resting-place, for my lever, and I will move the earth." We say, Give us purgatory and a superstitious, brutified race, such as the Irish peasantry, and we engage, not merely to strip them of their last frieze and best brogues, but of their very skins. The whole secret of the spread and progress of the Papal power is in the doctrine of purgatory.

The forte of Mr. Otway lies in turning every spectacle to moral and patriotic account. This is well done on the subject of the Irish clergy, whose presence ever has been felt by the wise and good as a national blessing.

"There is a neat church and parsonage-house adjoining this village; both one and the other shew that the minister is an improving man in every sense of the word. That man's bigotry must have eradicated his common sense, who would say that this place, or, indeed, any other, would be better without the parson, the parson's wife, his house, or his church. In the absence of the landed proprietors, who must, or think they must, for the

greater part of the year be in London, I ask, Would the as yet ill-educated middlemen, or the bachelor priest, surrounded, beset, and becgas as he generally is by his low, narrow-minded relations,—would they make up for the parson and contents of the parsonage—the educated, moral, independent, pious inhabitants of that clean, modest, and well-regulated dwelling? No; great, indeed, must the animosity be which, while deprecating, as it will venture to do, all absenteeism, would drive away the three thousand of the most intelligent, moral, and useful country gentlemen that Ireland now possesses."

In this there is, apart from the higher considerations of a purely religious kind that pertain to it, much common sense, as well as well-regulated views of the real position occupied by the Irish Protestant clergy. They are so many *specimens* of morals, learning, and Christian courtesy, casting their benign lights over the wilds and bogs of Ireland; the parsonages are so many model schools of decorum, epitomes of cleanliness and correct conduct, amid a miserable and degraded race; and the parish-churches are as lighthouses and as beacons, that point to righteousness and immortality, where the *ignes fatui* of Romanism dazzle and bewilder. Let our estimate of the importance of a resident parochial clergy be restricted to this world, excluding the supposition of a hereafter, and we venture to assert that the parish-church and the parish-minister are the well-springs of civilisation—the breakwaters in the way of revolutionary movement—a holy and a sanctified police, whose weapons are "not carnal, but mighty," whose example is their most effective baton, and on whose preventive services we would far rather rely for the tranquillisation of Ireland, than on all the coercive enactments and stringent measures legislation may either dictate or enforce. We are surprised that this view does not force itself upon "the powers that be." Cobbett's sagacity could not avoid declaring, what his religious or irreligious feelings hated:

"The county of Suffolk," says that strong and hard-headed man, "is the crack county of England. It is the best cultivated, most ably, most carefully, most skilfully, of any piece of land of the same size in the whole world. Its labourers are the most active and most clever; its farmers' wives, and women

employed in agriculture, the most frugal, active, cleanly, of any in the whole world. It is a county of most frank, industrious, and virtuous people. Its towns are all cleanliness, neatness, and good order. And what is the reason for all this? *There is a parish-church in every three square miles, or less.* And it is thus divided into parishes so numerous, as for the people every where to be almost immediately under the eye of a resident parochial minister."

We cannot resist presenting to our readers another quotation from the same remarkable man :

"Get upon a hill, if you can find one, in Suffolk or Norfolk—and you may find many in Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Devonshire; look at the steeples, one on every four square miles on an average. Imagine a man, of some learning at the least, to be living in a commodious house, by the side of one of these steeples; almost always with wife and family—always with servants, natives of the parish, gardener, groom, and all other servants. A huge farm-yard, barns, stables, thrashers, a cart or two, more or less glebe. Imagine this gentleman having an interest in the productiveness of every field in his parish, being probably the largest corn-seller in the parish, and the largest rate-payer; more deeply interested than any other can possibly be in the happiness, morals, industry, and sobriety of the people of his parish. Imagine his innumerable occasions of doing acts of kindness; his immense power in preventing the strong from oppressing the weak; his salutary influence, coming between the hard farmer, if there be one in the parish, and the feeble and simple-minded labourer. Imagine all this to exist close alongside every one of these steeples, and you will at once say to yourself, 'Hurricanes or earthquakes must destroy this island before that church can be overset.' And if you add to all this that this gentleman, besides the example of good manners, of mildness, and of justice, that his life and conversation are constantly keeping before the eyes of his parishioners—when you add to all this, that one day in every week he has them assembled together, to sit in silence to receive his advice, his admonitions, his interpretations of the will of God, as applicable to their conduct and their affairs, and that, too, in an edifice rendered sacred in their eyes from their knowing that their forefathers assembled there in ages long past, and from its being surrounded by the graves of their kindred—when this is added, and when it is also recollected that the

children pass through his hands at their baptism, that it is he who celebrates the marriages, and performs the last sad service over the graves of the dead—when you think of all this, it is too much to believe it possible that such a church can fall."

Let another Cobbett be able to record these characteristics of Ireland, and that country, with its level climate, its prolific soil, and its varied advantages, will outstrip and excel England.

We quote one of the more humorous characteristics of the *Tour*, as not only a specimen of the style and spirit of the book, but also of the temper and features of the Irish people.

MACNAMARA AND HIS MARE, MOREEN.

"My little guide, Padsey, when I expressed my disappointment at not seeing a king's home, did his best to console me.

" 'Come, sir, and I will shew you where a great man entirely, entirely was buried, and his mare also.'

" 'And who is that, Padsey?'

" 'Why, Macnamara the robber, and his mare, Moreen.'

" 'Well, come, shew me his grave.'

"So, over rubbish and skulls, and through rank nettles and the roots of dwarf elder, we scrambled until we came to a corner, where was nothing to be seen but a common slabstone.

" 'Well, now, Padsey, tell me all about this Macnamara.'

" 'Why, sir, he was a terrible man: I believe he was from the County Clare; but, any how, he kept in those parts for the sake of the caves; and it's very near the mountains, where he would run to when things came to the worst with him. And he robbed the world from Munster up to Sligo; and, after all, it was not himself that was great, but his mare; for she was a jewel of a crathur. He'd rob a man in the county of Clare, and Moreen, the mare, would carry him off in such a jiffy, that he'd be here in no time. He saved his life in that way. They swore he robbed a man near Limerick. He swore, and proved it too, that he slept that night in Coug. The judges said it was impossible he could so shortly be in two places, barring he was a bird. It was certainly true for him, only that it was Moreen, the mare, that carried him through. Oh, sir, sure Moreen could leap any where; she lepped up, with Macnamara on her back, into a drawing-room window, where a company of Galway squires were carousing, and he robbed them all, and then he bounced out agin. But the same Moreen did more than ever

she did, one day, in Joyce country. Macnamara made the snug farmers among the mountains pay him what he called the black-rint. And once on a time, when he was hunted out of all the flat country, and the sodgers were after him from Tuam, and Castlebar, and Ballinrobe, and he was here amongst the caves and rocks, he bethought him of gathering his rint in Joyce country; and off he set to the foot of Mamture mountain; and he was mighty cross all out, and not a thing would he have but the cash—no meal nor malt would do him, and gold he must have, that was scarce. So one said, and another said, 'Is it not a queer thing that all of us should be paying to this rapparee rapsallion,' (not a people in this wide world fonder of money than these Joyces,) 'and he, after all, but one little man, not so big as any one of ourselves.' So they all arose, and they shouted, and they ran at him; and one man had his scythe, and the other his log, and the other his stone; and they were going to murder him, and they had him hemmed in. On one side was Lough Corrib, and on the other was a high rock; and a big Joyce was lifting his log to split his skull, when Macnamara gave a chirp to Moreen, and up she sprung. Thirty feet in height was the rock; she made no more of it than she would of skipping over a potato trench. She brought him out of their reach in a thrice; and him she carried to Coug as safe as you are, master, and safer. The marks of where she landed upon the rock are there yet—the people will shew it to you, if you go that way; no word of a lie in it. But maybe, your honour, I have tired you about Mac and Moreen?"

"Oh, no, Padsey! Have you any thing more to say?"

"Och, then, that I have! He once sold his mare, for he was a great card-player; and so it was he lost all he could rap or run. The devil's child that he was, he staked and lost poor Moreen; and if you were to see him next day, when the man came to carry her away, it would make your heart sick. So says he to her owner, 'Sir, would you be pleased just for to give me one ride of her before she goes; I'll be bound I'll shew you what's in her.' So, sir, do you see yonder peers?' and here Padsey pointed to an ancient gateway, where there were the remains of very lofty peers—'Sir, the gate was up at this time higher far than a man could reach. So Mac mounted, and dashed Moreen at the gate; and, sure enough, she topped it in style. But if she did, whether it was that the knowing crathur had a thought in her that her master was going to give her up or not, any how myself cannot tell, but when

she came to the ground, she fell down as dead, and never rose again. Poor Moreen's heart was broke. Macnamara did not long survive her. He ordered himself to be buried along with her in that snug corner; and there they are; and never was the likes of man and mare from that day to this.'

"Well, now, Padsey, would you like to be such an one as Macnamara?"

"Och, then, to be sure I would; but where would the likes of me get such a mare as Moreen?"

"We did not remain long at the abbey; in fact, there was nothing worth seeing in it, except three beautiful windows, or rather skreens, that once divided the southern transept from the cloister. If the whole cloister, which is now a thickly planted orchard, were as highly ornamented as this, it must have been beautiful. The carving here is most elaborately executed; and what remains forms a fine specimen of the interlacings of a florid Gothic window."

"In departing from the abbey, and giving sixpence to the stupid old woman who appeared at its gate, I asked Padsey had he any thing more to shew."

"Och, yes, please your honour, plenty! Come, and I'll shew you the robber's hole."

"What's that?"

"Och, then, come along, and when I bring you to it, I'll do my endeavour to make you sensible."

"So, accompanied by my boy and my Connemara man, we again passed through the village, and entered the wild waste of rock that lay to the eastward; and we had not gone far, until we came to a chasm about ten feet long by four wide, down which, when you looked, you saw and heard below, about one hundred feet, a stream urging its force."

"This, sir," said Padsey, "is the Robber's Hole."

"And why has it got that name?"

"Och, sir, from a great man entirely, that made use of this place."

"Was it Macnamara?"

"Och, no, but one of his sort; though not with his heart, for Mac, they say, was kind of heart: but this fellow was the very devil all out. Now, your honour, just give me the time, and I'll tell yees. He was the greatest robber and murderer that ever was known in Connaught: 'twas death and destruction to travel in those days between Tuam and Ballinrobe. His way was to seize the traveller, and then bring him off the road to this hole, and here rob and strip him, and then toss him down where no one could go look after the corpse, or ever hear what became of it. In this way he stopped a fine lady, who was travel-

ling in a shay, dressed out in a gold-laced scarlet coat—a beautiful creature, going, as they say; to meet her husband, a great officer, who was quartered in Castlebar. Well, Davy the Devil, as the robber was called, stopped her on the road, not far from this town; and he brought her up here to put an end to her: here, sir, the two were—she, I may say, where I now stand, and Davy beside her. And Davy says, ‘Come, mistress, strip off your finery, before you go down where I will send you.’ ‘And where is that, sir?’ says she, mighty civil all out; for the crathur saw she was in a villain’s power. ‘Down in that hole you must go: so make haste, my deary, and strip in a thrice, or maybe it will be worse for yeess.’ ‘Won’t you let me say my prayers?’ says the lady. ‘Well, and that I wont,’ says Davy, ‘seeing I know by your cut you’re a Protestant heretic, and all the prayers in the priest’s book would do you no good.’ So the lady began to strip; but you may be sure she did it slow enough, for still she gave a long look over the gray rocks, to see if any one would come to save her; but there was no crathur in sight but the sheep, and no voice but the raven, croaking high and hoarse, as if by some sense he smelled of one that was about to die. Well, my lady had taken off her bright scarlet gown, and her fine hat and feathers, and there was her beautiful hair streaming in the air; and all she had now on was a little bit of a petticoat and a *she-miss* (as the quality people call it) of fine linen, as white as the snow-drift on Mamture. And now here stood the lady, and there, just where your honour stands, was Davy; and at his foot, as you now see it, this dark, deep, running water. ‘Well, sir,’ said the lady, ‘Mr. Robber, sure you are a dacent man, and, for civility sake, you would not be after looking at a lady when she is doing what you are now forcing her to?’ ‘Oh no, by no manner of means,’ says the robber: ‘I’m a dacent man, at any rate.’ So, sir, very mannerly all out, Davy the Devil turned his back on the lady; and then, as sure as you are there, my lady gives Davy a push, and down he goes with a crash, just as I now push this Connemara boy into this hole—down, down!’

“And, sure enough, Padsey did give the Connemara man a push, which did not actually send him down, body and bones, as went the robber; but, taken as he was by surprise, the poor fellow’s hat went down; and I never saw a being so astonished as the Connemara man was, when he saw his hat go down where, if we are to believe Padsey’s story of the robber, many a good head went down before now. I could not find from Pad-

sey what became of the lady, whose presence of mind stood her in such good stead. All I know is, that, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the stolid surprise and subsequent distress of the mountaineer at the loss of the hat, which he declared was nearly new; and when he, almost crying, said he could never face home without a hat, for all the neighbours would be after laughing at him, I had to give him money to buy a new one, and he and I parted: and I dare say little Padsey, when he went home in the evening, enjoyed a hearty laugh at our joint expense, being both, in his view, simples,—one for going in the way of losing his hat, and the other in paying for an old *caubeen* as if it were a new felt, fresh from the block.”

“CROAGH PATRICK.

One of the most melancholy but extraordinary scenes presented in the narrative, is that of “Croagh Patrick.” This conical hill is regarded by the Irish as peculiarly sacred, and the most mentorious spot on which penance may be done and purgatory anticipated.

“‘That’s the Reek, sir.’

“‘What do you mean?’

“‘Why, the holy mountain of St. Patrick, where all Christians do be going to do penance.’”

One remarkable occurrence which here, as in many other parts of Ireland, arrests the attention of the traveller, is the frequent reference, on the part of the most ignorant of the Papist peasantry, of all their evils to Protestant rulers or Protestant events. The Irish tourist, when he meets with a broken cross or a shattered altar, is invariably told that the Protestants did it: “God help the blind heretics! they have no religion at all, at all.” Every ecclesiastical rum is attributed to “Bloody Bess” or “cursed Cromwell;” and the heaviest malison the Popish peasant of Connaught can pronounce is, “The curse of Cromwell.” The infants suck in antipathy to the Protestant faith with their mother’s milk; and the children are taught to regard the heretics as their mortal foes. The ballads of the country, these expressions and moulds also of the minds of the mass, breathe hatred to their best friends; and over the whole of the papal provinces there is inscribed, in characters too legible to the wretched peasantry, “Thou shalt hate thy neighbour.”

Those wretched creatures, who are

unable to satisfy the demands of the priest for masses said for the souls of friends and relatives in purgatory, undertake laborious and torturing ascents to the Reek; and, accordingly, our tourist saw the poor victims of a bloody superstition crawling up the rugged hill, and the blood oozing from their naked knees. They could not pay the priest, and they must do something expiatory for their relatives in purgatory, and this was the horrid and barbarous atonement they were doomed to perfect.

" 'There, sir,' said the guide, 'just there, a poor woman and her two children perished not long ago. The crathur's husband had died of a decay, and left her desolate; and it was not her low state, without any one to do a hand's turn for herself and her children that grieved her, but it was that she had no means to get masses said for his poor soul, and she thought of him every night suffering away in purgatory, and crying out, in the middle of the flame, 'Oh, Biddy, how well! can't you help me out of this torment?' So she thought of coming up here to the Reek; it was not the season at all for such a work; it was long after Hobantide, and not a pilgrim had passed up for many a long day. But poor Biddy had resolved to set out, for why her dear Darby was a suffering, and as she was a lone woman, and had no one to leave her two children with, she took them with her, and faced the mountain. It was, as I said, a bad season; the day wet and windy; and some of the neighbours, who saw her going up, shook their heads, and wished that God would get her safe over her blessed work. Nobody can tell whether she went through all her stations or not. The crathur, any how, tried her best; and night came down on her—and such a night! The storm set in from the north-west; and the ocean came tumbling in from the head of Achill; the rain, that poured thick, soft, and sweeping below, was all hard, driving sleet on the mountain. To that spot poor Biddy retreated for shelter; and nothing had she to save herself and her little ones but her threadbare cloak. To make my story short, the neighbours, fearing for her, went up next morning in search of her; and here they found her, and the little things beside her, all stiff and huddled together. The cloak was wrapped round the childer: the poor fond mother (heaven be her rest! and sure it is she is there, dying when doing such a holy work) had stripped her own body of its covering, to save those she loved better than her own life, and all to no purpose.'

A piteous tale this of the strength of fond woman's intense love—*what woman's intense love will do for her husband and children—love divested of all selfishness—love reaching beyond the tomb, and fastening on eternity.*"

DOING DHURRUS.

One of the most curious features in the penitential tests of Croagh Patrick is the office of doing *dhurrus*. An illustration of this is the account of the fat, rubicund attorney, told with great humour by Cesar Otway. The fat, sleek limb of the law set out, purely on an excursion of curiosity and pleasure, to climb the heights of the mountain. An Irishman, anxious to attain the celebrity of Bob of the Reek, notorious for his *dhurrus* doings for pilgrims, on seeing the attorney puffing and panting, and anon sitting down to rest his wearied limbs, understood it was some respectable gentleman doomed by the ould father to do penance. Paddy, deeply commiserating the apparent pilgrim, and anticipating ample compensation for any substitutional devotion on his own part, calls out, "So it's myself that'll have the innocent fellow out of his trouble in a jiffy."

" 'Why, then, your honour, I wonder you'd be after thinking up yon mountain, and working through all its stations, when you know that I'll go up for you, and do *dhurrus* with all the veins of my heart.'

" 'What do you mean?' says the attorney: 'you go up for me?'

" 'Yes, please your honour; and you may sit there quietly until I come back, not a one I'll miss. Look at my knees when I return, and see if they're not battered and bleeding enough to please yeess.'

" 'Why, what, honest man, do you mean? Can you see for me? Can you *adhure* for me? Can your going up enable me to say, when I go home, that I have been at the top of Croagh Patrick?'

" 'Oh, then,' says Paddy, 'is that all that brings yeess to the Reek! Myself thought ye were a religious man, and that yeess were under vows or others to perform stations here; and sure all the world knows that I could do all that for yeess, and chape enough,—ay, chapar, and just as well as ever Bob of the Reek did—rest be to his soul, and the heavens his bed! Oh, then, sir, Bob was the boy for doing penance or *dhurrus* for others; and he used, day after day, to be coming up here, and going th rounds here on

his bare feet, and then upon his two bare knees, for any poor sinner, who either was unable, from want, or other means, of coming themselves to the Reek; and he did it so chape: and so he might, for he got in the season so many jobs, that he could afford to do them for less than another. And he was honest entirely, entirely; not one round would he wrong a poor sinner of. And he has his reward, poor Bob, heaven's light be round him as he rises!"

TWO ARCHBISHOPS.

Achill has been visited by two archbishops; one now in the immediate presence of his master, Dr. Trench, archbishop of Tuam; and the other, Dr. McHale; who, if not a retainer of stolen goods, is a receiver of stolen names — the *soi-disant* John Tuam. The late Archbishop of Tuam, the last of that name, was one of the ornaments of the Irish Episcopal Bench; a man full of the milk of human kindness; generous, merciful, just, and wise; the father of the diocese, the friend of its orphans and its widows, the brother and confidant of his clergy, rather than their governor and ruler. The poorest curate in his diocese he spoke and wrote to as his brother; the humblest parish minister found in him an open ear, and a heart big with sympathy. His loss to the Irish Church is irreparable. The *soi-disant* John Tuam is a spitfire, a strutting jackdaw in the plumes of another, an exhalation from the bogs of Ireland as to origin, an emanation of purgatory as to temper, and a nursling of Maynooth as to morals, decency, delicacy, or any other virtue, and a deep and desperate devotee to the Papal apostasy. Both visited Achill, and both played a part that proves the justice of our characteristics:—

"McHale came to Achill like one of the eagles of Slieve Croagh, with a pounce. He came a Boanerges, a sounce of thunder, and behind him a fiery tail of priests, an awful coil, and every thing that could dazzle and subjugate the savage mind was resorted to. The arch-prelate, in his paraphernalia, with mitre on his head, crozier in hand, clothed in amice, chesible, and stole, invested with his papal pall, the peculiar token of his dignity as primate of Connaught. There he stood, as we may suppose Balaam stood on Mount Pisgah when summoned by Balak, looking down on 'the settlement,' and ready to wither it with his curses, if God would so permit it; and

he did what Balaam dared not do, he took up his parable against it and prophesied, and ventured to foretell that all would go to ruin, and leave nothing behind but a cursed memory of the mischief it attempted to do in Achill. I may as well give the words of the prelate, which he foretold with all the assurance of a prophet, and cursed with all the ritual exuberance of a Romish pontiff. 'Some of the brotherhood (meaning some belonging to the settlement) have already fled from the utter decision of the people, others are preparing to follow their example, finding or feigning a convenient apology in the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere. The Achill mission is already another tale of the numerous failures of fraud and fanaticism; and its buildings, now unfinished, are like the Tower of Babel (his own tower at Tuam, as I have shewn, is more like that), a monument of the folly and presumption of its architect. Whoever thus in future shall contribute to such a project, will not only be the dupe of delusion, but the willing agent of imposture!"

This language Johnny McHale followed up with a peroration of cursing and bla-pheming, and with earnest prayers for Popery to the Virgin.

"Dr. Trench, the Archbishop of Tuam, the brother and the uncle of an earl" (John McHale is the brother, the uncle, the nephew, and the father of some two or three dozen bogtrotters or Tipperary)*, appeared at Achill without either shew or pretence. He came in a jaunting-car; he could not be distinguished from the two other clergymen who attended him, except by his age and venerable but humble demeanour. The people seemed astonished at him, not as his rival, 'assuming the god,' and shaking the spheres of Achill; and some almost doubting the reality of the thing, asked, 'Can this gentleman be an Archbishop?' But the doubt was soon removed; all saw, when they looked to the scriptural definition of a bishop, that his calling was to bless, and curse not; and so that worthy man, after performing his episcopal functions with the simple dignity and decorum that belong to the Christian bishop, went away, pleasing and pleased; and it was hard to tell whether the people were more satisfied with him, or he with the people."

Reader, which was the Christian bishop?

We shall find that in Ireland, as far as the Popish apostasy is concerned, there is like master like servant, like

bishop like priest, throughout its provinces. With an illustration of our meaning we conclude our interesting extracts from the *Tour of Cesar Otway*, and acknowledge an obligation to this good and wise parish-clergyman for information on Connaught, and on Romish Catholicism, we were ignorant of before. None but an Irishman could have written the book; none but an honest, impartial, and Christian man could have formed the estimates it contains. With him we deeply commiserate his native land; with him we believe that nothing short of the utter extirpation of superstition, and the universal spread of pure and undefiled Christianity, can raise the minds, elevate the morals, and purify the whole social state of Ireland.

"There was resident in the village of Duniver, a Father O'M——, the predecessor of the present Father Connolly; and in the same village lived a poor, struggling fellow, who had to support his aged parents, that, unable to work, sat by the hob in his cabin, and, in their turns, dropped into the grave. Now, his mother died first; and, to use my informant's phrase, 'there were five shillings coming to the priest out of her death.' The poor son neglected to pay this due, for the best reason, because he had it not to pay; and, by and by, the father died, and five shillings more were coming to the priest out of his death. This was too much money for the priest to lie out of, so he demanded insistingly his due.

"Give me time, father,' says the poor man, 'until I sell the pig — it's a fine slip; and wait till Shrove-tide, father, jewel, and my blessing go wid yees, and I'll do my best to fatten it for your reverence's sake and my own.'

"Ah, thin, Darby, you deceyver, do you think I'm an omaidown all out, to be out of my money so long, and I wanting, as I do, a decent suit of clothes to go to meet the bishop? I'll do no such thing, you beggarly spalpeen. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I've the best of good feeding for the pig myself; and, Darby, I'll take her from you, and allow you as much after paying myself, as any one else would give you — maybe more.'

"So the man gave him the pig; and it, in due time, fattened, died, and was hung up in his reverence's kitchen, and supplied him with bacon when he needed flesh food, for many a day; and, after a decent time elapsed, and Darby did not find that the priest was forthcoming with the balance due on the pig, he went to him and humbly put him in mind of the

agreement. 'Oh! yes,' says the priest, 'I do remember that I did promise to give you the value for your pig over and above what was due to me, and so I will, Darby; when you yourself die, avick, you shall have the value in masses for your soul; so be content, my child, it's well you have the likes of me, to keep father, mother, and yourself, and all for a little slip of a pig, out of purgatory.'

"Another anecdote may suffice on this head. Anthony O'B—— was one of the snuggest men in Achill; he had more cattle on the hill-side than any other in the village; and here it was that the priest, as of course he should, determined to keep a station. So when the confession was heard and penance imposed, and absolution given, the dinner came; and Anthony, to be sure, was not the man to disgrace his name by stinting his reverence. So there was plenty of bacon and some cabbage (which is scarce in Achill), a side keem mutton, and, to wash all down, pailsful of whisky. Now the priest had a mighty sound head; and, though he drank with any man, and would fill bumpers with you, if your eyes were shut, yet he never forgot the main chance. So when they had drank a great deal, and the hearts began to open, though the tongues faltered, a controversy (such as it was) arose about religion, and his reverence insisted that no mortal man could go to heaven without masses being said for his soul, and that one mass said before death was worth four masses said afterwards.

"Because, do you see me,' says he, 'according to the proverb, which you all know, 'a stitch in time saves nine'."

"Well,' says Anthony, 'it is certainly wise to settle for my soul before I die, seeing as how it is the safest way, and seeing as how those I might leave after might think more of themselves than of me. I have a pretty little thrifty haste as any running on the side of Sleivemore; and now, your reverence, how many masses will you say for that braddled heifer?'

"Anthony, as I love you, you shall have forty."

"No, father, you shan't have her unless you say fifty!"

"So upon this they nearly fell out; but, as the saying is, they split the difference, and shook hands on it; and by and by the priest, as he could not go home, was put to sleep with Tony; and it seems they did not agree in the night, for there was a great noise and uproar, and all the people had to get up, and both were found wallowing on the floor, and it was hard enough to put them back

into the bed again, or keep them there. The next morning Anthony was sorry for his bargain, and waited to keep his brindled heifer; but it would not be, all the neighbours gathered round and said he should be as good as his word with the priest. Accordingly the heifer was given, and, of course, the masses were said; at all events, Anthony O'R—— from that day afterwards never throve; his stock died off one after another; and, to use his own phrase, he never since had one cow to look in the face of another.

"The consequence of all this insufficiency and vulgarity of mind, as well as manners in the priest, was, that the people were given up to the most absurd superstitions, and had the most ridiculous and abject notions respecting what they call their Christian faith.

"*Well-worship* was, as through all the west, a most important point of religion. I was shewn one of their holy springs, and while it was dirty and sordid in the extreme, it shewed evident marks of the resort of pilgrims, by the muddy trappings of the votaries all around. I think a well of water, bubbling up from a limestone rock, with the little shell and minute particles of sand ever dancing and sparkling, as it were, 'instinct with life,' beneath its waters, as thus they spring from their pure source, running off playfully and prattlingly over their pebbly bed. I say this is a lovely and refreshing sight, and it is no wonder that in dry and hot climes, some beneficent deity should be as it were identified with these much-desired fountains; and it is quite in keeping to see all around the fresh and varied vegetation of nature fostered, and yet kept from weedy and choking abundance by the hands of pious taste. But there was nothing of beauty, taste, or assiduity connected with this ugly, green-mantled, and weed-obstructed water, which was only more disfigured and vulgarised by the filthy rags that were fastened on stones about it, for there was not even a bush to hang them. The ugliness and offensiveness of the place was not diminished in my conception, by being informed that a man came here to do penance some time (not very long ago), and was found next morning smothered (not drowned, for there was not water enough for that), with his face downwards, in the well: the man, it is supposed, came drunk to his devotions; there is no other way of accounting for his perishing. The people, though they in general look with fear and repugnance on the place where a man is found to have died suddenly, yet frequent this well, and drink the water wherein a dead man had lain sleeping the whole night.

"I have said that the people have the most mean and degrading opinions respecting Christianity and its Divine Author and followers. How could it be otherwise, when no Bible, even in the possession of the priest, was ever perhaps in Achill until Mr. Nangle arrived. One of the people, who assumed to know somewhat, on being asked why St. Peter was called the Rock, said it was because Christ made him his altar, and always said mass upon his back. Another—and I hope here the reader will pardon the ludicrous nature of the illustration I am about to introduce; and, whether pardoned or not, as I am about to shew how far the island of Achill was heretofore 'the garden of Jesus Christ,' I will detail what I have heard. I say, one Achillian asked another, 'Paddy, ma bauchal, can you explain to me the reason why all goats I have ever seen have their tails turned up; when the sheep, as every one may observe, have theirs hanging downwards, decently and pertily?' 'Why, then, I'll tell you, Larry. Once on a time when our Saviour was persecuted by the wicked Jews, and they hunted him from place to place to have his life, he met a goat, and would have hid himself under her, but the nasty and wicked baste turned up her tail and exposed him to his pursuers; so with that he ran off, and seeing a sheep at hand, he went on all fours and hid himself under her; and she, the kind creature, dropped down her tail, and fixed herself low and careful, so as to hide him from all eyes; and from that day forth the goat's tail turns up, and the sheep's tail turns downwards!' Another, and I've done. Here is the description of the fall and recovery of man. 'Adam and Eve were in Paradise, as happy as the day long; they had plenty to eat and nothing to do, and were as innocent as a child is after christening; and so it was, that the devil was passing by one day, and peeps in over the stone-wall that was all around the garden, mighty high entirely, and he saw Adam and his wife so comfortable and quiet, not having a hand's turn of work to do; so the devil was mighty angry at this, and says he, 'I'm much mistaken if I don't spoil your sport.' So he tried to get in to do his mischief, but the good angels were too 'cute for him. If he went to bounce over the wall, there he met an angel with a drawn sword; if he attempted to slip under the gate, there he met St. Peter ready to strike him back with his key. 'So,' says the devil, 'I'll be up with them;' and he changed himself into a doul-duff (or an insect something like an earwig); and so, though black and ugly, he crept under a dock-leaf, and there remained

until night, when he slyly wriggled himself into the garden. Well, my story's too long to tell how the enemy over-persuaded Adam and Eve to eat of the apple; but they did it, that's sure, and all the world went wrong. So, after a very long time, the good God had pity upon a poor, unhappy world; and he says to the angel, Gabriel, 'Go down upon earth, and, as the world has been lost by a sinning woman, you must find out a perfect one who will set all to rights! So Gabriel got his directions what to do, and down he flew; and, of course, he flew so as to land at the right place. As he was going along, he met a great number of people going to prayers, for it was Sunday; so, passing them, a little further on he sees a neat, clean, sweet-faced little colleen as ever went to confession, sitting by a well-side, and she was a-putting on her shoes and stockings, having washed her feet very decently. So, says angel Gabriel to her, 'Hail, Mary! what are yees about, and where are you going?' So she ups and told him mighty civil, that she was preparing to go to mass, and that properly, as became her father's daughter.'

These are faithful and expressive portraits of the religion of 6,000,000 of the people of Ireland. The picture of the reverend limner is not over-charged; the pencil, or rather the pen, has not one drop or intermixture of gall. It is in an Irishman's hand, and now forth the spontaneous expression of an Irishman's heart. He tells of the amiable superstitious of his country, not laughing and rejoicing, but like the apostle, "weeping." He speaks, also, faithfully; he gives us facts as he finds them, and transfers the scenes to his note-book with the constancy and accuracy of the Daguerriotype. One useful lesson he furnishes to England; he proves by examples and specimens, fresh and breathing, that *Romanism*, kept under by a powerful Protestant establishment, blushing with unutterable modesty—tender, liberal, soft, and persuasive—is, and may be, the mask in Britain; but in Ireland, where no imperious necessity requires the assumption, the same concentration of Pope Pius IV., the same distillation of Trent—is fiery, superstitious, treacherous, cruel without cause, murderous without mercy, haughty as Lucifer, and wasting as hell.

To see a priest begging for a convent in London, or to read Miss Agnew's miserable novel, or Dr. Baines' *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, impresses Protestants with the notion that Romanism

has been sweetened by the admixture of truth, or mellowed by the lapse of years. And most unfortunately, too many imbibe their notions of the system from those feigned professions, and give certificates to its partisans as passports to power; but the devil has two parts, and so has his vicar the pope. He can be one time an honest devil, a roaring lion, and he can turn himself upon into an angel of light.

It is in Ireland, in Spain, in Italy, in Austria; wherever, in short, we find Romanism in the ascendant, unshackled and unalarmed, that we ascertain its native genius and its real disposition. We must go, not to Dr. Baines, but to Peter Dens; not to Prior Park, but to Maynooth; not to the vicars apostolic in England, where policy prevents their immediate assumption of British sees and signatures, but to John McHale traversing the districts of Connaught, ordering his wretched serfs to climb, on bleeding knees, the neck of Croagh Patrick, arming the peasants of Achill with pitchforks, and cursing the suffering clergy of Ireland arrayed in his episcopal pall, and bearing his papal crosier.

McHALE is undisguised Popery, BAINES is Popery decked out with the graces of the nineteenth century, and *rouged* well. Baines's are Anglican appropriations *pro hac vice*—a Popish bottom under Protestant colours, a slaver hoisting the union-jack. Give the devil his due, as he will get it all by and by, McHale is honest. He tells the world that he is a Roman Catholic; we believe him and thank him for his candour, and promise to take care to keep at a respectful distance from his control. He openly, his brethren craftily, labour to restore the age and the exploits of Torquemada, when Rome's rejoicing hierarchy shall

Go to their bloody rites again, bring back

The hall of horrors, and the assessor's pen.

Recording answers shrieked upon the rack;

Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men,

Preach and perpetrate damnation in their den:

Then let your altars, ye blasphemers, peal

With thanks to heaven, that let you loose again

To practise deeds with torturing, fire, and steel;

No eye may search, no tongue may challenge or reveal."

HOW TO MAKE A NEWSPAPER, WITHOUT CREDIT OR CASH.

THE recent increase in the number of newspapers, in this metropolis, is not the least remarkable among the various changes of the present times. In every street, the announcement of a newspaper meets the eye. In one street, particularly, the passenger, viewing both sides, presenting a newspaper prominent in every window, may, without any great stretch of imagination, fancy himself between two men-of-war, with their guns pointed from their port-holes, ready to pour a broadside into each other. The guns here used, it is true, do not carry heavy metal; and the pellets with which they are charged are not so destructive of life and limbs as cannon-balls. Yet they, nevertheless, do great execution: their fire is often galling, and the damage considerable. To what extraordinary impulse or creative power is this rapid growth in this department of the public press to be ascribed? Is it to "the march of intellect?" to the wondrous efficacy of which the country is indebted for its present superabundant crop of orators, in the pot-house and in the parliament; in the latter of which, for every orator who figured on that stage a few years ago, may now be reckoned twenty, all would-be rivals of Cicero and Demosthenes, from a mortal conflict with any of whom Pitt or Fox, if living, would shrink into a corner, and there hide their diminished heads. No! "the march of intellect" proceeded for several years in double quick time, without producing any such effect; and it is only now, when the march has become slow, and intellect, tired out by the rapidity of its pace, is beginning to flag, that the town is surprised with this extraordinary change in the public press. Is it, then, to any present extraordinary degree of excitement in the public mind? By no means. Any excitement now existing is a dead calm, the unruffled surface of a summer sea, the face of a polished mirror, compared with the excitement produced by the revolutionary war of France, its stupendous events, its varying fortunes, and the immense interests at stake—or even with that produced by the agitation of parliamentary reform, and the fierce encounter of domestic political parties, marshalled under the banners of contending chiefs.

It is true, the assaults upon the church, the cutting and carving of the constituency of the House of Commons, the disfranchisement of ancient boroughs, and the attacks upon the outworks of the constitution, are of less magnitude, and on a minor scale, than the cutting and carving of continental Europe, the conflicts of numerous armies in the field, the capture of fleets and fortresses, down to the glorious victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, the subversion of old kingdoms, and the erection of new; yet still it must be allowed that these domestic scenes come more home to "men's business and their bosoms," and that the interest excited by the mania of reform was intense. But all this excitement passed away without any material effect upon the growth of newspapers. Well, then, if neither the revolutionary war, nor the more recent mania of reform, has given rise to the present abundant crop, where are we to look for its cause? The answer is obvious. To the recent act of parliament diminishing the duties that affect newspapers, which, by reducing the price, increases the consumption, and enables the little capitalist to embark in an undertaking that previously required large pecuniary means. If, then, the reduction of the requisite amount of capital has worked such an important change, what honours may not the individual justly claim who shall discover how a newspaper may be established without any capital at all, without credit or cash, or any other financial means whatsoever; and thus, by this noble discovery, render newspapers still more numerous, and the means for the diffusion of useful knowledge complete! To these honours the writer of this article now proceeds to establish his claim; but, content with the character of a disinterested patriot, he seeks no higher reward, and gives to the world at large all the profits to be derived from his invaluable discovery.

Some years ago the metropolitan booksellers, in concert with several members of the trade in the country, resolved to undertake the establishment of two daily newspapers,—the late *British Press*, and the present *Globe*, or Palmerston print; the former a morning, the latter an evening pub-

lication; both printed by a popular book-printer,* and carried on at his residence in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street. After a short trial, the editor † remonstrated against this system, ‡ alleging that the proprietors should have an office and materials exclusively their own, with a superintending printer, who could give to the papers his undivided attention, and who should act under the immediate direction of the editor. But although the soundness of his advice was acknowledged, and amendment as often promised, no change took place until the expiration of about ten months from the commencement of the papers; at which time he received a note from one of the proprietors, § in compliance with which he waited upon that gentleman at his house, and there met also another of the proprietors, || they being two of the most important and active members of the body. They expressed then regret that they had not followed his advice, and their fears that it was now too late to attempt it, as the disappointment of the proprietors was so great, they were confident there was not spirit remaining in the partnership to raise a new subscription; that the funds that had been provided were now exhausted: and that, in this extremity, a gentleman had made an offer of 1000*l.* for a third of the property in the papers; which, however, they hesitated to accept, as it would necessarily interfere with his position. In answer to this communication, the editor requested that his interest should not be considered a bar to their acceptance of so advantageous an offer; and with this understanding they parted upon the most friendly terms, the editor not entertaining, at the time, the slightest idea that he should ever become connected with the *British Press* and *Globe* again.

There was at that time an individual named Robert Heron, whose memory Mr. D'Israeli has recorded, in his romance entitled the *Calamities of Authors*, in which the said Heron is made to sustain a prominent part. He was

then a member, though not an important one, of the *Wittinagemot*, the name given to a particular box in the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster Row, in which many of the booksellers resident in that quarter, as well as authors, and other literary, scientific, and professional men, were in the habit of meeting in the morning and evening, to read the newspapers, talk politics, or engage in other amusing conversation. He was an author—not an original one, but rather a biblical cobbler, or compounder, or patcher-up of books, in which he was not over-scrupulous in arrogating to himself the labours of others. He had read much, had a great deal of vanity, was fluent in speech, and a better orator than writer. This was the man destined to be the new editor and purchaser of one-third of the copyright of the two papers, the *British Press* and the *Globe*, for a sum of 1000*l.*, at which time he had not a pound in his possession, nor knew where to get one. The reader will here ask, How did he manage? How did he obtain the 1000*l.*? Did chance throw it in his way? Did he pick it up in the street? No. Did he borrow it? No; none but a madman would lend him a tenth of the money. Did he steal it? No: neither did he discover the philosopher's stone, nor the purse of Fortunatus—no, none of these. The following is the mode in which he procured the money:—

Heron was a native of Peterhead, in Scotland, and was acquainted with a countryman of the name of M'Dowall, a printer in London. Addressing this individual, he said,

"M'Dowall, I have purchased a third of the property in the *British Press* and the *Globe* newspapers for the sum of 1000*l.*, and am to be sole editor, with the entire management of the concern. There has been a dreadful waste of money. A large fortune has been lavished upon them. All the people about them have been receiving *laird's* salaries, and doing nothing for them; but, with the great body of all the booksellers of England at my *bauch*,

* Mr. T. Gillett.

† George Lane.

‡ During the French revolutionary war, the newspaper containing the latest intelligence from abroad was the most sought for: it was, therefore, necessary that the editor should be always at hand, and have all his means and assistants ready, to avail himself immediately of its arrival, the time of which was uncertain.

§ Mr. Murray, then of Fleet Street, now of Albemarle Street.

|| The late Mr. Charles Rivington.

with my *tailants* and management, the paupers will soon become a mine of wealth: I shall have a Golconda of my own, my boy. Now, M'Dowall, it is my intention to divide my third, which you may see is a great bargain, a noble speculation, into five shares of 200*l.* each; and if you will take one at that price, which is only at the rate of what I myself pay, you shall be the pranter, with a salary of five guineas a-week. Mind, I only want your eye over the concern, not meaning to interfere with your own business."

M'Dowall's eyes were naturally as dull as any two old leads in his printing-office: they now actually glistened with all the brightness of a shilling. The offer was accepted, and the parties shook hands in confirmation of the bargain.

Heron, resuming: "I think you printed a country newspaper, the *Berkhamstead Chronicle*?"

M'Dowall answered, "Yes."

"And who were the stationers that supplied the pauper?" continued Heron.

"Messrs. Massey and Sandell," replied M'Dowall: "their warehouse is situated in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House—I think, in Sherbourne Lane."

"Perhaps," rejoined Heron, "they would have no objection to supply the *British Press* and the *Globe*?"

M'Dowall assented; and off they went to Messrs. Massey and Sandell, to whom Heron repeated the same tale of past mismanagement, and the golden prospects that now presented themselves. The circulation of the papers, he admitted, was very small; but once relieved from the weight that now oppressed them, they would fly up like a skyrocket, and it was impossible to anticipate the height of prosperity which they should attain. The exclusive right to supply the stationery of a continent of such immense magnitude, he conceived, would be a desirable object to any house, and that they, Messrs. Massey and Sandell, should enjoy, as a matter of course, in the event of their becoming the purchasers of a share. Now, Messrs. Massey and Sandell were very honourable and respectable men; but it is not to be expected that any tradesman, however conscientious, should reject a contract, because he considered the terms highly advantageous, particularly where he

thought he was dealing with shrewd men of business, such as he had a right to presume the proprietors of the *British Press* and *Globe* must be. They did not, therefore, hesitate to accept the offer; and every prudent dealer will probably be of opinion they would deserve a crown of their own foolscap, as a mark of their folly, had they done so. "What is well begun," says the adage, "is half done." Fortune now appeared to smile upon Mr. Heron. He was of an ardent temperament, and resolved to embrace her while she was in the humour. Encouraged by his success, and again addressing himself to his friend, he said, "Who was the proprietor of the *Berkhamstead Chronicle*?"

M'Dowall answered: "The Rev. Dr. Dupre, of Berkhamstead, was the proprietor, and also its editor; but finding that it did not succeed, and having lost a good deal of money in the undertaking, he thought fit to abandon it."

This answer might have discouraged a less bold speculator than our hero from making any application to the Rev. Dr. Dupre; but Heron was not a man to be easily diverted from his purpose. Where a taste for dabbling in a newspaper has once existed, he knew a single failure will not cure the party of his folly, just as he had learned, from his own experience, that a man who has acquired a taste for gin will not be frightened from a repetition of the glass by one solitary sick headache; besides, he had sense and sagacity enough to know that, if a man loses any thing, it is perfectly natural that he should look for it in the place where the loss occurred, as affording a better chance of his finding it there than any where else. Nothing daunted, therefore, by the intelligence of the reverend doctor's previous failure, he proposed to his friend that they should go to Berkhamstead, and offer a share in the contract to the doctor. A chaise and pair was immediately engaged; and, at an early hour on the ensuing morning, the two gentlemen set off for Berkhamstead. The doctor was fortunately at home; and M'Dowall introduced his friend to him as the *magnus Apollo* of the bookselling trade, "the observed of all observers" of Paternoster Row, with a brief announcement of the object of their visit, leaving it to his eloquent companion to state

the case at length. The doctor, at first, showed no inclination to entertain the question—indeed, he appeared rather averse; but his repugnance gradually gave way before the persuasive eloquence of Heron, who, to do him justice, it must be admitted, was a man of address, and prepared to answer every objection. Supported as he was by the examples of Messrs. Massey and Sandell, and McDowall, whom the doctor had known by experience to be a prudent man of business, the victory of Heron soon became complete; and the doctor finally consented to become the purchaser of a 200*l.* share. Mr. Thomas Dupre, the son of the doctor, was at this time a student at the university, preparing for holy orders; and to the mind of Heron, ever fertile in resources, and ready to take advantage of every little circumstance that could be possibly turned to account, the accidental mention of that young gentleman's name, in the course of conversation at table, suggested the idea, and inspired the hope of still further success. He was about to achieve a new conquest; but having already exhausted all his argument and eloquence upon the "golden prospects" of the *British Press* and the *Globe*, under his future management, he was obliged to break fresh ground, and open a new battery upon his reverend host. After a short digression to some common-place topics, resuming the subject of the papers, he said,

"Do you not think, doctor, that the leading article in the daily newspapers dwells too much upon politics? They serve up nothing but politics,—foreign and domestic, Whig and Tory, Bonaparte and the Bourbons. They seem to think that their readers care for nothing in the world but some one or another of these matters. Now, I propose to make the church the subject of my leading article occasionally in our papers. Do not you think that it will be an agreeable variety, very acceptable to the reader?"

The Doctor (gruffly). "I think religion is best advocated in the pulpit. I do not like to see religion mixed up with politics, in the pulpit, the press, or any where else."

Heron. "You may be very right, very right, doctor; but novelty and variety, you know, are very desirable qualities in a newspaper; and I presume that a leading article upon mo-

religion, or a moral essay under a particular head, would be a great improvement?"

The Doctor. "No journal is allowed to inculcate any thing immoral. I must therefore presume, that the matter of every journal must of necessity be of a moral tendency."

Heron (resuming). "These prenters belonging to the newspapers, or compositors as they call themselves, appear to be very idle fellows, and pay little or no attention to the observance of the Sabbath. On this day, established among Christians for public worship, they lay in bed during the morning; or straggle into the fields, where they frolic about; or visit the tea-gardens in the suburbs, where they play at skittles, or indulge in ale and biscuits, instead of spending their time in acts of piety and devotion. Now, I am determined to correct this vicious system. I am determined, that every individual belonging to the establishment of the *British Press* and the *Globe*, down to the printer's devil inclusive, shall go to church every Sunday morning and Sunday evening—that is, twice in the day regularly—upon pain of immediate dismissal from the concern."

The doctor made no observation; but when relating the conversation some time after to a friend, he said, "I ought to have known that in this parade about religion, the man was speaking to my cloth; and flattered himself that he had a simpleton to deal with, of whose credulity and ignorance he could take advantage."

The extravaganza, however, does not appear to have made a very serious, or unfavourable impression at the time upon the doctor; as we find, before the visitors took their leave at Berkhamstead, he was persuaded to purchase a share of 200*l.* for his son, Mr. Thomas Dupre also; who, Heron observed, "must, as a student of the University, be a literary character, and as such should receive a liberal weekly salary for contributing an article occasionally to the *British Press* and the *Globe*." An early day having been appointed for the completion of the contract, in London, all the parties met accordingly. Four shares, amounting to 800*l.* had been disposed of; and the remaining one, it was understood, Heron had reserved to himself: but he now seemed out of spirits, and observed that he had been disappointed

by a person on whom he relied for an advance of the 200*l.* required to make up the 1000*l.* which he had undertaken to pay to the booksellers. To avoid, therefore, any delay, he proposed that his friends should divide his share equally among them,—he himself remaining content with his position of sole editor of the paper. This proposal was without difficulty accepted; and the 1000*l.* having been paid at the time, it was handed over to the party authorised by the booksellers to conclude the bargain. Types, presses, and all the other materials necessary for printing the papers were now purchased, and a house taken, to which they were transferred, and where it was intended they should be carried on in future.

The house so taken is situated at the end of Wych Street, at the back of St. Clement's, in the Strand; but, it being out of repair, a temporary accommodation was provided for the new editor in the Angel Inn, which is directly in its rear; and here he proposed to take up his abode, until the apartments in the office should be ready for his reception. The temporary accommodation so provided was a front room in the inn, commanding a view of the gateway leading from the street; and here the new editor took his station, enthroned amidst metropolitan and provincial newspapers, with a pile of old Greek and Latin authors on a side-table. The porter was an Irishman, of the name of Daniel Manning. He had been for several years warehouseman to Mr. Gillett, in Salisbury Square, and in that situation had become acquainted with the persons of the gentlemen in the book trade. This man, whenever he could be spared from the office, Heron stationed near the window of the apartment, with strict orders to watch the gateway, and give him notice the moment he should perceive a bookseller of any eminence entering the premises. No pointer was ever more intent upon his game than was Daniel in his look-out for a bookseller. The moment the expected approach was announced, Heron became violently excited, exclaiming, with extraordinary energy, "*Sprad them oot, Daniel,—sprad them oot,—sprad them oot,—make haste!*" Daniel was as active and obedient a servant as a master could wish. At the word of command he flew to the side-table,

and before the bookseller had time to enter the room there were half a dozen old musty books spread out ready to meet his eye. Upon one of these occasions, the following dialogue took place.

The Bookseller (advancing to the editorial table, and looking over Heron's shoulder). "Oh, dear! Cicero! Demosthenes! Tacitus! Euripides! You are very fond of the classics, I perceive, Mr. Heron?"

Heron. "Oh, yes, sir, I am very fond of the classics. When I feel tired with the drudgery of my business, such as reading law and parliamentary reports, I like to indulge myself for a few moments with a dip into some old favourite author. It refreshes the mind, as a dip into the living stream refreshes the body of the tired traveller on his toilsome way."

Bookseller. "And you find it useful, too, in the higher department of your editorial duty?"

Heron. "Yes, yes; you are very right, sir, very right: a leading article should display all the flowers of rhetoric to the greatest advantage; and quotations from the classics, while they add to the variety, allow, like the green leaves in a bouquet, relief to the eye, with additional grace and beauty to the composition. An apt quotation from a celebrated Greek or Roman author not only enforces the argument which it illustrates, but becomes also a great embellishment."

Bookseller. "So it does, Mr. Heron. I perceive in your language that you have profited by your devotion to the classics."

Heron. "So I have been often told. I unconsciously catch the spirit of the author I have just perused, and my pen naturally falls into the track of his style. Indeed, I cannot conceive how it can be otherwise."

Bookseller. "Then Cicero and Demosthenes, I presume, are the models you propose for yourself among the ancients; Pitt and Fox among the moderns?"

Heron. "Why, yes; none of them are deficient in power, in forceful energy, and harmony of expression; but Pitt—for the reports of whose speeches I was celebrated when in the gallery of the House of Commons—is rather chary of ornament and embellishment."

Bookseller. "Perhaps so. I understand he does not indulge much in

quotations; but then they are always directly apposite and judicious. But, Mr. Heron, I fear I have intruded too long upon your valuable time;" and, so saying, the bookseller took his leave, fully impressed with an idea of the extensive reading of Mr. Heron, and that gentleman's devotion to the classics.

Mr. Heron did not rely entirely upon his own talents, however great in his own estimation. In addition to the usual establishment of parliamentary and law reporters, he availed himself of the literary assistance of Dr. Wolcot, then known to the public as Peter Pindar; Doctor John Mason Good; and other members of the *Wittlingamot*, as also several others with whom he had become acquainted in his visits to Paternoster Row; but, what may appear extraordinary, the two papers, instead of rising in public estimation, as he anticipated, never presented a more discouraging aspect, or stronger marks of mismanagement. They were, become, in fact, a wretched farago, destitute of taste, talent, and intelligence. Whether owing to inexperience, the novelty of his position, want of physical power, excessive excitement, or a combination of them all, the man was overwhelmed with the weight of his labours; and his mind, distracted between the two newspapers, became a mass of confusion. Of the utter incapacity and negligence which they displayed, the following instance may afford an idea. The readers of the *British Press* were surprised one morning with the following announcement, displayed with all the pomp and circumstance of a leading article:—"It is with deep regret, with unfeigned sorrow, it becomes our duty to announce, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was last night taken ill with a complaint in his bowels." The same announcement obtained the same distinguished place and honours in the evening *Globe* of the same day; and, as if the intelligence had not been thus sufficiently impressed upon the mind of the reader, the same announcement was repeated in precisely the same form on the following morning, in the *British Press*. It would be,

perhaps, impossible to adduce an instance of greater negligence and stupidity than this in the whole range of the public press, since the first appearance of the first newspaper; but in justice to Heron, it is only fair to presume that the blame may not wholly attach to him, and that some one of his numerous assistants may be entitled to share it. Doctor Good* may have furnished the news of his royal highness's bowel complaint in the first instance; and the printer, who received a salary of five guineas a-week for his eye over the concern, should have prevented a repetition of the alarming intelligence. In this miserable state the two papers continued to struggle for a period of about a fortnight; when the original editor received an invitation to meet the proprietors at the Chapter Coffeehouse. At the interview which followed, they acknowledged their errors, and proposed to him to resume the management of the concern, upon very liberal terms; by one of which it was left to his sole guidance, and by another he was granted a seventh share in the whole property. An arrangement was then made with Heron and his friends, all of whom, except Messrs. Massey and Sandell, retired; and the original editor being thus reinstated, the two papers continued to be successfully conducted by him, as a joint concern, for a long series of years, at the expiration of which they were sold, and fell into the hands of two distinct sets of proprietors, by whom they were severed, and carried on as distinct and separate establishments. The *British Press*, like a fish thrown out of the living stream upon a muddy bank, floundered and floundered for a short time, and then perished from actual exhaustion. The *Globe* was united to another evening paper, the *Traveller*, and has ever since been carried on under the joint title.

This article commenced with pledging itself to shew, "How to make a newspaper without credit or cash." The pledge has been redeemed, as evinced in the cases of the *British Press* and the *Globe*, of which Heron may be justly deemed the virtual, if

* One of Dr. Good's biographers makes him thus speak of his literary labours, in a letter to Doctor Drake. "I have every week supplied a column of matter for the *Sunday Review*, and have some days had the great weight of the *British Press* upon my hands." Curious enough, the letter cited by the biographer bears date in 1801, two years before the *British Press* newspaper came into existence!

not the actual founder. If in his embrace they did not warm into life, grace, and beauty, he gave them a substantial form, a principle of vitality, and a local habitation.

Honour to the shades of Guttenberg, of Schoeffer, of Faust, and of the Aldine line! You did much in your lives for the children of Cadmus. Honour to Paternoster Row, their great nurse and patroness! Honour to the steam-engine and to the machine, by which they have been rescued from the smeared pressman, with his filthy ball. Their comely faces are no longer disfigured by blurs and blots received at his hands. No monk* nor friar† now offends the eye, or mars the sense. Behold the smooth roller, clad in its ink-*cloak* and customary suit of solemn black," how gracefully it glides

over the level surface of the type, dispensing its favours to all alike,—giving to every letter its due, and leaving none to complain of prejudice or partiality! The whole impression is uniformly beautiful, and free from blemish. But, all this patronage and improvement did not contribute to the growth of newspapers; on the contrary, the steam-engine and the machine have a tendency to monopoly and centralisation. It is the reduction of the duties that has caused the great increase, by diminishing the amount of capital requisite for the undertaking. The present article, in which it is shewn how a newspaper can be made without any capital whatsoever, either credit or cash, must give a still greater impulse to the growth of newspapers.

AN OLD JOURNALIST.

A BUDGET OF BARDS, AS A WIND-UP OF THE LAST OF
THE THIRTIES;

VIZ.: I. SOLITARY HOURS, BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.—II. MIRACLES IN EGYPT, ETC., BY GEORGE BEDFORD.—III. THE COMPACT: AN HISTORICAL PLAY.—IV. THE JEWEL, BY THOMAS SLOPER.—V. THE REDEEMER, BY WM. HOWORTH.—VI. ISLAND MINSTRELSY, BY ESTHER NELSON.—VII. FLY, AND THE DELUGE, BY JOHN EDMUND READE.—VIII. THE ANTIQUARIANS, BY DR. JOHN McHENRY.—IX. THE POETICAL MEDITATIONS OF DE LA MARIÉ, TRANSLATED BY THE REV. H. CHRISTMAS.—X. WHISTLEBINKIE.

EIGHTEEN hundred and thirty-nine! Nine! mark that *nine*! Nine is like the last day of the materialist—it leads to nought. Next year, we shall lose the *thirty* clean out of our chronology for another hundred years,—and *forty* will be the order of the day. Of all the barbarous middle ages, the most barbarous,* according to Lord Byron, is that *mezzo cammin della nostra vita* recorded of Dante, of which *forty* is the date. The quadragenarians may reasonably object, that as Lord Byron only lived to seven-and-thirty, he could not be a competent judge on the matter, and that at forty, if a man, as Young suggests, confesses himself a fool, he is a fool for so doing. However, there is

no concealing the fact, that a change from thirty to forty is rather nervous, and on the wrong side. As for ourselves, we started with the thirties, and we have now fairly run them down. Next year we open a new score, and shall not fail to give our readers an account of our reckoning; but here we have something else to attend to. Like the swans, we intend now to conclude in song. In less metaphorical words, we wish to ease our library-table of certain parcels of rhyming rubbish, with which it is at present encumbered.

It is not all rubbish, however; for the very first book on which we put our hands, is,

I.—SOLITARY HOURS,†

by Mrs. Southey. And who is Mrs. Southey?—who but she who was so long known, and so great a favourite as Caroline Bowles, transformed by the

* A technical phrase used by pressmen, to denote the black spot on the paper caused by the application of too much ink.

† A technical phrase for a white or blank spot, the ink having left that part untouched.

‡ Solitary Hours. By Caroline Southey. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1839. William Blackwood and Sons.

gallantry of the laureate and the grace of the parson into her present matrimonial appellation? Southey, so long ago as the 21st of February, 1829, prefaced his most amatory poem of *All for Love* with a tender address, that is now, perhaps, worth reprinting:

“ To CAROLINE BOWLES.

“ Could I look forward to a distant day,
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of
mine
Might have inscribed thy name, O Caro-
line!
For I would, while my voice is heard on
earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have both been taught to feel with
fear,
How frail the tenure of existence here —
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas, how oft! the best-resolved intent;
And therefore this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend, and sister-poetess.

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“ Keswick, Feb. 21, 1829.”

The laureate has his wish; for in duty he is bound to say, that worthier strains than his now bear inscribed the name of Caroline connected with his own — and, moreover, she is something more than a dear friend and sister-poetess. By the way, we request Southey to consider that, as there can be no such thing as a *brother-poetess*, he ought not to have allowed the rhyme to prevent him from using the more sensible form of *sister-poet*, without the *ess*.

Many of the compositions here gathered have appeared in magazines; and this is their second edition. We notice this fact, to account for the title of *Solitary Hours*, which otherwise would appear somewhat odd, as the name of a work published by a lady during the first year of her marriage. Her hours now cannot be solitary;

Our next is a Brummagem bard, who shall speak for himself:—

“ In the memoir of a son of the Rev. W. Griffin, of Portsea, there is an anecdote of a child who was cautioned to keep from the water's edge, lest Raw-head and Bloody-bones should have him. He trespassed, notwithstanding, and fell in; and, on being rescued, told his friends

and we trust they are as happy as the day is long. The laureate is a fortunate man,—his queen supplies him with *butts*, and his lady with *Bowls*: then may his cup of good fortune be overflowing. Is there not something exquisitely beautiful in the following?—

• “ The Mariner's Hymn.

“ Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Ret loose the rudder bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails wailily,
• Tempests will come—
Steer thy course steadily—
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now—
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, then!
Hold the helm fast!
So let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?
• Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—All's right!
Be watchful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold.
There—let the ingots go;
Now the ship rights:
Hurra! the harbour's near—
Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland:
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam:
Christian, cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!”

II—MIRACLES IN EGYPT.

that he went to look for the aforesaid monsters, but did not see them. The author is in a somewhat similar position. He had been told that publishing poetry would injure him as a medical practitioner; but, in one of those brief remissions of practice which every one must occasionally experience, he, nevertheless, resolved to venture. He has ventured, and, like the child, has failed to discover

* The Miracles in Egypt, Sketches of Socialism, and other Poems. By George Beddow. London, 1839. Hamilton and Co.

the bugbear—unless, indeed, the appointment to a professional lectureship, and a practice steadily increasing in extent and respectability, which have been contemporaneous with the publication, may be regarded as the Raw-head and Bloody-bones he sought for.

"He is convinced that the only reason why medicine and poetry have been deemed incompatible, is simply that the cultivation of the latter has been allowed to induce inattention to the active duties of the former; but that this need not be the case it will be his aim to exemplify, though increasing engagements render it more than probable that this will be his last as well as his first public appearance as a poet."

The doctor need not have made any apology. Does he not know that Apollo himself was at once the god of medicine and the muses? In our own literature, have we not Garth, and Akenside, and Darwin; to say nothing of John Keats or Sir Richard Blackmore? Some of Beddow's poems might be useful in his medical practice as anodynes.* To any of his patients, afflicted by joint-racking rheums, be there administered a dose of the *Sacred Melody*, for instance, and sleep, as balmy as ever any in Homer will immediately ensue. Just try the experiment of the following, chanted to a psalm tune, with a finely nasal accent and intonation:—

' Into the nostrils of a form of clay
That breath diffuses life, and man appears
Robed in the majesty of innocence,
As image and vicegerent of his God,—
His voice is heard—it is the voice of
praise,
And all the warblers of the woods are
still,
Listening to hear the glad acclaim of
man,
Nor daring to compare their song with
his.

The angels stoop to listen, and they
check
Their hymnings momentarily the while they
hear
Unwonted music;—but in haste they
snatch
Their golden harps, and sweep across
the strings

With sweeter melodies than erst they
used.

Man hears himself proclaimed their noblest charge,

The destined heritor of heavenly bliss;
He knows himself the favourite of heaven,
And while he holds communion with his
God,

A loftier anthem gushes from his lip,
And seraphs add another golden string
To their triumphant harps, that they may
keep

Appropriate symphony to mortal song."

There! listen!—the patient is infallibly in a snore. The recipe is infallible.

The doctor's themes are generally professional—"The Destruction of the First-born," "The Death Song," "Sickness," "Sepulchres," "Mors Janua Vitæ," "The Tomb of Pition," "The Dying Infidel," "The Mourner," and many other poems of the same kind, grace his collection. It is, indeed, as becomes him, a *grave* book. With true professional indifference, he also chooses his subjects from occasions which less scientific poets might scruple to touch. For example:—

"The Plague of Ægypt."

"Obedient to the voice of Judah's God,
The prophet lifts his hand once more,
And smites the dust on Egypt's shore,
Which, quickening into life beneath his
rod,

To man and beast that instant clings,
A loathsome swarm of living things.

The insect myriads speed from man to
beast.

The highway and the lonely field
Alike the creeping torment yield,
The holy places—these are spared at
least!

The magi's tower!—oh, dark despair!
The lice are gathering even there."

And so forth. The sensibility of the magi under the affliction of the creeping torment, when

"Oh, dark despair!

The lice are gathering even there,"

is in the last degree pathetic. Thus, we should say, is the crack poem of the book.

III.—THE COMPACT.*

The *Compact*, its author tells us,

"Was begun in the early part of
1835; and more than three years have

elapsed since its completion. Those who
revert to the above-named epoch, and
the coalition of parties then formed

* The *Compact*; or, the *Statesman Ruined*. An Historical Play. In five Acts. London, 1839. Hatchard and Son.

against an able and honest minister, will, perhaps, be inclined to recognise a propriety in the subject chosen; while in the fact that the play was not sooner published may be found the best apology for its publication now;—if, indeed, the uniform tenor of late events has not long since made apology superfluous. Certainly, by those who quarrel with the title-page, the choice of theme will be thought to need a separate and previous justification;—and after the much which may be urged with this view—and Heaven knows *how much!*—the old words, ‘*Facit indignatio versum.*’ may possibly be worth it all.”

So far so good. As to its literary merits, we agree with the writer himself:—

“For the play, viewed as a composition, the author feels that it needs every indulgence. Often thrown aside, and under the stimulus of events as often resumed, an unconnected or disjointed an may attach to it as a whole. He has found it necessary to sacrifice the unities, and between the third and fourth acts there may be, as regards stage-effect, an hiatus, which a chorus only could supply; thus, however, is, perhaps, to the mere reader, compensated by a greater historical fidelity; there being scarcely an incident throughout the work which has not its warrant in some record, while almost the identical language of the chroniclers of the time has in some instances been adopted. As it would have been foolish—with the ground pre-occupied by other writers—to make the interest turn upon a conspiracy, so again the action of the play (which, taken as a whole, is rather action in character) but ill adapts it to theatric representation; if indeed it be not still more disqualified by the nature of its subject.”

We have always thought, that a play not qualified to be performed is something of the same kind as a song not qualified to be sung; and we are sure that the author would have done better in making his *Compact* an historical essay, not a play. James I. cuts a considerable figure in the tragedy, and we extract the closing speech of the British Solomon as a specimen of the whole:—

“*All.* Av, bless the good King James,
And grant as good —
K. J. Would none might need recall me:
—Yes; these are things that freshen thought, and wedge

To cleave futurity the mental insight.
But hoary men, whose waning moons
sum up
Accounts ’twixt heaven and them, have
more than all
The prophet’s pow’r, and most the grave
and prudent.
Such was your father, Cecil! and these
words
His coming death forestall’d: that ‘*England’s fate*
Should ne’er be seal’d but by her parliament!’
What meant they else, but that this land
possess’d
So full the means of happiness: such
seeds
Of growing greatness in her, with the
light
Of this pure Faith to guide and guard
her senate,
That nought but some bold plunge of
theirs from out
The track of beaten virtue could divorce
the realm from puissance: as whom
gods would ruin,
Of old ’twas said, ‘some guilty madness
strikes them!’
I thank him in his tomb—albeit with
awe:
For such forebodings own this double
force,—
To warn, and yet approve them true by
events
Of corresponding tally:—still I thank
him.
Nor least for this, that he hath left be-
hind
So wise a son. Come hither, good my
lord;
Thou art a man to lesson after-times;
And I would write thee down, so those
might read thee.
Be Heaven my witness, that in choosing
thine
From many a master-mind (and ’e’en from
those
Whose rage, pent up till now, hath late
burst forth
In ill-concocted treason)—witness, Hea-
ven,
In choosing thee I did believe thee one
Bent to maintain, nor grudge the price
thou paidst for’t,
The Book of books, in all its inborn
scope
To influence human action;—such I find
thee:
To heaven-bound voyagers intent to rear
This land one tow’ring beacon, that the
nations
In gazing may emancipate themselves;
And for our own, thou bring’st its altars
home
To each domestic hearth, and lov’st to
blend
With its familiar lares; while the best

E'en of a heathen's feelings' serve to endear
The myst'ries of our own more blest
 revelings.
While England schools her statesmen in
 such sort,
Or dares unteach them this, her fortunea
 still
Shall prosper or decline; — but not the
 less
She will neglect the warning: — in that
 hour,
When Innovation seems the test of Truth,
And helmsmen hurry on a course un-
 known;
When, with such arts as to climb back
 to pow'r
Employ'd this desp'rate band, a knot like
 fierce
Of future politicians, rais'd to place.
Shall ~~be~~ g to baseness to sustain them
 there;
When, as for one strong effort, these
 collect
All strange extremes and properties of
 change.—

The waifs and strays of fortune or of fraud;
Those court th' opposing elements that
 thwart
The genius of the laws; and still secur'd
Beneath the shelter of their office, plot
To legalise conspiracy; — so sin
In guise of virtue, and a fostering care
For all they help to whelm; — in such a
 strait,
When Britons as one man start forth to
 crush
The hideous Compact, then let hist'ry
 speak,
And brand Ambition! then let Judg-
 ment rise,
And weighing in the even scales of sense
These broken links of proof, — these deeds
 half lost
In their own hell-made void, as all too
 black
To face the virtuous gaze, — to time give
 out
No statesman's phantasy was here to
 blame,
But yield to guardian honesty its meed,
And think on Cecil!"

IV.—THE JEWEL.*

The Jewel is only a volume of selections, chiefly from contemporary poets, very judiciously made, and very handsomely got up. Mr. Sloper tells us—

"This volume being prepared with a view to interest the minds and please the tastes of young persons, poetry of an amatory kind has not been admitted; for while the Muse has proved most prolific in that class of composition, and although many specimens not only of beautiful imagery, but of elevated morality, might be selected from it; yet it has been thought that the subject itself is not a proper one for youth. On the other hand, that the book may not be of too staid and sombre a cast, a collection of romantic and narrative pieces are inserted.

"In finishing his task, which has, indeed, 'been a labour of love,' the compiler of *The Jewel* has only to hope that public favour will widely disseminate that pleasure among readers which he has derived from reprinting what his humble judgment has taught him to believe some of the most exquisite poems in our language."

Some of them are beautiful, indeed, but we can make room only for one sample. Here it is:—

"A Prisoner's Contrast.

The light is disappearing through the
 dim
And narrow window of my cell — 'tis
 evening
At this same hour of evening I have
 stood
Upon the borders of the mountain-ridge
That skirts the plain of Seville: the broad
 sun,
In full effulgence o'er a cloudless sky,
Pour'd his last flood of brightness the
 brown hills,
The aloe hedge, the rhododendron wild,
The golden orange, and the purple grape,
All seem'd as clothed in light: and now
 'tis gone —
The god of day is vanish'd — a low bell
The general stillness breaks, but not
 offends;
All tongues are whispering prayers and
 thanks to heaven,
And soon again the light guitar is heard,
And aged grandsires, with young hearts,
 behold
The tender maidens that, with graceful
 steps,
Lead on the village dance."

These verses are by — LORD JOHN RUSSELL. Not having had the advantage of reading his lordship's poems, we are not aware from which among

* *The Jewel*: being Sacred, Domestic, Narrative, and Lyrical Poems. Selected from the Most Eminent Authors. By Thomas Sloper. London, 1839. Groombridge.

them they are selected. Has his lordship ever thought in plain prose of the misery he is now inflicting on the (harsh) prisoners, lured to their treason by the advice of himself and col-

leagues, and now kept in a prison tyranny, which scarcely could have been equalled, certainly not been surpassed, in the most tyrannical dungeon of Seville?

V.—THE REDEEMER.*

There is a degree of piety and excellent feeling about William Howorth, that renders it unpleasant to speak of his poem of *The Redeemer* in any terms but those of respect. But the subject is too much for him, or indeed for any man. Let him comfort himself with Ovid's complaint to Phaeton, "*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*" Even Milton himself failed, when he took *Paradise Regained* as his theme. We take as fair specimens the exordium:—

"Hail, Song celestial, Poesy divine,
Immortal Language of the realms of light!

Within the bosom of th' Omnipotent Trine
'Thou hadst thy birth, ere, at His word
of might,

'Creation bounded from chaotic night:
'The spirits blest, as chiefs, preferred to stand,

Wing-veiled, before the throne of glory
bright,

Thence caught, enraptured, thy first
accents bland,

And called th' angelic hosts to hear the
strain expand.

Forth came thy loftiest numbers, like
the flow

Of the majestic ocean on its way,
Solemn, sublime! But what, on earth
below,

The semblance of thy volumed sweet-
ness may

E'en faintly, dimly, to the mind con-
vey?

The wondering angels o'er their hushed
harps leant,

To catch the tones, the rapture of the
lay?

Anon, inspired, lyres, voices, all were
bleat,

And one loud burst of song swelled
through heaven's vast extent.

'Let there be light!' Light was!
Omnipotence

Had spoken, and the bright celestial
throng—

Sun, moon, and stars—were formed:
thy influence

To their appointed orbits urged along

The fiery cars: none erred or wandered
wrong

Of those unnumbered myriads; all
rolled on

In beauteous harmony, thy mellowed
song

Chanting in breathless, silent unison:
This was their grateful theme, 'Praise
to the Holy One!'

Joyous, the new-born Ocean to his
bed

Rushed at the dread command: with
thundering roar,

Now to high heaven he hurled his
foaming head,

Now down he dashed it 'gainst the
startled shore;

When lo! his boisterous mirth pre-
vailed no more;

His waves subsided, cradled peace-
fully

He lay—thy spirit moved the billows
o'er!—

E'en as an infant 'neath its mother's
eye,

Soothed into slumber sweet by her soft
lullaby.

Fresh from Jehovah's hand, fair Eden
smiled

In thought-surpassing beauty: 'mid its
bowers

Gaily thou wanderest forth, and aye
beguiled

With sweetest melody the bright young
hours;

Imbuing with thy notes trees, shrubs,
and flowers;

Teaching the nestlers of the woods to
sing;

And streams, and lakes, and groves,
and dewy showers,

With thy own vital breath engender-
ing,

That hards of earth might thence imbibe
thy living spring."

Blemished as they are by some faults, it must be admitted that these are generally melodious verses. Let Mr. Howorth choose a less ambitious theme, and he will do better.

* The Redeemer. A Poem. By William Howorth, Author of "The Cry of the Poor." London, 1839. Tilt.

VI.—ISLAND MINSTRELSY.*

We now arrive at the Book of Esther—that is to say, of Esther, not the adored of Ahasuerus, but Esther Nelson, which we cannot help thinking is a more glorious name than was ever borne by any king of Persia since the days of Cyrus. She is a Manx bardess, and writes Island Minstrelsy to match. Her heart is broken, according to the law of all lady-poets, as the "Suicide" will be sufficient to demonstrate:—

"The freshness of life's morn had pass'd away—

Its bloom was wither'd—its young sun had set;—

Sorrow o'ersadow'd it;—all had become Deep desolation and unvarying gloom. She had none to love her—none to yield one sigh

In sacred sympathy unto her fate.

She was alone in a cold cruel world, Without a home—a friend—a single tie, But that which desolates eternally,— Even everlastingly destroys—destroys Fair as young morn, and mild as opening day,

Like some fair hlv by the wandering breeze

Borne to a thistled desert, so she bloom'd Amid the heartless crows, and was alone—

Dependent on the endless fantasies Of a capricious, griping, sordid few For an existence—oh! how hardly earn'd! She was an orphan—she was desolate! To such there is lack of consolation.

She had no young brothers, tender and brave,

To shield her in life's shocks. She had not one

Fair, gentle sister to direct, or soothe, Or share her destiny. She had no sire— No doating mother—to point out the shoals

In life's dark ocean.—She became a wreck!

There be griefs which nought can mitigate,—

There be woes spurning participation—

Woes—woes—deep, untold, weeping woes,—

For which there is 'no balm in Gilead!'"

For which we are remarkably sorry, but yet think it must be a mistake, because Mount Gilead, founded by the illustrious guide to health, Dr. Solomon, stands in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, reared principally by the produce of contributions for alleviating the evils that love is heir to, as the Lancashire publishers must know. Here is a pretty thing:—

"Whence art thou roaming, poor wandering bee?

To the boundless paths of the old blue sea, From the flowery shores of the verdant earth,

To the ocean plains where rude storms 'have birth,

Where no heath-flower blows—where no roses bloom,

"Nor is rest for thee on the golden broom.

Oh! why hast thou strayed from the sunny shore To the cold sea-breeze and the billows' roar!

Or why dost thou roam from thy quiet cell, Where thine own beloved companions dwell

Where the honey-flower blooms in golden showers

In those garden homes of the sunny hours!"

And the ocean is trackless, the world is dark,

There are sorrowful hearts in our lonely bark

Oh! 'tis a sweet sorrow to hear thee sing, Hovering, perchance, on a fated wing

Go—go, thou art free—return to the shore—

But, messenger bee,—wander thence no more!"

Wishing, therefore, all success to the fair inmate of St. Bride's Rectory, Isle of Man—a most matrimonial sort of address—we proceed to

VII.—ITALY,† AND THE DELUGE,‡

We have serious doubts whether there ever lived a more courageous adventurer in verse than the author of *Italy*, a Poem. We are not surp

that we ever attempted to read such a flood of foolery, either in print or manuscript, as the *Deluge*, a Drama. The former, extending to not fewer

* Island Minstrelsy; comprising Old King Death, and other Poems. By Esther Nelson. London, 1839. Whittaker and Co.

† Italy: a Poem, in Six Parts: with Historical and Classical Notes. By John Edmund Reade, Author of "Cain the Wanderer." London, 1838. Saunders and Otley.

‡ The Deluge: a Drama, in Twelve Scenes. By John Edmund Reade, Author of "Italy," and "Cain the Wanderer." London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

than five hundred solid pages in octavo, does not contain so much as one sentence that has a meaning; while the latter is only less intolerable because it is shorter. How Saunders and Otley came to put their names to such title-pages as these, is to us a mystery. We know very well that Mr. John Edmund Reade pays the piper; and we shrewdly suspect that the piper is not to be put off with testers. But Messrs. Saunders and Otley ought, for their own credit's sake, to remember, that good names are quite misplaced when attached to pack books. We sincerely advise Messrs. Saunders and Otley to disclaim all connexion with the concern, and to bring an action against John Edmund Reade for defamation.

Who is Mr. John Edmund Reade? Is there really such a biped in existence? or does the flaming title-page set forth a deceit after all? At first, we were inclined to adopt the latter opinion; but accidentally turning over a mass of papers which for the last twelve months have been littering our table, we stumbled upon two documents which seem to vouch for the *bonâ fide* presence among living men of John Edmund Reade.* Let us submit them to the reader's inspection, for they are curiosities in their way:—

“ 45 St. James's Square, Bath,
Jan. 1839.

“ Sir,—So far back as June last, I requested Messrs. Saunders and Otley to forward to you an early copy of my poem of *Italy*. As I have since found that many omissions of presentation copies take place, I am led to fear the book has never reached you, careful as I was in direction. I am therefore induced, in forwarding to you my new poem of the *Deluge*, to address you myself on the subject; which freedom let me *imagine* you will excuse, remembering my natural wish to secure your good report, which must necessarily be so influential. Permit me, in hoping a reply to my interrogation respecting *Italy* (which indeed I shall consider as a personal favour,—for who would wish attention, setting aside the works also to be thrown away, and unknown?), to assure you, with what full respect and estimation, I subscribe myself,

“ Your obedient and obliged servant,
JOHN EDMUND READE.”

“ 45 St. James's Square, Bath.

“ To ——— this drama is offered, accompanied with the author's full sentiments
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of estimation and respect; availing himself of the opportunity of apprising — that he had also the pleasure of forwarding to him a copy of his *Italy*, which he still wishes to hope came safely to hand.”

We have judged it expedient to print these letters, because they may in some degree account for what would otherwise be unaccountable,—the success, unreal as we know it to be, of Mr. John Edmund Reade's nonsense. Not to us only, but to the editor of every periodical publication of the day, the moonstruck man has written in the same strain; and fortunate are they who have not received at least three separate copies of each of his works, as appendants to these separate epistles. Nay, far beyond even these limits has Mr. John Edmund Reade carried his predilection for boring. Numbers of persons, innocent of all connexion with the current literature of the day, have, if known at all, been pestered with presents of these silly books; for no other reason than that the author's vanity might be tickled by the note of thanks which common good breeding would, of course, extract from each of them. Now, really, we must enter our protest against such quackery. The system of puffing went far enough in all conscience when friend wrote for friend, and got the reviewer to adopt extravagant commendation as criticism. But if men are to have toadies tormenting them with such *billets-doux* as these, how can they do their duty? Mr. John Edmund Reade has, however, in our particular case, overshot his mark. Had he kept quiet, we should have left him alone: since he has thought fit to importune for a notice, he shall have one; and may he grow fat upon it.

Italy, a poem, has been in our possession upwards of twelve months. We have made during that period repeated attempts to read it; but we never yet got further than the preface, and one or two of the stanzas in the first canto. Let the reader judge for himself whether this is surprising. Hear the sonorous note, first in prose and then in verse. Now, listen:—

“ It has been suggested that, on the publication of a work on the important subject chosen, the author should say something more of self than appears in the preface subjoined. In compliance with this suggestion, he will devote as few words as are absolutely necessary to that ungracious subject.

"From the age of eighteen to that of thirty-seven years, the aim and end of his ambition has tended towards one point—to prove himself a poet. It was during the year 1829, having previously essayed a small volume of minor pieces, which met attention, that he published a dramatic poem, entitled *Cain the Wanderer*. It appeared during the author's absence, and in what publishers term the dead time of the season. Rough, however, and unpolished as were its lines, even to ruggedness, the reception which it met with surpassed the writer's expectations. Even now, the liberal spirit of one literary paper is remembered; the first which devoted to it a leading article, the more gratifying, as its editor was then a stranger to the author. Various other reviewers were more generous than they were just; until, at length, the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article which was felt, at the time, as rather unnecessarily severe, exposed the many defects of the drama. The article, it is possible, was designed as a rough kindness to the writer. The second edition of the poem, already in hand, was, in consequence, immediately withdrawn, and the author earnestly set himself to revise that which he felt he had too hastily thrown out; a task which, with subsequent productions, he is thankful he has been permitted to accomplish. A lover, even to enthusiasm of nature, he has every where exemplified its influences in his writings; feeling that, to whatever extent education and art may exalt and refine the mind, all our real images of transcendental greatness, of beauty, and of power, are drawn from that source alone."

Was there ever such folly put together? Did mortal man ever behold such a picture of vanity, and imbecility, and ignorance combined? Why, Reade, who will never be read, does not know that "an aim and an end" cannot tend towards any thing, but must be tended to! And as to his twenty years' efforts, who the deuce cares one farthing whether they were ever made, or in what they have issued? Positively, the man who, at the mature age of thirty-eight, could thus expose himself, ought to be put in a strait-waistcoat: he is not fit to walk at large. Oh, but his poem!—what of it? Judge for yourself, good reader.

If we understand the drift of this lodge-podge aright (and we are very far from being convinced that we do), Mr. Reade intends to give us a sort of metrical history of his travels through

Italy, and the parts adjacent. The tourist in rhyme cannot, of course, stoop so low as to say any thing about the existing state of society; but a picture or a statue always acts upon him like an extra-infusion of carbonic acid gas into a bottle of beer; he fizzes for a moment internally, and then out goes the cork with a crash! Our poet is at Florence, where, among other objects, the statues of John the Baptist and of Day and Night, attract his notice; and thus he deals with them:—

"Lo! girt with mountain solitudes, the stream

Dashed at his feet, the leopard's-skin
his dress,

Roused from his rock by an inspiring dream—

The embodied 'Voice within the Wilderness!'

How those intense, full-opened eyes,
express

The troubled joy that mingles with his fears!

His paring lips the mighty truths confess.

The startled mind his thrilling warning hears,

'Prepare—make straight the way—a God
—a God, appears!'

And in that form is beautifully moulded
The beauty of Religion unconcealed
And the eternity of truth unfolded,
In his enduring boyhood is revealed;
Who would! not thus, thou glorious spirit! healed

From mortal sin, prove, standing there,
as thou,

The grandeur of thy innocence, than
wield

Powers, before which the banded world
should bow;

Crowns which, compared with thine,
were dross upon the brow!

Yet pass not, watching by Lorenzo's tomb,

Thy Day and Night, sublimest Angelo!

Eldest of Powers, ye almost see the gloom

Of crowning darkness round her forehead grow:

She sleeps, and must not be awaked!
—but, lo!

The Titan Day his robe aside hath hurled,

On his supporting arm uprising slow;
Beneath his eyes clouds part like banners furled,

While, frowning, he looks down upon
the prostrate world!"

Now, in the first place, John the

Baptist never wore a leopard's-skin, nor has any such been given to him by the sculptor at Florence; in the next place, it puzzles us exceedingly to divine what sort of dross might be used in constructing a crown for the brow of man or beast; and, lastly, we will be very much obliged to the author if he will explain to us what, in the concluding stanza, he is driving at. Who is not to pass, watching by Lorenzo's tomb? Oh, pass not, watching! Well, there is something novel in that, any how. And who is it that is to see the "gloom of crowning darkness round somebody's forehead grow?" Really, really, this is such drivel, that we are ashamed of ourselves for having remarked upon it. Yet listen to the youth, while he, in a note, forsooth, calls public attention to his own exquisite eloquence:—"The rough unadornment, and the look of antique majesty in the statue of the Day, fills the beholder with the impression of the sublime: his attitude and general expression, given in the text, will convey, I fear, even to those who have beheld the group, but a faint impression of the original." Why, the man does not know the meaning of the simplest words in the English language!

Well, but the *Deluge* is surely better! Newspapers have praised it: and Theodore Hook, in the March number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, spoke of it as a sweet poem, and its author as one who had felt the genuine inspiration of the Muse. For such an offence against good sense as well as good morals, Theodore Hook simply deserves to be hanged. His only excuse is, that a kinder-hearted fellow never lived, and that he could not bring himself to resist the entreaties of Mr. Reade for a notice; and further, that having made up his mind to give it, he determined also to give it well. We are formed of different materials; we think that Mr. Reade deserves that the truth should be told of him, and so we tell it.

Italy is bad; the *Deluge* is, if possible, a degree worse. Take the following extract as a specimen; and forget, if you can, the hardihood of Mr. Reade meddling with the subject of the deluge in any shape at all. Irad, the mortal lover of Astarte, has just been rejected by his betrothed, who happens to prefer to him the angel Oraziel; and he is standing, at day-break, some-

where among the rocks of Mount Hermon, soliloquising to the following tune:—

"Behold they sleep below, the populous world,

Their latest sleep, save that which is eternal;

The retribution hanging o'er their heads, Imminent; yea, the arm of God upraised, And they so weak, supine, and unprepared!

Lo! how the leaden-coloured light doth gleam

Upon those masses of enormous clouds, And hides again behind them, darkly making

Their dreadful aspects manifest; they bear

The shape of hurrying and perturbed forms:

But silent all! more awful, than if they Proclaimed in thunder and in fire the ends

Of their tremendous ministry.

O God!

And shall it be!—Ye horrid precipices! Looking as everlasting as your Maker, Can the deep hide your heads? and will ye not

Still raise your shattered and gigantic arms.

Up to the stars, and be a refuge place To the weak atoms who shall flee to ye For life and safety? Can those waves which are

Hurled broken from the footstool of your thrones,

Usurp and strangle ye? They can! If He

Whose arm did raise ye there abandons ye,

Your base is built on stubble!"

Think of this being done into rhyme! And the poet must affect a style, too, forsooth! He won't write *you*, in the accusative case, like other people, but must *ye* the mountains and the rocks, whose heads are not heads, but arms; and which, by some process peculiar to the antediluvian era, are to be strangled by the waters. Mountains that suffer strangulation, must be rare curiosities. We advise the British Association, for the advancement of science, to set their philosophers to work, that they may be discovered. Yea, and more ludicrous still, the man who can indite havers like this, thinks it necessary in his advertisement to warn us, that *The Deluge* was written previously to 1829, and is therefore not a plagiarism from Moore's *Loves of the Angels*. Mr. John Edmund Reade, this was quite uncalled for;

no human eye can detect the shadow of a resemblance between them.

We are sorry to have wasted so much paper and patience on things

which are not worth the expenditure of either. But Mr. Reade *would* have our opinion of his merits as a poet; and so he has it.

VIII.—THE ANTE-DILUVIANS; OR, THE WORLD DESTROYED.*

What have we next? *The Antediluvians; or, the World Destroyed*: a Narrative Poem, in Ten Books, by John M'Henry, M.D. Is it not portentous that nothing short of a theme like this can satisfy the aspirations of our living poets? Montgomery carried us to the devil;—his Sheffield namesake had his World before the Flood long before. Here we have two of their contemporaries pouncing upon the deluge itself, as the single event in time which is of sufficient importance to supply them with a theme. Let Dr. M'Henry explain himself in his preface. It is a downright curiosity to hear him:—

"It is many years since I first entertained the design of writing a narrative poem of some great event in the history of man; but the selection of that event was a matter of no slight difficulty. A good subject I knew was the first step towards success in any literary undertaking; and I resolved to adopt none which I did not feel persuaded would form a recommendation to my work.

"The annals of mankind furnish many great and stirring events well adapted to poetic narration; but I wanted one not only great in its character, but *universal* in its effects, that all men might feel an interest in its details. Neither the founding of a state, the achievement of a victory, nor the overthrow of an empire, was, therefore, adequate to my wishes. The discovery of the New World was an event of great and general interest; but it was already poetically occupied, and therefore forbidden to me by both courtesy and policy. I was, in truth, desirous of a subject more universally interesting than even this. I considered that the poet who had made the strongest impression on the world, had been enabled to do so by his fortunate choice of the most exalted and most universal subject which space in all its extent, and time in all its duration, could afford—the History of Creation, and the Fall of Man. On that theme did the chief objects not only find full scope for the whole power of his genius, but his genius found excitement for unequalled elevation, and became invigorated by the grandeur and vastness of the

topics presented to its contemplation; for it is observable, that on subjects less elevated, although his powers are always great, they seem more on a level with those of other men."

Very modest this, certainly; very bashful and diffident, and smacking of the temper of your genuine poet. He would not thank you—not he!—if you could secure for him the approbation of all England. Nay, to be the idol of his own and the succeeding generation could not satisfy his ambition; he must have, or, to use his own elegant phraseology, "he *wants* a subject, not only great in its character, but *universal* in its effects, that all men may feel an interest in its details." No wonder Dr. M'Henry, conscious of his own powers, sings for the world at large. What a pity that he could not have invented, just before he sat down to write, a universal language; because, wonderful as his merits are, we entertain serious misgivings whether they will ever be duly appreciated by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, or even the South Sea Islanders. Somehow or another, nations are slow to translate even the standard works of their neighbours; and it would not surprise us if even in France and Germany, Dr. M'Henry should as yet be unknown. We will, however, do our best to bring him forward; and let our rivals of the Continent match the following, if they can:

"Illustrious Noah! thou who wert ordained
To be the second father of mankind,
How did it grieve thy spirit, when thou found'st
The progress pride and wantonness had made,
By secret thought, even in Methusaleh's days.
Ah! now, when veneration for the years
Of one whose power they had so long obeyed,
No more restrained them in their vain desires,
The proud and daring openly gave way
To vile propensities! and Wickedness
Began to lose the shame which had before

* *The Antediluvians; or, the World Destroyed. A Narrative Poem, in Ten Books.* By John M'Henry, M.D. London, 1839. Cradock.

Kept her decorous from the public view;
 But all were not yet tainted. Piety
 Had still possession of unnumbered
 hearts;
 And righteous laws enforced caused
 numbers more,
 Who feared the temporal penalty of crime,
 To wear a virtuous guise. Profanity
 Was yet no system; and immoral deeds
 Were still discouraged by the more dis-
 creet,
 If not for conscience' for convenience'
 sake.
 Hence had the race of Enoch still main-
 tained
 The highest station in religion's scale.
 Of all the tribes from Adam sprung, and
 were

Still called emphatically the 'Sons of
 God.'
 Glorious distinction! which their pride
 long tried,
 In spite of all their lewdness, to preserve."

The antediluvians were a shocking
 race. They were entirely given up to
 "vile propensities;" among which we
 shrewdly suspect that the sin of writing
 and printing doggerels like this was
 pre-eminent. Should it not be so, we
 shall never believe that they would have
 all been drowned like so many blind
 puppets; and we seriously exhort Dr.
 McHenry to keep his pen quiet, lest
 on us, too, a similar visitation fall.

IX.—THE POETICAL MEDITATIONS OF M. ALPHONSE DE LA MARTINE.*

The *Poetical Meditations of M. Alphonse de la Martine*, translated into English verse by the Rev. Henry Christmas. What a positive refreshment it is to come, after the labour we have just gone through, on such a volume as this! M. de la Martine is by far the best at present, and most genuine poet of which modern France can at this day boast. A thoroughly good man; a Christian in all his feelings; a loyalist, yet imbued with a spirit which, knowing what rational freedom is, would seek to extend its dominion over the world. M. de la Martine never strikes his lyre, except for the one hallowed purpose of making such as listen both wiser and happier by the strain. There is something, we regret to say, so unusual in this—it is so rare a thing to find a Frenchman inculcating principles of piety and resignation to the Divine will, that were these *Meditations* possessed of fewer merits than really belong to them, we should render to Mr. Christmas our cordial thanks for thus bringing them within the reach of all classes of readers. But the *Meditations* themselves are all good, some positively beautiful; and the work of translation has been performed by no unskilful hand. The following "Ode to France" will best illustrate our meaning; and we give it, as affording a fair specimen of the poet's temper and the translator's style:—

"Nation! Heaven frowns upon thy
 path,
 In vengeance for thy fathers' crimes;

And with hereditary wrath,
 Shall crush thy sons in future times.
 Till once again some hand benign
 Shall raise the edifice divine,
 Where heaven close-joined with earth
 appears;
 Till Piety, and Zeal, and Prayer,
 From those dread altars once so fair,
 Shall wipe away the dust of years!

Start from the wrecks of ages past,
 Ye temples Israel wept so long;
 Ye sacred towers, ye porches vast,
 Ye Levites, to the altar throng:
 And while the harps of Salem ring,
 Let your chaste hands fresh victims bring
 Before the holy shrine to die;
 And with the blood thy tears should flow.
 O Earth! to quench the lightning's glow,
 Still flashing for our guilt on high.

Filled with a madness wild and stern,
 Our sires exclaimed with daring brow,
 Doth God smite us? his power we
 spurn—

Ourselves the gods we worship now!
 Our intellect sublime and grand,
 Hath plumbed the depths, the skies hath
 spanned,

To seek this mighty Spirit there.
 But not in Earth's recess profound,
 Nor where the spheres are flaming round,
 Found we his name, or marked his
 care!

We teach, even now, the bolder world
 To break the rod long viewed with
 awe.

Our stronger mind the lip had curled
 With laughter at the yoke of law.
 Shake off, unhappy slaves, the chain,
 Forged to confine your souls in vain.

Re-enter into freedom's rights.
 Man! from the time thou first respirest,
 Thy law is that which thou desirest;
 Thy duty what thyself delights.

* The Poetical Meditations of M. Alphonse de la Martine. Translated into English Verse by the Rev. Henry Christmas, A.B. London, 1839. J. W. Parker.

Thy thought hath passed the bounds of space ;

Thine auras antedate all time ;

The frighted thunder yields thee place ;

The Heavens roll on thy car sublime !

Like fire which all around it feeds,

Thy growing reason still proceeds ;

Shall o'er immensity extend

Thy power, which she secures, shall know,

Save space, no limit here below .

And like Eternity — no end !

How blest our sons — how blest the age

That, cultured by our mighty mind,

Shall come and reap the heritage,

The maxims that we leave behind.

Oh ! why should years, in jealous flight,
Confine a destiny so bright,

To moments all so swiftly flown ?

Oh ! bitter law, unjust and stern !

What failed us Nature's power to spurn,

In conquering triumph ! — Time alone !

Lo ! o'er the tombs where silent lies

Your dust, Time scarce a step hath taken ;

Rise, Spirits of our Fathers — rise !

Rise from the realms by light forsaken,

Come — contemplate the work ye wrought

Come, and partake the prize ye sought.

The bliss — the glory promised once,

The age ye laboured for is here !

Ye saviours of the world — appear,

Rise, Fathers — and behold your Sons !

They come — but with averted eyes,

In sordid robes they hide their gloom ;

Their host in dark confusion flies,

Their shame to shelter in the tomb !

Stay, guilty shades — yet longer stay,

Ye authors of our mournful day.

Too brief the glance ! Too short the tale !

Heaven, slow to punish, were but just

To wake again your slumbering dust

And place you where your works prevail.

Where are the days when France of old,

Queen of the nations, like a star,

Rose o'er the world immense and bold,

And shed her flood of light afar !

Sole age of all our ages past,

When Glory, with a train so vast,

Composed thy court sublime and splendid ;

When, like the morning's glorious birth,

Thy grandeur struck with awe the Earth,

Whose love thy gentler charms attended

X. — WHISTLEBINKIE.

What have we here ! An odd-looking little book, with a very odd name — *Whistlebinkie*. Who shall interpret for us ? who will read the riddle ? Let Mr. Carrick, the editor, speak ; for he has generously volunteered his service as dragoman in the following dissertation : —

" Dr. Jamieson, in defining ' Whistlebinkie,' thus illustrates the term in its application : ' One who attends a penny wedding, but without paying any thing, and therefore has no right to take any share of the entertainment : a mere spectator, who is, as it were, left to sit on a bench by himself, and who, if he pleases, may whistle for his own amusement.' If the doctor's explanation were correct, the race of Whistlebinkies would long ere this have become extinct in the country, as we cannot suppose the treatment he describes much calculated to encourage their growth, but, as we observe the meaning of the term is only given as understood in Aberdeenshire, we presume he means to avail himself of the county privilege, and retract it when he finds it convenient.

Whistlebinkies, he then proceeds to tell us, is the name

" First conferred upon one who, in his attendance upon weddings, and other convivial occasions, rendered himself so agreeable to the company by his skill in whistling, that he was allowed to sit at the bink, or board, and partake of the good things free of all expense, — an honour, in the early ages of our history, which was only conferred on the highest degree of merit. In process of time, the cognomen of Whistlebinkie, which arose in a rude age, came to be applied to men whose intellectual powers were either put forth in whistling, singing, story-telling, or any other source of amusement that caught the fancy, and received the encouragement, of their fellow-men, while engaged in their convivial orgies. In the present times, the profession is divided into so many castes, that we find it no easy task to assign them their proper places."

The rest which succeeds is not over well done — at least, it might have been better ; but let that pass. *Whistlebinkie* has some merit in his

* Whistlebinkie ; or, the Piper of the Party : being a Collection of Songs for the Social Circle, chiefly original. Glasgow, 1839. David Robertson.

small bulk, without any question; we only wish that it had borne a greater proportion to its opposite. The opening ditty, for example, is neither more nor less than pure, unadulterated waddle; and very sorry are we to be obliged to add that it by no means stands alone. On the other hand, there are some exquisite little scraps in this volume, very tender, very natural, very touching; among which we do not hesitate to class the following, signed Ritchie:

"O softly sleep, my bonnie bairn,
Rock'd on this breast o' mine;
The heart that beats sae sair within
Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts!
That such late watches keep;
An' if ye break the mother's heart,
Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn!
Nor look sae wae on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,
Lest on my bairn yeadrecy;
An' break in silence, wae fu' heart,
An' let my baby sleep."

Of the same calibre is "The Evil F'e." It does Alexander MacLaggan, of Edinburgh, infinite honour:—

"An evil e'e hath look't on thee,
My puir wee thing, at last;
The light has left thy glance o' glee,
Thy frame is fading fast.

But we have not room to quote any more of this touching song. Our readers ought to consult the original, and we must hasten to quote the jewel of the book—viz. "The Lady's Pocket Adonis." There is but one man within the four seas who could have written it; and had not his name been appended to the work, we must have said, "It is thou, O Doctor!" Now, reader, beat this if you can:—

"There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman,
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping,
ramping, roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd
across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman;
The great le-rogue, with his wonderful
brogue, the fighting, risting
Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking
legs,
Were more than two feet about, my
dear.

Oh, the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering,
staggering, leathering swash of
an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy Foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle, O;
And in shape and size, the fellow's
neck,

Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irish-
man,
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing,
thrashing, hashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler
of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full
again.

The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy,
brandy, no dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of
Leith,

Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids, and the gentle-
men's heads, were bothered, I'm
sure, by this Irishman."

So much for a batch of poets. We began in very doubtful humour; we end at perfect peace with the wide world. May all mankind, who can write, write on for ever! As to those who cannot, from them and their kind sincerely do we pray, "Good Lord deliver us!" And having uttered this prayer, which in the days of Swift would have "saved the stamp," we conclude.

ALL MORCAN O DOHEITI, BAIT IO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ

[DRAI YOI KL,—I hope these Sonnets are in time, though, perhaps, if you publish them, they will, through some strange mistake, involve us both in the same charge of treason as that which is now withering the "bloody Bradshaw," and rebel ruffin Roby. All I mean to say in them is, that I do not think Prince Albert will be wrong in trying to make a court to his own taste, which, I suppose will be in some part his right to do. Observe, I offer no hint that there is any thing in these subjoined Sonnets which can have the slightest application to the ladies and gentlemen at present so successfully and decorously composing the court circle. It would be lamentable to fall under the accusation of disloyalty from the distinguished and disinterested men of the Trial, who, it must be admitted, ought to be excellent judges of that commodity.]

Your, &c M O'D]

TWO SONNETS MATRIMONIAL,

ONE MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO QUEEN VICTORIA,
AND THE OTHER
EXPRESSED MOST LAUDIBLELY BY O PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE COBURG GOHA

I

Finds the year's end — the last to end
With fair Victoria's maiden reign the rest
Our now 'fair vestal, throned in the west,'
Has vowed in matrimonial joys to spend
May every bliss the youthful pair attend,
In mutual happiness supremely blest!
May Windsor seem a turtle's loving nest,
Where bill and cooing ever blend!
And this day twelvemonth may it be our lot,
With joyful shout o'er England's hills and dales,
And gratulations over bowl and pot,
To tell that happiest of all happy tales,
That (as God sends the present) we have got
A Princess-Royal, or a Prince of Wales

II

This, in due course of time, Prince Albert, now
(At least as soon as marriage service done
Gives you the right, that she who fills the throne
Must honour and obey the nuptial vow),
Clear out the palace at a single blow,
Or cuff, of those base things who, ill and one,
Defile its walls — Defendants in crim con,
Ladies of every virtue, high and low,
The flogging slave, the funder of the scribe
Of luscious novel, or the snuffing sage
Who preaches 'female liberty, or the peer
Whose saint is Mary Magdalen — all the tribe
Should fill thy husband's heart with spleen or rage —
So kick the party out with boot austere

M O D

Queen's Arms Printer

* See Wordsworth, who long ago called a physician "a flogging slave" — I forget where for which confession Wordsworth will never forgive me.

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